00043432

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

43432

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. XVIII.

COTTON,	CAMBRIDGE,
LOCAN,	MASON,
T. WARTON,	JONES,
J. WARTON,	BEATTIE,
BLACKLOCK,	COWPER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON; J. NICHOLS AND SON; R. BALDWIN; F. AND C. RIVINGTON; W. OTRIDGE AND SON; LEIGH AND SOTHEBY; R. FAULDER AND SON; G. NICOL AND SON; T. PAYNE; G. ROBINSON; WILKIE AND ROBINSON; C. DAVIES; T. EGERTON; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN; J. WALKER; VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE; R. LEA; J. NUNN; LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.; J. STOCKDALE; CUTHELL AND MARTIN; CLARKE AND SONS; J. WHITE AND CO.; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; CADELL AND DAVIES; J. BARKER; JOHN RICHARDSON; J. M. RICHARDSON; J. CARPENTER; B. CROSBY; E. JEFFERY; J. MURRAY; W. MILLER; J. AND A. ARCH; BLACK, PARRY, AND KINGSBURY; J. BOOKER; S. BAGSTER; J. HARDING; J. MACKINLAY; J. HATCHARD; R. H. EVANS; MATTHEWS AND LEIGH; J. MAWMAN; J. BOOTH; J. ASPERNE; P. AND W. WYNNE; AND W. GRACE. DEIGHTON AND SON AT CAMBRIDGE, AND WILSON AND SON AT YORK.

1810.

821-08
Jon/wor.
H3H32

CONTENTS.

VOL. XVIII.

POEMS OF COTTON.

Page

THE Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers 3

FABLES.

I. The Bee, the Ant, and the Sparrow 9
II. The Scholar and the Cat 10
III. Neptune and the Mariners 11
IV. The Beau and the Viper ..... ib.
V. The Snail and the Gardener 12
VI. The Farmer and the Horse 13

TALES.

The Lamb and the Pig 15
Death and the Rake. A Dutch Tale ..... ib.

ODES OF HORACE.

The second Ode of the second Book. Inscribed to T. V. Esq. 16
The tenth Ode of the second Book 17

EPITAPHS.

On Robert Clavering, M. D. ..... ib.
On Colonel Gardiner, who was slain in the Battle at Preston Pans, 1745 ..... ib.
On Mr. Sibley, of Studham ..... ib.
On a Lady who had laboured under a Cancer. ib.

VARIOUS PIECES.

An Invocation of Happiness. After the oriental Manner of Speech ..... ib.
Time 18
An Enigma. Inscribed to Miss P. ..... ib.
The Fireside 19
To some Children listening to a Lark ..... ib.
To a Child of five Years old 20
On Lord Cobham's Garden ..... ib.
To Morrow ..... ib.
An Allusion to Horace, Ode xvi. Book ii. Inscribed to H. W. Esq. ..... ib.
An Epitaph upon Mr. Thomas Strong, who died on the 26th of December, 1736 21
Epitaph upon Miss Gee, who died October, 25, 1736, ætat. 28 22

Page

Four Rebuses 22
Some hasty lines on Sleep ..... ib.
A Rebus ..... ib.
Song.—Tell me, my Cœlia, why so coy ..... ib.
A Sunday Hymn, in Imitation of Dr. Watts .. 23
An Ode on the Messiah ..... ib.
An Ode on the new Year ..... ib.
Epitaph on John Duke of Bridgwater, who died in the twenty-first Year of his Age, 1747-8 ..... ib.
A Fable 24
Addressed to a young Lady, whose favourite Bird was almost killed by a Fall from her Finger 25
Riddle on a knitting Needle ..... ib.
Riddle on a Needle ..... ib.
Another on Cotton 26
Another on a Needle-book ..... ib.
Psalm xiii. ..... ib.
Psalm xlii. ..... ib.
The Night-Piece 27
To the rev. James Hervey, on his Meditations, by a Physician ..... ib.
Lines under a Sun-Dial in the Church-Yard at Thornby 28
To the Memory of the rev. Mr. Samuel Clark, who died December the 26th, 1769, aged 42. ib.

VISIONS IN VERSE FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION OF YOUNGER MINDS.

Epistle to the Reader ..... ib.
Vision I. Slander 29
II. Pleasure 31
III. Health 32
IV. Content 34
V. Happiness 35
VI. Friendship 37
VII. Marriage 39
VIII. Life 41
Vision the last. Death 43

POEMS OF LOGAN.

	Page
The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers	49
Ode to the Cuckoo	53
Song.—The Braes of Yarrow	ib.
Ode on the Death of a young Lady	54
Ode to Women	ib.
Ossian's Hymn to the Sun	55
Ode written in Spring	ib.
Song.—The day is departed, and round from the cloud	56
Ode to Sleep	ib.
Ode to a young Lady	ib.
Ode to a Man of Letters	57
The Lovers	58
A Tale	59
Monimia: an Ode	62
Ode written in a Visit to the Country in Autumn	63
HYMNS.	
I. The Prayer of Jacob	64
II. The Complaint of Nature	ib.
III. Trust in Providence	65
IV. Heavenly Wisdom	ib.
V. Behold! the mountain of the Lord	
VI. Behold! th' Ambassador divine	ib.
VII. Messiah at thy glad approach	66
VIII. When Jesus by the Virgin brought	ib.
IX. Where high the heavenly temple stands.	ib.
POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO LOGAN.	
Damon, Menalcas, and Melibœus: an Eclogue.	67
Pastoral Song. In May when the gowans appear on the green	68
Ode: to a Fountain	ib.
Danish Ode	ib.
Anacreontic to a Wasp	69
The Episode of Levina, from Bruce's Poem of Lochleven	70
Ode; to Paoli	72

POEMS OF T. WARTON.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers	75
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.	
The Triumph of Isis, occasioned by Isis, an Elegy. (Written in 1749, the Author's 21st Year	89
Elegy on the Death of the late Frederic Prince of Wales. (Written in 1751.)	91
On the Death of King George the Second. To Mr. Secretary Pitt. (Written in 1761.)	ib.
On the Marriage of the King. (Written in 1761.) To her Majesty	92
On the Birth of the Prince of Wales. (Written after the Installation at Windsor, in the same Year, 1762.)	93
Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's painted Window, at New College, Oxford. (Written in 1782.)	94
Monody, written near Stratford upon Avon. (Published in the Edition of 1777.)	95
The Pleasures of Melancholy. (Written in 1745, the Author's seventeenth Year, published anonymously in 1747.)	ib.
INSCRIPTIONS.	
Inscription in a Hermitage. At Ansley Hall in Warwickshire	97
Inscribed on a beautiful Grotto near the Water.	98
Inscription over a calm and clear Spring in Blenheim Gardens	ib.
Epitaph on Mr. Head	ib.
TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES.	
Job, Chapter xxxix. (Published in 1750, in the Student.)	ib.
A Pastoral in the Manner of Spenser. From Theocritus, Idyll. xx.	99
From Horace, Book iii. Od. xiii.	ib.
Horace, Book iii. Od. xviii. After the Manner of Milton	ib.
ODES.	
I. To Sleep	100
II. The Hamlet. Written in Whichwood Forest	ib.
III. Written at Vale-Royal Abbey in Cheshire	ib.
IV. Solitude at an Inn	101
V. Sent to Mr. Upton on his Edition of the Faerie Queene	ib.
VI. The Suicide	102
VII. Sent to a Friend on his leaving a favourite Village in Hampshire	103
VIII. Morning. The Author confined to College	ib.
IX. The Complaint of Cherwell	104
X. The First of April	ib.
XI. On the Approach of Summer	105
XII. The Crusade	108
XIII. The Grave of King Arthur	109
XIV. Ode for Music	111
XV. On his Majesty's Birth-Day, June 4th, 1785	113
XVI. For the new Year, 1786	ib.
XVII. For his Majesty's Birth-Day, June 4th, 1786	114
XVIII. For the new Year, 1787	ib.
XIX. On his Majesty's Birth-Day, June 4th, 1787	115
XX. For the new Year, 1788	ib.

Page

XXI. On his Majesty's Birth-Day, June 4th, 1788 116
XXII. For his Majesty's Birth-Day, June 4th, 1789 117
XXIII. For his Majesty's Birth-Day, June 4th, 1790 ..... ib.

SONNETS.

I. Written at Winslade in Hampshire..... 118
II. On Bathing ..... ib.
III. Written in a blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon ..... ib.
IV. Written at Stonehenge..... 119
V. Written after seeing Wilton House..... ib.
VI. To Mr. Gray ..... ib.
VII. While summer suns o'er the gay prospect play'd ..... ib.
VIII. On King Arthur's round Table, at Winchester ..... ib.
IX. To the River Lodon ..... ib.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS PIECES.

Newmarket, a Satire 120
Prologue on the old Winchester Playhouse over the Butcher's Shambles..... 121
A Panegyric on Oxford Ale 122
The Progress of Discontent 123
The Phaeton, and the One-Horse Chair 124
Ode to a Grizzle Wig by a Gentleman who had just left off his Bob 125
The Castle Barber's Soliloquy. Written in the late War ..... ib.
The Oxford Newsman's Verses 126

POEMATA HEXAMETRA.

Mons Catharinæ, prope Wintoniam 127
Sacellum Coll. SS. Trin. Oxon. Instauratum, &c. 128
In Obitum celsissimi et desideratissimi Frederici, Principis Walliæ, (1751.) 129

Page

EPIGRAMMATA.

In Horto Script. 130
Epitaphium ..... ib.
Apud Hortum Jucundissimum Wintoniæ 131
Qui fit, Mæcenas, &c. ..... ib.
Græca atque Anglica quædam Latine Reddita ..... ib.
Homeri Hymnus ad Pana ..... ib.
Ex Poemate de Voluptatibus Facultatibus Imiginatricis ..... ib.
Ex Poemate de Ratione Salutis conservandæ . 132
Pindari Pythionic. I. Hieroni Ætnæo Syracusio Curru Vict. ..... ib.
Ex Euripidis Andromacha..... ib.
Meleagri Epitaphium in Uxorem 133
Antipatri Thessalonic. In Temperantiam ... ib.
Carphilidæ ..... ib.
Callimachi in Crethida ..... ib.
Incerti in Chio..... ib.
Leonidæ ..... ib.
In Tumulum Archilochi ..... ib.
Incerti in Cicadam ..... ib.
Antipatri Thessalonicensis..... 134
Callimachi in Heraclitum ..... ib.

ADDITIONS TO WARTON'S POEMS.

A Song. Imitated from the Midsummer Night's Dream of Shakspeare, Act ii. Scene v. ..... ib.
Verses on Miss Cotes ..... ib.
Verses on Miss Wilmot ..... ib.
The Maiden's bloody Garland, or High Street Tragedy 135
Five Pastoral Eclogues, the Scenes of which are supposed to lie among the Shepherds, oppressed by the War in Germany.
Eclogue I. Lycas and Alphon 136
II. Acis and Alcyon..... 137
III. When sable midnight on the fields and woods 138
IV. Mycon and Philanthes 139
V. Corin and Calistan 140

POEMS OF J. WARTON.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers..... 145

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

In Obitum Viri Reverendi Josephi Warton, S.T.P. &c. Taken from Mr. Wool's Memoirs 155
Elegy written and spoken by Mr. Lipscomb, Fellow of New College, then a Præpostor of Wincheter School 156
Encomium on Joseph Warton. From Mant's Verses to his Memory ..... ib.
Sappho's Advice. Written when at Winchester School 159
The Enthusiast: or the Lover of Nature. Written in 1740 ..... ib.
Fashion: a Satire 161
Verses on a Butterfly 163
Ode to Fancy ..... ib.
Ode to Health. Written on a Recovery from the Small-Pox 164
Ode to Superstition..... 165
Ode to a Gentleman on his Travels ..... ib.
Ode to Liberty 166
Ode against Despair ..... ib.
Ode on Shooting..... 167
To a Fountain. Imitated from Horace, Ode xiii. Book iii. ..... ib.
Ode to Evening ..... ib.
Ode to Content ..... ib.
Ode to the Nightingale 168
Ode to a Lady on the Spring ..... ib.
Ode to a Lady who hates the Country ..... ib.
Ode to Solitude ..... ib.
Ode to Mr. West on his Translation of Pindar. 169
Stanzas on taking the Air after a long Illness. ib.
Verses written at Montauban in France, 1750. 170

Page
The Dying Indian 170
Revenge of America ..... ib.
Epistle from Thomas Hearne, Antiquary, to the Author of the Companion to the Oxford Guide ..... ib.
From Shakspeare's Twelfth Night..... 171
Ode to Music ..... ib.
Lines, written extempore on seeing some Soldiers at Wickham, who were going to form a Settlement near Senegambia ..... ib.
Verses on Dr. Burton's Death 171
Verses, spoken to the King by Lord Shaftesbury ..... ib.
To Mr. Seward, on his Verses to Lady Young. ib.
Answer. By W. F. Esq. To Dr. Warton ... ib.
On not being able to write Verses to Delia ... 172
Ode.—O gentle feather-footed sleep..... ib.
Verses written on passing through Hackwood Park, Aug. 7, 1779..... ib.
Ode on the Death of his Father ..... ib.

POEMS OF BLACKLOCK.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers 175

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

To Mr. Thomas Blacklock. By Richard Hewitt 181
An Epistle from Dr. Beattie to the Rev. Mr. Thomas Blacklock ..... ib.
Horace, Ode i. imitated. Inscribed to Dr. John Stevenson, Physician in Edinburgh ... 183
Psalm i. Imitated..... 184
An Hymn to the Supreme Being. In Imitation of the civth Psalm ..... ib.
Psalm cxxxix. Imitated 185
An Hymn to Divine Love. In Imitation of Spenser 186
An Hymn to Benevolence 187
An Hymn to Fortitude ..... ib.
The Wish satisfied, an irregular Ode 189
An Ode to Happiness ..... ib.
On Evanthe's Absence. An Ode 190
An Ode to a young Gentleman bound for Guinea..... ib.
An irregular Ode, sent to a Lady on her Marriage-Day 191
To a Coquette. An Ode ..... ib.
An Ode on the Refinements in Metaphysical Philosophy 192
An Ode to Mrs. R. on the Death of a promising Infant 193
An Ode. Written when sick..... 194
An Ode to Health ..... ib.
To a little girl whom I had offended: an Ode. Written at twelve Years of Age ..... ib.
To Lesbia. Translated from Catullus..... ib.
Translation of an old Scottish Song 195
Song.—To the Tune of "The Braes of Balloudyne" ..... ib.
The ravished Shepherd. A Song ..... ib.
Pastoral Song.—Sandy the gay, the blooming swain ..... ib.
A Pastoral on the Death of Stella. Inscribed to her Sister 196
A Pastoral. Inscribed to Evanthe 197
A pastoral Elegy. The plaintive Shepherd... 198
Desiderium Lutitiæ: from Buchanan, an allegorical Pastoral, in which he regrets his Absence from Paris, imitated ..... ib.
Philanthes: a Monody. Inscribed to Miss D—y H—y..... 200
The Wish: an Elegy. To Urania 202
On the Death of Mr. Pope. An Elegy 203
Elegy to the Memory of Constantia 205
A Soliloquy: occasioned by the Author's Escape from falling into a deep Well 206
Miss —— to the Author 209
The Author's Answer ..... ib.
Epistle I. To the same. From Edinburgh ... ib.
II. To Dorinda: with Venice Preserv'd. 210
III. To Miss Anne Rae: with the Manual of Epictetus, and Tablature of Cebes ..... ib.
To Miss D. H. in Answer to a Letter she wrote the Author from Dumfries ..... ib.
To Miss A. H. on her Marriage ..... ib.
To the reverend Mr. Jameson 211
An Epitaph, on his Father..... ib.
To Mrs. Anne Blacklock, the Author's Mother. With a Copy of the Scotch Edition of his Poems ..... ib.
Prologue to Othello: spoken by Mr. Love, at the Opening of the Play-House in Dumfries. 212
Prologue to Hamlet: spoken by Mr. Love, at Dumfries ..... ib.
An Epigram: to a Gentleman, who asked my sentiments of him ..... ib.
An Epigram: on Punch..... ib.
An Epigram: on Marriage ..... ib.
An Epigram. On the same 213
An Epitaph, on a favourite Lap-Dog ..... ib.
The Author's Picture ..... ib.
Advice to the Ladies. A Satire ..... ib.
Horace, Ode xiii. Book i. Imitated 216
An Elegy to a Lady, with Hammond's Elegies. ib.
Ode to Amynta ..... ib.
An Elegy. Inscribed to C— S— Esq..... 217
To John M'Laurin, Esq. (now Lord Dreghorn, one of the Senators of the College of Justice.) With the Author's Poems ..... ib.
Extempore Verses, spoken at the Desire of a Gentleman 218
To the reverend Mr. Spence, late Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Written at Dumfries in the Year 1759..... ib.
To Dr. Beattie. With the Author's Poems... ib.
To the rev. Dr. Ogilvie ..... ib.
To a Friend of whose Health and Success the Author had heard, after a long Absence ... 219
The Genealogy of Nonsense ..... ib.
Ode, on Melissa's Birth Day 220
Ode to Aurora. On Melissa's Birth-Day..... ib.

	Page
To Dr. Evans	220
To Mr. Dalzel, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh	221
To Dr. Downman, in London	ib.
To the same	222
To Melissa. Written in the Year, 1790	ib.
On Dr. Blacklock's Birth-Day. By Mrs. Blacklock	223
From Dr. Downman to Mrs. Blacklock. Occasioned by a Copy of Verses she addressed to her Husband	ib.
From Dr. Downman to Dr. Blacklock	ib.

POEMS OF CAMBRIDGE.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers	227
On the Marriage of his Royal Highness Frederic, Prince of Wales	235
Learning: a Dialogue between Dick and Ned, (the Author, and Dr. Edward Barnard, afterwards Provost of Eton)	236
Society; addressed to Edward Berkley, Esq.	239
Tobacco; a Tale. Addressed to J. H. Browne, Esq. Author of the "Pipe of Tobacco," in Imitation of six several Authors	ib.
Archimage; a Poem, written in Imitation of Spenser, and descriptive of the Author and four of his Boat's Crew	240
An Apology for writing Verse; addressed to the honourable Charles Yorke	242
To William Whitehead, Esq. (In Answer to an Epistle to the Author inserted in his Life)	243
To Lord Bathurst. Imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Ode xv.	ib.
The Danger of writing Verse; a Dialogue between a young Poet and his Friend. Addressed to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Knt.	244
A Dialogue between Lord Ducie and his Horse	ib.
The Author to the Scribleriad. Im. Hor. Epis. 20.	245
The Scribleriad:	
Preface	246
Book I.	250
II.	255
III.	261
IV.	266
V.	272
VI.	278
A Dialogue between a Member of Parliament and his Servant, in imitation of the seventh Satire of the second Book of Horace	282
The Intruder. In imitation of Horace, Book i. Satire ix.	285
The fable of Jotham: to the Borough Hunters	288
The Fakeer. A Tale	ib.
Elegy written in an empty Assembly Room	290
A Dialogue between a disappointed Candidate and his Friend	ib.
Verses occasioned by the Marriage and Game Act; both passed the same Session	291
On the appointment of Lord Temple to be first Lord of the Admiralty. A Parody of Apollo's Speech to Phaeton	ib.
Against Inconstancy; addressed to the Earl of ———	292
To Mr. Whitehead, on his being made Poet Laureat	ib.
Epilogue spoken at Drury Lane Theatre by Miss Pope in the character of Miss Notable, in the Lady's Last Stake	293
Epilogue spoken at Drury Lane Theatre by Miss Pritchard, in the Character of Maria, in the Tamer Tamed	293
A Dialogue between Sir Richard Lyttleton and the Thames. In imitation of Horace, B. 3. Ode 9.	294
To Ozias Humphry, Esq.	ib.
Mr. Wilkes's Soliloquy, the Day before his Election for Chamberlain of London. A Parody of Cæsar's Speech in the Boat. Lucan's Pharsalia, lib. 5. l. 559	295
On Painting. Addressed to Mr. Patch, a celebrated Picture Cleaner	ib.
On seeing the Head of Sir Isaac Newton, richly gilt and placed by a celebrated Optician upon the Top of a certain Temple in a conspicuous Part of his Garden on Richmond Hill	296
To a Lady who was very handsome, and had asked the Author his Opinion of the Witch of Endor	ib.
A parody of Achilles' Speech. Pope's Homer, Book i. line 309.	297
A Parody on Death and the Lady: in a Dialogue between Lord North and Lord Sandwich	ib.
An Invitation to a Ball at Lady Cooper's: written by Sir Grey Cooper	298
Answer	ib.
The Progress of Liberty	ib.
On seeing this Motto to a French Paper: Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori	299
To a Friend who was a great Astronomer, recommending the Bearer as a proper Person to take Care of his Cows	ib.
A free Translation of Boileau; Epist. i. L. 61. applied to the immoderate Ambition of France	ib.
EPIGRAMS.	
Id Cinerem aut Manes credis curare sepultos.	300
On meeting, at Mr. Garrick's, an Author very shabbily dressed in an old velvet Waistcoat, on which he had sewed Embroidery of a later Date	ib.
Quin's Death	ib.
Acteon no Cuckold	ib.
Imitation of Shakspeare	ib.
The Historian in Love: an Impromptu, on seeing his Daughter reading the Life of Mr. Gibbon, just after she had been assisting Lady Newdigate in a Charity for distressed Ribbon Weavers	ib.
Occasioned by the Conduct of the French towards the Pope in the Year, 1794	ib.
On seeing a decent looking young Woman come down a Staircase in Clement's Inn: a Parody of Jane Shore's Speech	ib.
To a young Friend, who complained of one	

Page

Relation who gave late Breakfasts on account of long Prayers, and of another who gave bad Dinners ... 301
Lines given extempore to Doctor Monsey, Physician to Chelsea Hospital, upon his expressing Surprise that the Scribleriad was not more known and talked of ... ib.
Translation of some French Lines ... ib.
A note to the Author ... ib.
His Answer ... ib.
On seeing a Tapestry Chair-bottom beautifully worked by his Daughter for Mrs. Holroyd ... ib.
A translation of a Greek Epigram in the Eton Collection ... 307

VERSES ADDRESSED AT VARIOUS TIMES TO R. O. CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

By Henry Berkley, Esq. ... ib.
Verses left on a Pedestal, beneath a Row of Elms in Mr. Cambridge's Grounds, 1760 ... 302
From George Birch, Esq. on receiving a Letter from Mr. Cambridge in January 1782 franked by George Selwyn ... 303

POEMS OF MASON.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers ... 307

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

Elegy to the Memory of the rev. William Mason. By Thomas Gisborne M. A. ... 319
Epitaph on the rev. William Mason ... 320
Sonnet to Robert Earl of Holdernesse, Baron D'Arcy, Meuil and Conyers, Lord Warden of his Majesty's Cinque Ports, and Governor of Dover Castle ... 321
Musæus: a Monody to the Memory of Mr. Pope. In Imitation of Milton's Lycidas ... 323
Isis. A Monologue ... 325

ODES.

I. For Music ... 326
II. For Music ... 327
III. To Memory ... 328
IV. To a Water Nymph ... ib.
V. To an Eolus's Harp sent to Miss Shepheard ... 329
VI. To Independency ... ib.
VII. Ah! cease this kind persuasive Strain ... 330
VIII. On the Fate of Tyranny ... 331
IX. To the naval Officers of Great Britain ... 332
X. To the honourable William Pitt ... 333
XI. Secular ... ib.

ELEGIES.

I. To a young Nobleman leaving the University ... 334
II. Written in the Garden of a Friend ... 335
III. To the rev. Mr. Hurd ... 336
IV. On the Death of a Lady ... ib.

EPITAPHS.

On Mrs. Mason, in the Cathedral of Bristol ... 337
On Miss Drummond, in the Church of Brodsworth, Yorkshire ... ib.
On John Dealtry, M. D. in the Cathedral of York ... 338
On Mrs. Tatton, in the Church of Withenshaw in Cheshire ... 338
On Mr. Gray in Westminster Abbey ... ib.
Inscription on a Pedestal near an Oak at Nuneham in Oxfordshire, dedicated to the Memory of William Whitehead, Esq. Poet Laureat ... ib.
Hymn for York Cathedral ... ib.

DRAMATIC POEMS.

Elfrida. Written on the Model of the ancient Greek Tragedy ... 342
Letters prefixed to the former Editions of this Poem ... 338
Caractacus. Written on the Model of the ancient Greek Tragedy ... 357
The English Garden.
Book I. ... 379
II. ... 383
III. ... 387
IV. ... 392
The Art of Painting of Charles Alphonse Du Fresnoy. Translated into English Verse ... 397
Epistle to Sir Joshua Reynolds ... ib.
Preface ... ib.
The Life of Mons. Du Fresnoy ... 399
An heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, Knight ... 410
An heroic Epistle to the Public, occasioned by their favourable Reception of a late heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, &c. ... 413
Ode to Mr. Pinchbeck, on his newly invented Patent Candle-snuffers ... 414
An Epistle to Dr. Shebbeare ... 416
Ode to Sir Fletcher Norton, in Imitation of Horace, Ode viii. Book iv. ... 419
The Dean and the Squire: a political Eclogue humbly dedicated to Soame Jenyns, Esq. ... 429

POEMS OF JONES.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers ... 427
Preface ... 441
Advertisement ... 443
Imitation of Horace, Ode xiv. lib. ii. written at fourteen Years of Age ... 445
Arcadia, a pastoral Poem ... 445
Caissa; or the Game of Chess ... 450
The seven Fountains: an Eastern Allegory ... 453
Solima: an Arabian Eclogue ... 457
Laura, an Elegy from Petrarch ... 458

Page

Written for a Fete Champetre in Wales 460
On seeing Miss *** ride by him, without knowing her ..... ib.
To Lady Jones, from the Arabic 461
From the Persian Poem of Hatifi, in the Measure of the Original ..... ib.
Extempore Opinion on native Talent, the Answer to Lines from a Friend ..... ib.
Written after the Perusal of the eighth Sermon of Barrow 462
The concluding Sentence of Berkley's Siris, imitated ..... ib.
An Epode from a Chorus in the unfinished Tragedy of Sohrab ..... ib.
Ex Ferdush Poetæ Persici Poemate Heroico ... ib.
Elegia Arabica 463
Ad Musam ..... ib.

ODES.

An Ode of Petrarch, to the fountain of Valchiusa, ... ib.
M. de Voltaire's Paraphrase of the first Stanza, Chiare fresche, e dolci acque 464
An Ode of Jami, in the Persian Form and Measure 465
The Muse recalled; an Ode on the Nuptials of Lord Viscount Althorp, and Miss Lavinia Bingham, eldest Daughter of Charles, Lord Lucan, March 6, 1781 ..... ib.
Ode in Imitation of Alcæus 466
An Ode in imitation of Callistratus 467
The first Nemean Ode of Pindar ..... ib.
A Chinese Ode paraphrased 468
A Turkish Ode of Mesihi ..... ib.
The same, in Imitation of the Perviligium Veneris 469

CARMINUM LIBER.

I. Ode Sinica 470
II. Ode Persica ..... ib.
III. Altera 470
IV. Ode Arabica. Ad Fabullum ..... ib.
V. Ad Lælium 471
VI. Ad Lunam ..... ib.
VII. Ad Venerem ..... ib.
VIII. Ad Eandem ..... ib.
Ad Libertatem Carmen 472

HYMNS.

Hymn to Camdes 473
Two Hymns to Pracriti.
The Hymn to Durga 476
The Hymn to Bhavani 478
A Hymn to Indra ..... ib.
A Hymn to Surya 480
A Hymn to Lacshmi 482
A Hymn to Narayena 485
A Hymn to Sereswaty 486
A Hymn to Ganga 488

TALES.

The Palace of Fortune, an Indian Tale 491
The Enchanted Fruit; or, the Hindu Wife. An antediluvian Tale 495
Fabula Persica 500

SONGS AND BALLADS.

A Persian Song of Hafiz ..... ib.
A song from the Persian, paraphrased in the Measure of the Original 501
Plassey-plain. A Ballad addressed to Lady Jones by her Husband ..... ib.
Au Firmament ..... ib.

ESSAYS.

I On the Poetry of the Eastern Nations 502
II. On the Arts, commonly called Imitative ... 508

POEMS OF BEATTIE.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers 515
Dedication 535
Original Preface to the Edition 1760 537
Advertisement 538
Ode to Peace 539
The triumph of Melancholy 540
Epitaph on —— ——. Escaped the gloom of mortal life, a soul 542
Epitaph.—To this grave is committed ..... ib.
Elegy.—Tir'd with the busy crowds, that all the day ..... ib.
Song in Imitation of Shakspeare's *Blow, blow, thou winter wind* &c. 543
Retirement ..... ib.
Elegy.—Still shall unthinking man substantial deem 544
Ode to Hope 545
Pygmæo-Gerano-Machio: the Battle of the Pygmies and Cranes. From the Latin of Addison 546
The Hares. A Fable 547
Epitaph: being Part of an Inscription for a Monument to be erected by a Gentleman to the Memory of his Lady 549
Ode on Lord H**'s Birth-day ..... ib.
To the right hon. Lady Charlotte Gordon, dressed in a Tartan Scotch Bonnet, with Plumes &c. 550
The Hermit ..... ib.
On the Report of a Monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey, to the Memory of a late Author. (Churchill) 551
Part of a Letter to a Person of Quality ..... ib.
The Judgment of Paris 552
The Wolf and Shepherds, a Fable 557

TRANSLATIONS.

Anacreon, Ode xxii. 558
The Beginning of the first Book of Lucretius. ib.
Horace. Book ii. Ode x. ..... ib.
Horace. Book iii. Ode xiii. 559
The Pastorals of Virgil:
Pastoral I. ..... ib.

	Page
Pastoral II.	560
III.	562
IV.	564
V.	565
VI.	566
VII.	567
Pastoral VIII.	568
IX.	570
X.	571
The Ministrel: or, the Progress of Genius. Book I.	573
II.	577

POEMS OF COWPER.

The Author's Life, by Mr. Chalmers	586
Table-talk	605
Progress of Errour	611
Truth	615
Expostulation	620
Hope	625
Charity	631
Conversation	636
Retirement	642
The yearly Distress, or Tithing Time at Stock in Essex	648
Sonnet to Henry Cowper, Esq.	649
Lines addressed to Dr. Darwin	ib.
On Mrs. Montague's Feather Hangings	ib.
Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his Abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez	650
On the Promotion of Edward Thurlow, Esq. to the Chancellorship of England	ib.
Ode to Peace	651
Human Frailty	ib.
The modern Patriot	ib.
On observing some Names of little Note recorded in the Biographia Britannica	ib.
Report of an adjudged Case not to be found in any of the Books	ib.
On the burning of Lord Mansfield's Library	652
On the same	ib.
The Love of the World reproved	ib.
On the death of Lady Throckmorton's Bulfinch	653
The Rose	ib.
The Doves	ib.
Fable.—A raven while with glossy breast	654
A Comparison	ib.
Another addressed to a young Lady	ib.
The Poet's new Year's Gift	ib.
Ode to Apollo	ib.
Pairing Time anticipated, a Fable	655
The Dog and the Water-Lily	ib.
The Poet, the Oyster, and the Sensative Plant.	656
The Shrubbery	ib.
The Winter Nosegay	ib.
Mutual Forbearance necessary to the happiness of the Married state	657
The Negro's Complaint	ib.
Pity for poor Africans	658
The Morning Dream	ib.
The Nightingale and Glow-worm	ib.
On a Goldfinch starved to Death in his Cage.	659
The Pine-apple and the Bee	ib.
Horace, Book the 2d, Ode the 10th	ib.
A Reflection on the foregoing Ode	660
The Lily and the Rose	ib.
Idem Latine Redditum	ib.
The Poplar Field	ib.
Idem Latine Redditum	ib.
Votum	661
Cicindela, by Vincent Bourne	ib.
The Glow-worm. Translation of the foregoing	ib.
Cornicula, by Vincent Bourne,	ib.
The Jackdaw. Translation of the foregoing.	ib.
Ad Grillum. Anacreonticum, by Vincent Bourne	662
The Cricket. Translation of the foregoing	ib.
Simile agit in Simile, by Vincent Bourne	ib.
The Parrot. Translation of the foregoing	ib.
The Task:	
Book I. The Sofa	ib.
II. The Time-piece	672
III. The Garden	678
IV. The Winter Evening	685
V. The Winter Morning walk	691
VI. The Winter walk at Noon	698
Epistle to Joseph Hill, Esq.	706
Tirocinium: or a Review of Schools	ib.
To the rev. Mr. Newton	713
Catharina	ib.
The Moralizer corrected	714
The faithful Bird	ib.
The needless Alarm	715
Boadicea	716
Heroism	ib.
On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk	717
Friendship	718
On a mischievous Bull which the Owner of him sold at the Author's Instance	719
Annus Memorabilis, 1789. Written in Commemoration of his Majesty's happy Recovery	720
Hymn, for the Use of the Sunday School at Olney	ib.
Stanzas subjoined to a Bill of Mortality for the Year 1787	ib.
On a similar Occasion for 1788	ib.
The same for 1789	721
The same for 1790	722
The same for 1792	ib.
The same for 1793	ib.
Inscription for the Tomb of Mr. Hamilton	723
Epitaph on a Hare	ib.
Epitaphium Alterum	ib.
Account of the Treatment of his Hares	ib.

C. Whittingham, Printer, Goswell Street, London.

THE

POEMS

OF

NATHANIEL COTTON, M.D.

VOL. XVIII.

THE

LIFE OF COTTON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

OF Dr. Cotton's early history no account has been given by his numerous relations. From a passage in one of his letters that will be mentioned hereafter, it may be concluded with some degree of probability, that he was born in the year 1707, but in what county, or of what family, is not known. He studied physic under the celebrated Boerhaave, at Leyden, and it is supposed he took his degree at that university, which was then the first medical school in Europe, and the resort of all who wished to derive honour from the place of their education.

On his return, he endeavoured to establish himself as a general practitioner, but circumstances leading him more particularly to the study of the various species of lunacy, he was induced to become the successor of a Dr. Crawley, who kept a house for the reception of lunatics at Dunstable in Bedfordshire; and having engaged the house-keeper, and prevailed on the patients' friends to consent to their removal, he opened a house for their reception at St. Albans.

Here he continued for some years, adding to his knowledge of the nature of mental disorders, and acquiring considerable fame by the success and humanity of his mode of treatment. When his patients began to increase, he found it necessary to have a larger house, where he formed a more regular establishment, and dignified it by the name of The College. His private residence was in St. Peter's-street, in the town of St. Albans, and was long known as the only house in that town defended from the effects of lightning by a conductor.

The cares of his college, and the education of his numerous family, occupied near the whole of his long life. His poems, and prose pieces, were probably the amusement of such hours as he could snatch from the duties of his profession. He carried on also an extensive correspondence with some of the literary characters of the day, by whom, as well as by all who knew him, he was beloved for his amiable and engaging manners; among others, he corresponded with Dr. Doddridge[1], and appears to have read much, and thought much on subjects which are usually considered as belonging to the province of divines.

[1] Among Dr. Doddridge's Letters, published in 1790, is an affecting letter from Dr. Cotton, on the death of his first wife. *C.*

He is not known to have produced any thing of the medical kind, except a quarto pamphlet, entitled Observations on a particular kind of Scarlet Fever that lately prevailed in and about St. Albans, 1749. The dates of some of his poetical pieces show, that he was an early suitor to the muses. His Visions in Verse, were first published in 1751, again in 1764, and frequently since. He contributed likewise a few pieces to Dodsley's collection. A complete collection of his productions, both in prose and verse, was published in 1791, 2 vols. 12mo. by one of his sons, but without any memoir of the author. For much of what is now given, I am indebted to a correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine, who appears to have known Dr. Cotton, and kindly and readily answered the inquiries I sent to that never-failing source of literary information.

Dr. Cotton was twice married; first, about the year 1738, to Miss Anne Pembroke, sister to George Pembroke, esq. formerly of St. Albans, receiver-general for the county of Hertford, and to Joseph Pembroke, town-clerk of St. Albans. By this lady, who died in 1749, he had issue; 1. Mary, who became the second wife of John Osborn, esq. of St. Albans, and died without issue, Nov. 2, 1790; 2. Anne, who became the second wife of major Brooke of Bath, and died July 13, 1800, leaving a son and daughter, since dead; 3. Nathaniel, who was entered of Jesus College, Cambridge, where he proceeded B. A. 1766, and M. A. 1769, and is now vicar of Wilford or Welford, in Northamptonshire; 4. Joseph, now a director of the honourable East India Company; 5. Phebe, married to George Bradshaw, esq. since dead; 6. Katharine, who died unmarried, Dec. 2, 1780, and is buried under an altar tomb in the church yard of St. Peter's, St. Albans, with the two following lines under her name:

Time was, like thee, she life possess'd,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.

He had also by his first wife, a son and daughter, who died in infancy. He married, secondly, in 1750, or 1751, Miss Hannah Everett, who died May 1772, leaving a son, now living, and two daughters, since dead.

From his letters it appears, that about the year 1780 his health was greatly impaired. He was much emaciated, and his limbs so weak, as to be insufficient to support his weight. The languors, likewise, which he suffered, were so frequent and severe, as to threaten an entire stop to the circulation, and were sometimes accompanied with that most distressing of all sensations, an anxiety *circa præcordia*. His memory too began to fail, and any subject which required a little thought was a burthen hardly supportable. He died August 2, 1788, and we are told his age was so far unknown, that the person who entered his burial in the parish register, wrote after his name, "eighty-eight at least." From the letter, however, alluded to in the beginning of this memoir, we may attain rather more certainty in this matter. That letter was written on the death of his daughter Katharine, in 1780, when he says, "he had passed almost three winters beyond the usual boundary appropriated to human life, and had thus transcended the longevity of a *septuagenarian*." This, therefore, will fix his age at eighty-one, or eighty-two.

He was interred with his two wives in St. Peter's church-yard, under an altar-tomb, between those of his two daughters, Mary, and Katherine, on which nothing more is

inscribed than "Here are deposited the remains of Anne, Hannah, and Nathaniel Cotton."

If we have few particulars of the life of Dr. Cotton, we have many testimonies to the excellence of his character. We find from Mr. Hayley's Life of Cowper, that he had at one time, among his patients, that amiable and interesting poet, who speaks of Dr. Cotton's services, in a manner that forms a noble tribute to his memory. The letter in which this passage occurs, is dated July 4, 1765.

"I reckon it one instance of the Providence that has attended me throughout this whole event, that instead of being delivered into the hands of one of the London physicians, who were so much nearer that I wonder I was not, I was carried to Dr. Cotton. I was not only treated by him with the greatest tenderness while I was ill, and with the utmost diligence, but when my reason was restored to me, and I had so much need of a religious friend to converse with, to whom I could open my mind upon the subject without reserve, I could hardly have found a fitter person for the purpose. My eagerness and anxiety to settle my opinions upon that long neglected point, made it necessary, that while my mind was yet weak, and my spirits uncertain, I should have some assistance. The doctor was as ready to administer relief to me in this article likewise, and as well qualified to do it as in that which was more immediately his province. How many physicians would have thought this an irregular appetite, and a symptom of remaining madness! But if it were so, my friend was as mad as myself, and it is well for me that he was so."

Mr. Hayley says, that Dr. Cotton was "a scholar and a poet, who added to many accomplishments, a peculiar sweetness of manners, in very advanced life," when Mr Hayley had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him. In a subsequent part of his Life of Cowper, the latter, alluding to an inquiry respecting Dr. Cotton's works, pays the following compliment to his abilities—"I did not know that he had written any thing newer than his Visions: I have no doubt that it is so far worthy of him as to be pious and sensible, and I believe, no man living is better qualified to write on such subjects, as his title seems to announce. Some years have passed since I heard from him, and considering his great age, it is probable that I shall hear from him no more, but I shall always respect him. He is truly a philosopher, according to my judgment of the character, every tittle of his knowledge in natural subjects, being connected in his mind, with the firm belief of an omnipotent agent."

To these testimonies, which can be corroborated by a perusal of his writings, little need be added. His writings are uniformly in favour of piety and benevolence, and his correspondence, from which many extracts are given in the late edition of his works, justifies the high respect in which he was held by his numerous friends. His prose pieces consist of reflections on some parts of Scripture, which he has entitled Sermons, and various Essays on Health, Husbandry, Zeal, Marriage, and other miscellaneous topics. One of these, entitled Mirza to Selim, (an imitation of Lyttelton's Persian Letters) is said to relate to the death of the rev. Robert Romney, D. D. vicar of St. Albans, which happened in 1743. When dying, this gentleman prophesied that his brother and heir would not long enjoy his inheritance, which proved true, as he died in June 1746.—Some of these Essays were probably written for the periodical journals, and others for the amusement of private friends.

His abilities as a poet demand no parade of criticism. He appears to have written with ease, and had a happy turn for decorating his reflections in familiar verse: but we find very little that is original, fanciful, or vigorous. He scarcely ever attempts imagery, or description, and no where rises beyond a certain level diction adapted to the class of readers, whom he was most anxious to please. Yet his Visions have been popular, and deserve to continue so. Every sensible and virtuous mind acquiesces in the truth and propriety of his moral reflections, and will love the poems for the sake of the writer.

TO THE

DOWAGER COUNTESS SPENCER,

THESE TWO SMALL VOLUMES ARE, BY PERMISSION,

INSCRIBED.

THE author being well known to her ladyship for many years, this public testimony of approbation of his life and works given by her, whose high station and rank preclude her not from a laudable and eminent zeal in the cause of religion and goodness, is particularly acknowledged by

HER LADYSHIP'S

most obliged, and most obedient servant,

NATHANIEL COTTON.

POEMS

OF

NATHANIEL COTTON.

FABLES.

FABLE I.

The advantages of application and diligence in our earlier years, and the destructive consequences of pride and cruelty.

THE BEE, THE ANT, AND THE SPARROW.

MY dears, 'tis said in days of old,
That beasts could talk, and birds could scold.
But now it seems the human race
Alone engross the speaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)
There met a sparrow, ant, and bee,
Which reason'd and convers'd as we.
Who reads my page will doubtless grant,
That Phe's the wise industrious ant.
And all with half an eye may see,
That Kitty is the busy bee.
Here then are two—But where's the third?
Go search your school, you 'll find the bird.
Your school! I ask your pardon, fair,
I'm sure you 'll find no sparrow there.
Now to my tale.—One summer's morn
A bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to husband every hour,
And make the most of every flow'r.
Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
With which the artist builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home;
Or from the cowslip's golden bells
Sucks honey to enrich her cells;
Or every tempting rose pursues,
Or sips the lily's fragrant dews,
Yet never robs the shining bloom,
Or of its beauty, or perfume.
Thus she discharg'd in every way
The various duties of the day.
It chanc'd a frugal ant was near,
Whose brow was furrow'd o'er by care:
A great economist was she,
Nor less laborious than the bee;
By pensive parents often taught
What ills arise from want of thought;
That poverty on sloth depends,
On poverty the loss of friends.
Hence every day the ant is found
With anxious steps to tread the ground;
With curious search to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.
The active bee with pleasure saw
The ant fulfil her parents' law.
"Ah! sister-labourer," says she,
"How very fortunate are we!
Who, taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labour flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and state.
Why is our food so very sweet?
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few?
Because we Nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Because we act our parts assign'd.
Have we incessant tasks to do?
Is not all nature busy too?
Doth not the Sun with constant pace
Persist to run his annual race?
Do not the stars which shine so bright,
Renew their courses every night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the generous steed
Withhold his labour or his speed?
If you all nature's system scan,
The only idle thing is man."
A wanton sparrow long'd to hear
This sage discourse, and straight drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert, and very proud;
As worthless and as vain a thing
Perhaps as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a spray she sat,
The little friends were deep in chat;

That virtue was their favourite theme,
And toil and probity their scheme:
Such talk was hateful to her breast,
She thought them arrant prudes at best.
When to display her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd;
She view'd the ant with savage eyes,
And hopt, and hopt to snatch her prize.
The bee, who watch'd her opening bill,
And guess'd her fell design to kill,
Ask'd her from what her anger rose,
And why she treated ants as foes?
The sparrow her reply began,
And thus the conversation ran.
"Whenever I 'm dispos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I 'm a bird of high degree,
And every insect made for me.
Hence oft I search the emmet brood,
For emmets are delicious food.
And oft in wantonness and play,
I slay ten thousand in a day:
For truth it is, without disguise,
That I love mischief as my eyes."
"Oh! fie," the honest bee reply'd,
"I fear you make base man your guide.
Of every creature sure the worst,
Tho' in creation's scale the first!
Ungrateful man! 'tis strange he thrives,
Who burns the bees to rob their hives!
I hate his vile administration,
And so do all the emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite from the eagle to the wren!
Oh! do not men's example take,
Who mischief do for mischief's sake;
But spare the ant—her worth demands
Esteem and friendship at your hands.
A mind, with every virtue blest,
Must raise compassion in your breast."
"Virtue!" rejoin'd the sneering bird,
"Where did you learn that gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.
But say it was the antients' claim,
Yet moderns disavow the name.
Unless, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.
Virtue in fairy tales is seen
To play the goddess or the queen;
But what's a queen without the pow'r,
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags;
At best 'tis only worth in rags.
Such whims my very heart derides,
Indeed you make me burst my sides.
Trust me, miss Bee—to speak the truth,
I 've copied man from earliest youth;
The same our taste, the same our school,
Passion and appetite our rule;
And call me bird, or call me sinner,
I 'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner."
A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
And wide expands her amber eyes.
Near and more near Grimalkin draws,
She wags her tail, protends her paws;
Then springing on her thoughtless prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.
Thus in her cruelty and pride,
Tho wicked, wanton sparrow dy'd.

FABLE II.

That true virtue consists in action, and not in speculation.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE CAT.

Labour entitles man to eat,
The idle have no claim to meat.
This rule must every station fit,
Because 'tis drawn from sacred writ.
And yet, to feed on such condition,
Almost amounts to prohibition.
Rome's priesthood wou'd be doom'd, I fear,
To eat sour maigre all the year.
And wou'd not Oxford's cloister'd son
By this hard statute be undone?
In truth, your poet, were he fed
No oft'ner than he earns his bread,
The vengeance of this law wou'd feel,
And often go without a meal.
It seem'd a scholar and his cat
Together join'd in social chat.
When thus the letter'd youth began—
"Of what vast consequence is man!
Lords of this nether globe we shine,
Our tenure's held by right divine.
Here independence waves its plea,
All creatures bow the vassal knee.
Nor earth alone can bound our reign,
Ours is the empire of the main.
"True—man's a sovereign prince—but say,
What art sustains the monarch's sway.
Say from what source we fetch supplies,
'Tis here the grand inquiry lies.
Strength is not man's—for strength must suit
Best with the structure of a brute.
Nor craft nor cunning can suffice,
A fox might then dispute the prize.
To god-like reason 'tis we owe
Our ball and sceptre here below.
"Now your associate next explains
To whom precedence appertains.
And sure 'tis easy to divine
The leaders of this royal line.
Note that all tradesmen I attest
But petty princes at the best.
Superior excellence you 'll find
In those, who cultivate the mind.
Hence heads of colleges, you 'll own,
Transcend th' assessors of a throne.
Say, Evans, have you any doubt?
You can't offend by speaking out."
With visage placid and sedate,
Puss thus address'd her learned mate.
"We're told that none in Nature's plan
Disputes pre-eminence with man.
But this is still a dubious case
To me, and all our purring race.
We grant indeed to partial eyes
Men may appear supremely wise.
But our sagacious rabbies hold,
That all which glitters is not gold.
Pray, if your haughty claims be true,
Why are our manners ap'd by you?
Whene'er you think, all cats agree,
You shut your optics, just as we.
Pray, why like cats so wrapt in thought,
If you by cats were never taught?
But know, our tabby schools maintain
Worth is not center'd in the brain.

Not that our sages thought despise—
No—but in action virtue lies.
We find it by experience fact,
That thought must ripen into act;
Or eat no real fame acquires,
But virtue in the bud expires.
This point your orchard can decide—
Observe its gay autumnal pride.
For trees are held in high repute,
Not for their blossoms, but their fruit.
If so, then Millar's [1] page decrees
Mere scholars to be barren trees.
But if these various reasons fail,
Let my example once prevail.
" When to your chamber you repair,
Your property employs my care.
And while you sink in sweet repose,
My faithful eyelids never close.
When hunger prompts the mouse to steal,
Then I display my honest zeal;
True to my charge, these talons seize
The wretch, who dares purloin your cheese.
Or should the thief assault your bread,
I strike the audacious felon dead.
" Nor say I spring at smaller game—
My prowess slaughter'd rats proclaim.
I'm told, your generals often fly,
When danger, and when death are nigh:
Nay, when nor death nor danger's near,
As your court-martials make appear.
When in your service we engage,
We brave the pilfering villain's rage;
Ne'er take advantage of the night,
To meditate inglorious flight;
But stand resolv'd, when foes defy,
To conquer, or to bravely die.
" Hence, bookworm, learn our duty here
Is active life in every sphere.
Know too, there 's scarce a brute but can
Instruct vain supercilious man."

FABLE III.

That our fortitude and perseverance should be proportionate to the degree and duration of our sufferings.

NEPTUNE AND THE MARINERS.

When sore calamities we feel,
And sorrow treads on sorrow's heel,
Our courage and our strength, we say,
Are insufficient for the day.
Thus man's a poor dejected elf,
Who fain would run away from self.
Yet turn to Germany, you 'll find
An atlas of a human mind!
But here I deviate from my plan,
For Prussia's king is more than man!
Inferior beings suit my rhyme,
My scheme, my genius, and my time;
Men, birds, and beasts, with now and then
A pagan god, to grace my pen.
A vessel bound for India's coast,
The merchants confidence and boast,
Puts forth to sea—the gentle deep
Bespeaks its boisterous god asleep.
Three cheerful shouts the sailors gave,
And zephyrs curl the shining wave.
A halcyon sky prevails awhile,
The tritons and the nereids smile.
These omens fairest hopes impress,
And half insure the George success.
What casual ills these hopes destroy!
To change how subject every joy!
When dangers most remote appear,
Experience proves those dangers near.
Thus, boast of health whene'er you please,
Health is next neighbour to disease
'Tis prudence to suspect a foe,
And fortitude to meet the blow.
In wisdom's rank he stands the first,
Who stands prepar'd to meet the worst.
For lo! unnumber'd clouds arise,
The sable legions spread the skies.
The storm around the vessel raves,
The deep displays a thousand graves.
With active hands and fearless hearts
The sailors play their various parts;
They ply the pumps; they furl the sails;
Yet nought their diligence avails,
The tempest thickens every hour,
And mocks the feats of human pow'r.
The sailors now their fate deplore,
Estrang'd to every fear before.
With wild surprise their eye-balls glare,
Their honest breasts admit despair.
All further efforts they decline,
At once all future hopes resign;
And thus abandoning their skill,
They give the ship to drive at will.
Straight enter'd with majestic grace,
A form of more than human race,
The god an azure mantle wore,
His hand a forked sceptre bore;
When thus the monarch of the main—
" How dare you deem your labours vain?
Shall man exert himself the less,
Because superior dangers press?
How can I think your heart sincere,
Unless you bravely persevere?
Know, mortals, that when perils rise,
Perils enhance the glorious prize.
But, who deserts himself, shall be
Deserted by the gods and me.
Hence to your charge, and do your best,
My trident shall do all the rest."
The mariners their task renew,
All to their destin'd province flew.
The winds are hush'd—the sea subsides,
The gallant George in safety rides.

FABLE IV.

The folly of passing a hasty and derogatory judgment upon the noxious animals of the creation.

THE BEAU AND THE VIPER.

All wise philosophers maintain
Nature created nought in vain.
Yet some with supercilious brow,
Deny the truth asserted now.
What if I show that only man
Appears defective in the plan!
Say, will the sceptic lay aside
His sneers, his arrogance, and pride?

[1] The writer on Botany.

A beau, imported fresh from France,
Whose study was to dress and dance;
Who had betimes, in Gallia's school,
Grafted the coxcomb on the fool;
Approach'd a wood one summer's day,
To screen him from the scorching ray.
And as he travers'd thro' the grove,
Scheming of gallantry and love,
A viper's spiry folds were seen,
Sparkling with azure, gold, and green;
The beau indignant, weak, and proud,
With transport thus exclaim'd aloud:—
"Avaunt, detested fiend of night!
Thou torture to the human sight!
To every reptile a disgrace,
And fatal to our god-like race.
Why were such creatures form'd as you,
Unless to prove my doctrine true;
That when we view this nether sphere,
Nor wisdom nor design appear?"
The serpent rais'd his angry crest,
An honest zeal inflam'd his breast.
His hissings struck the fopling's ear,
And shook his very soul with fear.
"Inglorious wretch!" the viper cries,
"How dare you broach infernal lies?
Is there, in all creation's chain,
A link so worthless and so vain?
Grant that your dress were truly thine,
How can your gold compare with mine?
Your vestments are of garter hue,
Mine boast a far superior blue.
"You style me reptile in contempt,
You are that very reptile meant;
A two-legg'd thing which crawls on earth,
Void of utility and worth.
"You call me fatal to your race—
Was ever charge so false and base?
You can't in all your annals find,
That unprovok'd we hurt mankind.
Uninjur'd men in mischief deal,
We only bite the hostile heel.
"Do not we yield our lives to feed,
And save your vile distemper'd breed,
When leprosy pollutes your veins,
Do not we purge the loathsome stains?
When riot and excess prevail,
And health, and strength, and spirits fail;
Doctors from us their aid derive,
Hence penitential rakes revive.
We bleed to make the caitiffs dine [1],
Or drown to medicate their wine.
"You ask, my poison to what end?
Minute philosopher, attend.
"Nature, munificent and wise,
To all our wants adapts supplies.
Our frames are fitted to our need.
Hence greyhounds are endu'd with speed.
Lions by force their prey subdue,
By force maintain their empire too:
But power, altho' the lion's fame,
Was never known the viper's claim.
Observe, when I unroll my length—
Say, is my structure form'd for strength?
Doth not celerity imply
Or legs to run, or wings to fly?
My jaws are constituted weak,
Hence poison lurks behind my cheek.
As lightning quick my fangs convey
This liquid to my wounded prey.
The venom thus insures my bite,
For wounds preclude the victim's flight.
"'But why this deadly juice,' you cry,
To make the wretched captive die?
Why not possess'd of stronger jaws,
Or arm'd like savage brutes with claws?"
"Can such weak arguments persuade?
Ask rather, why were vipers made?
To me my poison's more than wealth,
And to ungrateful mortals health.
In this benevolent design
My various organs all combine.
Strike out the poison from my frame,
My system were no more the same.
I then should want my comforts due,
Nay, lose my very being too.
And you'd, as doctors all agree,
A sovereign medicine lose in me.
"Now learn, 'tis arrogance in man,
To censure what he cannot scan.
Nor dare to charge God's works with ill,
Since vipers kind designs fulfil:
But give injurious scruples o'er,
Be still, be humble, and adore."

[1] Upon some occasions vipers are dressed, and served to table as eels.

FABLE V.

That happiness is much more equally distributed, than the generality of mankind are apprized of.

THE SNAIL AND THE GARDENER.

When sons of fortune ride on high,
How do we point the admiring eye!
With foolish face of wonder gaze,
And often covet what we praise.
How do we partial Nature chide,
As deaf to every son beside!
Or censure the mistaken dame,
As if her optics were to blame!
Thus we deem Nature most unkind,
Or what 's as bad, we deem her blind.
But when inferior ranks we see,
Who move in humbler spheres than we;
Men by comparisons are taught,
Nature is not so much in fault.
Yet mark my tale—the poet's pen
Shall vindicate her ways to men.
Within a garden, far from town,
There dwelt a snail of high renown;
Who, by tradition as appears,
Had been a tenant several years.
She spent her youth in wisdom's page—
Hence honour'd and revered in age.
Do snails at any time contend,
Insult a neighbour, or a friend;
Dispute their property, and share,
Or in a cherry, or a pear?
No lord chief justice, all agree,
So able, and so just as she!
Whichever way their causes went,
All parties came away content.
At length she found herself decay,
Death sent mementos every day.
Her drooping strength sustains no more
The shell, which on her back she bore.

The eye had lost its visual art,
The heavy ear refus'd its part;
The teeth perform'd their office ill,
And every member fail'd her will.
But no defects in mind appear,
Her intellects are strong and clear.
Thus when his glorious course is run,
How brightly shines the setting Sun!
The news thro' all the garden spread,
The neighbours throng'd about her bed;
Cheerful she rais'd her voice aloud,
And thus address'd the weeping crowd.
"My friends, I 'm hast'ning to the grave,
And know, nor plum, nor peach can save.
Yes, to those mansions go I must,
Where our good fathers sleep in dust.
Nor am I backward to explore
That gloomy vale they trod before.
'Gainst Fate's decree what can I say?
Like other snails I 've had my day.
Full many summer suns I 've seen,
And now die grateful and serene.
"If men the higher pow'rs arraign,
Shall we adopt the plaintive strain?
Nature, profuse to us and ours,
Hath kindly built these stately tow'rs;
Where, when the skies in night are drest,
Secure from every ill we rest.
Survey our curious structure well—
How firm, and yet how light our shell!
Our refuge, when cold storms invade,
And in the dog-days' heat our shade.
"Thus when we see a fleeter race,
We 'll not lament our languid pace.
Do dangers rise, or foes withstand?
Are not our castles close at hand?
For let a snail at distance roam,
The happy snail is still at home.
"Survey our gardens' blest retreats—
Oh! what a paradise of sweets!
With what variety it's stor'd!
Unnumber'd dainties spread our board.
The plums assume their glossy blue,
And cheeks of nectarines glow for you;
Peaches their lovely blush betray,
And apricots their gold display;
While for your beverage, when you dine,
There streams the nectar of the vine.
"Be not my dying words forgot;
Depart, contented with your lot;
Repress complaints when they begin,
Ingratitude's a crying sin.
And hold it for a truth, that we,
Are quite as blest as snails should be."
The gardener hears with great surprise
This sage discourse, and thus he cries—
"Oh! what a thankless wretch am I,
Who pass ten thousand favours by!
Ublame, whene'er the linnet sings,
My want of song, or want of wings.
The piercing hawk, with towering flight,
Reminds me of deficient sight.
And when the generous steed I view,
Is not his strength my envy too?
I thus at birds and beasts repine,
And wish their various talents mine.
Fool as I am, who cannot see
Reason is more than all to me

"My landlord boasts a large estate,
Rides in his coach, and eats in plate.
What! shall these lures bewitch my eye?
Shall they extort the murmuring sigh?
Say, he enjoys superior wealth—
Is not my better portion, health?
Before the Sun has gilt the skies,
Returning labour bids me rise;
Obedient to the hunter's horn,
He quits his couch at early morn.
By want compell'd, I dig the soil,
His is a voluntary toil.
For truth it is, since Adam's fall,
His sons must labour, one and all.
No man's exempted by his purse,
Kings are included in the curse.
Wou'd monarchs relish what they eat?
'Tis toil that makes the manchet sweet;
Nature enacts, before they're fed,
That prince and peasant earn their bread.
"Hence wisdom and experience show,
That bliss in equal currents flow;
That happiness is still the same,
How'er ingredients change their name.
Nor doth this theme our search defy,
'Tis level to the human eye.
Distinctions, introduc'd by men,
Bewilder, and obscure our ken.
I 'll store these lessons in my heart,
And cheerful act my proper part.
If sorrows rise, as sorrows will,
I 'll stand resign'd to every ill;
Convinc'd, that wisely every pack
Is suited to the bearer's back."

FABLE VI.

That the complaints of mankind, against their several stations and provinces in life, are often frivolous, and always unwarrantable.

THE FARMER AND THE HORSE.

"'Tis a vain world, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it[1]."
Ah! Gay; is thy poetic page
The child of disappointed age?
Talk not of threescore years and ten,
For what avails our knowledge then?
But grant, that this experienc'd truth
Were ascertain'd in early youth;
Reader, what benefit would flow?
I vow, I 'm at a loss to know.
The world alarms the human breast,
Because in savage colours drest.
'Tis treated with invective style,
And stands impeach'd of fraud and guile.
All in this heavy charge agree—
But who's in fault—the world, or we?
The question 's serious, short, and clear,
The answer claims our patient ear.
Yet if this office you decline—
With all my heart—the task be mine.
I 'm certain, if I do my best,
Your candour will excuse the rest
A farmer, with a pensive brow,
One morn accompany'd his plough.

[1] Gay's Epitaph.

The larks their cheerful matins sung,
The woods with answering music rung;
The Sun display'd his golden ray,
And nature hail'd the rising day.
But still the peasant all the while
Refus'd to join the general smile.
He, like his fathers long before,
Resembled much the Jews of yore;
Whose murmurs impious, weak, and vain,
Nor quails nor manna could restrain.
Did accidental dearth prevail?
How prone to tell his piteous tale!
Pregnant with joys did plenty rise?
How prone to blame indulgent skies!
Thus ever ready to complain,
For plenty sinks the price of grain.
At length he spake:—"Ye powers divine,
Was ever lot so hard as mine?
From infant life an arrant slave,
Close to the confines of the grave.
Have not I follow'd my employ
Near threescore winters, man and boy?
But since I call'd this farm my own,
What scenes of sorrow have I known!
Alas! if all the truth were told,
Hath not the rot impair'd my fold?
Hath not the measles seiz'd my swine?
Hath not the murrain slain my kine?
Or say that horses be my theme,
Hath not the staggers thinn'd my team?
Have not a thousand ills beside
Depriv'd my stable of its pride?
"When I survey my lands around,
What thorns and thistles spread my ground!
Doth not the grain my hopes beguile,
And mildews mock the thresher's toil?
However poor the harvests past,
What so deficient as the last!
But tho' nor blasts, nor mildews rise,
My turnips are destroy'd by flies;
My sheep are pin'd to such degree,
That not a butcher comes to me.
"Seasons are chang'd from what they were,
And hence too foul, or hence too fair.
Now scorching heat and drought annoy,
And now returning showers destroy.
Thus have I pass'd my better years
'Midst disappointments, cares, and tears.
And now, when I compute my gains,
What have I reap'd for all my pains?
"Oh! had I known in manhood's prime
These slow convictions wrought by time;
Would I have brav'd the various woes
Of summer suns, and winter snows?
Would I have tempted every sky,
So wet, so windy, or so dry?
With all the elements at strife?
Ah! no—I then had plann'd a life,
Where wealth attends the middle stage,
And rest and comfort wait on age.
Where rot and murrain ne'er commence,
Nor pastures burn at my expense;
Nor injur'd cows their wants bewail,
Nor dairies mourn the milkless pail;
Nor barns lament the blasted grain,
Nor cattle curse the barren plain."
Dun hobbled by his master's side,
And thus the sober brute reply'd:—
"Look thro' your team, and where 's the steed
Who dares dispute with me his breed?
Few horses trace their lineage higher,
Godolphin's Arab was my sire;
My dam was sprung from Panton's stud,
My grandam boasted Childers' blood.
But ah! it now avails me not
By what illustrious chief begot!
Spavins pay no regard to birth,
And failing vision sinks my worth.
The squire, when he disgusted grew,
Transferr'd his property to you.
And since poor Dun 'became your own,
What scenes of sorrow have I known!'
Hath it not been my constant toil
To drag the plough, and turn the soil?
Are not my bleeding shoulders wrung
By large and weighty loads of dung?
When the shorn meadows claim your care,
And fragrant cocks perfume the air;
When Ceres' ripen'd fruits abound,
And Plenty waves her sheaves around;
True to my collar, home I bear
The treasures of the fruitful year.
And tho' this drudgery be mine,
You never heard me once repine.
"Yet what rewards have crown'd my days?
I 'm grudg'd the poor reward of praise.
For oats small gratitude I owe,
Beans were untasted joys, you know.
And now I 'm hast'ning to my end,
Past services can find no friend.
Infirmities, disease, and age,
Provoke my surly driver's rage.
Look to my wounded flanks, you 'll see
No horse was ever us'd like me.
"But now I eat my meals with pain,
Averse to masticate the grain.
Hence you direct, at night and morn,
That chaff accompany my corn;
For husks, altho' my teeth be few,
Force my reluctant jaws to chew.
What then? of life shall I complain,
And call it fleeting, false, and vain?
Against the world shall I inveigh,
Because my grinders now decay?
"You think it were the wiser plan,
Had I consorted ne'er with man;
Had I my liberty maintain'd,
Or liberty by fight regain'd,
And rang'd o'er distant hills and dales
With the wild foresters of Wales.
"Grant I succeeded to my mind—
Is happiness to hills confin'd?
Don't Famine oft erect her throne
Upon the rugged mountain's stone?
And don't the lower pastures fail,
When snows descending choke the vale?
Or who so hardy to declare
Disease and death ne'er enter there?
"Do pains or sickness here invade?
Man tenders me his cheerful aid.
For who beholds his hungry beast,
But grants him some supply at least?
Int'rest shall prompt him to pursue
What inclination would not do.
Say, had I been the desert's foal,
Thro' life estrang'd to man's control;

What service had I done on Earth,
Or who could profit by my birth?
My back had ne'er sustain'd thy weight,
My chest ne'er known thy waggon's freight;
But now my several powers combine
To answer Nature's ends and thine.
I 'm useful thus in every view—
Oh! could I say the same of you!
" Superior evils had ensu'd,
With prescience had I been endu'd.
Ills, tho' at distance seen, destroy,
Or sicken every present joy.
We relish every new delight,
When future griefs elude our sight.
To blindness then what thanks are due!
It makes each single comfort two.
The colt, unknown to pain and toil,
Anticipates to morrow's smile.
Yon lamb enjoys the present hour,
A stranger to the butcher's power.
" Your's is a wild Utopian scheme,
A boy would blush to own your dream.
Be your profession what it will,
No province is exempt from ill.
Quite from the cottage to the throne,
Stations have sorrows of their own.
Why should a peasant then explore
What longer heads ne'er found before?
Go, preach my doctrine to your son,
By your's, the lad would be undone.
But whether he regards or not,
Your lecture would be soon forgot.
The hopes which gull'd the parent's breast,
Ere long will make his son their jest.
Tho' now these cobweb cheats you spurn,
Yet every man 's a dupe in turn.
And wisely so ordain'd, indeed,
(Whate'er philosophers may plead),
Else life would stagnate at its sour,
And man, and horse decline the course.
" Then bid young Ralpho never mind it,
But take the world as he shall find it."

TALES.

THE LAMB AND THE PIG.

Consult the moralist, you 'll find
That education forms the mind,
But education ne'er supply'd
What ruling nature hath deny'd.
If you 'll the following page pursue,
My tale shall prove this doctrine true.
Since to the Muse all brutes belong,
The lamb shall usher in my song;
Whose snowy fleece adorn'd her skin,
Emblem of native white within.
Meekness and love possess'd her soul,
And innocence had crown'd the whole.
It chanc'd in some unguarded hour,
(Ah! purity, precarious flower!
Let maidens of the present age
Tremble, when they peruse my page).
It chanc'd upon a luckless day,
The little wanton, full of play,
Rejoic'd a thymy bank to gain,
But short the triumphs of her reign!
The treacherous slopes her fate foretell,
And soon the pretty trifler fell.
Beneath, a dirty ditch impress'd
Its mire upon her spotless vest.
What greater ill cou'd lamb betide,
The butcher's barbarous knife beside?
The shepherd, wounded with her cries,
Straight to the bleating sufferer flies.
The lambkin in his arms he took,
And bore her to a neighbouring brook.
The silver streams her wool refin'd,
Her fleece in virgin whiteness shin'd.
Cleans'd from pollution's every stain,
She join'd her fellows on the plain;
And saw afar the stinking shore,
But ne'er approach'd those dangers more.
The shepherd bless'd the kind event,
And view'd his flock with sweet content.
To market next he shap'd his way,
And bought provisions for the day.
But made, for winter's rich supply,
A purchase from a farmer's sty.
The children round their parent crowd,
And testify their mirth aloud.
They saw the stranger with surprise,
And all admir'd his little eyes.
Familiar grown he shar'd their joys,
Shar'd too the porridge with the boys.
The females o'er his dress preside,
They wash his face and scour his hide.
But daily more a swine he grew,
For all these housewives e'er could do.
Hence let my youthful reader know,
That once a hog, and always so.

DEATH AND THE RAKE:

A DUTCH TALE.

When pleasures court the human heart,
Oh! 'tis reluctant work to part.
Are we with griefs and pains oppress'd?
Who says that Death's a welcome guest?
Tho' sure to cure our evils all,
He's the last doctor we wou'd call.
We think, if he arrives at morn,
'Tis hard to die, as soon as born.
Or if the conqueror invade,
When life projects the evening shade,
Do we not meditate delay,
And still request a longer stay?
We shift our homes, we change the air,
And double, like the hunted hare.
Thus be it morn, or night, or noon,
Come when he will, he comes too soon!
You wish my subject I wou'd wave,
The preface is so very grave.
Come then, my friend, I 'll change my style,
And couch instruction with a smile
But promise, ere I tell my tale,
The serious moral shall prevail.
Vanbruin dy'd—his son, we 're told,
Succeeded to his father's gold.
Flush'd with his wealth, the thoughtless blade
Despis'd frugality, and trade;

Left Amsterdam with eager haste,
Dress, and the Hague, engross'd his taste.
Ere long his passion chang'd its shape,
He grew enamour'd with the grape.
Frequented much a house of cheer,
Just like our fools of fortune here;
With sots and harlots fond to join,
And revel o'er his midnight wine.
Once on a time the bowls had flow'd,
Quite till the morning cock had crow'd.
When Death, at every hour awake,
Enter'd the room, and claim'd the rake.
The youth's complexion spoke his fears,
Soft stole adown his cheek the tears.
At length the anguish of his breast
With fault'ring tongue he thus express'd.
"Thou king of terrours, hear my prayer,
And condescend for once to spare.
Let me thy clemency engage,
New to the world, and green in age.
When life no pleasures can dispense,
Or pleasures pall upon the sense;
When the eye feels departing sight,
And rolls its orb in vain for light;
When music's joys no longer cheer
The sick'ning heart, or heavy ear;
Or when my aching limbs forbear,
In sprightly balls to join the fair;
I 'll not repeat my suit to Death,
But chearfully resign my breath."
"Done," says the monarch—"be it so;
Observe—you promise then to go!"
What favour such protracted date
From the stern minister of fate!
Your wonder will be greater soon,
To hear the wretch perverts the boon.
Who, during years beyond a score,
Ne'er thought upon his promise more!
But were these terms by Death forgot?
Ah! no—again he seeks the sot.
The wretch was in the tavern found,
With a few gouty friends around,
Dropsy had seiz'd his legs and thighs,
Palsy his hands, and rheum his eyes.
When thus the king—"Intemperate elf,
Thus, by debauch, to dupe yourself.
What! are my terrours spurn'd by thee!
Thou fool! to trifle thus with me!
You ask'd before for length of days,
Only to riot various ways.
What were thy pleas but then a sneer?
I 'll now retort with jest severe.
"Read this small print," the monarch cries—
"You mock me, sir," the man replies.
"I scarce could read when in my prime,
And now my sight 's impair'd by time.
Sure you consider not my age—
I can't discern a single page.
And when my friends the bottle pass,
I scarce can see to fill my glass."
"Here take this nut, observe it well—
'Tis my command you crack the shell."
"How can such orders be obey'd?
My grinders, sir, are quite decay'd.
My teeth can scarce divide my bread,
And not a sound one in my head!"
But Death, who more sarcastic grew,
Disclos'd a violin to view;
Then loud he call'd, "Old boy, advance,
Stretch out your legs, and lead the dance."
The man rejoin'd—"When age surrounds,
How can the ear distinguish sounds?
Are not my limbs unwieldy grown?
Are not my feet as cold as stone?
Dear sir, take pity on my state—
My legs can scarce support my weight!"
Death drops the quaint, insulting joke,
And meditates the fatal stroke.
Assuming all his terrours now,
He speaks with anger on his brow.
"Is thus my lenity abus'd,
And dare you hope to stand excus'd?
You've spent your time, that pearl of price!
To the detested ends of vice.
Purchas'd your short-liv'd pleasures dear,
And seal'd your own destruction here.
Inflam'd your reckoning too above,
By midnight bowls, and lawless love.
Warning, you know, I gave betimes—
Now go, and answer for your crimes."
"Oh! my good lord, repress the blow—
I am not yet prepar'd to go.
And let it, sir, be further told,
That not a neighbour thinks me old.
My hairs are now but turning grey,
I am not sixty, sir, till May.
Grant me the common date of men,
I ask but threescore years and ten."
"Dar'st thou, prevaricating knave,
Insult the monarch of the grave?
I claim thy solemn contract past—
Wherefore this moment is thy last."
Thus having said, he speeds his dart,
And cleaves the hoary dotard's heart.

ODES OF HORACE.

THE SECOND ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK.

INSCRIBED TO T. V. ESQ.

Dear youth, to hoarded wealth a foe,
Riches with faded lustre glow;
Yes, dim the treasures of the mine,
Unless with temperate use they shine.
This stamps a value on the gold,
So Proculeius thought of old.

Soon as this generous Roman saw
His father's sons proscrib'd by law,
The knight discharg'd a parent's part,
They shar'd his fortune and his heart.
Hence stands consign'd a brother's name
To immortality and fame.

Wou'd you true empire ascertain?
Curb all immoderate lust of gain.
This is the best ambition known,
A greater conquest than a throne.
For know, should avarice control,
Farewell the triumphs of the soul.

This is a dropsy of the mind,
Resembling the corporeal kind;
For who with this disease are curst,
The more they drink, the more they thirst.

Indulgence feeds their bloated veins,
And pale-ey'd, sighing languor reigns.

Virtue, who differs from the crowd,
Rejects the covetous and proud;
Disdains the wild ambitious breast,
And scorns to call a monarch blest;
Labours to rescue truth and sense
From specious sounds, and vain pretence.

Virtue to that distinguish'd few
Gives royalty, and conquest too;
That wise minority, who own,
And pay their tribute to her throne;
Who view with undesiring eyes,
And spurn that wealth which misers prize.

THE TENTH ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Wou'd you, my friend, true bliss obtain?
Nor press the coast, nor tempt the main.
In open seas loud tempests roar,
And treacherous rocks begirt the shore.

Hatred to all extremes is seen,
In those who love the golden mean.
They nor in palaces rejoice,
Nor is the sordid cot their choice.

The middle state of life is best,
Exalted stations find no rest;
Storms shake th' aspiring pine, and tower,
And mountains feel the thunder's power.

The mind prepar'd for each event,
In every state maintains content.
She hopes the best, when storms prevail,
Nor trusts too far the prosperous gale.

Shou'd time returning winters bring,
Returning winter yields to spring.
Shou'd darkness shroud the present skies,
Hereafter brighter suns shall rise.

When Pæan shoots his fiery darts,
Disease and death transfix our hearts;
But oft the god withholds his bow,
In pity to the race below.

When clouds the angry Heavens deform,
Be strong, and brave the swelling storm;
Amidst prosperity's full gales
Be humble, and contract your sails.

EPITAPHS.

READER, approach my urn—thou need'st not fear
Th' extorted promise of one plaintive tear,
To mourn thy unknown friend—From me thou'lt learn
More than a Plato taught—the grand concern
Of mortals!—Wrapt in pensive thought, survey
This little freehold of unthinking clay,
And know thy end!
Tho' young, tho' gay, this scene of death explore,
Alas! the young, the gay is now no more!

ON ROBERT CLAVERING, M. B.

Oh! come, who know the childless parent's sigh,
The bleeding bosom, and the streaming eye;
Who feel the wounds a dying friend imparts,
When the last pang divides two social hearts.
This weeping marble claims the generous tear,
Here lies the friend, the son, and all that 's dear.
He fell full-blossom'd in the pride of youth,
The nobler pride of science, worth, and truth.
Calm and serene he view'd his mouldering clay,
Nor fear'd to go, nor fondly wish'd to stay.
And when the king of terrours he descry'd,
Kiss'd the stern mandate, bow'd his head, and dy'd.

ON COLONEL GARDINER,

Who was slain in the Battle at Preston Pans, 1745.

While fainter merit asks the powers of verse,
Our faithful line shall Gardiner's worth rehearse.
The bleeding hero, and the martyr'd saint,
Transcends the poet's pen, the herald's paint.
His the best path to fame that e'er was trod,
And surely his a glorious road to God.

ON MR. SIBLEY, OF STUDHAM.

Here lies an honest man! without pretence
To more than prudence, and to common sense;
Who knew no vanity, disguise, nor art,
Who scorn'd all language foreign to the heart.
Diffusive as the light his bounty spread,
Cloth'd were the naked, and the hungry fed.
"These be his honours!" honours that disclaim
The blazon'd scutcheon, and the herald's fame!
Honours! which boast defiance to the grave,
Where, spite of Anstis, rots the garter'd knave.

ON A LADY, WHO HAD LABOURED UNDER A CANCER.

Stranger, these dear remains contain'd a mind
As infants guileless, and as angels kind.
Ripening for Heav'n, by pains and sufferings try'd
To pain superior, and unknown to pride.
Calm and serene beneath affliction's rod,
Because she gave her willing heart to God.
Because she trusted in her Saviour's pow'r,
Hence firm and fearless in the dying hour!
No venal Muse this faithful picture draws,
Blest saint! desert like yours extorts applause.
Oh! let a weeping friend discharge his due,
His debt to worth, to excellence, and you!

VARIOUS PIECES.

AN INVOCATION OF HAPPINESS.

AFTER THE ORIENTAL MANNER OF SPEECH.

1. Tell me, O thou fairest among virgins, where dost thou lay thy meek contented head?
2. Dost thou dwell upon the mountains; dost thou make thy couch in the vallies?
3. In the still watches of the night have I thought upon my fair-one; yea, in the visions of the night have I pursued thee.

4. When I awoke, my meditation was upon thee, and the day was spent in search after thy embraces.
5. Why dost thou flee from me, as the tender hind, or the young roe upon the hills?
6. Without thy presence in vain blushes the rose, in vain glows the ruby, the cinnamon breatheth its fragrance in vain.
7. Shall I make thee a house of the rich cedars of Lebanon? shall I perfume it with all the spices of Arabia? Wilt thou be tempted with Sabean odours, with myrrh, frankincense, and aloes?
8. Doth my fair-one delight in palaces—doth she gladden the hearts of kings? The palaces are not a meet residence for my beloved—the princes of the Earth are not favoured with the smiles of her countenance.
9. My fair-one is meek and humble, she dwelleth among the cottages, she tendeth the sheep upon the mountains, and lieth down amidst the flocks. The lilies of the field are her couch, and the Heavens her canopy.
10. Her words are smoother than oil, more powerful than wine; her voice is as the voice of the turtle-dove.
11. Thou crownest the innocence of the husbandman, and the reward of virtue is with thee.

TIME.

Time and chance happeneth to them all.
Ecclesiast. ch. ix. ver. 11.

Reader, if fond of wonder and surprise,
Behold in me ten thousand wonders rise.
Should I appear quite partial to my cause,
Shout my own praise, and vindicate applause;
Do not arraign my modesty or sense,
Nor deem my character a vain pretence.
Know then I boast an origin and date
Coeval with the Sun—without a mate
An offspring I beget in number more
Then all the crowded sands which form the shore.
That instant they are born, my precious breed
Ah me! expire—yet my departed seed
Enter like spectres, with commission'd power,
The secret chamber at the midnight hour;
Pervade alike the palace, and the shed,
The statesman's closet, and the rustic's bed;
Serene and sweet, like envoys from the skies,
To all the good, the virtuous, and the wise;
But to the vicious breast remorse they bring,
And bite like serpents, or like scorpions sting.
Being and birth to sciences I give,
By me they rise thro' infancy and live;
By me meridian excellence display,
And, like autumnal fruits, by me decay.
When poets, and when painters are no more,
And all the feuds of rival wits are o'er;
'Tis mine to fix their merit and their claim,
I judge their works to darkness or to fame.
I am a monarch, whose victorious hands
No craft eludes, no regal power withstands.
My annals prove such mighty conquests won,
As shame the puny feats of Philip's son.
But tho' a king, I seldom sway alone,
The goddess Fortune often shares my throne.
The human eye detects our blended rule,
Here we exalt a knave, and there a fool.
Ask you what powers our sovereign laws obey?
Creation is our empire—we convey
Sceptres and crowns at will—as we ordain,
Kings abdicate their thrones, and peasants reign
Lovers to us address the fervent prayer;
'Tis ours to soften or subdue the fair:
We now like angels smile, and now destroy,
Now bring, or blast, the long expected joy.
At our fair shrine ambitious churchmen bow,
And crave the mitre to adorn the brow.
Go to the inns of court—the learned drudge
Implores our friendship to commence a judge.
Go, and consult the sons of Warwick Lane;
They owe our favours, and adore our reign.
Theirs is the gold, 'tis true—but all men see
Our claim is better founded to the fee.
Reader, thus sublunary worlds we guide,
Thus o'er your natal planets we preside.
Kingdoms and kings are ours—to us they fall,
We carve their fortunes, and dispose of all.
Nor think that kings alone engross our choice,
The cobler sits attentive to our voice.
But since my colleague is a fickle she,
Abjure my colleague, and depend on me.
Either she sees not, or with partial eyes,
Either she grants amiss, or she denies.
But I, who pity those that wear her chain,
Scorn the capricious measures of her reign;
In every gift, and every grace excel,
And seldom fail their hopes, who use me well.
Yet tho' in me unnumber'd treasures shine,
Superior to the rich Peruvian mine!
Tho' men to my indulgence hourly owe
The choicest of their comforts here below:
(For men's best tenure, as the world agree,
Is all a perquisite deriv'd from me)
Still man's my foe! ungrateful man, I say,
Who meditates my murder every day.
What various scenes of death do men prepare!
And what assassinations plot the fair!
But know assuredly, who treat me ill,
Who mean to rob me, or who mean to kill;
Who view me with a cold regardless eye,
And let my favours pass unheeded by;
They shall lament their folly when too late;
So mourns the prodigal his lost estate!
While they who with superior forethought blest,
Store all my lessons in their faithful breast;
(For where's the prelate, who can preach like me,
With equal reasoning, and persuasive plea,)
Who know that I am always on my wings,
And never stay in compliment to kings;
Who therefore watch me with an eagle's sight,
Arrest my pinions, or attend my flight;
Or if perchance they loiter'd in the race,
Chide their slow footsteps, and improve their pace;
Yes, these are Wisdom's sons, and when they die,
Their virtues shall exalt them to the sky.

AN ENIGMA:

INSCRIBED TO MISS P.

Cloe, I boast celestial date,
Ere time began to roll;
So wide my power, my sceptre spurns
The limits of the pole.

When from the mystic womb of night,
The Almighty call'd the Earth;
I smil'd upon the infant world,
And grac'd the wondrous birth.

Thro' the vast realms of boundless space,
I traverse uncontroll'd;
And starry orbs of proudest blaze
Inscribe my name in gold.

There 's not a monarch in the north
But bends the suppliant knee;
The haughty sultan waves his power,
And owns superior me.

Both by the savage and the saint
My empire stands confest;
I thaw the ice on Greenland's coast,
And fire the Scythian's breast.

To me the gay aërial tribes
Their glittering plumage owe;
With all the variegated pride
That decks the feather'd beau.

The meanest reptiles of the land
My bounty too partake;
I paint the insect's trembling wing,
And gild the crested snake.

Survey the nations of the deep,
You'll there my power behold;
My pencil drew the pearly scale,
And fin bedropt with gold.

I give the virgin's lip to glow,
I claim the crimson dye;
Mine is the rose which spreads the cheek,
And mine the brilliant eye.

Then speak, my fair; for surely thou
My name canst best descry;
Who gave to thee with lavish hands
What thousands I deny.

THE FIRESIDE.

Dear Cloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And they our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours given;
Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand thro' life we'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

TO SOME CHILDREN

LISTENING TO A LARK.

See the lark prunes his active wings,
Rises to Heaven, and soars, and sings,
His morning hymns, his mid-day lays,
Are one continued song of praise.

He speaks his Maker all he can,
And shames the silent tongue of man.
When the declining orb of light
Reminds him of approaching night,
His warbling vespers swell his breast,
And as he sings he sinks to rest.
Shall birds instructive lessons teach,
And we be deaf to what they preach?
No, ye dear nestlings of my heart,
Go, act the wiser songster's part.
Spurn your warm couch at early dawn,
And with your God begin the morn.
To him your grateful tribute pay
Thro' every period of the day.
To him your evening songs direct;
His eye shall watch, his arm protect.
Tho' darkness reigns, he's with you still,
Then sleep, my babes, and fear no ill.

TO A CHILD OF FIVE YEARS OLD.

Fairest flower, all flowers excelling,
Which in Milton's page we see;
Flowers of Eve's embower'd dwelling[1]
Are, my fair one, types of thee.

Mark, my Polly, how the roses
Emulate thy damask cheek;
How the bud its sweets discloses——
Buds thy opening bloom bespeak.

Lilies are by plain direction
Emblems of a double kind;
Emblems of thy fair complexion,
Emblems of thy fairer mind.

But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
Blossom, fade, and die away;
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens! which ne'er decay.

ON LORD COBHAM'S GARDEN.

It puzzles much the sages' brains,
Where Eden stood of yore,
Some place it in Arabia's plains,
Some say it is no more.

But Cobham can these tales confute,
As all the curious know;
For he hath prov'd, beyond dispute,
That Paradise is Stow.

TO MORROW.

Pereunt et imputantur.

To morrow, didst thou say!
Methought I heard Horatio say, To morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots. Injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To 'morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments;
For be assur'd, they all are arrant tell-tales;
And tho' their flight be silent, and their path trackless
As the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to Heaven, and there record thy folly.
Because, tho' station'd on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-winkt justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!—
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp, but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

AN ALLUSION

TO HORACE, ODE XVI. BOOK II.

INSCRIBED TO H. W. ESQ.

Otium divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes
Condidit lunam, neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis, &c.

Say, heavenly Quiet, propitious nymph of light,
Why art thou thus conceal'd from human sight?
Tir'd of life's follies, fain I'd *gain thy arms*,
Oh! take me panting to thy peaceful charms;
Soothe my wild soul in thy soft fetters caught,
And calm the surges of tumultuous thought.
Thee, goddess, thee all states of life implore,
The merchant seeks thee on the foreign shore:
Thro' frozen zones and burning isles he flies,
And tempts the various horrours of the skies.
Nor frozen zones, nor burning isles control
That thirst of gain, that fever of the soul.
But mark the change—impending storms affright,
Array'd in all the majesty of night—
The raging winds, discharg'd their mystic caves,
Roar the dire signal to th' insulting waves.
The foaming legions charge the ribs of oak,
And the pale fiend presents at every stroke.
To thee the unhappy wretch in pale despair
Bends the weak knee, and lifts the hand in prayer;
Views the sad cheat, and swears he'll ne'er again
Range the hot clime, or trust the faithless main,
Or own so mean a thought, that thou art bribe'd by gain.
To thee the harness'd chief devotes his breath,
And braves the thousand avenues of death;
Now red with fury seeks th' embattled plain,
Wades floods of gore, and scales the hills of slain;
Now on the fort with winged vengeance falls,
And tempts the sevenfold thunders of the walls.

[1] Alluding to Milton's description of Eve's bower.

Mistaken man! the nymph of peace disdains
The roar of cannons, and the smoke of plains:
With milder incense let thy altars blaze,
And in a softer note attempt her praise.
What various herds attend the virgin's gate,
Abject in wealth, and impotent in state!
A crowd of offerings on the altar lie,
And idly strive to tempt her from the sky:
But here the rich magnificence of kings
Are specious trifles all, and all unheeded things.
No outward show celestial bosoms warms,
The gaudy purple boasts inglorious charms;
The gold here, conscious of its abject birth,
Only presumes to be superior earth.
In vain the gem its sparkling tribute pays,
And meanly tremulates in borrow'd rays.
On these the nymph with scornful smiles looks down,
Nor e'er elects the favourite of a crown.
Supremely great, she views us from afar,
Nor deigns to own a sultan or a czar.
Did real happiness attend on state,
How would I pant and labour to be great!
To court I'd hasten with impetuous speed;
But to be great 's to be a wretch indeed.
I speak of sacred truths; believe me, Hugh,
The real wants of nature are but few.
Poor are the charms of gold—a generous heart
Would blush to own a bliss, that these impart.
'Tis he alone the Muse dares happy call,
Who with superior thought enjoys his little all.
Within his breast no frantic passions roll,
Soft are the motions of the virtuous soul.
The night in silken slumbers glides away,
And a sweet calm leads in the smiling day.
What antic notions form the human mind!
Perversely mad, and obstinately blind.
Life in its large extent is scarce a span,
Yet, wondrous frenzy! great designs we plan,
And shoot our thoughts beyond the date of man.
Man, that vain creature 's but a wretched elf,
And lives at constant enmity with self;
Swears to a southern climate he'll repair,
But who can change the mind by changing air?
Italia's plains may purify the blood,
And with a nobler purple paint the flood;
But can soft zephyrs aid th' ill-shapen thigh,
Or form to beauty the distorted eye?
Can they with life inform the thoughtless clay?
Then a kind gale might waft my cares away.
Where roves the Muse?—'tis all a dream, my friend,
All a wild thought—for Care, that ghastly fiend,
That mighty prince of the infernal powers,
Haunts the still watches of the midnight hours.
In vain the man the night's protection sought,
Care stings like pois'nous asps to fury wrought,
And wakes the mind to all the pains of thought.
Not the wing'd ship, that sweeps the level main,
Not the young roe that bounds along the plain,
Are swift as Care—that monster leaves behind
The aerial courser and the fleetest wind;
Thro' every clime performs a constant part,
And sheaths its painful daggers in the heart.
Ah! why should man an idle game pursue,
To future may-bes stretch the distant view?
May more exalted thoughts our hours employ,
And wisely strive to taste the present joy.
Life 's an inconstant sea—the prudent ply
With every oar to improve th' auspicious sky:
But if black clouds the angry Heav'ns deform,
A cheerful mind will sweeten every storm.
Tho' fools expect their joys to flow sincere,
Yet none can boast eternal sunshine here.
The youthful chief, that like a summer flower
Shines a whole life in one precarious hour,
Impatient of restraint demands the fight,
While painted triumphs swim before his sight.
Forbear, brave youth, thy bold designs give o'er,
Ere the next morn shall dawn, thou'lt be no more;
Invidious Death shall blast thy opening bloom,
Scarce blown, thou fad'st, scarce born, thou meet'st a tomb.
What tho', my friend, the young are swept away,
Untimely cropt in the proud blaze of day;
Yet when life's spring on purple wings is flown,
And the brisk flood a noisome puddle grown;
When the dark eye shall roll its orb for light,
And the roll'd orb confess impervious night;
When once untun'd the ear's contorted cell,
The silver cords unbrace the sounding shell;
Thy sick'ning soul no more a joy shall find,
Music no more shall stay thy lab'ring mind.
The breathing canvas glows in vain for thee,
In vain it blooms a gay eternity.
With thee the statue's boasts of life are o'er,
And Cæsar animates the brass no more.
The flaming ruby, and the rich brocade,
The sprightly ball, the mimic masquerade
Now charm in vain—in vain the jovial god
With blushing goblets plies the dormant clod.
Then why thus fond to draw superfluous breath,
When every gasp protracts a painful death?
Age is a ghastly scene, cares, doubts, and fears,
One dull rough road of sighs, groans, pains, and tears.
Let not ambitious views usurp thy soul,
Ambition, friend, ambition grasps the pole.
The lustful eye on wealth's bright strand you fix,
And sigh for grandeur and a coach and six;
With golden stars you long to blend your fate,
And with the garter'd lordling slide in state.
An humbler theme my pensive hours employs,
(Hear ye sweet Heavens, and speed the distant joys!
Of these possess'd I 'd scorn to court renown,
Or bless the happy coxcombs of the town.)
To me, ye gods, these only gifts impart,
An easy fortune, and a cheerful heart;
A little muse, and innocently gay,
In sportive song to trifle cares away.
Two wishes gain'd, love forms the last and best,
And Heaven's bright master-piece shall crown the rest.

AN EPITAPH

UPON MR. THOMAS STRONG,

WHO DIED ON THE 26TH OF DECEMBER, 1736.

In action prudent, and in word sincere,
In friendship faithful, and in honour clear;
Thro' life's vain scenes the same in every part,
A steady judgment, and an honest heart.
Thou vaunt'st no honours—all thy boast a mind
As infants guileless, and as angels kind.
When ask'd to whom these lovely truths belong,
Thy friends shall answer, weeping, "Here lies STRONG."

EPITAPH

UPON MISS GEE,

WHO DIED OCTOBER 25, 1736, ÆTAT. 28.

Beauteous, nor known to pride, to friends sincere,
Mild to thy neighbour, to thyself severe;
Unstain'd thy honour—and thy wit was such,
Knew no extremes, nor little, nor too much.
Few were thy years, and painful thro' the whole,
Yet calm thy passage, and serene thy soul.
Reader, amidst these sacred crowds that sleep [1],
View this once lovely form, nor grudge to weep.—
O Death, all terrible! how sure thy hour!
How wide thy conquests! and how fell thy power!
When youth, wit, virtue, plead for longer reign,
When youth, when wit, when virtue plead in vain;
Stranger, then weep afresh—for know this clay
Was once the good, the wise, the beautiful, the gay.

REBUS.

That awful name which oft inspires
Impatient hopes, and fond desires,
Can to another pain impart,
And thr'll with fear the shudd'ring heart.
This mystic word is often read
O'er the still chambers of the dead.
Say, what contains the breathless clay,
When the fleet soul is wing'd away?—
Those marble monuments proclaim
My little wily wanton's name.

TOMBS.

REBUS.

The golden stem, with generous aid,
Supports and feeds the fruitful blade.
The queen, who rul'd a thankless isle,
And gladden'd thousands with her smile;
(When the well-manag'd pound of gold
Did more, than now the sum thrice told;)
The stem of Ceres, and the fair
Of Stuart's house, a name declare,
Where goodness is with beauty join'd,
Where queen and goddess both combin'd
To form an emblem of the mind.

REBUS.

The light-footed female that bounds o'er the hills,
That feeds among lilies, and drinks of the rills,
And is fam'd for being tender and true;
Which Solomon deemed a simile rare,
To liken the two pretty breasts of his fair,
Is the name of the nymph I pursue.

ROE.

ANOTHER.

"Tell me the fair, if such a fair there be,"
Said Venus to her son, "that rivals me."
"Mark the tall tree," cried Cupid to the dame,
"That from its silver bark derives its name;
The studious insect, that, with wondrous pow'rs,
Extracts mysterious sweets from fragrant flow'rs;
Proclaim the nymph to whom all hearts submit,
Whose sweetness softens majesty and wit."

ASHBY.

[1] The author is supposed to be inscribing the character of the deceased upon her tomb, and therefore "crowds that sleep," mean the dead.

SOME HASTY RHIMES

ON SLEEP.

Mysterious deity, impart
From whence thou com'st, and what thou art.
I feel thy pow'r, thy reign I bless,
But what I feel, I can't express.
Thou bind'st my limbs, but canst n't restrain
The busy workings of the brain.
All nations of the air and land
Ask the soft blessing at thy hand.
The reptiles of the frozen zone
Are close attendants on thy throne;
Where painted basilisks enfold
Their azure scales in rolls of gold.
The slave, that's destin'd to the oar,
In one kind vision swims to shore;
The lover meets the willing fair,
And fondly grasps impassive air.
Last night the happy miser told
Twice twenty thousand pounds in gold.
The purple tenant of the crown
Implores thy aid on beds of down:
While Lubbin, and his healthy bride,
Obtain what monarchs are denied.
The garter'd statesman thou wouldst own,
But rebel conscience spurns thy throne;
Braves all the poppies of the fields,
And the fam'd gum [1] that Turkey yields.
While the good man, oppress'd with pain,
Shall court thy smiles, nor sue in vain.
Propitious thou'lt his prayer attend,
And prove his guardian and his friend.
Thy faithful hands shall make his bed,
And thy soft arm support his head.

A REBUS.

The name of the monarch that abandon'd his throne,
Is the name of the fair, I prefer to his crown.

JAMES.

A SONG.

Tell me, my Cælia, why so coy,
Of men so much afraid;
Cælia, 'tis better far to die
A mother than a maid.

The rose, when past its damask hue,
Is always out of favour;
And when the plum hath lost its blue,
It loses too its flavour.

To vernal flow'rs the rolling years
Returning beauty bring;
But faded once, thou'lt bloom no more,
Nor know a second spring.

[1] Or rather inspissated juice, opium.

A SUNDAY HYMN,

IN IMITATION OF DR. WATTS.

This is the day the Lord of life
Ascended to the skies;
My thoughts, pursue the lofty theme,
And to the Heav'ns arise.

Let no vain cares divert my mind
From this celestial road;
Nor all the honours of the Earth
Detain my soul from God.

Think of the splendours of that place,
The joys that are on high;
Nor meanly rest contented here,
With worlds beneath the sky.

Heav'n is the birth-place of the saints,
To Heav'n their souls ascend;
Th' Almighty owns his favourite race,
As father and as friend.

Oh! may these lovely titles prove
My comfort and defence,
When the sick couch shall be my lot,
And death shall call me hence.

AN ODE ON THE MESSIAH.

When man had disobey'd his Lord,
Vindictive Justice drew the sword;
"The rebel and his race shall die."
He spake, and thunders burst the sky.

Lo! Jesus-pard'ning grace displays,
Nor thunders roll, nor lightnings blaze.
Jesus, the Saviour stands confest,
In rays of mildest glories drest.

As round him press th' angelic crowd,
Mercy and Truth he calls aloud;
The smiling cherubs wing'd to view,
Their pinions sounded as they flew.

"Ye favourites of the throne, arise,
Bear the strange tidings thro' the skies;
Say, man, th' apostate rebel, lives;
Say, Jesus bleeds, and Heav'n forgives.

"In pity to the fallen race,
I'll take their nature and their place;
I'll bleed, their pardon to procure,
I'll die, to make that pardon sure."

Now Jesus leaves his blest abode,
A Virgin's womb receives the God.
When the tenth Moon had wan'd on Earth,
A Virgin's womb discloss'd the birth.

New praise employs th' ethereal throng,
Their golden harps repeat the song;
And angels waft th' immortal strains
To humble Bethl'em's happy plains.

While there the guardians of the sheep
By night their faithful vigils keep,
Celestial notes their ears delight,
And floods of glory drown their sight.

When Gabriel thus, "Exult, ye swains,
Jesus, your own Messiah, reigns.
Arise, the royal babe behold,
Jesus, by ancient bards foretold.

"To David's town direct your way,
And shout, Salvation's born to day;
There, in a manger's mean disguise,
You 'll find the sovereign of the skies."

What joy Salvation's sound imparts.
You best can tell, ye guileless hearts;
Whom no vain science led astray,
Nor taught to scorn Salvation's way.

Tho' regal purple spurns these truths,
Maintain your ground, ye chosen youths;
Brave the stern tyrant's lifted rod,
Nor blush to own a dying God.

What! tho' the sages of the Earth
Proudly dispute this wondrous birth;
Tho' learning mocks Salvation's voice,
Know, Heav'n applauds your wiser choice.

Oh! be this wiser choice my own!
Bear me some seraph, to his throne,
Where the rapt soul dissolves away
In visions of eternal day.

AN ODE ON THE NEW YEAR.

Lord of my life, inspire my song,
To Thee my noblest powers belong;
Grant me thy favourite seraph's flame,
To sing the glories of thy name.

My birth, my fortune, friends, and health,
My knowledge too, superior wealth!
Lord of my life, to thee I owe;
Teach me to practise what I know.

Ten thousand favours claim my song,
And each demands an angel's tongue;
Mercy sits smiling on the wings
Of every moment as it springs.

But oh! with infinite surprise
I see returning years arise;
When unimprov'd the former score,
Lord, wilt thou trust me still with more!

Thousands this period hop'd to see!
Deny'd to thousands, granted me;
Thousands! that weep, and wish, and pray
For those rich hours I throw away.

The tribute of my heart receive,
'Tis the poor *all* I have to give;
Should it prove faithless, Lord, I'd wrest
The bleeding traitor from my breast.

EPITAPH.

ON JOHN DUKE OF BRIDGWATER,

WHO DIED IN THE TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF HIS AGE,

1747-8.

Intent to hear, and bounteous to bestow,
A mind that melted at another's woe;
Studious to act the self-approving part,
That midnight-music of the honest heart!
Those silent joys th' illustrious youth possess'd,
Those cloudless sunshines of the spotless breast!
From pride of peerage, and from folly free,
Life's early morn, fair virtue! gave to thee;
Forbad the tear to steal from sorrow's eye,
Bade anxious poverty forget to sigh;

Like Titus, knew the value of a day,
And want went smiling from his gates away.
The rest were honours borrow'd from the throne;
These honours, EGERTON, were all thy own!

A FABLE.

It seems, an owl, in days of yore,
Had turn'd a thousand volumes o'er,
His fame for literature extends,
And strikes the ears of partial friends,
They weigh'd the learning of the fowl,
And thought him a prodigious owl!
From such applause what could betide?
It only cocker'd him in pride.
Extoll'd for sciences and arts,
His bosom burn'd to show his parts;
(No wonder that an owl of spirit,
Mistook his vanity for merit.)
He shows insatiate thirst of praise,
Ambitious of the poet's bays.
Perch'd on Parnassus all night long,
He hoots a sonnet or a song;
And while the village hear his note,
They curse the screaming whore-son's throat.
Amidst the darkness of the night,
Our feather'd poet wings his flight,
And, as capricious fate ordains,
A chimney's treach'rous summit gains;
Which much impair'd by wind and weather,
Down fall the bricks and bird together.
The owl expands his azure eyes,
And sees a Non-con's study rise;
The walls were deck'd with hallow'd bards
Of worthies, by th' engraver's hands;
All champions for the good old cause!
Whose conscience interfer'd with laws;
But yet no foes to king or people,
Tho' mortal foes to church and steeple.
Baxter, with apostolic grace,
Display'd his metzotinto face;
While here and there some luckier saint
Attain'd to dignity of paint.
Rang'd in proportion to their size,
The books by due gradations rise.
Here the good fathers lodg'd their trust;
There zealous Calvin slept in dust.
Here Pool his learned treasures keeps;
There Fox o'er dying martyrs weeps;
While reams on reams insatiate drink
Whole deluges of Henry's ink.
Columns of sermons pil'd on high
Attract the bird's admiring eye.
Those works a good old age acquir'd,
Which had in manuscript expir'd;
For manuscripts, of fleeting date,
Seldom survive their infant state.
The healthiest live not half their days,
But die a thousand various ways;
Sometimes ingloriously apply'd
To purposes the Muse shall hide.
Or, should they meet no fate below,
How oft tobacco proves their foe!
Or else some cook purloins a leaf
To singe her fowl, or save her beef;
But sermons 'scape both fate and fire,
By congregational desire.

Display'd at large upon the table
Was Bunyan's much-admir'd fable;
And as his Pilgrim sprawling lay,
It chanc'd the owl advanc'd that way.
The bird explores the pious dream,
And plans a visionary scheme;
Determin'd, as he read the sage,
To copy from the tinker's page.
The thief now quits his learn'd abode,
And scales aloft the sooty road;
Flies to Parnassus' top once more,
Resolv'd to dream as well as snore;
And what he dreamt by day, the wight,
In writing o'er, consumes the night.
Plum'd with conceit he calls aloud,
And thus bespeaks the purblind crowd;
"Say not, that man alone's a poet,
Poets are owls—my verse shall show it."
And while he read his labour'd lays,
His blue-ey'd brothers hooted praise.
But now his female mate by turns
With pity and with choler burns;
When thus her consort she address'd,
And all her various thoughts express'd.
"Why, prithee, husband, rant no more,
'Tis time to give these follies o'er.
Be wise, and follow my advice—
Go—catch your family some mice.
'Twere better to resume your trade,
And spend your nights in ambuscade.
What! if you fatten by your schemes,
And fare luxuriously in dreams!
While you ideal mice are carving,
I and my family are starving.
Reflect upon our nuptial hours,
Where will you find a brood like our's?
Our offspring might become a queen,
For finer owlets ne'er were seen!"
"'Ods—blue!" the surly hob reply'd,
"I'll amply for my heirs provide.
Why, Madge! when Colley Cibber dies,
Thou'lt see thy mate a laur'ate rise;
For never poets held this place,
Except descendants of our race."
"But soft"—the female sage rejoin'd—
"Say you abjur'd the purring kind;
And nobly left inglorious rats
To vulgar owls, or sordid cats.
Say, you the healing art essay'd,
And piddled in the doctor's trade;
At least you'd earn us good provisions,
And better this than scribbling visions.
A due regard to me, or self,
Wou'd always make you dream of pelf;
And when you dreamt your nights away,
You'd realize your dreams by day.
Hence far superior gains wou'd rise,
And I be fat and you be wise."
"But, Madge, tho' I applaud your scheme,
You'd wish my patients still to dream!
Waking they'd laugh at my vocation,
Or disapprove my education;
And they detest your solemn hob,
Or take me for professor L—."
Equipt with powder and with pill,
He takes his licence out to kill.
Practis'd in all a doctor's airs,
To Batson's senate he repairs,

Dress'd in his flowing wig of knowledge,
To greet his brethren of the college;
Takes up the papers of the day,
Perhaps for want of what to say;
Thro' ev'ry column he pursues,
Alike advertisements and news;
O'er lists of cures with rapture runs,
Wrought by Apollo's natural sons;
Admires the rich Hibernian stock
Of doctors, Henry, Ward, and Rock.
He dwells on each illustrious name,
And sighs at once for fees and fame.
Now, like the doctors of to day,
Retains his puffers too in pay.
Around his reputation flew,
His practice with his credit grew.
At length the court receives the sage,
And lordlings in his cause engage.
He dupes, beside plebeian fowls,
The whole nobility of owls.
Thus ev'ry where he gains renown,
And fills his purse, and thins the town.

ADDRESSED

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHOSE FAVORITE BIRD

WAS ALMOST KILLED BY A FALL FROM HER FINGER.

As Tiney, in a wanton mood,
Upon his Lucy's finger stood,
Ambitious to be free;
With breast elate he eager tries,
By flight to reach the distant skies,
And gain his liberty.

Ah! luckless bird, what tho' caress'd,
And fondled in the fair one's breast,
Taught e'en by her to sing;
Know that to check thy temper wild,
And make thy manners soft and mild,
Thy mistress cut thy wing.

The feather'd tribe, who cleave the air,
Their weights by equal plumage bear,
And quick escape our pow'r;
Not so with Tiney, dear delight,
His shorten'd wing repress'd his flight,
And threw him on the floor.

Stunn'd with the fall, he seem'd to die,
For quickly clos'd his sparkling eye,
Scarce heav'd his pretty breast;
Alarmed for her favourite care,
Lucy assumes a pensive air,
And is at heart distrest.

The stoic soul, in gravest strain,
May call these feelings light and vain,
Which thus from fondness flow;
Yet, if the bard aright'ly deems,
'Tis nature's fount which feeds the streams
That purest joys bestow.

So, shou'd it be fair Lucy's fate,
Whene'er she wills a change of state,
To boast a mother's name;
These feelings then, thou charming maid,
In brightest lines shall be display'd,
And praise uncensur'd claim.

RIDDLES.

From the dark caverns of the Earth
Our family derive their birth;
By nature we appear to view
A rugged and a stubborn crew.
But Vulcan's brawny sons, by art,
Soften the hardness of our heart;
Give to a slender shape its grace,
And a bright polish to our face.
Thus education makes us mild,
Pliant and docile as a child.
Survey the attire of man, you'll trace
Our friendship for the human race.
We love mankind, indeed we do,
Our actions prove our speeches true.
But what is wondrous strange to name,
The aged female is our flame.
When strength decays, and optics fail,
And cold and penury prevail,
Our labours spare the matron's sight,
We ask but faint supplies of light.
Kindly our ancient girls regale,
With food, with fuel, and with ale.
We, as associates to mankind,
All act our various parts assign'd.
No useless hands obstruct our schemes,
We suit our numbers to our themes;
Hence only two of us apply,
To form a bandage for the thigh;
But when the grey industrious Peg
Demands a vestment for the leg,
'Tis then in little crowds we join
To aid the matron's wise design.
Thus four or five of us you'll see,
And each as busy as a bee;
Besides a kind assistant near,
Which Peg had stuck athwart her ear.
Now lasses, if our name you'll tell,
And vow you'll always use us well
We'll grant your wish to change your life,
And make each fair a happy wife.

KNITTING NEEDLE.

ANOTHER.

To you, fair maidens, I address,
Sent to adorn your life;
And she who first my name can guess,
Shall first be made a wife.

From the dark womb of mother Earth,
To mortals' aid I come;
But ere I can receive my birth,
I many shapes assume.

Passive by nature, yet I'm made
As active as the roe;
And oftentimes, with equal speed,
Thro' flowery lawns I go.

When wicked men their wealth consume,
And leave their children poor,
To me their daughters often come,
And I encrease their store.

The women of the wiser kind,
Did never once refuse me;
But yet I never once could find
That maids of honour use me.

The lily hand and brilliant eye,
May charm without my aid;
Beauty may strike the lover's eye,
And love inspire the maid.

But let the enchanting nymph be told,
Unless I grace her life,
She must have wondrous store of gold,
Or make a wretched wife.

Altho' I never hope to rest,
With Christians I go forth;
And while they worship to the east,
I prostrate to the north.

If you suspect hypocrisy,
Or think me insincere,
Produce the zealot, who, like me,
Can tremble and adhere.

NEEDLE.

ANOTHER.

I am by nature soft as silk,
By nature too as white as milk;
I am a constant friend to man,
And serve him every way I can.
When dipt in wax, or plung'd in oil,
I make his winter evenings smile;
By India taught I spread his bed,
Or deck his favourite Celia's head;
Her gayest garbs I oft compose,
And ah! sometimes, I wipe her nose.

COTTON.

ANOTHER. &c

I am a small volume, and frequently bound
In silk, sattin, silver, or gold;
My worth and my praises the females resound,
By females my science is told.

My leaves are all scarlet, my letters are steel,
Each letter contains a great treasure;
To the poor they spell lodging, fuel, and meal,
To the rich, entertainment and pleasure.

The sempstress explores me by day and by night,
Not a page but she turns o'er and o'er;
Tho' sometimes I injure the milliner's sight,
Still I add to her credit and store.

'Tis true I am seldom regarded by men,
Yet what would the males do without me?
Let them boast of their head, or boast of their pen,
Still vain is their boast if they flout me.

NEEDLE BOOK.

PSALM XIII.

Offended Majesty! how long
Wilt thou conceal thy face?
How long refuse my fainting soul
The succours of thy grace?

While sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
And black despondence reigns,
Satan exults at my complaints,
And triumphs o'er my pains.

Let thy returning spirit, Lord,
Dispel the shades of night;
Smile on my poor deserted soul,
My God, thy smiles are light.

While scoffers at thy sacred word
Deride the pangs I feel,
Deem my religion insincere,
Or call it useless zeal.

Yet will I ne'er repent my choice,
I 'll ne'er withdraw my trust;
I know thee, Lord, a pow'rful friend,
And kind, and wise, and just.

To doubt thy goodness wou'd be base
Ingratitude in me;
Past favours shall renew my hopes,
And fix my faith in thee.

Indulgent God! my willing tongue
Thy praises shall prolong;
For oh! thy bounty fires my breast,
And rapture swells my song.

PSALM XLII.

With fierce desire the hunted hart
Explores the cooling stream;
Mine is a passion stronger far,
And mine a nobler theme.

Yes, with superior fervours, Lord,
I thirst to see thy face;
My languid soul would fain approach
The fountains of thy grace.

Oh! the great plenty of thy house,
The rich refreshments there!
To live an exile from thy courts
O'erwhelms me with despair.

In worship when I join'd thy saints,
How sweetly pass'd my days!
Prayer my divine employment then,
And all my pleasure praise.

But now I 'm lost to every joy,
Because detain'd from thee;
Those golden periods ne'er return,
Or ne'er return to me.

Yet, O my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

When darkness and when sorrows rose,
And press'd on every side,
Did not the Lord sustain thy steps.
And was not God thy guide?

Affliction is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Tho' o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

Perhaps, before the morning dawns,
He'll reinstate my peace;
For he, who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night
I 'll count his mercies o'er;
I 'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

Then, O my soul, why thus deprest,
And whence this anxious fear?
Let former favours fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear.

Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God!

THE NIGHT PIECE.

Hark! the prophetic raven brings
My summons on his boding wings;
The birds of night my fate foretel,
The prescient death-watch sounds my knell.

A solemn darkness spreads the tomb,
But terrours haunt the midnight gloom;
Methinks a browner horrour falls,
And silent spectres sweep the walls.

Tell me, my soul, oh tell me why
The faultering tongue, the broken sigh?
Thy manly cheeks bedew'd with tears,
Tell me, my soul, from whence these fears?

When conscious guilt arrests the mind,
Avenging furies stalk behind,
And sickly fancy intervenes,
To dress the visionary scenes.

Jesus, to thee I'll fly for aid,
Propitious Sun, dispel the shade;
All the pale family of fear
Would vanish were my Saviour here.

No more imagin'd spectres walk,
No more the doubtful echoes talk;
Soft zephyrs fan the neighbouring trees,
And meditation mounts the breeze.

How sweet these sacred hours of rest,
Fair portraits of the virtuous breast,
Where lawless lust, and passions rude,
And folly never dare intrude!

Be other's choice the sparkling bowl,
And mirth, the poison of the soul;
Or midnight dance, and public shows,
Parents of sickness, pains, and woes.

A nobler joy my thoughts design?
Instructive solitude, be mine;
Be mine that silent calm repast,
A chearful conscience to the last.

That tree which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root;
That friend which never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.

Come then, my soul, be this thy guest,
And leave to knaves and fools the rest.
With this thou ever shalt be gay,
And night shall brighten into day.

With this companion in the shade,
Surely thou couldst not be dismay'd;
But if thy Saviour here were found,
All Paradise would bloom around.

"Had I a firm and lasting faith,"
To credit what the Almighty saith,
I could defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

Though tempests drive me from the shore,
And floods descend, and billows roar;
Though death appears in every form,
My little bark should brave the storm.

Then if my God requir'd the life
Of brother, parent, child, or wife,
Lord, I should bless the stern decree,
And give my dearest friend to thee.

Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod?

Peace, rebel-thoughts—I'll not complain,
My Father's smiles suspend my pain;
Smiles—that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.

Though Heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heart-felt comfort still is mine;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me though the vale.

Dear Jesus, smooth that rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies, and brighter plains,
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

TO THE

REV. JAMES HERVEY,

ON HIS MEDITATIONS.

By a Physician.

To form the taste, and raise the nobler part,
To mend the morals, and to warm the heart;
To trace the genial source we Nature call,
And prove the God of Nature friend of all;
Hervey for this his mental landscape drew,
And sketch'd the whole creation out to view.
Th' enamell'd bloom, and variegated flow'r,
Whose crimson changes with the changing hour;
The humble shrub, whose fragrance scents the morn,
With buds disclosing to the early dawn;
The oaks that grace Britannia's mountains' side,
And spicy Lebanon's superior pride[1]?
All loudly sov'reign excellence proclaim,
And animated worlds confess the same.
The azure fields that form th' extended sky,
The planetary globes that roll on high,
And solar orbs, of proudest blaze, combine
To act subservient to the great design.
Men, angels, seraphs, join the gen'ral voice,
And in the Lord of Nature all rejoice.
His the grey winter's venerable guise,
Its shrouded glories, and instructive skies[2];
His the snow's plumes, that brood the sick'ning blade;
His the bright pendant that impearls the glade;
The waving forest, or the whisp'ring brake;
The surging billow, or the sleeping lake.
The same who pours the beauties of the spring,
Or mounts the whirlwind's desolating wing.
The same who smiles in Nature's peaceful form,
Frowns in the tempest, and directs the storm.
'Tis thine, bright teacher, to improve the age;
'Tis thine, whose life's a comment on thy page,
Thy happy page! whose periods sweetly flow,
Whose figures charm us, and whose colours glow:
Where artless piety pervades the whole,
Refines the genius, and exalts the soul.

[1] The cedar. [2] Referring to the Winter-Piece.

For let the witling argue all he can,
It is religion still that makes the man.
'Tis this, my friend, that streaks our morning bright;
'Tis this that gilds the horrours of the night.
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few;
When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;
'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
Disarms affliction, or repels its dart;
Within the breast bids purest rapture rise;
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies.
When the storm thickens, and the thunder rolls,
When the Earth trembles to th' affrighted poles,
The virtuous mind nor doubts nor fears assail;
For storms are zephyrs, or a gentler gale.
And when disease obstructs the lab'ring breath;
When the heart sickens, and each pulse is death;
E'en then religion shall sustain the just,
Grace their last moments, nor desert their dust.
August 5, 1748.

LINES UNDER A SUN-DIAL

IN THE CHURCH-YARD AT

THORNBY.

MARK well my shade, and seriously attend
The silent lesson of a common friend—
Since time and life speed hastily away,
And neither can recal the former day,
Improve each fleeting hour before 'tis past,
And know, each fleeting hour may be thy last.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. MR. SAMUEL CLARK,

WHO DIED DECEMBER THE 26TH, 1769, AGED 42.

(Dissenting Minister at Birmingham.)

IN all the intercourses of humanity
He was upright, prudent, and courteous,
Compassionate, kind, and beneficent.
In opinion
Candid, diffident, and judicious.
In argument
Calm, strong, and persuasive.
Under difficulties and sorrows
Collected, firm, and resign'd.
In friendship
Faithful, entertaining, and instructive.
In his ministerial capacity
He possessed every valuable and happy talent
To rectify the judgment, and improve the heart.
He was learned without pride,
And pious without ostentation;
Zealous and indefatigable to advance the interest
Of true religion,
And the everlasting welfare of those who were entrusted
To his pastoral care.

What! tho' such various worth is seldom known,
No adulation rears this sacred stone,
No partial love this genuine picture draws,
No venal pencil prostitutes applause:
Justice and truth in artless colours paint
The man, the friend, the preacher, and the saint.

VISIONS

IN

VERSE,

FOR

THE ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION

OF

YOUNGER MINDS.

Virginibus puerisque canto. HOR.

CONTAINING,

EPISTLE TO THE READER.
Vision I. SLANDER.
II. PLEASURE.
III. HEALTH.
IV. CONTENT.
V. HAPPINESS.
VI. FRIENDSHIP.
VII. MARRIAGE.
VIII. LIFE.
the last. DEATH.

EPISTLE TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greatest fame,
Thro' modesty suppress their name;
And would you wish me to reveal
What these superior wits conceal?
Forego the search, my curious friend,
And husband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown;
Like streams supply'd from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they flow.
Were you diseas'd, or press'd with pain,
Straight you'd apply to Warwick-Lane [1];
The thoughtful doctor feels your pulse,
(No matter whether Mead or Hulse)
Writes—Arabic to you and me,—
Then signs his hand, and takes his fee.
Now, should the sage omit his name,
Wou'd not the cure remain the same?
Not but physicians sign their bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.
'Tis often known the mental race
Their fond ambitious sires disgrace.
Dar'd I avow a patent's claim,
Critics might sneer, and friends might blame.
This dang'rous secret let me hide
I'll tell you every thing beside.
Not that it boots the world a tittle,
Whether the author's big or little;
Or whether fair, or black, or brown;
No writer's hue concerns the town.
I pass the silent rural hour,
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r.
My mansion's warm, and very neat;
You'd say, a pretty snug retreat.
My rooms no costly paintings grace,
The humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies:
The distant hills gay prospects yield,
And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.

[1] College of Physicians.

The faithful mastiff is my guard,
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their soft plumes improve my bed.
My cow rewards me all she can,
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man;)
She, daily thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous sweets my board.
Am I diseas'd?—the cure is known,
Her sweeter juices mend my own.
I love my house, and seldom roam,
Few visits please me more than home.
I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but self,
By idle passions borne away
To op'ra, masquerade, or play;
Fond of those hives where folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains;
Where the pert virgin slights a name,
And scorns to redden into shame.
But know, my fair, (to whom belong
The poet and his artless song)
When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewell to virtue here below.
Our sex is lost to every rule,
Our sole distinction, knave or fool.
'Tis to your innocence we run;
Save us, ye fair, or we're undone;
Maintain your modesty and station,
So women shall preserve the nation.
Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old
Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold:
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public view:
(Few, who their diamonds' value weigh,
Expose those diamonds ev'ry day)
Then, if sir Plume drew near, and smil'd,
The parent trembled for her child:
The first advance alarm'd her breast;
And fancy pictur'd all the rest.
But now no mother fears a foe,
No daughter shudders at a beau.
Pleasure is all the reigning theme,
Our noon-day thought, our midnight dream.
In folly's chace our youths engage,
And shameless crowds of tott'ring age.
The die, the dance, th' intemp'rate bowl
With various charms engross the soul.
Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice?
The frantic tribes shall pay the price.
But tho' to ruin post they run,
They 'll think it hard to be undone.
Do not arraign my want of taste,
Or sight to ken where joys are plac'd.
They widely err, who think me blind,
And I disclaim a stoic's mind.
Like yours are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by,
Tho' small their channel, never dry;
Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
And bless the neighb'ring meads they lave.
My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distress'd?
This sum I cheerfully impart;
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart.
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.
You ask, what party I pursue?
Perhaps you mean, "Whose fool are you?"
The names of party I detest,
Badges of slavery at best?
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.
I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools control.
I'm pleas'd, when vice and folly smart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart:
Yet always pity, where I can,
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.
Now the religion of your poet—
Does not this little preface show it?
My Visions if you scan with care,
'Tis ten to one you'll find it there.
And if my actions suit my song,
You can't in conscience think me wrong.

SLANDER.

VISION I.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ****.

My lovely girl, I write for you;
And pray believe my visions true;
They'll form your mind to every grace;
They'll add new beauties to your face:
And when old age impairs your prime,
You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.
Childhood and youth engage my pen,
'Tis labour lost to talk to men.
Youth may, perhaps, reform, when wrong,
Age will not listen to my song.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school.
What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost every passion fails;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends, but with our setting sun;
Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flow'rs, and choke the soil?
'Tis Slander,—and, with shame I own,
The vice of human kind alone.
Be Slander then my leading theme,
Tho' you 're a stranger to the theme;
Thy softer breast, and honest heart,
Scorn the defamatory art;
Thy soul asserts her native skies,
Nor asks detraction's wings to rise;
In foreign spoils let others shine,
Intrinsic excellence is thine.
The bird, in peacock's plumes who shone,
Could plead no merit of her own:
Th' silly theft betray'd her pride,
And spoke her poverty beside.
Th' insidious sland'ring thief is worse
Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.

Say, he purloins your glitt'ring store;
Who takes your gold, takes "trash"—no more;
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread!
But the dark villain, who shall aim
To blast, my fair, thy spotless name,
He'd steal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can't repay!
Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more impious pleas of gain.
No sinking family to save!
No gold to glut th' insatiate knave!
Improve the hint of Shakespeare's tongue,
'Twas thus immortal Shakespeare [1] sung.
And trust the bard's unerring rule,
For nature was that poet's school.
As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear:
No verdure met my aching sight,
But hemloc, and cold aconite;
Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,
But not so bad as vice to you.
The dreary prospect spread around!
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground!
A black and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky!
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd,
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind:
"A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head,
The plumes of ravens were her bed [2]:"
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.
The rising Sun and western ray
Were witness to her distant sway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.
No conquest grac'd Darius' son [3];
By his own numbers half undone!
Success attended Slander's pow'r,
She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour.
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.
No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares nor sex nor age.
Ev'n merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.
Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field.
He stalks with vast gigantic stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide.
So th' impetuous torrents sweep
At once whole nations to the deep.
Revenge, that base Hesperian [4], known
A chief support of Slander's throne,
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
And treach'ry brooding in his mien;

The monster often chang'd his gait,
But march'd resolv'd and fix'd as fate.
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his outstretch'd wings;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.
Envy commands a secret band,
With sword and poison in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll;
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful, unsuspected sprite
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed;
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lie,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder scour the plains;
Approach the folds, where lambs repose,
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.
Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her daily conquests grew:
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state:
Of either sex whole armies press'd,
But chiefly of the fair and best.
Is it a breach of friendship's law
To say what female friends I saw?
Slander assumes the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart.
The best, in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r.
Then let the poet not reveal
What candour wishes to conceal.
If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crowded there:
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave physic, and loquacious law;
Courtiers, like summer flies, abound;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.
If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's isle which cures these ills;
Fertile of every worth and grace,
Which warm the heart, and flush the face.
Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs, that tripp'd the plain:
Good-nature first, a sylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green:
A fair and smiling virgin she!
With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand;
Grey was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage;
Of every distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simp'ring maid.
The Graces danc'd before the fair;
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground:
The Sun display'd each brighter ray,
And shone in all the pride of day.
When Slander sicken'd at the sight,
And skulk'd away to shun the light.

[1] Othello. [2] Garth's Dispensary.

[3] Xerxes, king of Persia, and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions) who, together with their cattle, perished in great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

[4] Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain, and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful disposition.

PLEASURE.

VISION II.

Hear, ye fair mothers of our isle,
Nor scorn your poet's homely style.
What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true:
Or if my sentiments be old,
Remember, truth is sterling gold.
You judge it of important weight,
To keep your rising offspring straight:
For this such anxious moments feel,
And ask the friendly aids of steel;
For this import the distant cane,
Or slay the monarch of the main.
And shall the soul be warp'd aside
By passion, prejudice, and pride?
Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd,
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part?
This is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case?
Now take a simile at hand,
Compare the mental soil to land.
Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year?
O since the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due:
Hoe every weed, and dress the soil,
So harvest shall repay your toil.
If human minds resemble trees,
(As every moralist agrees)
Prune all the stragglers of your vine,
Then shall the purple clusters shine.
The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
Demands his salutary knife:
For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot,
Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.
A satirist [1] in Roman times,
When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,
Asserts it for a sacred truth,
That pleasures are the bane of youth;
That sorrows such pursuits attend,
Or such pursuits in sorrows end:
That all the wild advent'rer gains
Are perils, penitence, and pains.
Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
And bid your sons revere the sage;
In study spend their midnight oil,
And string their nerves by manly toil.
Thus shall they grow like Temple wise,
Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
And save us from the chains of France.
Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
Those treach'rous paths where pleasures grow;
Where the young mind is folly's slave,
Where every virtue finds a grave.
Let each bright character be nam'd,
For wisdom or for valour fam'd:
Are the dear youths to science prone?
Tell, how th' immortal Bacon shone!
Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings;

[1] Persius.

Rang'd the fair fields of Nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before:
Bacon! whose vast capacious plan
Bespoke him angel more than man!
Does love of martial fame inspire?
Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous fire;
Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
And rouse the hero in their breast;
Paint Cressy's vanquish'd field anew,
Their souls shall kindle at the view;
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When Liberty and Britain call.
Thus shall they rule the crimson plain,
Or hurl their thunders thro' the main;
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
What their degen'rate sires have lost:
The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.
One summer's evening as I stray'd
Along the silent moon-light glade,
With these reflections in my breast,
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest;
A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.
Methought a spacious road I spy'd,
And stately trees adorn'd its side;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud;
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their smiling throng.
I straight obey'd—Persuasion hung
Like honey on the speaker's tongue.
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.
Now as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabric rose to view,
A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd
With every ornament of taste.
This structure was a female's claim,
And Pleasure was the monarch's name.
The hall we enter'd uncontrol'd,
And saw the queen enthron'd on gold;
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round;
A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair:
Fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,
A thousand soft insidious smiles;
Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek;
The lily and the damask rose,
The tincture of her face compose;
Nor did the god of wit disdain
To mingle with the shining train.
Her vot'ries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts;
The old in sparing numbers press'd,
But awkward devotees at best.
"Now let us range at large," we cry'd,
"Through all the garden's boasted pride."
Here jasmines spread the silver flow'r,
To deck the wall, or weave the bow'r;
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breath their fragrant lives away.
Here, rising myrtles form a shade,
There roses blush, and scent the glade,
The orange, with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace;

While the young blossoms here unfold,
There shines the fruit like pendant gold.
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,
And triumph in the distant gale.
Now fountains, murm'ring to the song,
Roll their translucent streams along.
Thro' all the aromatic groves,
The faithful turtles coo their loves.
The lark ascending pours his notes,
And linnets swell their rapt'rous throats.
Pleasure, imperial fair! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway!
Enchanting queen! how soft thy reign!
How man, fond man! implores thy chain!
Yet thine each meretricious art,
That weakens, and corrupts the heart.
The childish toys and wanton page
Which sink and prostitute the stage!
The masquerade, that just offence
To virtue, and reproach to sense!
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that dissipate the soul;
All that to ruin man combine,
Yes, spacious harlot, all are thine!
Whence sprung th' accursed lust of play,
Which beggars thousands in a day?
Speak, sorc'ress, speak (for thou canst tell)
Who call'd the treach'rous card from Hell?
Now man profanes his reas'ning pow'rs,
Profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours;
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
And faithless to himself and friends;
A dupe to ev'ry artful knave,
To ev'ry abject wish a slave;
But who against himself combines,
Abets his enemy's designs.
When rapine meditates a blow,
He shares the guilt who aids the foe.
Is man a thief who steals my pelf?
How great his theft, who robs himself!
Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat?
How heinous then is self-deceit!
Is murder justly deem'd a crime?
How black his guilt, who murders time!
Shou'd custom plead, as custom will,
Grand precedents to palliate ill,
Shall modes and forms avail with me,
When reason disavows the plea?
Who games, is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health.
Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
And Honour scorns to stay behind.
From man when these bright cherubs part,
Ah! what's the poor deserted heart;
A savage wild that shocks the sight,
Or chaos, and impervious night!
Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,
And demons crowd the frightful void!
Shall Siam's elephant supply
The baneful desolating die?
Against the honest sylvan's will,
You taught his iv'ry tusk to kill.
Heav'n, fond its favours to dispense,
Gave him that weapon for defence.
That weapon, for his guard design'd,
You render'd fatal to mankind.
He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth,
You gave the venom to his tooth.
Blush, tyrant, blush, for oh! 'tis true
That no fell serpent bites like you.
The guests were order'd to depart,
Reluctance sat on ev'ry heart:
A porter show'd a different door,
Not the fair portal known before?
The gates, methought were open'd wide,
The crowds descended in a tide.
But oh! ye Heav'ns, what vast surprise
Struck the advent'rers' frighted eyes!
A barren heath before us lay,
And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day;
The darkness rose in smoky spires;
The lightnings flash'd their livid fires:
Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.
Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangled slain.
Here sat Distaste, with sickly mien,
And more than half devour'd with spleen:
There stood Remorse, with thought opprest,
And vipers feeding on his breast:
Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
With bones just starting thro' his skin;
A ghastly fiend;—and close behind
Disease, his aching head reclin'd!
His everlasting thirst confess'd
The fires, which rag'd within his breast:
Death clos'd the train! the hideous form
Smil'd unrelenting in the storm:
When straight a doleful shriek was heard;
I 'woke—The vision disappear'd.
Let not the unexperienc'd boy
Deny that pleasures will destroy;
Or say that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy tales, to please a child.
Important hints the wise may reap
From sallies of the soul in sleep.
And since there's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your esteem.

HEALTH.

VISION III.

Attend my visions, thoughtless youths,
Ere long you'll think them weighty truths;
Prudent it were to think so now;
Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow:
For he, who at his early years
Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
If folly has possess'd his prime,
Disease shall gather strength in time;
Poison shall rage in ev'ry vein,—
Nor penitence dilute the stain:
And when each hour shall urge his fate,
Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.
The subject of my song is Health,
A good superior far to wealth.
Can the young mind distrust its worth?
Consult the monarchs of the Earth:
Imperial czars, and sultans, own
No gem so bright, that decks their throne:
Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
And turn a rustic, or a cit.
Mark, tho' the blessing 's lost with ease,
'Tis not recover'd when you please.

Say not that gruels shall avail,
For salutary gruels fail.
Say not, Apollo's sons succeed,
Apollo's son is Egypt's [1] reed.
How fruitless the physician's skill,
How vain the penitential pill,
The marble monuments proclaim,
The humbler turf confirms the same!
Prevention is the better cure.
So says the proverb, and 'tis sure.
Would you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can;
Would you, when med'cines cannot save,
Descend with ease into the grave;
Calmly retire, like evening light,
And cheerful bid the world good-night?
Let temp'rance constantly preside
Our best physician, friend, and guide!
Would you to wisdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of sense?
Let temp'rance (always friend to fame)
With steady hand direct your aim;
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random shaft will miss the mark:
For they who slight her golden rules,
In wisdom's volume stand for fools.
But morals, unadorn'd by art,
Are seldom known to reach the heart.
I'll therefore strive to raise my theme
With all the scenery of dream.
Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,
Such as the infant's on the breast;
When Fancy, ever on the wing,
And fruitful as the genial spring,
Presented, in a blaze of light,
A new creation to my sight.
A rural landscape I descry'd,
Drest in the robes of summer pride;
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;
Below the fleecy mothers stray'd,
And round their sportive lambkins play'd.
Nigh to a murmuring brook I saw
An humble cottage thatch'd with straw;
Behind, a garden that supply'd
All things for use, and none for pride:
Beauty prevail'd thro' ev'ry part,
But more of nature than of art.
"Hail, thou sweet, calm, unenvied seat!"
I said, and bless'd the fair retreat;
"Here would I pass my remnant days,
Unknown to censure, or to praise;
Forget the world, and be forgot,
As Pope describes his vestal's lot."
While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid
Stept from a thicket's neighb'ring shade;
Not Hampton's gallery can boast,
Nor Hudson paint so fair a toast:
She claim'd the cottage for her own,
To Health a cottage is a throne.
The annals say (to prove her worth)
The Graces solemniz'd her birth:
Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought,
The orchard's blushing pride they brought:
Hence in her face the lily speaks,
And hence the rose which paints her cheeks;
The cherry gave her lips to glow,
Her eyes were debtors to the sloe;
And, to compleat the lovely fair,
'Tis said, the chesnut stain'd her hair.
The virgin was averse to courts
But often seen in rural sports:
When in her rosy vest the morn
Walks o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,
The nymph is first to form the rase,
Or wind the horn, and lead the chace.
Sudden I heard a shouting train,
Glad acclamations fill'd the plain:
Unbounded joy improv'd the scene,
For Health was loud proclaim'd a queen.
Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne,
(To modern courts, I fear, unknown;)
One was the nymph, that loves the light,
Fair Innocence, array'd in white;
With sister Peace in close embrace,
And heav'n all opening in her face.
The reign was long, the empire great,
And Virtue, minister of state.
In other kingdoms, ev'ry hour,
You hear of Vice preferr'd to pow'r:
Vice was a perfect stranger here;
No knaves engross'd the royal ear:
No fools obtain'd this monarch's grace;
Virtue dispos'd of ev'ry place.
What sickly appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying hours!
And tho' from good to bad we range,
"No matter," says the fool, "'tis change."
Her subjects now express'd apace
Dissatisfaction in their face:
Some view the state with envy's eye,
Some were displeas'd, they knew not why:
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus, should an angel from above,
Fraught with benevolence and love,
Descend to Earth, and here impart
Important truths to mend the heart;
Would not th' instructive guest dispense
With passion, appetite, and sense,
We should his heav'nly lore despise,
And send him to his former skies.
A dang'rous hostile power arose
To Health, whose houshold were her foes:
A harlot's loose attire she wore,
And Luxury the name she bore.
This princess of unbounded sway,
Whom Asia's softer sons obey,
Made war against the queen of Health;
Assisted by the troops of Wealth:
The queen was first to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield;
Temper'd with such superior art,
That both were proof to ev'ry dart.
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
And wondrous fav'rites with the queen;
Both were of Amazonian race,
Both high in merit, and in place.
Here, Resolution march'd, whose soul
No fear could shake, no pow'r control;
The heroine wore a Roman vest,
A lion's heart inform'd her breast.
There Prudence shone, whose bosom wrought
With all the various plans of thought;

[1] In allusion to 2 Kings xviii, 21.

'Twas her's to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage.
And now the siren's armies press,
Their van was headed by Excess:
The mighty wings that form'd the side,
Commanded by that giant Pride:
While Sickness, and her sisters Pain
And Poverty, the centre gain:
Repentance, with a brow severe,
And Death, were station'd in the rear.
Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,
And acted the defensive part:
Her army posted on a hill,
Plainly bespoke superior skill:
Hence were discover'd thro' the plain,
The motions of the hostile train:
While Prudence, to prevent surprise,
Oft sally'd with her trusty spies;
Explor'd each ambuscade below,
And reconnoitred well the foe.
Afar when Luxury descry'd
Inferior force by art supply'd,
The siren spake—Let fraud prevail,
Since all my numerous hosts must fail;
Henceforth hostilities shall cease,
I'll send to Health and offer peace.
Straight she dispatch'd, with pow'rs compleat,
Pleasure, her minister, to treat.
This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,
And sow'd sedition in the heart!
Thro' ev'ry troop the poison ran,
All were infected to a man.
The wary generals were won
By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone.
Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
And bade diseases blast their race;
Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
And snatch'd his darling to the skies:
Who still regards those wiser few,
That dare her dictates to pursue.
For where her stricter law prevails,
Tho' passion prompts, or vice assails;
Long shall the cloudless skies behold,
And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

CONTENT.

VISION IV.

Man is deceiv'd by outward show—
'Tis a plain homespun truth, I know,
The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,
So says the school-boy and the sage,
Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat.
But whence this inconsistent part?
Say, moralists, who know the heart:
If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
I'll go before, and find the clue.
I dreamt ('twas on a birth-day night)
A sumptuous palace rose to sight;
The builder had, thro' ev'ry part,
Observ'd the chastest rules of art;
Raphael and Titian had display'd
All the full force of light and shade:
Around the livery'd servants wait;
An aged porter kept the gate.

As I was traversing the hall,
Where Brussels' looms adorn'd the wall,
(Whose tap'stry shows, without my aid,
A nun is no such useless maid)
A graceful person came in view
(His form, it seems, is known to few);
His dress was unadorn'd with lace,
But charms! a thousand in his face.
"This, sir, your property?" I cry'd—
"Master and mansion coincide:
Where all, indeed, is truly great,
And proves, that bliss may dwell with state.
Pray, sir, indulge a stranger's claim,
And grant the favour of your name."
"Content," the lovely form reply'd;
But think not here that I reside:
Here lives a courtier, base and sly;
An open, honest rustic, I.
Our taste and manners disagree,
His levee boasts no charms for me:
For titles, and the smiles of kings,
To me are cheap unheeded things.
('Tis virtue can alone impart
The patent of a ducal heart:
Unless this herald speaks him great,
What shall avail the glare of state?)
Those secret charms are my delight,
Which shine remote from public sight:
Passions subdu'd, desires at rest—
And hence his chaplain shares my breast.
"There was a time (his grace can tell)
I knew the duke exceeding well;
Knew ev'ry secret of his heart;
In truth, we never were apart:
But when the court became his end,
He turn'd his back upon his friend.
"One day I call'd upon his grace,
Just as the duke had got a place:
I thought (but thought amiss, 'tis clear)
I shou'd be welcome to the peer,
Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;
And so I was—for half an hour.
But he grew weary of his guest,
And soon discarded me his breast;
Upbraided me with want of merit,
But most for poverty of spirit.
"You relish not the great man's lot?
Come, hasten to my humbler cot.
Think me not partial to the great,
I'm a sworn foe to pride and state;
No monarchs share my kind embrace,
There's scarce a monarch knows my face:
Content shuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
With modest worth in rural cells;
There's no complaint, tho' brown the bread,
Or the rude turf sustain the head;
Tho' hard the couch, and coarse the meat,
Still the brown loaf and sleep are sweet.
"Far from the city I reside,
And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
True to my heart, I seldom roam,
Because I find my joys at home:
For foreign visits then begin,
When the man feels a void within.
"But tho' from towns and crowds I fly,
No humorist, nor cynic, I.
Amidst sequester'd shades I prize
The friendships of the good and wise.

Bid Virtue and her sons attend,
Virtue will tell thee, I'm a friend:
Tell true, I'm faithful, constant, kind,
And meek, and lowly, and resign'd;
Will say, there's no distinction known
Betwixt her houshold and my own."

AUTHOR. If these the friendships you pursue,
Your friends, I fear, are very few.
So little company, you say,
Yet fond of home from day to day?
How do you shun detraction's rod?
I doubt your neighbours think you odd!

CONTENT. I commune with myself at night,
And ask my heart if all be right:
If, "right," replies my faithful breast,
I smile, and close my eyes to rest.

AUTHOR. You seem regardless of the town;
Pray, sir, how stand you with the gown?

CONTENT. The clergy say they love me well,
Whether they do, they best can tell:
They paint me modest, friendly, wise,
And always praise me to the skies;
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correspondent part?
For shall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a different tale?
Who'll seek my door or grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls?
With those my friendships most obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain;
Soft flow the hours where'er we meet,
And conscious virtue is our treat;
Our harmless breasts no envy know,
And hence we fear no secret foe;
Our walks ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we ask no powerful friends;
We wish the best to church and state,
But leave the steerage to the great;
Careless, who rises, or who falls,
And never dream of vacant stalls;
Much less, by pride or int'rest drawn,
Sigh for the mitre, and the lawn.
Observe the secrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truths impart:
If you'll my kind advice pursue,
I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.
The passions are a num'rous crowd,
Imperious, positive, and loud;
Curb these licentious sons of strife;
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life:
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.
Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raise your expectation high:
See that the balanc'd scales be such,
You neither fear nor hope too much
For disappointment's not the thing,
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea where storms must rise,
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies:
He who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.
Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ,
Distrust embitters present joy:
On God for all events depend;
You cannot want when God's your friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy;
Can she forget her prattling joy?
Say then, shall Sov'reign Love desert
The humble, and the honest heart?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet say not thou that Heav'n's unkind.
God is alike, both good and wise,
In what he grants, and what denies:
Perhaps, what goodness gives to day,
To morrow goodness takes away.
You say, that troubles intervene,
That sorrows darken half the scene.
True—and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er design'd for thee:
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so;
But still his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.
Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health,
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine, (tho' little gold)
And raiment to repel the cold;
Such as may nature's wants suffice,
Not what from pride and folly rise;
If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole;
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't in reason wish for more:
And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.
He spake—the airy spectre flies,
And straight the sweet illusion dies.
The vision, at the early dawn,
Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn;
To all the cares of waking clay,
And inconsistent dreams of day.

HAPPINESS.

VISION V.

YE ductile youths, whose rising sun
Hath many circles still to run;
Who wisely wish the pilot's chart,
To steer thro' life th' unsteady heart;
And all the thoughtful voyage past,
To gain a happy port at last:
Attend a seer's instructive song,
For moral truths to dreams belong.
I saw this wondrous vision soon,
Long ere my sun had reach'd its noon;
Just when the rising beard began
To grace my chin, and call me man.
One night, when balmy slumbers shed
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
My fancy led me to explore
A thousand scenes unknown before.
I saw a plain extended wide,
And crowds pour'd in from ev'ry side:
All seem'd to start a diff'rent game,
Yet all declar'd their views the same:
The chace was Happiness, I found,
But all, alas! enchanted ground.
Indeed I judg'd it wondrous strange,
To see the giddy numbers range

Thro' roads, which promis'd nought, at best,
But sorrow to the human breast.
Methought, if bliss was all their view,
Why did they diff'rent paths pursue?
The waking world has long agreed,
That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed:
And he who Berwick seeks thro' Staines,
Shall have his labour for his pains.
As Parnel[1] says, my bosom wrought
With travail of uncertain thought:
And, as an angel help'd the dean,
My angel chose to intervene;
The dress of each was much the same,
And Virtue was my seraph's name.
When thus the angel silence broke,
(Her voice was music as she spoke.)
"Attend, O man, nor leave my side,
And safety shall thy footsteps guide;
Such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,
As none but favour'd mortals know."
She said—and straight we march'd along
To join Ambition's active throng:
Crowds urg'd on crowds with eager pace,
And happy he who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unseen
In ambuscade along the green;
While vapours shed delusive light,
And bubbles mock'd the distant sight.
We saw a shining mountain rise,
Whose tow'ring summit reach'd the skies:
The slopes were steep, and form'd of glass,
Painful and hazardous to pass:
Courtiers and statesmen led the way,
The faithless paths their steps betray:
This moment seen aloft to soar,
The next to fall and rise no more.
'Twas here Ambition kept her court,
A phantom of gigantic port;
The fav'rite that sustain'd her throne,
Was Falsehood, by her vizard known;
Next stood Mistrust, with frequent sigh,
Disorder'd look, and squinting eye;
While meagre Envy claim'd a place,
And Jealousy with jaundic'd face.
"But where is Happiness?" I cry'd.
My guardian turn'd, and thus reply'd.
"Mortal, by folly still beguil'd,
Thou hast not yet outstripp'd the child;
Thou, who hast twenty winters seen,
(I hardly think thee past fifteen)
To ask if Happiness can dwell
With every dirty imp of Hell!
Go to the school-boy, he shall preach,
What twenty winters cannot teach;
He'll tell thee from his weekly theme,
That thy pursuit is all a dream:
That Bliss ambitious views disowns,
And self-dependent, laughs at thrones;
Prefers the shades and lowly seats,
Whither fair Innocence retreats:
So the coy lily of the vale,
Shuns eminence, and loves the dale."
I blush'd; and now we cross'd the plain,
To find the money-getting train;
Those silent, smug, commercial bands,
With busy looks, and dirty hands.

[1] The Hermit.

Amidst these thoughtful crowds the old
Plac'd all their happiness in gold.
And surely, if there's bliss below,
These hoary heads the secret know.
We journey'd with the plodding crew,
When soon a temple rose to view:
A gothic pile, with moss o'ergrown;
Strong were the walls, and built with stone.
Without a thousand mastiffs wait:
A thousand bolts secure the gate.
We sought admission long in vain;
For here all favours sell for gain:
The greedy porter yields to gold,
His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
Assembled nations here we found,
And view'd the cringing herds around.
Who daily sacrific'd to Wealth,
Their honour, conscience, peace, and health.
I saw no charms that could engage;
The god appear'd like sordid age,
With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,
But serpents' eyes and harpies' claws:
Behind stood Fear, that restless spright,
Which haunts the watches of the night;
And Viper-Care, that stings so deep,
Whose deadly venom murders sleep.
We hasten now to Pleasure's bow'rs;
Where the gay tribes sat crown'd with flow'rs:
Here beauty every charm display'd,
And love inflam'd the yielding maid:
Delicious wine our taste employs,
His crimson bowl exalts our joys:
I felt its gen'rous pow'r, and thought
The pearl was found, that long I sought.
Determin'd here to fix my home,
I bless'd the change, nor wish'd to roam:
The seraph disapprov'd my stay,
Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.
Alas! whene'er we talk of bliss,
How prone is man to judge amiss!
See, a long train of ills conspires
To scourge our uncontrol'd desires.
Like summer swarms diseases crowd,
Each bears a crutch, or each a shroud:
Fever! that thirsty fury, came,
With inextinguishable flame;
Consumption, sworn ally of Death!
Crept slowly on with panting breath;
Gout roar'd, and show'd his throbbing feet;
And Dropsy took the drunkard's seat:
Stone brought his tort'ring racks; and near
Sat Palsy shaking in her chair!
A mangled youth, beneath a shade,
A melancholy scene display'd:
His noseless face, and loathsome stains,
Proclaim'd the poison in his veins;
He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,
He wept aloud, and thus address'd:
"Forbear the harlot's false embrace,
Tho' Lewdness wear an angel's face.
Be wise, by my experience taught,
I die, alas! for want of thought."
As he, who travels Lybia's plains,
Where the fierce lion lawless reigns,
Is seiz'd with fear and wild dismay,
When the grim foe obstructs his way.
My soul was pierc'd with equal fright,
My tott'ring limbs oppos'd my flight;

I call'd on Virtue, but in vain,
Her absence quicken'd every pain:
At length the slighted angel heard,
The dear refulgent form appear'd.
"Presumptuous youth!" she said, and frown'd;
(My heart strings flutter'd at the sound)
"Who turns to me reluctant ears,
Shall shed repeated floods of tears.
These rivers shall for ever last,
There's no retracting what is past:
Nor think avenging ills to shun;
Play a false card, and you're undone.
"Of Pleasure's gilded baits beware,
Nor tempt the siren's fatal snare:
Forego this curs'd, detested place,
Abhor the strumpet, and her race:
Had you those softer paths pursu'd,
Perdition, stripling, had ensu'd:
Yes, fly—you stand upon its brink;
To morrow is too late to think.
"Indeed unwelcome truths I tell,
But mark my sacred lesson well:
With me whoever lives at strife,
Loses his better friend for life;
With me who lives in friendship's ties,
Finds all that's sought for by the wise.
Folly exclaims, and well she may,
Because I take her mask away;
If once I bring her to the Sun,
The painted harlot is undone.
But prize, my child, oh! prize my rules,
And leave deception to her fools.
"Ambition deals in tinsel toys,
Her traffic gew-gaws, fleeting joys!
An arrant juggler in disguise,
Who holds false optics to your eyes.
But ah! how quick the shadows pass;
Tho' the bright visions thro' her glass
Charm at a distance; yet, when near,
The baseless fabrics disappear.
"Nor riches boast intrinsic worth,
Their charms at best, superior earth:
These oft the Heav'n-born mind enslave,
And make an honest man a knave.
'Wealth cures my wants,' the miser cries;
Be not deceiv'd—the miser lies:
One want he has, with all his store,
That worst of wants! the want of more.
"'Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
And where is Happiness?' you say.
"'Tis here—and may be yours—for, know
I'm all that's Happiness below.
"To Vice I leave tumultuous joys,
Mine is the still and softer voice;
That whispers peace, when storms invade,
And music thro' the midnight shade.
"Come then, be mine in ev'ry part,
Nor give me less, than all your heart;
When troubles discompose your breast,
I'll enter there a cheerful guest:
My converse shall your cares beguile,
The little world within shall smile;
And then it scarce imports a jot,
Whether the great world frowns or not.
"And when the closing scenes prevail,
When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;
All that a foolish world admires,
Or passion craves, or pride inspires;
At that important hour of need,
Virtue shall prove a friend indeed!
My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
My arms sustain thy drooping head:
And when the painful struggle 's o'er,
And that vain thing, the world, no more;
I'll bear my fav'rite son away
To rapture, and eternal day."

FRIENDSHIP.

VISION VI.

Friendship! thou soft, propitious pow'r!
Sweet regent of the social hour!
Sublime thy joys, nor understood
But by the virtuous and the good!
Cabal and Riot take thy name,
But 'tis a false affected claim.
In Heav'n if Love and Friendship dwell,
Can they associate e'er with Hell?
Thou art the same thro' change of times,
Thro' frozen zones, and burning climes:
From the equator to the pole,
The same kind angel thro' the whole.
And, since thy choice is always free,
I bless thee for thy smiles on me.
When sorrows swell the tempest high,
Thou, a kind port, art always nigh;
For aching hearts a sov'reign cure,
Not soft Nepenthe[1] half so sure!
And when returning comforts rise,
Thou the bright Sun that gilds our skies.
While these ideas warm'd my breast,
My weary eye-lids stole to rest;
When Fancy re-assum'd the theme,
And furnish'd this instructive dream.
I sail'd upon a stormy sea,
(Thousands embark'd alike with me)
My skiff was small, and weak beside,
Not built, methought, to stem the tide.
The winds along the surges sweep,
The wrecks lie scatter'd thro' the deep;
Aloud the foaming billows roar,
Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.
While all our various course pursue,
A spacious isle salutes our view.
Two queens, with tempers diff'ring wide,
This new-discover'd world divide.
A river parts their proper claim,
And Truth its celebrated name.
One side a beauteous tract of ground
Presents, with living verdure crown'd.
The seasons temp'rate, soft, and mild,
And a kind Sun that always smil'd.
Few storms molest the natives here;
Cold is the only ill they fear.
This happy clime, and grateful soil,
With plenty crowns the lab'rers toil.
Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew,
Her realms were small, her subjects few.
A thousand charms the palace grace,
A rock of adamant its base.

[1] Nepenthe is an herb, which being infused in wine, dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but some believe it a kind of opium, and others take it for a species of bugloss. Plin. 21. 21f & 25. 2.

Tho' thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
This structure braves th' inclement sky.
Ev'n Time, which other piles devours,
And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,
Partial to Friendship's pile alone,
Cements the joints, and binds the stone;
Ripens the beauties of the place;
And calls to life each latent grace.
Around the throne, in order stand
Four Amazons, a trusty band;
Friends ever faithful to advise,
Or to defend when dangers rise.
Here Fortitude in coat of mail!
There Justice lifts her golden scale!
Two hardy chiefs! who persevere,
With form erect, and brow severe;
Who smile at perils, pains, and death,
And triumph with their latest breath.
Temp'rance, that comely matron's near,
Guardian of all the virtues here;
Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming grace,
Without one wrinkle in her face.
But Prudence most attracts the sight,
And shines pre-eminently bright.
To view her various thoughts that rise,
The holds a mirror to her eyes;
The mirror, faithful to its charge,
Reflects the virgin's soul in large.
A virtue with a softer air,
Was handmaid to the regal fair.
This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,
Derives from Heav'n her spotless mind;
When actions wear a dubious face,
Puts the best meaning on the case;
She spreads her arms, and bares her breast,
Takes in the naked and distress'd;
Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
And from her queen obtains supplies.
The maid, who acts this lovely part,
Grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.
Fair Charity! be thou my guest,
And be thy constant couch my breast.
But virtues of inferior name,
Crowd round the throne with equal claim;
In loyalty by none surpass'd,
They hold allegiance to the last.
Not ancient records e'er can show
That one deserted to the foe.
The river's other side display'd
Alternate plots of flow'rs and shade,
Where poppies shone with various hue,
Where yielding willows plenteous grew;
And humble-plants, [2] by trav'llers thought
With slow but certain poison fraught.
Beyond these scenes, the eye descry'd
A pow'rful realm extended wide,
Whose bound'ries from north-east begun,
And stretch'd to meet the south-west Sun.
Here Flatt'ry boasts despotic sway,
And basks in all the warmth of day.
Long practis'd in Deception's school,
The tyrant knew the arts to rule;
Elated with th' imperial robe,
She plans the conquest of the globe;
And aided by her servile trains,
Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains.
Her darling minister is Pride.
(Who ne'er was known to change his side)
A friend to all her interests just,
And active to discharge his trust;
Caress'd alike by high and low,
The idol of the belle and beau:
In ev'ry shape, he shows his skill,
And forms her subjects to his will;
Enters their houses and their hearts,
And gains his point before he parts.
Sure never minister was known
So zealous for his sov'reign's throne!
Three sisters, similar in mien,
Were maids of honour to the queen:
Who farther favours shar'd beside,
As daughters of her statesman Pride,
The first, Conceit, with tow'ring crest,
Who look'd with scorn upon the rest;
Fond of herself, nor less, I deem,
Than dutchess in her own esteem.
Next Affectation, fair and young,
With half-form'd accents on her tongue,
Whose antic shapes, and various face,
Distorted every native grace.
Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in Brussels and brocade;
Fantastic, frolicsome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child.
The people, loyal to the queen,
Wore their attachment in their mien:
With cheerful heart they homage paid,
And happiest he, who most obey'd.
While they, who sought their own applause,
Promoted most their sov'reign's cause.
The minds of all were fraught with guile,
Their manners dissolute and vile;
And every tribe, like Pagans, run
To kneel before the rising Sun.
But now some clam'rous sounds arise,
And all the pleasing vision flies:
Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,
And gain'd th' imaginary deep;
Fancy presided at the helm,
And steer'd me back to Friendship's realm.
But oh! with horrour I relate
The revolutions of her state.
The Trojan chief cou'd hardly more
His Asiatic tow'rs deplore.
For Flatt'ry view'd those fairer plains,
With longing eyes, where Friendship reigns,
With envy heard her neigbour's fame,
And often sigh'd to gain the same.
At length, by pride and int'rest fir'd,
To Friendship's kingdom she aspir'd.
And now commencing open foe,
She plans in thought some mighty blow;
Draws out her forces on the green,
And marches to invade the queen.
The river Truth the hosts withstood,
And roll'd her formidable flood:
Her current strong, and deep, and clear,
No fords were found, no ferries near:
But as the troops approach'd the waves,
Their fears suggest a thousand graves;
They all retir'd with haste extreme,
And shudder'd at the dang'rous stream.

[2] The humble-plant bends down before the touch (as the sensitive plant shrinks from the touch) and is said by some to be the slow poison of the Indians.

Hypocrisy the gulph explores;
She forms a bridge, and joins the shores.
Thus often art or fraud prevails,
When military prowess fails.
The troops an easy passage find,
And Victʼry follows close behind
Friendship with ardour charg'd her foes,
And now the fight promiscuous grows;
But Flattʼry threw a poison'd dart,
And pierc'd the empress to the heart.
The virtues all around were seen
To fall in heaps about the queen.
The tyrant stript the mangled fair,
She wore her spoils, assum'd her air;
And mounting next the suff'rer's throne,
Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.
"Ah! injur'd maid," aloud I cryʼd,
"Ah! injur'd maid," the rocks replyʼd:
But judge my griefs, and share them too,
For the sad tale pertains to you;
Judge, reader, how severe the wound,
When Friendship's foes were mine, I found;
When the sad scene of pride and guile
Was Britain's poor degen'rate isle.
The Amazons, who propp'd the state,
Haply surviv'd the gen'ral fate.
Justice to Powis-house is fled,
And Yorke sustains her radiant head.
The virtue Fortitude appears
In open day at Ligonier's;
Illustrious heroine of the sky,
Who leads to vanquish or to die!
'Twas she our vet'rans' breasts inspir'd,
When Belgia's faithless sons retir'd:
For Tournay's treach'rous tow'rs can tell
Britannia's children greatly fell.
No partial virtue of the plain!
She rous'd the lions of the main:
Hence Vernon's little fleet [3] succeeds,
And hence the gen'rous Cornwall [4] bleeds!
Hence Greenville [5] glorious!—for she smil'd
On the young hero from a child.
Tho' in high life such virtues dwell,
They'll suit plebeian breasts as well.
Say, that the mighty and the great
Blaze like meridian suns of state;
Effulgent excellence display,
Like Hallifax, in floods of day;
Our lesser orbs may pour their light,
Like the mild crescent of the night.
Tho' pale our beams, and small our sphere,
Still we may shine serene and clear.
Give to the judge the scarlet gown,
To martial souls the civic crown:
What then? is merit their's alone?
Have we no worth to call our own?
Shall we not vindicate our part,
In the firm breast, and upright heart?
Reader, these virtues may be thine,
Tho' in superior light they shine.
I can't discharge great Hardwick's trust—
True—but my soul may still be just.
And tho' I can't the state defend,
I'll draw the sword to serve my friend.

[3] At Porto Bello.
[4] Against the combined fleets of France and Spain.
[5] Died in a later engagement with the French fleet.

Two golden virtues are behind,
Of equal import to the mind;
Prudence, to point out Wisdom's way,
Or to reclaim us when we stray;
Temp'rance, to guard the youthful heart,
When Vice and Folly throw the dart;
Each virtue, let the world agree,
Daily resides with you and me.
And when our souls in friendship join,
We'll deem the social bond divine;
Thro' ev'ry scene maintain our trust,
Nor e'er be timid or unjust.
That breast, which Virtue calls her own,
That breast, where Honour builds his throne,
Nor int'rest warps, nor fear appalls,
When danger frowns, or lucre calls.
No! the true friend collected stands,
Fearless his heart, and pure his hands.
Let int'rest plead, let storms arise,
He dares be honest, though he dies.

MARRIAGE.

VISION VII.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ****.

FAIREST, this vision is thy due,
I form'd th' instructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age,
Your welfare actuates every page;
But ponder well my sacred theme,
And tremble, while you read my dream.
Those awful words, "'Till death do part,"
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after-thought when once a wife;
The die is cast, and cast for life;
Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,
As some base passion leads the way.
Pert Silvia talks of wedlock-scenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens;
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her sire and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door,
And Love is fled, to come no more.
Some few there are of sordid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold;
Careless with what, or whom they mate,
Their ruling passion's all for state.
But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind:
Such rebels groan beneath his rod,
For Hymen's a vindictive god;
"Be joyless ev'ry night," he said,
"And barren be their nuptial bed."
Attend, my fair, to Wisdom's voice,
A better fate shall crown thy choice.
A married life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery contest:
Yet if my fair one will be wise,
I will insure my girl a prize:
Tho' not a prize to match thy worth,
Perhaps thy equal's not on Earth.
'Tis an important point to know,
There's no perfection here below.
Man's an odd compound, after all,
And ever has been since the fall.

Say, that he loves you from his soul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul.
And tho' a slave in Love's soft school;
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The best, in short, has faults about him,
If few those faults, you must not flout him.
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
As want of temper, and of sense.
For when the Sun deserts the skies,
And the dull winter evenings rise,
Then for a husband's social pow'r,
To form the calm, conversive hour;
The treasures of thy breast explore,
From that rich mine to draw the ore;
Fondly each gen'rous thought refine,
And give thy native gold to shine;
Show thee, as really thou art,
Tho' fair, yet fairer still at heart.
Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,
As soon they must, thou charming maid;
When in thy cheeks the roses die,
And sickness clouds that brilliant eye;
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And those dear limbs shall call for aid;
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall not his transient passion cool?
And when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate persist a friend?
But to a man of sense, my dear,
Ev'n then thou lovely shalt appear;
He 'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
And weeping claim the larger part;
Tho' age impairs that beauteous face,
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.
In wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then complete.
" Blest state! where souls each other draw,
Where love is liberty and law!"
The choicest blessing found below,
That man can wish, or Heaven bestow!
Trust me, these raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine!
Nor fear the varnish of my style,
Tho' poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
Ah me! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart!
When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lie;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread—
But who burns incense to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careless of censure, or applause;
Whose soul is upright and sincere,
With nought to wish, and nought to fear...
Now to my visionary scheme
Attend, and profit by my dream.
Amidst the slumbers of the night,
A stately temple 'rose to sight;
And ancient as the human race,
If Nature's purposes you trace.
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,
To wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.
Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
His locks were frosted o'er by age;
His garb was plain, his mind serene,
And wisdom dignified his mien.
With curious search his name I sought,
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite—Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd satyr led the dance:
I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
For oh! what thousands were undone!
The sage, when these mad troops he spy'd,
In pity flew to join their side:
The disconcerted pairs began
To rail against him, to a man;
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.
But mark the sequel—for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth:
Long ere the honey-moon could wane,
Perdition seiz'd on ev'ry swain;
At ev'ry house, and all day long,
Repentance ply'd her scorpion throng;
Disgust was there with frowning mien,
And every wayward child of Spleen.
Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a num'rous train:
Love with each soft and nameless grace,
Was first in favour and in place;
Then came the god with solemn gait,
Whose ev'ry word was big with fate;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore:
Virtue, adorn'd with ev'ry charm,
Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm;
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
With all the roses of eighteen:
Youth led the gayly-smiling fair,
His purple pinions wav'd in air:
Wealth, a close hunks, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw, and eagle-eye,
Who threescore years had seen, or more,
('Tis said his coat had seen a score;)
Proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,
Presuming much upon his bags,
A female next her arts display'd,
Poets alone can paint the maid:
Trust me, Hogarth, (tho' great thy fame)
'Twould pose thy skill to draw the same;
And yet thy mimic pow'r is more
Than ever painter's was before:
Now she was fair as cygnet's down,
Now as Mat Prior's Emma, brown;
And, changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dress she vary'd ev'ry hour:
'Twas Fancy, child!—You know the fair,
Who pins your gown, and sets your hair.
Lo! the god mounts his throne of state.
And sits the arbiter of fate:
His head with radiant glories drest,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast:
Love took his station on the right,
His quiver beam'd with golden light.
Beauty usurp'd the second place,
Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Because related to the boy;
(Said it was her's to point his dart,
And speed its passage to the heart;)
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.
And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.
I saw a blooming trembling bride,
A toothless lover join'd her side;

Averse she turn'd her weeping face,
And shudder'd at the cold embrace:
But various baits their force impart:
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart:
A passion much too foul to name,
Costs supercilious prudes their fame:
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners;
The hungry poet weds for dinners.
The god with frown indignant view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd;
By ev'ry vice his altars stain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites profan'd:
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming, Wealth debauch'd the crowd;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Desiring to be heard at large.
The god consents, the throng divide,
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side:
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For Age is Money's sworn attendant.
Love said, that wedlock was design'd
By gracious Heav'n to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust:
That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart;
But what avails the faithless voice?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.—
Wealth straight reply'd, that Love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind:
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all th' artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at even in romances.
Poets indeed style love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat:
And love might be delicious fare,
Cou'd we, like poets live on air.
But grant that angels feast on love,
(Those purer essences above)
Yet Albion's sons, he understood,
Preferr'd a more substantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
His grey admirers hemm'd applause.
With seeming conquest pert and proud,
Wealth shook his sides, and chuckled loud;
When Fortune, to restrain his pride,
And fond to favour Love beside,
Op'ning the miser's tape-ty'd vest,
Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast:
Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
And a deep crimson flush'd his face.
Love sweetly simper'd at the sight
His gay adherents laugh'd outright
The god, tho' grave his temper, smil'd,
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel scores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind.
For Poverty, that famish'd fiend!
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
Advanc'd into the miser's place,
And star'd the stripling in the face;
Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay;
I thought the chit would swoon away.
The god was studious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy;
And therefore issu'd his decree,
That the two parties straight agree.
When both obey'd the god's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.
What wond'rous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair, surpasses thought.
If Love had many charms before,
He now had charms, ten thousand more.
If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
They now were dead, or lull'd to rest.
Beauty, that vain affected thing,
Who join'd the hymeneal ring,
Approach'd with round unthinking face,
And thus the trifler states her case.
She said, that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tally'd with her own;
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts;
Desiring judgment against Wealth,
For falsehood, perjury, and stealth:
All which she cou'd on oath depose,
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.
But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame;
Look'd thro' the crowd with angry state,
And blam'd the porter at the gate,
For giving entrance to the fair,
When she was no essential there.
To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preside.
Hence, when debates on beauty rise,
And each bright fair disputes the prize,
To Fancy's court we straight apply,
And wait the sentence of her eye;
In Beauty's realms she holds the seals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

LIFE.

VISION VIII.

Let not the young my precepts shun;
Who slight good counsels, are undone.
Your poet sung of love's delights,
Of halcyon days and joyous nights;
To the gay fancy lovely themes;
And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.
But, if you please, before we part,
I'd speak a language to your heart.
We'll talk of Life, tho' much, I fear,
Th' ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
And hardly know the reason why:
But say, Life's tree bears golden fruit,
Some canker shall corrode the root;
Some unexpected storm shall rise;
Or scorching suns, or chilling skies;
And (if experience'd truths avail)
All your autumnal hopes shall fail.
"But, poet, whence such wide extremes?
Well may you style your labours dreams.
A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
Whose visions are the brats of Spleen.
Is bliss a vague unmeaning name—
Speak then the passions' use or aim;
Why rage desires without control,
And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul;

Why Hope erects her tow'ring crest,
And laughs, and riots in the breast?
Think not, my weaker brain turns round,
Think not, I tread on fairy ground.
Think not, your pulse alone beats true—
Mine makes as healthful music too.
Our joys, when life's soft spring we trace,
Put forth their early buds apace.
See the bloom loads the tender shoot,
The bloom conceals the future fruit.
Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
Shall ripen what in spring begun.
Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
In germinating clusters grow;
And only wait the summer's ray,
To burst and blossom to the day."
What said the gay unthinking boy?—
Methought Hilario talk'd of joy!
Tell, if thou canst, whence joys arise,
Or what those mighty joys you prize.
You'll find (and trust superior years)
The vale of life a vale of tears.
Could wisdom teach, where joys abound,
Or riches purchase them, when found,
Would scepter'd Solomon complain,
That all was fleeting, false, and vain?
Yet scepter'd Solomon cou'd say
Returning clouds obscur'd his day,
Those maxims, which the preacher drew,
The royal sage experienc'd true.
He knew the various ills that wait
Our infant and meridian state;
That toys our earliest thoughts engage,
And diff'rent toys maturer age;
That grief at ev'ry stage appears,
But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years;
That vanity is seen, in part,
Inscrib'd on ev'ry human heart;
In the child's breast the spark began,
Grows with his growth, and glares in man.
But when in life we journey late,
If follies die, do griefs abate?
Ah! what is life at fourscore years?— [tears!
One dark, rough road of sighs, groans, pains and
Perhaps you'll think I act the same,
As a sly sharper plays his game:
You triumph ev'ry deal that's past,
He's sure to triumph at the last;
Who often wins some thousands more
Than twice the sum you won before.
But I'm a loser with the rest.
For life is all a deal at best;
Where not the prize of wealth or fame,
Repays the trouble of the game;
(A truth no winner e'er deny'd,
An hour before that winner dy'd).
Not that with me these prizes shine,
For neither fame nor wealth are mine.
My cards!—a weak plebeian band,
With scarce an honour in my hand.
And, since my trumps are very few,
What have I more to boast than you!
Nor am I gainer by your fall!
That harlot Fortune bubbles all.
'Tis truth (receive it ill or well)
'Tis melancholy truth I tell.
Why should the preacher take your pence,
And smother truth to flatter sense?
I'm sure, physicians have no merit.
Who kill, thro' lenity of spirit.
That life's a game, divines confess,
This says at cards, and that at chess:
But if our views be center'd here,
'Tis all a losing game, I fear.
Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,
And hostile vessels crowd the main,
If they discover from afar
A bark, as distant as a star,
Hold the perspective to their eyes,
To learn its colours, strength, and size;
And when this secret once they know,
Make ready to receive the foe.
Let you and I from sailors learn
Important truths of like concern.
I clos'd the day as custom led,
With reading, till the time of bed;
Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,
Again display'd her magic pow'r,
(For know, that Fancy, like a spright,
Prefers the silent scenes of night.)
She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,
No matter where the thicket stood;
The genius of the place was nigh,
And held two pictures to my eye.
The curious painter had pourtray'd
Life in each just and genuine shade.
They, who have only known its dawn,
May think these lines too deeply drawn;
But riper years, I fear, will shew,
The wiser artist paints too true.
One piece presents a rueful wild,
Where not a summer's sun had smil'd:
The road with thorns is cover'd wide,
And Grief sits weeping by the side;
Her tears with constant tenour flow,
And form a mournful lake below;
Whose silent waters, dark and deep,
Thro' all the gloomy valley creep.
Passions that flatter, or that slay,
Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.
Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape;
There Folly personates the ape;
Here Av'rice gripes with harpies' claws;
There Malice grins with tigers' jaws;
While sons of mischief, Art and Guile,
Are alligators of the Nile.
Ev'n Pleasure acts a treach'rous part,
She charms the sense, but stings the heart;
And when she gulls us of our wealth,
Or that superior pearl, our health,
Restores us nought but pains and woe,
And drowns us in the lake below.
There a commission'd angels stands,
With desolation in his hands!
He sends the all-devouring flame,
And cities hardly boast a name:
Or wings the pestilential blast,
And lo! ten thousands breathe their last:
He speaks—obedient tempests roar,
And guilty nations are no more:
He speaks—the fury Discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to their graves:
Or, Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And Hunger howls thro' all the land.
"Oh! what a wretch is man," I cry'd,
"Expos'd to death on ev'ry side!

And sure as born, to be undone
By evils which he cannot shun!
Besides a thousand baits to sin,
A thousands traitors lodg'd within!
For soon as Vice assaults the heart,
The rebels take the demon's part."
I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When straight the milder plan succeeds.
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The same as in the piece before.
But gleams of light are here display'd,
To cheer the eye and gild the shade.
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile.
A group of virtues blossom near,
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear.
Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm, and wipe the eye;
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart;
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And Heav'n rewards the struggling soul.
But while these raptures I pursue,
The genius suddenly withdrew.

DEATH.

VISION THE LAST.

'Tis thought my Visions are too grave [1];
A proof I'm no designing Knave.
Perhaps if Int'rest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite diff'rent tales;
Had join'd the laughing low buffoon,
And scribbled satire and lampoon;
Or stirr'd each source of soft desire,
And fann'd the coals of wanton fire;
Then had my paltry Visions sold,
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold;
Had prov'd the darlings of the town,
And I—a poet of renown!
Let not my awful theme surprise,
Let no unmanly fears arise.
I wear no melancholy hue,
No wreaths of cypress or of yew.
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or herse,
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse:
Let me consign the fun'ral plume,
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,
And all the solemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their slaves.
You know, that moral writers say
The world's a stage, and life a play;
That in this drama to succeed,
Requires much thought, and toil indeed!
There still remains one labour more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the search, and you shall find
The harder task is still behind;
That harder task, to quit the stage
In early youth, or riper age;
To leave the company and place,
With firmness, dignity, and grace.
Come, then, the closing scenes survey,
'Tis the last act which crowns the play.

[1] See the Monthly Review of New Books, for February 1751.

Do well this grand decisive part,
And gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wisdom's eye—
But oh! how few who greatly die!
Who, when their days approach an end,
Can meet the foe, as friend meets friend.
Instructive heroes! tell us whence
Your noble scorn of flesh and sense!
You part from all we prize so dear
Nor drop one soft reluctant tear:
Part from those tender joys of life,
The friend, the parent, child, and wife,
Death's black and stormy gulph you brave,
And ride exulting on the wave;
Deem thrones but trifles all!—no more—
Nor send one wishful look to shore.
For foreign ports and lands unknown,
Thus the firm sailor leaves his own;
Obedient to the rising gale,
Unmoors his bark, and spreads his sail;
Defies the ocean, and the wind,
Nor mourns the joys he leaves behind.
Is Death a pow'rful monarch? True—
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too!
Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
Or swells the object to the sight.
Attend my visionary page,
And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
Come, let this ghastly form appear,
He's not so terrible when near.
Distance deludes th' unwary eye;
So clouds seem monsters in the sky:
Hold frequent converse with him now,
He'll daily wear a milder brow.
Why is my theme with terrour fraught?
Because you shun the frequent thought.
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
Whence thy pale cheek and frighted eye?
Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,
When the grim lion shakes his crest?
Because these savage fights are new—
No keeper shudders at the view.
Keepers, accustom'd to the scene,
Approach the dens with look serene,
Fearless their grisly charge explore,
And smile to hear the tyrants roar.
"Ay—but to die! to bid adieu!
An everlasting farewell too!
Farewell to ev'ry joy around!
Oh! the heart sickens at the sound!"
Stay, stripling—thou art poorly taught—
Joy didst thou say?—discard the thought.
Joys are a rich celestial fruit,
And scorn a sublunary root.
What wears the face of joy below,
Is often found but splendid woe.
Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
Are nothings with a pompous name;
Or else, like comets in the sphere,
Shine with destruction in their rear.
Passions, like clouds, obscure the sight,
Hence mortals seldom judge aright.
The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,
Yet still we hope, and still we toil;
Deceive ourselves with wond'rous art,
And disappointment wrings the heart.
Thus when a mist collects around,
And hovers o'er a barren ground,
The poor deluded trav'ler spies
Imagin'd trees and structures rise;

But when the shrouded Sun is clear,
The desert and the rocks appear.
" Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,
Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die!
To die! and what exalts the gloom,
I'm told that man survives the tomb!
O! can the learned prelate find
What future scenes await the mind?
Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay?
Some courteous angel point the way!
That unknown somewhere in the skies!
Say, where that unknown somewhere lies;
And kindly prove, when life is o'er,
That pains and sorrows are no more.
For doubtless dying is a curse,
If present ills be chang'd for worse."
Hush, my young friend, forego the theme,
And listen to your poet's dream.
Ere-while I took an evening walk,
Honorio join'd in social talk.
Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep,
Each ruder wind was lull'd asleep.
The sky, all beauteous to behold,
Was streak'd with azure, green, and gold;
But, tho' serenely soft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the air;
Then settled on Honorio's breast,
Which shudder'd at the fatal guest.
No drugs the kindly wish fulfil,
Disease eludes the doctor's skill.
The poison spreads through all the frame,
Ferments, and kindles into flame.
From side to side Honorio turns,
And now with thirst insatiate burns.
His eyes resign their wonted grace,
Those friendly lamps expire apace!
The brain's an useless organ grown,
And Reason tumbled from his throne.—
But while the purple surges glow,
The currents thicken as they flow;
The blood in ev'ry distant part
Stagnates and disappoints the heart;
Defrauded of its crimson store,
The vital engine plays no more.
Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell
Call'd ev'ry friend to bid farewell.
I join'd the melancholy bier,
And dropp'd the unavailing tear.
The clock struck twelve—when nature sought
Repose from all the pangs of thought;
And while my limbs were sunk to rest,
A vision sooth'd my troubled breast.
I dream'd the spectre Death appear'd,
I dream'd his hollow voice I heard!
Methought th' imperial tyrant wore
A state no prince assum'd before.
All nature fetch'd a gen'ral groan,
And lay expiring round his throne.
I gaz'd—when straight arose to sight
The most detested fiend of night.
He shuffled with uneqtal pace,
And conscious shame deform'd his face.
With jealous leer he squinted round,
Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
From Hell this frightful monster came,
Sin was his sire, and Guilt his name.
This fury, with officious care,
Waited around the sov'reign's chair;
In robes of terrours drest the king,
And arm'd him with a baneful sting;
Gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,
And hung the sword upon his thigh.
Diseases next, a hideous crowd!
Proclaim'd their master's empire loud;
And, all obedient to his will,
Flew in commission'd troops to kill.
A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,
And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.
The monarch and his train prepare
To range the foul tempestuous air.
Straight to his shoulders he applies
Two pinions of enormous size!
Methought I saw the ghastly form
Stretch his black wings, and mount the storm.
When Fancy's airy horse I strode,
And join'd the army on the road.
As the grim conqu'ror urg'd his way,
He scatter'd terrour and dismay.
Thousands a pensive aspect wore,
Thousands who sneer'd at Death before.
Life's records rise on ev'ry side,
And Conscience spreads those volumes wide;
Which faithful registers were brought
By pale-ey'd Fear and busy Thought.
Those faults which artful men conceal,
Stand here engrav'd with pen of steel,
By Conscience, that impartial scribe!
Whose honest palm disdains a bribe.
Their actions all like critics view,
And all like faithful critics too.
As guilt had stain'd life's various stage,
What tears of blood bedew'd the page!
All shudder'd at the black account,
And scarce believ'd their vast amount!
All vow'd a sudden change of heart,
Would Death relent, and sheathe his dart.
But, when the awful foe withdrew,
All to their follies fled anew.
So when a wolf, who scours at large,
Springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,
The flock in wild disorder fly,
And cast behind a frequent eye;
But, when the victim's borne away,
They rush to pasture and to play.
Indulge my dream, and let my pen
Paint those unmeaning creatures, men.
Carus, with pains and sickness worn,
Chides the slow night, and sighs for morn;
Soon as he views the eastern ray,
He mourns the quick return of day;
Hourly laments protracted breath,
And courts the healing hand of Death.
Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,
Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame,
Pines for his dark sepulchral bed,
To mingle with th' unheeded dead.
With fourscore years grey Natho bends,
A burden to himself and friends;
And with impatience seems to wait
The friendly hand of ling'ring fate.
So hirelings wish their labour done,
And often eye the western Sun.
The monarch hears their various grief,
Descends, and brings the wish'd relief.
On Death with wild surprise they star'd;
All seem'd averse! all unprepar'd!
As torrents sweep with rapid force,
The grave's pale chief pursu'd his course.
No human pow'r can or withstand,
Or shun the conquests of his hand.

Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
And, as a guardian angel, kind,
With ev'ry heart-felt worth beside,
Turn the keen shaft of Death aside,
When would the brave Augustus join
The ashes of his sacred line;
But Death maintains no partial war,
He mocks a sultan or a czar.
He lays his iron hand on all—
Yes, kings, and sons of kings, must fall!
A truth Britannia lately felt,
And trembled to her centre [1]!—
Cou'd ablest statesmen ward the blow,
Wou'd Granville own this common foe?
For greater talents ne'er were known
To grace the fav'rite of a throne.
Cou'd genius save—wit, learning, fire—
Tell me, would Chesterfield expire?
Say, wou'd his glorious Sun decline,
And set like your pale star or mine?
Cou'd ev'ry virtue of the sky—
Wou'd Herring [2], Butler [3], Secker [4] die?
Why this address to peerage all—
Untitled Allen's virtues call!
If Allen's worth demands a place,
Lords, with your leave, 'tis no disgrace.
Tho' high your ranks in heralds' rolls,
Know Virtue too ennobles souls.
By her that private man's renown'd,
Who pours a thousand blessings round.
While Allen takes Affliction's part,
And draws out all his gen'rous heart;
Anxious to seize the fleeting day,
Lest unimprov'd it steal away;
While thus he walks with jealous strife
Thro' goodness, as he walks thro' life,
Shall not I mark his radiant path?
Rise, Muse, and sing the Man of Bath!
Publish abroad, cou'd goodness save,
Allen wou'd disappoint the grave;
Translated to the heav'nly shore,
Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.
Not Beauty's pow'rful pleas restrain—
Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
For women pierce with shrieks the air,
Smite their bare breasts, and rend their hair.
All have a doleful tale to tell,
How friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell!
Alas! is life our fav'rite theme!
'Tis all a vain, or painful dream.
A dream which fools or cowards prize,
But slighted by the brave or wise.
Who lives, for others' ills must groan,
Or bleed for sorrows of his own;
Must journey on with weeping eye,
Then pant, sink, agonize, and die,
"And shall a man arraign the skies,
Because man lives, and mourns, and dies?
Impatient reptile!" Reason cry'd;
"Arraign thy passion and thy pride.
Retire, and commune with thy heart,
Ask, whence thou cam'st, and what thou art.
Explore thy body and thy mind,
Thy station too, why here assign'd.
The search shall teach thee life to prize,
And make thee grateful, good, and wise.
Why do you roam to foreign climes,
To study nations, modes, and times;
A science often dearly bought,
And often what avails you nought?
Go, man, and act a wiser part,
Study the science of your heart.
This home philosophy, you know,
Was priz'd some thousand years ago [5].
Then why abroad a frequent guest?
Why such a stranger to your breast?
Why turn so many volumes o'er,
Till Dodsley can supply no more?
Not all the volumes on thy shelf,
Are worth that single volume, self.
For who this sacred book declines,
Howe'er in other arts he shines;
Tho' smit with Pindar's noble rage,
Or vers'd in Tully's manly page;
Tho' deeply read in Plato's school;
With all his knowledge is a fool.
"Proclaim the truth—say, what is man?
His body from the dust began;
And when a few short years are o'er,
The crumbling fabric is no more.
"But whence the soul? From Heav'n it came!
Oh! prize this intellectual flame.
This nobler self with rapture scan,
'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
Trust me, there's not a joy on Earth,
But from the soul derives its birth.
Ask the young rake (he'll answer right)
Who treat by day, and drinks by night,
What makes his entertainments shine,
What gives the relish to his wine;
He 'll tell thee, (if he scorns the beast)
That social pleasures form the feast.
The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
Unless the soul exalts the joy.
The mind must animate the face,
Or cold and tasteless ev'ry grace.
"What! must the soul her pow'rs dispense
To raise and swell the joys of sense?—
Know too, the joys of sense control,
And clog the motions of the soul;
Forbid her pinions to aspire,
Damp and impair her native fire:
And sure as Sense (that tyrant!) reigns,
She holds the empress, Soul, in chains.
Inglorious bondage to the mind,
Heaven-born, sublime, and unconfin'd!
She's independent, fair and great,
And justly claims a large estate;
She asks no borrow'd aids to shine,
She boasts within a golden mine;
But, like the treasures of Peru,
Her wealth lies deep, and far from view.
Say, shall the man who knows her worth,
Debase her dignity and birth;
Or e'er repine at Heaven's decree,
Who kindly gave her leave to be;
Call'd her from nothing into day,
And built her tenement of clay;
Dear and accept me for your guide,
(Reason shall ne'er desert your side.)

[2] Referring to the death of his late royal highness Frederick prince of Wales.
[3] Archbishop of Canterbury.
[4] Late bishop of Durham.
[5] Bishop of Oxford.
[6] KNOW THYSELF—a celebrated saying of Cilo, one of the seven wise men of Greece.

Who listens to my wiser voice,
'Can't but applaud his maker's choice;
Pleas'd with that first and sov'reign cause,
Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws;
Secure, since Sov'reign Goodness reigns,
Secure, since Sov'reign Pow'r obtains.
" With curious eyes review thy frame,
This science shall direct thy claim.
Dost thou indulge a double view,
A long, long life, and happy too?
Perhaps a farther boon you crave—
To lie down easy in the grave?
Know then my dictates must prevail,
Or surely each fond wish shall fail.—
" Come then, is happiness thy aim?
Let mental joys be all thy game.
Repent the search, and mend your pace,
The capture shall reward the chase.
Let ev'ry minute, as it springs,
Convey fresh knowledge on its wings;
Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,
Record thee good as well as wise.
While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
In a few years you'll live an age.
Who measures life by rolling years?
Fools measure by revolving spheres.
Go thou and fetch th' unerring rule
From Virtue's, and from Wisdom's school.
Who well improves life's shortest day,
Will scarce regret its setting ray;
Contented with his share of light,
Nor fear nor wish th' approach of night.
And when Disease assaults the heart,
When Sickness triumphs over Art,
Reflections on a life well past,
Shall prove a cordial to the last;
This med'cine shall the soul sustain,
And soften or suspend her pain;
Shall break Death's fell tyrannic pow'r,
And calm the troubled dying hour."
Blest rules of cool prudential age!
I listen'd, and rever'd the sage.
When lo! a form divinely bright
Descends and bursts upon my sight,
A seraph of illustrious birth!
(Religion was her name on Earth)
Supremely sweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celestial grace!
Three shining cherubs form'd her train,
Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain;
Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
And pinions flutt'ring for the sky;
Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,
And golden anchors grace her hands;
There Charity, in robes of white,
Fairest and fav'rite maid of light!
The seraph spake—" 'Tis Reason's part,
To govern, and to guard the heart;
To lull the wayward soul to rest,
When hopes and fears distract the breast.
Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
And steer thy bark thro' various life:
But when the storms of death are nigh,
And midnight darkness veils the sky.
Shall Reason then direct thy sail,
Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale?
Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
Skill! that transcends his scanty line.

" That hoary sage has counsel'd right—
Be wise, nor scorn his friendly light.
Revere thyself—thou'rt near ally'd
To angels on thy better side.
How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
Angels are but unbodied minds;
When the partition-walls decay,
Men emerge angels from their clay.
" Yes, when the frailer body dies,
The soul asserts her kindred skies.
But minds, tho' sprung from heav'nly race,
Must first be tutor'd for the place.
(The joys above are understood,
And relish'd only by the good)
Who shall assume this guardian care?
Who shall secure their birthright there?
Souls are my charge—to me 'tis giv'n
To train them for their native Heav'n,
" Know then—Who bow the early knee,
And give the willing heart to me;
Who wisely, when Temptation waits,
Elude her frauds, and spurn her baits;
Who dare to own my injur'd cause,
(Tho' fools deride my sacred laws;)
Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
Tho' Persecution lifts her thong;
Tho' all the sons of Hell conspire
To raise the stake, and light the fire;
Know, that for such superior souls,
There lies a bliss beyond the poles;
Where spirits shine with purer ray,
And brighten to meridian day;
Where love, where boundless friendship rules,
(No friends that change, no love that cools!)
Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
And pour and pour upon the soul!
" But where's the passage to the skies!—
The road thro' Death's black valley lies.
Nay, do not shudder at my tale—
Tho' dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
This path the best of men have trod;
And who'd decline the road to God?
Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die!
This favour can't be priz'd too high."
While thus she spake, my looks express'd
The raptures kindling in my breast:
My soul a fix'd attention gave;
When the stern monarch of the grave
With haughty strides approach'd—Amaz'd
I stood, and trembled as I gaz'd.
The seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
And kindly wip'd the falling tear;
Then hasten'd with expanded wing
To meet the pale terrific king.
But now what milder scenes arise!
The tyrant drops his hostile guise.
He seems a youth divinely fair,
In graceful ringlets waves his hair.
His wings their whitening plumes display,
His burnish'd plumes reflect the day.
Light flows his shining azure vest,
And all the angel stands confest.
I view'd the change with sweet surprise,
And oh! I panted for he skies;
Thank'd Heav'n, that e'er I drew my breath,
And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN LOGAN, F.R.S.

THE

LIFE OF JOHN LOGAN.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

JOHN LOGAN was born about the beginning of the year 1747-8, at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, on the southern extremity of Mid-Lothian, where his father rented a small farm. He appears to have been taught the first rudiments of learning at the school of Musselburgh, near Edinburgh; and here, as well as at home, was zealously instructed in the principles of the Calvinistic system of religion, as professed by the Seceders, a species of dissenters from the established church of Scotland.

In 1762, he entered on the usual courses of study at the university of Edinburgh, where he made uncommon proficiency in the learned languages, but discovered no great inclination for mathematics or metaphysics, although he took care not to be so deficient in those branches as to incur any censure, or create any hindrance to his academical progress. His turn being originally to works of imagination, he found much that was congenial, in a course of lectures then read by professor John Stevenson, on Aristotle's Art of Poetry, and on Longinus; and while these directed his taste, he employed his leisure hours in acquiring a more perfect knowledge of Homer, whose beauties he relished with poetical enthusiasm. The writings of Milton, and other eminent poets of the English series, became likewise his favourite studies, and the discovery of Ossian's poems, which took place when he was at college, opened new sources of admiration and improvement.

At what time he began to imitate his favourite models, is doubtful, but as an inclination to write poetry is generally precipitate, it is probable that he had produced many of his lesser pieces while at the university: and he had the advice and encouragement of Dr. John Main, of Athelstoneford, a clergyman of classical taste, in pursuing a track which genius seemed to have pointed out. He had also acquired the friendship and patronage of lord Elibank, and of the celebrated Dr. Blair, who regarded him as a youth of promising talents, and unusual acumen in matters of criticism. By recommendation of Dr. Blair, he was, in 1768, received into the family of Sinclair, as private tutor to the present baronet of Ulbster, the editor of those statistical reports, which have done so much honour to the clerical character of Scotland.

Here, however, Logan did not remain long, but returned to Edinburgh to attend the divinity lectures with a view of entering into the church. Either by reading, or by the company he kept, he had already overcome the scruples which inclined his parents to dissent, and determined to take orders in the establishment.

In 1770, he published a volume under the title of Poems on several Occasions, by Michael Bruce, a youth who died at the age of twenty-one, after exhibiting considerable talents for poetry. In this volume, however, Logan chose to insert several pieces of his own, without specifying them; a circumstance which has since given rise to a controversy between the respective friends of Bruce and Logan. Bruce's poems have been very recently published, for the benefit of his aged mother; but as his share seems yet undecided, it has not been thought proper to admit them into the present collection. Those, however, which have been attributed to Logan by his friend and executor Dr. Robertson, of Dalmany, are now added to his avowed productions.

In 1770, after going through the usual probationary periods, Logan was admitted a preacher, and in 1773 was invited to the pastoral charge at South Leith, which he accepted. His poems, which had been hitherto circulated only in private, or perhaps occasionally inserted in the literary journals, pointed him out as a proper person to assist in a scheme for revising the psalmody of the church. For this purpose, he was in 1775, appointed one of the committee ordered by the general assembly (the highest ecclesiastical authority in Scotland) and took a very active part in their proceedings, not only revising and improving some of the old versions, but adding others of his own composition. This collection of Translations and Paraphrases, was published in 1781, under the sanction of the general assembly.

About two years before this publication appeared, he had prepared a course of lectures on the Philosophy of History, and had on this occasion consulted Drs. Robertson, Blair, Carlisle, and other eminent men connected with the university of Edinburgh, who seemed liberally inclined to promote his success. The first request, however, which he had to make happened not to be within their power. He desired the use of a room in the college for the delivery of his lectures, but by the statutes no indulgence of that kind can be granted to persons teaching or lecturing on subjects for which regular professors are already appointed. He then hired a chapel, in which he delivered his first course of lectures in 1779-80, and his auditors, if not very numerous, were of that kind whose report was of great consequence to his fame. In his second course, he had a larger auditory, and attracted so much notice, that he entertained very sanguine hopes of being promoted to the professorship of history, which became vacant about this time.

Here, however, an obstacle presented itself which he had not foreseen, and which his friends could not remove. It had been the invariable practice of the patrons to present to this office a member of the faculty of advocates, and in the present instance their choice fell upon Mr. Frazer Tytler, since lord Woodhouselee, a gentleman whose talents, had talents been the criterion, must have excluded all competition.—Whether owing to this appointment, or to the decay of publick curiosity, Logan's lectures were no longer encouraged; but in 1781, he published an analysis of them, entitled, Elements of the Philosophy of History, and soon after one entire lecture in the form of an Essay on the Manners of Asia. Both were favourably received, yet without those

decisive proofs of encouragement which could justify his publishing the whole course, as he probably intended.

In the same year appeared his volume of Poems, which were so eagerly bought up, that a second edition became necessary within a few months. Such popularity induced him to complete a tragedy which he had been for some time preparing, entitled Runamede, and founded upon the history of the great charter. This tragedy was accepted by the manager of Covent Garden theatre, but was interdicted by the licenser of the stage, as containing political allusions that were improper. It was printed, however, in 1783, and afterwards acted on the Edinburgh theatre, but met with no extraordinary applause either in the closet or on the stage. In this attempt, indeed, the author seems to have mistaken his talents. In Scotland, his biographer informs us, he had to encounter the general prejudices of that country against the interference of the clergy in theatrical concerns.

These disappointments, we are told, "preyed with pungent keenness upon a mind uncommonly susceptible." "His temper," it is added "was still further fretted by the umbrage which some of his parish had *unjustly* taken at his engaging in studies foreign to his profession, and which others, with more reason, had conceived on account of certain deviations from the propriety and decorum of his clerical character, though not a few of them were sufficiently liberal in their allowances for irregularities which could only be attributed to inequality of spirits and irritability of nerves."

This vindication is specious, but will not bear examination. There could surely be no great injustice in complaining of studies which diverted him from his profession, a profession which he had voluntarily chosen, and in which he was liberally settled; or of irregularities which unfitted him to perform its duties, and obliged him at last to compound for his inability or neglect by retiring upon a small annuity. Yet such was the case, and with this annuity, or with the promise of it, he came to London in 1786, and for some time subsisted by furnishing articles for the English Review, and perhaps other periodical publications. He wrote also a pamphlet, entitled A Review of the principal Charges against Mr. Hastings, which was a very able and eloquent vindication of that gentleman; and probably appeared in that light to the publick at large, for the publisher against whom the friends of the impeachment directed a prosecution, was acquitted by the verdict of a jury. This last consequence, Logan did not live to witness. His health had been for some time broken, and he died at his apartments in Marlborough-street, Dec. 28, 1788, in the fortieth year of his age.

Notwithstanding his failings, it is with pleasure we copy the following passage from the Life prefixed to the late edition of his poems.

"The end of Logan, was truly Christian. When he became too weak to hold a book, he employed his time in hearing such young persons as visited him read the Scriptures. His conversation turned chiefly on serious subjects, and was most affecting and instructive. He foresaw and prepared for the approach of death, gave directions about his funeral with the utmost composure, and dictated a distinct and judicious will, appointing Dr. Donald Grant, and his ancient and steady friend Dr. Robertson, his executors, and bequeathing to them his property, books, and MSS. to be converted into money, for the payment of legacies to those relations and friends, who had the strongest claims upon his affectionate remembrance in his dying moments."

Dr. Robertson accordingly prepared a volume of his Sermons, which was published in 1790, and a second in the following year. They are in general elegant and perspicuous, but occasionally burst into passages of the declamatory kind, which, however, are perhaps not unsuitable to the warmth of pulpit oratory. They have been uncommonly successful, the fifth edition having made its appearance in 1807. He left several other manuscripts which were once intended for publication. Among these are his Lectures on History, and three or four tragedies.

In 1805, a new edition of his poems was published at Edinburgh and London, to which a Life is prefixed by an anonymous writer. From this the facts contained in the present more succinct sketch have been borrowed.

Logan deserves a very high rank among our minor poets. The chief character of his poetry is the pathetic, and it will not perhaps be easy to produce any pieces from the whole range of English poetry more exquisitely tender and pathetic than The Braes of Yarrow—The Ode on the death of a young Lady, or A Visit to the Country in Autumn—The Lovers, seems to assume a higher character; the opening lines, spoken by Harriet, rise to sublimity by noble gradations of terrour, and an accumulation of images which are, with peculiar felicity, made to vanish on the appearance of her lover. In the whole of Logan's poems, are passages of true poetic spirit and sensibility. With a fancy so various and regulated it is to be regretted, he did not more frequently cultivate his talents. The episode of Levina, among the pieces attributed to him, indicates powers that might have appeared to advantage in a regular poem of narration and description. His sacred pieces are allowed to be of the inferior kind, but they are inferior only as they are not original; he strives to throw an air of modern elegance over the simple language of the East, consecrated by use and devotional spirit, and he fails where Watts and others have failed before him, and where Cowper only has escaped without injury to his general character.

POEMS

OF

JOHN LOGAN.

ODE

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering thro' the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

SONG.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover!

For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

"He promised me a milk-white steed,
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page,
To 'squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to morrow;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

"Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow!

"His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd,
The green-wood path to meet her brother;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

"No longer from thy window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

"The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow[1];
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."

[1] Mate.

The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

ODE
ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

The peace of Heaven attend thy shade,
My early friend, my favourite maid!
When life was new, companions gay,
We hail'd the morning of our day.

Ah, with what joy did I behold
The flower of beauty fair unfold!
And fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
Or bring thee to an early tomb!

Untimely gone! for ever fled
The roses of the cheek so red;
Th' affection warm, the temper mild,
The sweetness that in sorrow smil'd.

Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd,
The heart where goodness overflow'd,
A clod amid the valley lies,
And "dust to dust" the mourner cries.

O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely borne!
Vanish'd for ever from my view;
Thou sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair, with my first ideas twin'd,
Thine image oft will meet my mind;
And, while remembrance brings thee near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head,
Before we dwell among the dead!
Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth that are no more!

No after friendship e'er can raise
Th' endearments of our early days;
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

Affection dies, a vernal flower;
And love, the blossom of an hour;
The spring of fancy cares control,
And mar the beauty of the soul.

Vers'd in the commerce of deceit,
How soon the heart forgets to beat!
The blood runs cold at int'rest's call:—
They look with equal eyes on all.

Then lovely Nature is expell'd,
And Friendship is romantic held;
Then Prudence comes with hundred eyes:
The veil is rent—the vision flies.

The dear illusions will not last;
The era of enchantment 's past;
The wild romance of life is done;
The real history is begun.

The sallies of the soul are o'er,
The feast of fancy is no more;
And ill the banquet is supply'd
By form, by gravity, by pride.

Ye gods! whatever ye withhold,
Let my affections ne'er grow old;
Ne'er may the human glow depart,
Nor Nature yield to frigid Art!

Still may the generous bosom burn,
Tho' doom'd to bleed o'er beauty's urn;
And still the friendly face appear,
Tho' moisten'd with a tender tear!

ODE
TO WOMEN.

Ye virgins! fond to be admir'd,
With mighty rage of conquest fir'd,
And universal sway;
Who heave th' uncover'd bosom high,
And roll a fond, inviting eye,
On all the circle gay!

You miss the fine and secret art
To win the castle of the heart,
For which you all contend;
The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train,
But you will never, never gain
A lover, or a friend.

If this your passion, this your praise,
To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,
You may be call'd divine:
But not a youth beneath the sky
Will say in secret, with a sigh,
"O were that maiden mine!"

You marshal, brilliant, from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,
Your magazine of arms;
But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,
The whispering hour, the tender talk,
That gives your genuine charms.

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,
The smile, the native of the face,
Refinement without art;
The eye where pure affection beams,
The tear from tenderness that streams,
The accents of the heart;

The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where, like the morning, blushes break
To crimson o'er the breast;
The look where sentiment is seen,
Fine passions moving o'er the mien,
And all the soul exprest:

Your beauties these: with these you shine,
And reign on high by right divine,
The sovereigns of the world;
Then to your court the nations flow;
The Muse with flowers the path will strew,
Where Venus' car is hurl'd.

From dazzling deluges of snow,
From summer noon's meridian glow,
We turn our aching eye,
To Nature's robe of vernal green,
To the blue curtain all serene,
Of an autumnal sky.

The favourite tree of beauty's queen,
Behold the myrtle's modest green,
The virgin of the grove!

Soft from the circlet of her star,
The tender turtles draw the car
Of Venus and of Love.

The growing charm invites the eye;
See morning gradual paint the sky
With purple and with gold!
See Spring approach with sweet delay!
See rosebuds open to the ray,
And leaf by leaf unfold!

We love th' alluring line of grace,
That leads the eye a wanton chase,
And lets the fancy rove;
The walk of Beauty ever bends,
And still begins, but never ends
The labyrinth of Love.

At times, to veil is to reveal,
And to display is to conceal;
Mysterious are your laws!
The vision finer than the view;
Her landscape Nature never drew
So fair as Fancy draws.

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if display'd
All woman's charms were given;
And, o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens, Heaven.

See virgin Eve, with graces bland
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam!
Fair on the river-margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the stream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own;
But artless innocence alone
Secures the heavenly post;
For if, beneath an angel's mien,
The serpent's tortuous train is seen,
Our Paradise is lost.

O Nature, Nature, thine the charm!
Thy colours woo, thy features warm,
Thy accents win the heart!
Parisian paint of every kind
That stains the body or the mind,
Proclaims the harlot's art.

The midnight minstrel of the grove,
Who still renews the hymn of love,
And woos the wood to hear;
Knows not the sweetness of his strain,
Nor that, above the tuneful train,
He charms the lover's ear.

The zone of Venus, heavenly-fine,
Is Nature's handy-work divine,
And not the web of Art;
And they who wear it never know
To what enchanting charm they owe
The empire of the heart.

OSSIAN'S

HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt Earth array,
King of the sky, and father of the day!
O Sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning, and for ever bright,
With Heaven's pure fire, and everlasting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth, beyond the power of years!

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gates of morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night;
The queen of Heaven forsakes th' ethereal plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the Heavens, immortal and alone!

Who can abide the brightness of thy face!
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race!
The mountain oaks, like their own leaves decay;
Themselves the mountains wear with age away;
The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times, and leaves a waste of sand;
The silver Moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in Heaven, and emptied of her light;
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky; [dire,
When Heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings
All ether flaming, and all Earth on fire: [rolls,
When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charm the face of Nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm away.

ODE

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

No longer hoary Winter reigns,
No longer binds the streams in chains,
Or heaps with snow the meads;
Array'd with robe of rainbow-dye,
At last the Spring appears on high,
And smiling over earth and sky,
Her new creation leads.

The snows confess a warmer ray,
The loosen'd streamlet loves to stray,
And echo down the dale;
The hills uplift their summits green,
The vales more verdant spread between,
The cuckoo in the wood unseen
Coos ceaseless to the gale.

The rainbow arching woos the eye
With all the colours of the sky
With all the pride of Spring;
Now Heaven descends in sunny showers,
The sudden fields put on the flowers,
The green leaves wave upon the bowers,
And birds begin to sing.

The cattle wander in the wood,
And find the wanton verdant food,
Beside the well known rills;
Blithe in the sun the shepherd swain
Like Pan attunes the pastoral strain,
While many echoes send again
The music of the hills.

At eve, the primrose path along,
The milkmaid shortens with a song

Her solitary way ;
She sees the Fairies with their queen,
Trip hand-in-hand the circled green,
And hears them raise at times, unseen,
The ear-enchanting lay.

Maria, come ! now let us rove,
Now gather garlands in the grove,
Of every new-sprung flower ;
We'll hear the warblings of the wood,
We'll trace the windings of the flood ;
O come, thou fairer than the bud
Unfolding in a shower !

Fair as the lily of the vale,
That gives its bosom to the gale
And opens in the sun ;
And sweeter than thy favourite dove,
The Venus of the vernal grove,
Announcing to the choirs of love,
Their time of bliss begun.

Now, now thy spring of life appears,
Fair in the morning of thy years,
And May of beauty crown'd :
Now vernal visions meet thine eyes,
Poetic dreams to fancy rise,
And brighter days in better skies ;—
Elysium blooms around.

Now, now's the morning of thy day ;
But, ah ! the morning flies away,
And youth is on the wing ;
'Tis Nature's voice, " O pull the rose,
Now while the bud in beauty blows,
Now while the opening leaves disclose
The incense of the Spring !"

What youth, high favour'd of the skies,
What youth shall win the brightest prize
That Nature has in store ?
Whose conscious eyes shall meet with thine ;
Whose arms thy yielding waist entwine ;
Who, ravish'd with thy charms divine,
Requires of Heaven no more !

Not happier the primeval pair,
When new-made Earth, supremely fair,
Smil'd on her virgin Spring ;
When all was fair to God's own eye,
When stars consenting sung on high,
And all Heaven's chorus made the sky
With hallelujahs ring.

Devoted to the Muses' choir,
I tune the Caledonian lyre
To themes of high renown :—
No other theme than you I'll chuse,
Than you invoke no other Muse :
Nor will that gentle hand refuse
Thy bard with bays to crown.

Where hills by storied streams ascend,
My dreams and waking wishes tend
Poetic ease to woo ;
Where Fairy fingers curl the grove,
Where Grecian spirits round me rove,
Alone enamour'd with the love
Of Nature and of you !

SONG.

The day is departed, and round from the cloud
The Moon in her beauty appears ;
The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
The music of love in our ears :
Maria, appear ! now the season so sweet
With the beat of the heart is in tune ;
The time is so tender for lovers to meet
Alone by the light of the Moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
I sigh—can a lover do more ?
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
Maria, my love ! do you long for the grove ?
Do you sigh for an interview soon !
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the Moon !

Your name from the sheperds whenever I hear
My bosom is all in a glow ;
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon ?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the Moon ?

ODE

TO SLEEP.

In vain I court till dawning light
The coy divinity of night ;
Restless, from side to side I turn,
Arise, ye musings of the morn !

Oh, Sleep ! tho' banish'd from those eyes,
In visions fair to Delia rise ;
And o'er a dearer form diffuse
Thy healing balm, thy lenient dews.

Blest be her night as infant's rest,
Lull'd on the fond maternal breast,
Who, sweetly-playful, smiles in sleep,
Nor knows that he is born to weep.

Remove the terrours of the night,
The phantom-forms of wild affright,
The shrieks from precipice or flood,
And starting scene that swims with blood.

Lead her aloft to blooming bowers,
And beds of amaranthine flowers,
And golden skies and glittering streams,
That paint the paradise of dreams.

Venus ! present a lover near,
And gently whisper in her ear
His woes, who, lonely and forlorn,
Counts the slow clock from night till morn.

Ah ! let no portion of my pain,
Save just a tender trace, remain ;
Asleep consenting to be kind,
And wake with Daphnis in her mind.

ODE

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Maria, bright with beauty's glow,
In conscious gaiety you go
The pride of all the Park :
Attracted groupes in silence gaze,
And soft behind you hear the praise
And whisper of the spark.

In Fancy's airy chariot whirl'd,
You make the circle of the world,
And dance a dizzy round:
The maids and kindling youths behold
You triumph o'er the envious old,
The queen of beauty crown'd.

Where'er the beams of Fortune blaze,
Or Fashion's whispering zephyr plays,
The insect tribe attends;
Gay-glittering thro' a summer's day,
The silken myriads melt away
Before a Sun descends.

Divorc'd from elegant delight,
The vulgar Venus holds her night
An alien to the skies;
Her bosom breathes no finer fire,
No radiance of divine desire
Illumes responsive eyes.

Gods; shall a sordid son of Earth
Enfold a form of heavenly birth,
And ravish joys divine;
An angel bless unconscious arms?
The circle of surrendered charms
Unhallowed hands entwine?

The absent day; the broken dream;
The vision wild; the sudden scream;
Tears that unbidden flow!—
Ah! let no sense of griefs profound
That beauteous bosom ever wound
With unavailing woe!

The wild enchanter Youth beguiles,
And Fancy's fairy landscape smiles
With more than Nature's bloom;
The spring of Eden paints your bowers,
Unsetting suns your promis'd hours
With golden light illume.

A hand advancing strikes the bell!
That sound dissolves the magic spell,
And all the charm is gone!
The visionary landscape flies:
At once th' aerial music dies;
In wilds you walk alone.

Howe'er the wind of Fortune blows,
Or sadly-severing fate dispose
Our everlasting doom;
Impressions never felt before,
And transports to return no more,
Will haunt me to the tomb!

My God! the pangs of Nature past,
Will e'er a kind remembrance last
Of pleasures sadly sweet?
Can love assume a calmer name?
My eyes with friendship's angel-flame
An angel's beauty meet?

Ah! should that first of finer forms
Require, thro' life's impending storms,
A sympathy of soul;
The loved Maria of the mind
Will send me, on the wings of wind,
To Indus or the Pole.

ODE
TO A MAN OF LETTERS.

Lo, Winter's hoar dominion past!
Arrested in his eastern blast
The fiend of Nature flies;
Breathing the spring, the zephyrs play,
And re-inthron'd the lord of day
Resumes the golden skies.

Attendant on the genial hours,
The voluntary shades and flowers
For rural lovers spring;
Wild choirs unseen in concert join,
And round Apollo's rustic shrine
The sylvan Muses sing.

The finest vernal bloom that blows,
The sweetest voice the forest knows,
Arise to vanish soon;
The rose unfolds her robe of light,
And Philomela gives her night
To Richmond and to June.

With bounded ray, and transient grace,
Thus, Varro, holds the human race
Their place and hour assign'd;
Loud let the venal trumpet sound,
Responsive never will rebound
The echo of mankind.

Yon forms divine that deck the sphere,
The radiant rulers of the year,
Confess a nobler hand;
Thron'd in the majesty of morn,
Behold the king of day adorn
The skies, the sea, the land.

Nor did th' Almighty raise the sky,
Nor hang th' eternal lamps on high,
On one abode to shine;
The circle of a thousand suns
Extends, while Nature's period runs
The theatre divine.

Thus some, whom smiling Nature hails
To sacred springs, and chosen vales,
And streams of old renown;
By noble toils and worthy scars,
Shall win their mansion 'mid the stars,
And wear th' immortal crown.

Bright in the firmament of Fame
The lights of ancient ages flame
With never setting ray,
On worlds unfound from history torn,
O'er ages deep in time unborn,
To pour the human day.

Won from neglected wastes of time,
Apollo hails his fairest clime,
The provinces of mind;
An Egypt [1], with eternal towers,
See Montesquieu redeem the hours,
From Lewis to mankind.

No tame remission genius knows;
No interval of dark repose,
To quench the ethereal flame;
From Thebes to Troy the victor hies,
And Homer with his hero vies
In varied paths to fame

The orb which rul'd thy natal night
And usher'd in a greater light
Than sets the pole on fire,
With undiminish'd lustre crown'd,
Unwearied walks th' eternal round,
Amid the heavenly quire.

[1] The finest provinces of Egypt, gained from a neglected waste.

Proud in triumphal chariot hurl'd,
And crown'd the masters of the world,
Ah! let not Philip's son,
His soul in Syrian softness drown'd,
His brows with Persian garlands bound,
The race of pleasure run!

With crossing thoughts Alcides prest,
The awful goddess thus address'd,
And pointing to the prize:
"Behold the wreath of glory shine!
And mark the onward path divine
That opens to the skies!

"The heavenly fire must ever burn,
The hero's step must never turn
From yon sublime abodes:
Long must thy life of labours prove
At last to die the son of Jove,
And mingle with the gods."

THE LOVERS:

A POEM.

The lovers, in the following poem, were descended of houses that had been long at variance. The lady is first introduced as leaving her father's house, and venturing out in the darkness of the night to meet with her lover. They meet at the appointed hour. The rest of the dialogue passes in the chariot.

HARRIET.

'Tis midnight dark: 'tis silence deep;
My father's house is hush'd in sleep;
In dreams the lover meets his bride,
She sees her lover at her side;
The mourner's voice is now suppress,
A while the weary are at rest:
'Tis midnight dark; 'tis silence deep;
I only wake, and wake to weep.

The window 's drawn, the ladder waits,
I spy no watchman at the gates:
No tread re-echoes thro' the hall,
No shadow moves along the wall.
I am alone. 'Tis dreary night,—
O come, thou partner of my flight!
Shield me from darkness, from alarms;
O take me trembling to thine arms!

The dog howls dismal in the heath,
The raven croaks the dirge of death;
Ah me! disaster's in the sound!
The terrours of the night are round;
A sad mischance my fears forebode,
The demon of the dark 's abroad,
And lures, with apparition dire,
The night-struck man thro' flood and fire.

The howlet screams ill-boding sounds,
The spirit walks unholy rounds;
The wizard's hour eclipsing rolls;
The shades of Hell usurp the poles;
The Moon retires; the Heav'n departs—
From opening Earth a spectre starts;
My spirit dies—away my fears,
My love, my life, my lord appears!

HENRY.

I come, I come, my love; my life!
And Nature's dearest name, my wife!
Long have I lov'd thee; long have sought;
And dangers brav'd and battles fought;
In this embrace our evils end;
From this our better days ascend;
The year of suffering now is o'er,
At last we meet to part no more!
My lovely bride! my consort, come!
The rapid chariot rolls thee home.

HARRIET.

I fear to go—I dare not stay.
Look back.—I dare not look that way.

HENRY.

No evil ever shall betide
My love, while I am at her side.
Lo! thy protector and thy friend;
The arms that fold thee will defend.

HARRIET.

Still beats my bosom with alarms:
I tremble while I'm in thy arms!
What will impassion'd lovers do?
What have I done—to follow you?
I leave a father torn with fears;
I leave a mother bath'd in tears;
A brother girding on his sword
Against my life, against my lord.

Now, without father, mother, friend,
On thee my future days depend;
Wilt thou, for ever true to love,
A father, mother, brother, prove?
O Henry!—to thy arms I fall,
My friend! my husband! and my all!
Alas! what hazards may I run?
Shouldst thou forsake me—I'm undone.

HENRY.

My Harriet, dissipate thy fears,
And let a husband wipe thy tears;
For ever join'd our fates combine,
And I am yours, and you are mine.
The fires the firmament that rend,
On this devoted head descend,
If e'er in thought from thee I rove,
Or love thee less than now I love!
Altho' our fathers have been foes,
From hatred stronger love arose;
From adverse briars that threatening stood,
And threw a horrour o'er the wood,
Two lovely roses met on high,
Transplanted to a better sky,
And, grafted in one stock, they grow,
In union spring, in beauty blow.

HARRIET.

My heart believes my love; but still
My boding mind presages ill:
For luckless ever was our love,
Dark as the sky that hung above.
While we embrac'd, we shook with fears,
And with our kisses mingled tears:
We met with murmurs and with sighs,
And parted still with watery eyes.
An unforeseen and fatal hand
Cross'd all the measures love had plann'd;
Intrusion marr'd the tender hour,
A demon started in the bower:
If, like the past, the future run,
And my dark day is but begun,

What clouds may hang above my head!
What tears may I have yet to shed?

HENRY.

O do not wound that gentle breast;
Nor sink, with fancied ills opprest;
For softness, sweetness, all, thou art,
And love is virtue in thy heart.
That bosom ne'er shall heave again
But to the poet's tender strain;
And never more these eyes o'erflow
But for a hapless lovers woe.

Long on the ocean tempest-tost,
At last we gain the happy coast;
And safe recount upon the shore
Our sufferings past and dangers o'er:
Past scenes; the woes we wept erewhile
Will make our future minutes smile:
When sudden joy from sorrow springs,
How the heart thrills thro' all its strings!

HARRIET.

My father's castle springs to sight;
Ye towers that gave me to the light!
O hills! O vales! where I have play'd;
Ye woods, that wrapt me in your shade!
O scenes I've often wandered o'er!
O scenes I shall behold no more!
I take a long, last, lingering, view;
Adieu! my native land adieu!
O father, mother, brother dear!
O names still uttered with a tear!
Upon whose knees I've sat and smil'd,
Whose griefs my blandishments beguil'd;
Whom I forsake in sorrows old,
Whom I shall never more behold!
Farewell, my friends, a long farewell,
Till time shall toll the funeral knell!

HENRY.

Thy friends, thy father's house resign;
My friends, my house, my all is thine.
Awake, arise, my wedded wife,
To higher thoughts and happier life!
For thee the marriage feast is spread,
For thee the virgins deck the bed;
The star of Venus shines above,
And all thy future life is love.
They rise, the dear domestic hours!
The May of love unfolds her flowers;
Youth, beauty, pleasure spread the feast,
And friendship sits a constant guest;
In cheerful peace the morn ascends,
In wine and love the evening ends;
At distance grandeur sheds a ray,
To gild the evening of our day.

Connubial love has dearer names,
And finer ties, and sweeter claims,
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal;
Pure, as the charities above,
Rise the sweet sympathies of love;
And closer cords than those of life
Unite the husband to the wife.

Like cherubs new-come from the skies,
Henrys and Harriets round us rise;
And playing wanton in the hall,
With accent sweet their parents call;
To your fair images I run;
You clasp the husband in the son;
O how the mother's heart will bound!
O how the father's joy be crown'd!

A TALE.

Where pastoral Tweed, renown'd in song,
With rapid murmur flows;
In Caledonia's classic ground,
The hall of Arthur rose.

A braver Briton never arm'd
To guard his native isle;
A gentler friend did never make
The social circle smile.

Twice he arose, from rebel rage
To save the British crown;
And in the field where heroes strove
He won him high renown.

But to the plowshare turn'd the sword,
When bloody war did cease;
And in the arbour which he rear'd
He raised the song of peace.

An only daughter in his age
Solac'd a father's care;
And all the country blest the name
Of Emily the fair.

The picture of her mother's youth,
(Now sainted in the sky);
She was the angel of his age,
And apple of his eye.

Something unseen o'er all her form
Did nameless grace impart;
A secret charm that won the way
At once into the heart.

Her eye the pure ethereal blue,
Than that did fairer show,
Whene'er she watch'd a father's look,
Or wept a lover's woe:

For now the lover of her youth
To Indian climes had roved,
To conquer Fortune's cruel rage,
And match the maid he loved.

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
The heart a captive stole;
The tender accent of her tongue
Went thrilling thro' the soul.

The graces that for Nature fair
Present us mimic Art,
The false refinements that refine
Away the human heart,

She knew not; in the simple robe
Of elegance and ease,
Complete she shone, and ever pleased,
Without the thought to please.

Instruct th' unplanted forest-crab
To leave its genius wild;
Subdue the monster of the wood,
And make the savage mild:

But who would give the rose a hue
Which Nature has not given?
But who would tame the nightingale,
Or bring the lark from Heaven?

The father, watching o'er his child,
The joy of fathers found;
And, blest himself, he stretch'd his hand
To bless the neighbours round.

A patriarch in vale of peace,
To all he gave the law;
The good he guarded in their rights,
And kept the bad in awe.

Lord of his own paternal field,
He liberal dealt his store;
And call'd the stranger to his feast,
The beggar to his door.

But, ah! what mortal knows the hour
Of fate? a hand unseen
Upon the curtain ever rests,
And sudden shifts the scene.

Arthur was surety for his friend,
Who fled to foreign climes,
And left him to the gripe of law,
The victim of his crimes.

The Sun, that, rising, saw him lord
Of hill and valley round,
Beheld him, at his setting hour,
Without one foot of ground.

Forth from the hall, no longer his,
He is a pilgrim gone;
And walks a stranger o'er the fields
He lately call'd his own.

The blast of Winter whistled loud
And shrill thro' the void hall;
And heavy on his hoary locks
The shower of night did fall.

Clasp'd in his daughter's trembling hand,
He journey'd sad and slow;
At times he stopt to look behind,
And tears began to flow.

Wearied, and faint, and cold, and wet,
To shelter he did hie;
"Beneath the covert of this rock,
My daughter, let us die!"

At midnight, in the weary waste
In sorrow sat the pair;
She chaff'd his shivering hands, and wrung
The water from his hair.

The sigh spontaneous rose, the tear
Involuntary flow'd;
No word of comfort could she speak,
Nor would she weep aloud.

"In yonder hall my fathers liv'd,
In yonder hall they died;
Now in that church-yard's aisle they sleep,
Each by his spouse's side.

"Oft have I made yon hall resound
With social, sweet delight;
And marked not the morning hour,
That stole upon the night.

"When there the wanderers of the dark,
Reposing, ceased to roam;
And strangers, happy in the hall,
Did find themselves at home:

"I little thought that, thus forlorn,
In deserts I should bide,
And have not where to lay the head,
Amid the world so wide!"

A stranger, wandering through the wood
Beheld the hapless pair;
Long did he look in silence sad,
Then shriek'd as in despair.

He ran, and lowly at the feet
Of his late lord he fell;
"Alas, my master, have I lived
To bid your house farewel!

"But I will never bid adieu
To him I prized so high:
As with my master I have lived,
I 'll with my master die.

"I saw the summer-friend, who shar'd
The banquet in your hall,
Depart, nor cast one look behind
On the forsaken wall.

"I saw the daily, nightly guest
The changing scene forsake;
Nor drop a tear, nor turn his steps
The long farewel to take:

"Then to the service of my lord
I vow'd a throbbing heart;
And in the changes of your life
To bear an humble part.

"Forgive the fond, officious zeal
Of one that loves his lord!
The new possessor of your field
A supplicant I implored.

"I told the treachery of your friend,
The story of your woe,
And sought his favour, when I saw
His tears begin to flow.

"I ask'd the hamlet of the hill,
The lone, sequester'd seat,
Your chosen haunt and favourite bower
To be your last retreat.

"I offer'd what was all your own
The gold I had in store;
Low at his feet I fell, and wept
That I could give no more.

"Your gold is yours, the gen'rous youth
With gentle accent said;
Your master's be that little field,
And cheerful be his shed!

"Now Heaven has heard my prayer; I 've wish'd
I could in part repay
The favours your extended hand
Bestow'd from day to day.

"I yet may see a garland green
Upon the hoary head;
Yet see my master blest, before
I dwell among the dead!"

In silence Arthur look'd to Heaven,
And clasp'd his Edwin's hand;
The eyes of Emily in tears
Express'd affection bland.

From opening Heaven the Moon appear'd;
Fair was the face of night;
Bright in their beauty shone the stars;
The air was flowing light.

Arthur resum'd the pilgrim's staff;
They held their lonely way
Dim thro' the forest's darksome bourne,
Till near the dawning day.

Then a long line of ruddy light,
That quiver'd to and fro,
Reveal'd their lone retreat, and closed
The pilgrimage of woe.

He enter'd, solemn, slow, and sad,
The destin'd hermitage,
A little and a lonely hut,
To cover hapless age.

He clasp'd his daughter in his arms,
And kiss'd a falling tear;
"I have my all, ye gracious powers!
I have my daughter here!"

A sober banquet to prepare,
Emilia cheerful goes;
The faggot blazed, the window glanc'd,
The heart of age arose.

"I would not be that guilty man,
With all his golden store;
Nor change my lot with any wretch,
That counts his thousands o'er.

"Now here at last we are at home,
We can no lower fall;
Low in the cottage, peace can dwell,
As in the lordly hall.

"The wants of Nature are but few;
Her banquet soon is spread:
The tenant of the vale of tears
Requires but daily bread.

"The food that grows in every field
Will life and health prolong;
And water from the spring suffice
To quench the thirsty tongue.

"But all the Indies, with their wealth,
And earth, and air, and seas,
Will never quench the sickly thirst,
And craving of disease.

"My humble garden to my hand
Contentment's feast will yield;
And in the season, harvest white
Will load my little field.

"Like Nature's simple children, here,
With Nature's self we 'll live,
And of the little that is left,
Have something still to give.

"The sad vicissitudes of life
Long have I learn'd to bear;
But oh! my daughter, thou art new
To sorrow and to care!

"How shall that fine and flowery form,
In silken folds confined,
That scarcely faced the summer's gale,
Endure the wintery wind!

"Ah! how wilt thou sustain a sky
With angry tempest red!
How wilt thou bear the bitter storm
That's hanging o'er thy head!

"Whate'er thy justice dooms, O God!
I take with temper mild;
But oh! repay it thousand-fold
In blessings on my child!"

"Weep not for me, thou father fond!"
The virgin soft did say;
"Could I contribute to thy peace,
O, I would bless the day!

"The Parent who provides for all
For us will now provide;
These hands have learn'd the gayer arts
Of elegance and pride:

"What once amused a vacant hour,
Shall now the day engage;
And vanity shall spread the board
Of poverty and age.

"At eventide, how blithe we'll meet,
And, while the faggots blaze,
Recount the trifles of the time,
And dream of better days!

"I'll read the tragic tales of old,
To soothe a father's woes;
I'll lay the pillow for thy head,
And sing thee to repose."

The father wept. "Thy wond'rous hand,
Almighty, I adore!
I had not known how blest I was,
Had I not been so poor!

"Now blest be God for what is reft!
And blest for what is given!
Thou art an angel, O my child!
With thee I dwell in Heaven!"

Then, in the garb of ancient times,
They trod the pastoral plain:
But who describes a summer's day,
Or paints the halcyon main?

One day, a wanderer in the wood
The lonely threshold prest;
'Twas then that Arthur's humble roof
Had first received a guest.

The stranger told his tender tale:
"I come from foreign climes;
From countries red with Indian blood,
And stain'd with Christian crimes.

"O may Britannia never hear
What these sad eyes have seen!
May an eternal veil be drawn
That world and this between!

"No frantic avarice fired my soul,
And Heaven my wishes crown'd;
For soon a fortune to my mind
With innocence I found.

"From exile sad, returning home,
I kiss'd the sacred earth;
And flew to find my native woods
And walls that gave me birth.

"To church on Sunday fond I went,
In hopes to mark, unseen,
All my old friends, assembled round
The circle of the green.

"Alas, the change that time had made!
My ancient friends were gone;
Another race possess'd the walls,
And I was left alone!

"A stranger among strangers, long
I look'd from pew to pew;
But not the face of one old friend
Rose imag'd to my view.

"The horrid plough had razed the green,
Where we have often play'd;
The axe had fell'd the hawthorn tree,
The school-boy's summer shade.

" One maid, the beauty of the vale,
To whom I vow'd my care,
And gave my heart, had fled away,
And none could tell me where.

" My cares and toils in foreign climes
Were for that peerless maid;
She rose in beauty by my side:
My toils were all repaid.

" By Indian streams I sat alone,
While on my native isle,
And on my ancient friends, I thought,
And wept the weary while.

" 'Twas she that cheer'd my captive hours,
She came in every dream,
As smiling, on the rear of night,
Appears the morning beam.

" In quest of her I wander, wild,
O'er mountain, stream, and plain;
And, if I find her not, I fly
To Indian climes again."

The father thus began: " My son,
Mourn not thy wretched fate;
For he that rules in Heaven decrees
This life a mixed state.

" The stream that carries us along,
Flows thro' the vale of tears;
Yet on the darkness of our day,
The bow of Heaven appears.

" The rose of Sharon, king of flowers,
Is fenced with prickles round;
Queen of the vale, the lily fair
Among the thorns is found.

" E'en while we raise the song, we sigh
The melancholy while;
And, down the face of mortal man,
The tear succeeds the smile.

" Nought pure or perfect here is found;
But when this night is o'er,
Th' eternal morn will spring on high,
And we shall weep no more.

" Beyond the dim horizon far,
That bounds the mortal eye,
A better country blooms to view,
Beneath a brighter sky."—

Unseen the trembling virgin heard
The stranger's tale of woe;
Then enter'd as an angel bright,
In beauty's highest glow.

The stranger rose— he look'd, he gaz'd—
He stood a statue pale;
His heart did throb, his cheek did change,
His faultering voice did fail.

At last, " my Emily herself
Alive in all her charms!"
The father kneel'd; the lovers rush'd
To one another's arms.

In speechless ecstasy entranced
Long while they did remain;
They glow'd, they trembled, and they sobb'd,
They wept, and wept again.

The father lifted up his hands,
To bless the happy pair?
Heaven smiled on Edward the belov'd,
And Emily the fair.

MONIMIA.

AN ODE.

In weeds of sorrow wildly 'dight
Alone beneath the gloom of night
Monimia went to mourn;
She left a mother's fond alarms;
She left a father's folding arms;
Ah! never to return!

The bell had struck the midnight hour,
Disastrous planets now had power,
And evil spirits reign'd;
The lone owl, from the cloister'd isle,
O'er falling fragments of the pile,
Ill-boding prophet, plain'd.

While down her devious footsteps stray,
She tore the willows by the way,
And gazed upon the wave;
Then raising wild to Heaven her eyes,
With sobs and broken accent, cries,
" I'll meet thee in the grave."

Bright o'er the border of the stream,
Illumin'd by a transient beam,
She knew the wonted grove;
Her lover's hand had deck'd it fine,
And roses mix'd with myrtles twine,
To form the bower of love.

The tuneful Philomela rose,
And, sweetly-mournful, sung her woes,
Enamour'd of the tree;
Touch'd with the melody of woe,
More tender tears began to flow.
" She mourns her mate like me."

" I lov'd my lover from a child,
And sweet the youthful cherub smil'd,
And wanton'd o'er the green;
He train'd my nightingale to sing,
He spoil'd the gardens of the spring,
To crown me rural queen.

" My brother died before his day;
Sad, thro' the church-yard's dreary way,
We went to walk at eve;
And bending o'er th' untimely urn,
Long at the monument to mourn,
And look upon his grave.

" Like forms ethereal while we stand,
In tender mood he held my hand,
And laid his cheek to mine;
My bosom beat unknown alarms,
We wept in one another's arms,
And mingled tears divine.

" From sweet compassion love arose,
Our hearts were wedded by our woes,
And pair'd upon the tomb;
Attesting all the powers above,
A fond romance of fancied love
We vowed our days to come.

" A wealthy lord from Indian skies,
Illustrious in my parent's eyes,
Implored a mutual mind;
Sad to my chamber I withdrew,
But Harry's footsteps never flew
The wonted scene to find.

" Three nights in dire suspense I sat
Alone; the fourth convey'd my fate,

Sent from a foreign shore;—
'Go, where thy wandering wishes tend,
Go, and embrace thy father's friend,
You never see me more!'

"Despair! distraction! I obey'd,
And one disorder'd moment made
An ever-wretched wife;
Ah! in the circuit of one Sun,
Heaven! I was wedded and undone,
And desolate for life!

"Apart my wedding robes I tore,
And guarded tears now gushing o'er
Distain'd the bridal bed:
Wild I invoked the funeral yell,
And sought devoted now to dwell
For ever with the dead.

"My lord to Indian climates went,
A letter from my lover sent
Renew'd eternal woes;—
"Before my love my last words greet,
Wrapt in the weary winding-sheet,
I in the dust repose!

"'Perhaps your parents have deceived,
Perhaps too rashly I believed
A tale of treacherous art;
Monimia! could you now behold
The youth you lov'd in sorrows old,
Oh! it would break thy heart!

"'Now in the grave for ever laid,
A constant solitary shade,
Thy Harry hangs o'er thee!
For you I fled my native sky:
Loaded with life, for you I die;
My love, remember me!'

"Of all the promises of youth,
The tears of tenderness and truth,
The throbs that lovers send;
The vows in one another's arms,
The secret sympathy of charms;
My God! is this the end!"

She said, and rushing from the bower,
Devoted sought in evil hour
The promontory steep;
Hung o'er the margin of the main,
Her fixed and earnest eyeballs strain
The dashing of the deep.

"Waves that resound from shore to shore!
Rocks loud rebellowing to the roar
Of ocean, storm, and wind!
Your elemental war is tame,
To that which rages in my frame,
The battle of the mind!"

With downcast eye and musing mood,
A lurid interval she stood,
The victim of despair;
Her arms then tossing to the skies,
She pour'd in Nature's ear her cries,
"My God! my father! where!"

Wild on the summit of the steep
She ruminated long the deep,
And felt her freezing blood;
Approaching feet she heard behind,
Then swifter than the winged wind
She plung'd into the flood.

Her form emerging from the wave
Both parents saw, but could not save;
The shriek of death arose!
At once she sunk to rise no more;
And sadly sounding to the shore,
The parted billows close!

ODE

WRITTEN IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY

IN AUTUMN.

'Tis past! No more the summer blooms
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods;
While Nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander thro' the sounding woods.

Ah! well known streams! Ah! wonted groves,
Still pictured in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;
The wild-flower strown on Summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

Alas! the hospitable hall,
Where youth and friendship play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
Projects a death-like shade!
The charm is vanish'd from the vales;
No voice with virgin-whisper hails
A stranger to his native bowers:
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful scene,
Endear'd from earliest days!
With whom I sported on the green,
Or rov'd the woodland maze!
Long-exil'd from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-stroke of time
Snatch'd to the shadows of despair:
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in ev'ry walk I find,
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursued;
And, wandering o'er the wild, I sung
My fancies to the wood.
I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail:
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imaged woes,
Nor real life believ'd a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
May Summer soon o'ercast;
And cruel fate's untimely wind
All human beauty blast!

The wrath of Nature smites our bowers,
And promised fruits, and cherish'd flowers,
The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Relentless power! whose fated stroke
O'er wretched man prevails?
Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,
And friendship's covenant fails
Upbraiding forms! a moment's ease—
O memory! how shall I appease
The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost?
What charm can bind the gushing eye?
What voice console th' incessant sigh,
And everlasting longings for the lost?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood,
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
I muse upon the tomb.
Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
The sadly sigh, that Winter's near:
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallowed hill
Aerial music seems to mourn;
I'll listen Autumn's closing strain;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er th' untimely urn!

HYMNS.

I.

THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Abraham! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed
Who, thro' this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led!

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Thro' each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide,
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our fathers' lov'd abode
Our feet arrive in peace.

Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
Then with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we'll adore.

II.

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

"Few are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.

"Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

"Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

"Gay is thy morning; flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

"Before its splendid hour the cloud,
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

"Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

"When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

"Nipt by the year, the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

"The Winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again:

"But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return!
No second Spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

"Th' inexorable doors of Death
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cearments of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

"The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recal
From that abyss again.

"The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
Back to the gates of light.

"So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

"Where are our fathers? whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enroll'd?

" Gone to the resting place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come."

Thus Nature pour'd the wail of woe,
And urg'd her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard: then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the Heaven, that open'd wide,
His voice in mercy flows.

" When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight,
To never setting day.

" Prepar'd of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies."

III.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Almighty Father of mankind,
On thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb;
And I was cast upon thy care,
Even from my mother's womb.

In early years thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend:
And as my days began with thee,
With thee my days shall end.

I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
Amid the din of war.

My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet;

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust to thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

IV.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

V.

Behold! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
" Up to the hill of God," they'll say,
" And to his house we'll go."

The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

VI.

Behold! th' Ambassador divine,
Descending from above,
To publish to mankind the law,
Of everlasting love!

On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
The heavenly dew descends;
And truth divine he shall reveal
To Earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at his approach,
Shall strike the wondering ears;
But still and gentle breathe the voice
In which the God appears.

By his kind hand the shaken reed
Shall raise its falling frame;
The dying embers shall revive,
And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of his zeal
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

He who spread forth the arch of Heaven,
And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the basis of the Earth,
And form'd the human soul,—

Thus saith the Lord, "Thee have I sent,
A prophet from the sky,
Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
The message from on high.

"Before thy face the shades of death
Shall take to sudden flight;
The people who in darkness dwell
Shall hail a glorious light;

"The gates of brass shall 'sunder burst,
The iron fetters fall;
The promis'd jubilee of Heaven
Appointed rise o'er all.

"And lo! presaging thy approach,
The heathen temples shake,
And trembling in forsaken fanes,
The fabled idols quake.

"I am Jehovah: I am One:
My name shall now be known;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount into my throne."

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord!
Let Earth his praise resound:
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And ifh the isles around.

O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

O from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing!
And joyful from the mountains tops
Shout to the Lord the King!

Let all combin'd with one accord
Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of Earth
The nations sound his praise.

VII.

Messiah! at thy glad approach
The howling wilds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert, sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the spring ascends
Upon the morning gale:
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom,
The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the Earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new Heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promis'd years.

The kingdom of Messiah come
Appointed times disclose;
And fairer in Emmanuel's land
The new creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud hosannah sing!
With hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King!

VIII.

When Jesus by the Virgin brought,
So runs the law of Heaven,
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
And at the altar given;

Simeon the just and the devout,
Who, frequent in the fane,
Had for the Saviour waited long,
But waited still in vain,

Came, Heaven-directed, at the hour
When Mary held her son;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run:

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smil'd,
While fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the promis'd child.

And then he lifted up to Heaven
An earnest asking eye;
My joy is full, my hour is come,
Lord, let thy servant die.

At last my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace!

The star and glory of the land
Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe
Breaks on these eyes of mine!

IX.

Where high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on Earth his precious blood,
Pursues in Heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

Tho' now ascended up on high,
He bends on Earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part!
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

POEMS

ATTRIBUTED TO

LOGAN.

DAMON, MENALCAS, AND MELIBOEUS:

AN ECLOGUE.

DAMON.

Mild from the show'r, the morning's rosy light
Unfolds the beauteous season to the sight:
The landscape rises verdant on the view;
The little hills uplift their heads in dew;
The sunny stream rejoices in the vale;
The woods with songs approaching summer hail:
The boy comes forth among the flow'rs to play;
His fair hair glitters in the yellow ray.—
Sheperds, begin the song! while, o'er the mead,
Your flocks at will on dewy pastures feed.
Behold fair Nature, and begin the song!
The songs of Nature to the swain belong.
Who equals Cona's bard in sylvan strains,
To him his harp an equal prize remains:
His harp, which sounds on all its sacred strings
The loves of hunters, and the wars of kings.

MENALCAS.

Now fleecy clouds in clearer skies are seen;
The air is genial, and the earth is green;
O'er hill and dale the flow'rs spontaneous spring;
And blackbirds singing now invite to sing.

MELIBOEUS.

Now milky show'rs rejoice the springing grain;
New-opening pea-blooms purple all the plain;
The hedges blossom white on every hand;
Already harvest seems to clothe the land.

MENALCAS.

White o'er the hill my snowy sheep appear,
Each with her lamb; their shepherd's name they bear.
I love to lead them where the daisies spring,
And on the sunny hill to sit and sing.

MELIBOEUS.

My fields are green with clover and with corn;
My flocks the hills, and herds the vales, adorn.
I teach the stream, I teach the vocal shore,
And woods, to echo that "I want no more."

MENALCAS.

To me the bees their annual nectar yield;
Peace cheers my hut, and plenty clothes my field.
I fear no loss: I give to ocean's wind
All care away;—a monarch in my mind.

MELIBOEUS.

My mind is cheerful as the linnet's lays;
Heav'n daily hears a shepherd's simple praise.
What time I shear my flock, I send a fleece
To aged Mopsa, and her orphan niece.

MENALCAS.

Lavinia, come! here primroses upspring;
Here choirs of linnets, here yourself may sing;
Here meadows worthy of thy foot appear:
O come, Lavinia! let us wander here!

MELIBOEUS.

Rosella, come! here flow'rs the heath adorn;
Here ruddy roses open on the thorn;
Here willows by the brook a shadow give:
O here, Rosella! let us love to live!

MENALCAS.

Lavinia's fairer than the flow'rs of May,
Or autumn apples, ruddy in the ray:
For her my flow'rs are in a garland wove;
And all my apples ripen for my love.

MELIBOEUS.

Prince of the wood, the oak majestic tow'rs;
The lily of the vale is queen of flow'rs:
Above the maids Rosella's charms prevail,
As oaks in woods, and lilies in the vale!

MENALCAS.

Resound, ye rocks! ye little hills rejoice!
Assisting woods, to Heav'n uplift your voice!
Let Spring and Summer enter hand in hand!
Lavinia comes! the glory of our land!

MELIBOEUS.

Whene'er my love appears upon the plain,
To her the wond'ring shepherds tune the strain:
"Who comes in beauty like the vernal morn,
When yellow robes of light all Heav'n and Earth adorn."

MENALCAS.

Rosella's mine, by all the pow'rs above!
Each star in Heav'n is witness to our love.
Among the lilies she abides all day;
Herself as lovely, and as sweet as they.

MELIBOEUS.

By Tweed Lavinia feeds her fleecy care,
And in the sunshine combs her yellow hair.
Be thine the peace of Heav'n, unknown to kings!
And o'er thee angels spread their guardian wings!

MENALCAS.

I follow'd Nature, and was fond of praise;
Thrice noble Varo has approv'd my lays:
If he approves, superior to my peers,
I join th' immortal choir, and sing to other years.

MELIBOEUS.

My mistress is my muse: the banks of Tyne
Resound with Nature's music, and with mine.

Helen the fair, the beauty of our green,
To me adjudg'd the prize, when chosen queen.

DAMON.

Now cease your songs: the flocks to shelter fly,
And the high Sun has gain'd the middle sky.
To both alike the poet's bays belong;
Chiefs of the choir, and masters of the song.
Thus let your pipes contend, with rival strife,
To sing the praises of the past'ral life:
Sing Nature's scenes, with Nature's beauties fir'd;
Where poets dream'd, where prophets lay inspir'd.
Even Caledonian queens have trod the meads,
And sceptre'd kings assum'd the shepherds weeds:
Th' angelic choirs, that guard the throne of God,
Have sat with shepherds on the humble sod.
With us, renew'd, the golden times remain,
And long-lost innocence is found again.

PASTORAL SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

In May when the gowans appear on the green,
And flow'rs in the field and the forest are seen;
Where lilies bloom'd bonny, and hawthorns up-
sprung,
The yellow-hair'd laddie oft whistled and sung.

But neither the shades, nor the sweets of the flow'rs,
Nor the blackbirds that warbled on blossoming bow'rs,
Could pleasure his eye, or his ear entertain;
For love was his pleasure, and love was his pain.

The shepherd thus sung; while his flocks all around
Drew nearer and nearer, and sigh'd to the sound:
Around, as in chains, lay the beasts of the wood,
With pity disarmed, with music subdu'd.

Young Jessy is fair as the spring's early flow'r,
And Mary sings sweet as the bird in the bow'r:
But Peggy is fairer and sweeter than they;
With looks like the morning, with *smiles* like the day.

In the flow'r of her youth, in the bloom of eighteen;
Of virtue the goddess, of beauty the queen:
One hour in her presence an era excels
Amid courts, where ambition with misery dwells.

Fair to the shepherd the new-springing flow'rs,
When May and when morning lead on the gay hours:
But Peggy is brighter and fairer than they;
She's fair as the morning, and lovely as May.

Sweet to the shepherd the wild woodland sound,
When larks sing above him and lambs bleat around:
But Peggy far sweeter can speak and can sing,
Than the notes of the warblers that welcome the
spring.

When in beauty she moves by the brook of the
plain, [main:
You would call her a Venus new sprung from the
When she sings, and the woods with their echoes
reply,
You would think that an angel was warbling on high,

Ye pow'rs that preside over mortal estate!
Whose nod ruleth nature, whose pleasure is fate!
O grant me, O grant me the Heav'n of her charms!
May I live in her presence, and die in her arms!

ODE:

TO A FOUNTAIN.

O FOUNTAIN of the wood! whose glassy wave,
Slow-swelling from the rock of years,
Holds to Heav'n a mirror blue,
And bright as Anna's eye.

With whom I've sported on the margin green:
My hand with leaves, with lilies white,
Gaily deck'd her golden hair,
Young Naiad of the vale.

Fount of my native wood! thy murmurs greet
My ear, like poet's heav'nly strain:
Fancy pictures in a dream
The golden days of youth.

O state of innocence! O Paradise!
In Hope's gay garden, Fancy views
Golden blossoms, golden fruits,
And Eden ever green.

Where now, ye dear companions of my youth!
Ye brothers of my bosom! where
Do ye tread the walks of life,
Wide scatter'd o'er the world?

Thus winged larks forsake their native nest,
The merry minstrels of the morn:
New to Heav'n they mount away,
And meet again no more.

All things decay;—the forest like the leaf;
Great kingdoms fall; the peopled globe,
Planet-struck, shall pass away;
Heav'ns with their hosts expire:

But Hope's fair visions, and the beams of joy,
Shall cheer my bosom: *I* will sing
Nature's beauty, Nature's birth,
And heroes, on the lyre.

Ye Naiads! blue-ey'd sisters of the wood!
Who by old oak, or story'd stream,
Nightly tread your mystic maze,
And charm the wand'ring Moon,

Beheld by poet's eye; inspire my dreams
With visions, like the landscapes fair
Of Heav'n 's bliss, to dying saints
By guardian angels drawn.

Fount of the forest! in thy poet's lays
Thy waves shall flow: this wreath of flow'rs,
Gather'd by Anna's hand,
I ask to bind my brow.

DANISH ODE.

The great, the glorious deed is done!
The foe is fled! the field is won!
Prepare the feast; the heroes call:
Let joy, let triumph fill the hall!

The raven claps his sable wings;
The bard his chosen timbrel brings;
Six virgins round, a select choir,
Sing to the music of his lyre.

With mighty ale the goblet crown;
With mighty ale your sorrows drown:
To day, to mirth and joy we yield;
To morrow, face the bloody field.

From danger's front, at battle's eve,
Sweet comes the banquet to the brave:
Joy shines with genial beam on all,
The joy that dwells in Odin's hall.

The song bursts living from the lyre,
Like dreams that guardian ghosts inspire;
When minstrel chords the heroes hear,
And whirl the visionary spear.

Music 's the med'cine of the mind;
The cloud of care give to the wind:
Be ev'ry brow with garlands bound;
And let the cup of joy go round.

The cloud comes o'er the beam of light;
We're guests that tarry but a night;
In the dark house, together press'd,
The princes and the people rest.

Send round the shell, the feast prolong,
And send away the night in song:
Be blest below, as those above
With Odin's and the friends they love.

DANISH ODE.

In deeds of arms, our fathers rise,
Illustrious in their offspring's eyes:
They fearless rush'd thro' ocean's storms,
And dar'd grim Death in all its forms:
Each youth assum'd the sword and shield,
And grew a hero in the field.

Shall we degenerate from our race,
Inglorious in the mountain chase?
Arm, arm in fallen Hubba's right;
Place your forefathers in your sight;
To fame, to glory, fight your way,
And teach the nations to obey.

Assume the oars, unbind the sails:
Send, Odin! send propitious gales.
At Loda's stone, we will adore
Thy name with songs, upon the shore;
And, full of thee, undaunted dare
The foe, and dart the bolts of war.

No feast of shells, no dance by night,
Are glorious Odin's dear delight:
He, king of men, his armies led
Where heroes strove, where battles bled;
Now reigns above the morning star,
The god of thunder and of war.

Bless'd who in battle bravely fall!
They mount on wings to Odin's hall!
To music's sound, in cups of gold,
They drink new wine with chiefs of old;
The song of bards records their name,
And future times shall speak their fame.

Hark! Odin thunders! haste on board;
Illustrious Canute! give the word.
On wings of wind we pass the seas,
To conquer realms, if Odin please:
With Odin's spirit in our soul,
We'll gain the globe from pole to pole.

ANACREONTIC:

TO A WASP.

The following is a ludicrous imitation of the usual Anacreontics; the spirit of composing which was raging, a few years ago, among all the sweet singers of Great Britain.

Winged wand'rer of the sky!
Inhabitant of Heav'n high!
Dreadful with thy dragon-tail,
Hydra-head, and coat of mail!
Why dost thou my peace molest?
Why dost thou disturb my rest?—
When in May the meads are seen,
Sweet enamel! white and green;
And the gardens, and the bow'rs,
And the forests, and the flow'rs,
Don their robes of curious dye;
Fine confusion to the eye!
Did I—chase thee in thy flight?
Did I—put thee in a fright?
Did I—spoil thy treasure hid?
Never—never—never—did.
Envious nothing! pray beware;
Tempt mine anger if you dare.
Trust not in thy strength of wing;
Trust not in thy length of sting.
Heav'n nor Earth shall thee defend;
I thy buzzing soon will end.
Take my counsel while you may;
Devil take you if you stay.
Wilt—thou—dare—my—face—to—wound?—
Thus, I fell thee to the ground.
Down amongst the dead men, now,
Thou shalt forget thou ere wast thou.—
Anacreontic bards beneath,
Thus shall wail thee after death.

CHORUS OF ELYSIAN BARDS.

"A wasp for a wonder,
To paradise under
Descends! See, he wanders
By Styx's meanders!
Behold, how he glows
Amidst Rhodope's snows!
He sweats, in a trice,
In the regions of ice!
Lo! he cools, by God's ire,
Amidst brimstone and fire!
He goes to our king,
And he shows him his sting.
(Good Pluto loves satire,
As women love attire;)
Our king sets him free,
Like our fam'd Euridice.—
Thus a wasp could prevail
O'er the Devil and Hell,
A conquest both hard and laborious!
Tho' Hell had fast bound him,
And the Devil did confound him,
Yet his sting and his wing were victorious!" [1]

[1] This chorus only has been attributed to Logan.

THE EPISODE OF LEVINA,

FROM BRUCE'S POEM OF LOCHLEVEN.

Low by the lake, as yet without a name,
Fair bosom'd in the bottom of the vale,
Arose a cottage, green with ancient turf,
Half hid in hoary trees, and from the north
Fenc'd by a wood, but open to the Sun.
Here dwelt a peasant, rev'rend with the locks
Of age; yet youth was ruddy on his cheek:
His farm his only care: his sole delight,
To tend his daughter, beautiful and young;
To watch her paths; to fill her lap with flow'rs;
To see her spread into the bloom of years,
The perfect picture of her mother's youth.
His age's hope, the apple of his eye,
Belov'd of Heaven, his fair Levina grew
In youth and grace the Naiad of the vale.
Fresh as the flow'r amid the sunny show'rs
Of May, and blither than the bird of dawn,
Both roses' bloom gave beauty to her cheek,
Soft temper'd with a smile. The light of Heav'n,
And innocence, illum'd her virgin eye,
Lucid and lovely as the morning star.
Her breast was fairer than the vernal bloom
Of valley-lily, op'ning in a show'r;—
Fair as the morn, and beautiful as May,
The glory of the year, when first she comes
Array'd, all beauteous, with the robes of Heav'n;
And, breathing summer breezes, from her locks
Shakes genial dews, and from her lap the flow'rs.—
Thus beautiful she look'd; yet something more,
And better far than beauty, in her looks
Appear'd: the maiden blush of modesty;
The smile of cheerfulness, and sweet content;
Health's freshest rose, the sunshine of the soul:
Each height'ning each, effus'd o'er all her form
A nameless grace, the beauty of the mind.
Thus finish'd fair above her peers, she drew
The eyes of all the village, and inflam'd
The rival shepherds of the neighb'ring dale,
Who laid the spoils of summer at her feet,
And made the woods enamour'd of her name.
But pure as buds before they blow, and still
A virgin in her heart, she knew not love:
But all alone, amid her garden fair,
From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
She spent her days: her pleasing task to tend
The flow'rs; to lave them from the water-spring:
To ope the buds with her enamour'd breath;
Rank the gay tribes, and rear them in the sun.—
In youth, the index of maturer years,
Left by her school-companions at their play,
She'd often wander in the wood, or roam
The wilderness, in quest of curious flow'r,
Or nest of bird unknown, till eve approach'd,
And hemm'd her in the shade. To obvious swain,
Or woodman chanting in the greenwood glin,
She'd bring the beauteous spoils, and ask their names.
Thus ply'd assiduous her delightful task,
Day after day, till ev'ry herb she nam'd
That paints the robe of Spring, and knew the voice
Of ev'ry warbler in the vernal wood.
Her garden stretch'd along the river side,
High up a sunny bank: on either side,
A hedge forbade the vagrant foot; above,
An ancient forest screen'd the green recess.
Transplanted here, by her creative hand,
Each herb of Nature, full of fragrant sweets,
That scents the breath of Summer; ev'ry flow'r
Pride of the plain, that blooms on festal days
In shepherd's garland, and adorns the year,
In beauteous clusters flourish'd: Nature's work,
And order, finish'd by the hand of Art.
Here gowans, natives of the village, smell,
To dassies grew. The lilies of the field
Put on the robe they neither sew'd nor spun.
Sweet-smelling shrubs and cheerful spreading trees,
Unfrequent scatter'd, as by Nature's hand,
Shaded the flow'rs; and to her Eden drew
The earliest concerts of the spring, and all
The various music of the vocal year.
Retreat romantic! Thus, from early youth,
Her life she led: one summer's day, serene
And fair, without a cloud! like poets dreams
Of vernal landscapes, of Elysian vales,
And islands of the blest; where, hand in hand,
Eternal Spring and Autumn rule the year,
And love and joy lead on immortal youth!
'Twas on a summer's day, when early show'rs
Had wak'd the various vegetable race
To life and beauty, fair Levina stray'd,
Far in the blooming wilderness she stray'd,
To gather herbs, and the fair race of flow'rs,
That Nature's hand creative pours at will,
Beauty unbounded, over Earth's green lap,
Gay without number, in the day of rain.
O'er vallies gay, o'er hillocs green she walk'd,
Sweet as the season; and at times awak'd
The echoes of the vale, with native notes
Of heart-felt joy, in numbers heav'nly sweet—
Sweet as th' hosannahs of a form of light,
A sweet-tongu'd seraph in the bow'rs of bliss.
Her, as she halted on a green hill-top,
A quiver'd hunter spy'd. Her flowing locks,
In golden ringlets glitt'ring to the Sun,
Upon her bosom play'd: her mantle green,
Like thine, O Nature! to her rosy cheek
Lent beauty new; as from the verdant leaf
The rose-bud blushes with a deeper bloom,
Amid the walks of May. The stranger's eye
Was caught as with etherial presence. Oft
He look'd to Heav'n, and oft he met her eye
In all the silent eloquence of love;
Then, wak'd from wonder, with a smile began:
"Fair wand'rer of the wood! what heav'nly power,
Or providence, conducts thy wand'ring steps
To this wild forest, from thy native seat
And parents, happy in a child so fair?
A shepherdess, or virgin of the vale,
Thy dress bespeaks; but thy majestic mien,
And eye, bright as the morning star, confess
Superior birth and beauty, born to rule:
As from the stormy cloud of night, that veils
Her virgin orb, appears the queen of Heav'n,
And with full beauty gilds the face of night.
Whom shall I call the fairest of her sex,
And charmer of my soul? In yonder vale,
Come, let us crop the roses of the brook,
And wildings of the wood: soft under shade
Let us recline by mossy fountain-side,
While the wood suffers in the beam of noon.
I'll bring my love the choice of all the shades;
First fruits; the apple ruddy from the rock;
And clust'ring nuts, that burnish in the beam.
O wilt thou bless my dwelling, and become

The owner of these fields? I'll give thee all
That I possess; and all thou seest is mine."
Thus spoke the youth, with rapture in his eye;
And thus the maiden, with a blush, began:
"Beyond the shadow of these mountains green,
Deep-bosom'd in the vale, a cottage stands,
The dwelling of my sire, a peaceful swain;
Yet at his frugal board Health sits a guest,
And fair Contentment crowns his hoary hairs,
The patriarch of the plains: ne'er by his door
The needy pass'd, or the way-faring man.
His only daughter and his only joy,
I feed my father's flock; and, while they rest,
At times retiring, lose me in the wood,
Skill'd in the virtues of each secret herb
That opes its virgin bosom to the Moon.—
No flow'r amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flow'rs—But sooner might the weed
That blooms and dies, the being of a day,
Presume to match with yonder mountain-oak,
That stands the tempest and the bolt of Heaven,
From age to age the monarch of the wood—
O! had you been a shepherd of the dale,
To feed your flock beside me, and to rest
With me at noon in these delightful shades,
I might have list'ned to the voice of love,
Nothing reluctant; might with you have walk'd
Whole summer suns away. At even-tide,
When Heav'n and Earth in all their glory shine
With the last smiles of the departing Sun;
When the sweet breath of Summer feasts the sense,
And secret pleasure thrills the heart of man;
We might have walk'd alone, in converse sweet,
Along the quiet vale, and woo'd the Moon
To hear the music of true lovers vows.
But fate forbids; and fortune's potent frown,
And honour, inmate of the noble breast.
Ne'er can this hand in wedlock join with thine.
Cease, beauteous stranger! cease, beloved youth!
To vex a heart that never can be yours."
Thus spoke the maid, deceitful: but her eyes,
Beyond the partial purpose of her tongue,
Persuasion gain'd. The deep-enamour'd youth
Stood gazing on her charms, and all his soul
Was lost in love. He grasp'd her trembling hand,
And breath'd the softest, the sincerest vows
Of love: "O virgin! fairest of the fair!
My one beloved! were the Scotish throne
To me transmitted thro' a scepter'd line
Of ancestors, thou, thou should'st be my queen,
And Caledonia's diadems adorn
A fairer head than ever wore a crown!"
She redden'd like the morning, under veil
Of her own golden hair. The woods among
They wander'd up and down with fond delay,
Nor mark'd the fall of ev'ning: parted, then,
The happiest pair on whom the Sun declin'd.
Next day he found her on a flow'ry bank,
Half under shade of willows, by a spring;
The mirror of the swains, that o'er the meads,
Slow-winding, scatter'd flow'rets in its way.
Thro' many a winding walk and alley green,
She led him to her garden. Wonder-struck
He gaz'd, all eye, o'er th' enchanting scene:
And much he prais'd the walks, the groves, the flow'rs,
Her beautiful creation: much he prais'd
The beautiful creatress; and awak'd
The Echo in her praise. Like the first pair,
Adam and Eve, in Eden's blissful bow'rs,
When newly come from their Creator's hand,
Our lovers liv'd in joy. Here, day by day,
In fond endearments, in embraces sweet,
That lovers only know, they liv'd, they lov'd,
And found the Paradise that Adam lost.—
Nor did the virgin, with false modest pride,
Retard the nuptial morn: she fix'd the day
That bless'd the youth, and open'd to his eyes
An age of gold, the Heav'n of happiness
That lovers in their lucid moments dream.
And now the morning, like a rosy bride
Adorned on her day, put on her robes,
Her beauteous robes of light: the naiad streams,
Sweet as the cadence of a poet's song,
Flow'd down the dale; the voices of the grove,
And ev'ry winged warbler of the air,
Sung over head; and there was joy in Heav'n.
Ris'n with the dawn, the bride and bridal-maids
Stray'd thro' the woods, and o'er the vales, in quest
Of flow'rs and garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
To strew the bridegroom's way, and deck his bed.
Fair in the bosom of the level lake
Rose a green island, cover'd with a spring
Of flow'rs perpetual, goodly to the eye,
And blooming from afar. High in the midst,
Between two fountains, an enchanted tree
Grew ever green, and ev'ry month renew'd
Its blooms and apples of Hesperian gold.
Here ev'ry bride (as ancient poets sing)
Two golden apples gather'd from the bough,
To give the bridegroom in the bed of love,
The pledge of nuptial concord and delight
For many a coming year. Levina now
Had reach'd the isle with an attendant maid,
And pull'd the mystic apples, pull'd the fruit;
But wish'd and long'd for the enchanted tree.
Not fonder sought the first created fair
The fruit forbidden of the mortal tree,
The source of human woe. Two plants arose
Fair by the mother's side, with fruits and flow'rs
In miniature. One, with audacious hand,
In evil hour she rooted from the ground.
At once the island shook, and shrieks of woe
At times were heard, amid the troubled air.
Her whole frame shook, the blood forsook her face,
Her knees knock'd, and her heart within her dy'd.
Trembling and pale, and boding woes to come,
They seiz'd the boat, and hurry'd from the isle.
And now they gain'd the middle of the lake,
And saw th' approaching land: now, wild with joy,
They row'd, they flew. When lo! at once effus'd,
Sent by the angry demon of the isle,
A whirlwind rose: it lash'd the furious lake
To tempest, overturn'd the boat, and sunk
The fair Levina to a wat'ry tomb.
Her sad companions, bending from a rock,
Thrice saw her head, and supplicating hands
Held up to Heav'n, and heard the shriek of Death;
Then over her the parting billow clos'd,
And op'd no more. Her fate in mournful lays
The Muse relates; and sure each tender maid
For her shall heave the sympathetic sigh.
And haply my Eumelia, (for her soul
Is pity's self), as, void of household cares,
Her ev'ning walk she bends beside the lake,

Which yet retains her name, shall sadly drop
A tear, in mem'ry of the hapless maid;
And mourn with me the sorrows of the youth,
Whom from his mistress death did not divide.
Robb'd of the calm possession of his mind,
All night he wander'd by the sounding shore,
Long looking o'er the lake; and saw at times
The dear, the dreary ghost of her he lov'd:
Till love and grief subdu'd his manly prime,
And brought his youth with sorrow to the grave.—
I knew an aged swain, whose hoary head
Was bent with years, the village-chronicle,
Who much had seen, and from the former times
Much had receiv'd. He, hanging o'er the hearth,
In winter ev'nings, to the gaping swains,
And children circling round the fire, would tell
Stories of old, and tales of other times:
Of Lomond and Levina he would talk—

ODE:

TO PAOLI.

What man, what hero shall the Muses sing,
On classic lyre, or Caledonian string,
Whose name shall fill th' immortal page;
Who, fir'd from Heav'n with energy divine,
In sun-bright glory bids his actions shine
First in the annals of the age?
Ceas'd are the golden times of yore;
The age of heroes are no more:
Rare, in these latter times, arise to fame
The poet's strain inspir'd, or hero's heav'nly flame.

What star arising in the southern sky,
New to the Heav'ns, attracting Europe's eye,
With beams unborrow'd shines afar?
Who comes, with thousands marching in his rear,
Shining in arms, shaking his bloody spear,
Like the red comet, sign of war?
Paoli! sent of Heav'n, to save
A rising nation of the brave;
Whose firm right hand his angels arm, to bear
A shield before his host, and dart the bolts of war.

He comes! he comes! the saviour of the land!
His drawn sword flames in his uplifted hand,
Enthusiast in his country's cause;
Whose firm resolve obeys a nation's call,
To rise deliv'rer, or a martyr fall
To liberty, to dying laws.
Ye sons of freedom, sing his praise!
Ye poets, bind his brows with bays;
Ye scepter'd shadows, cast your honours down,
And bow before the head that never wore a crown!

Who to the hero can the palm refuse?
Great Alexander still the world subdues,
The heir of everlasting praise.
But when the hero's flame, the patriot's light;
When virtues human and divine unite;
When olives twine among the bays;
And mutual, both Minervas shine:
A constellation so divine,
A wond'ring world behold, admire, and love,
And his best image here th' Almighty marks above.

As the lone shepherd hides him in the rocks,
When high Heav'n thunders; as the tim'rous flocks
From the descending torrent flee:
So flies a world of slaves at war's alarms,
When zeal on-flame, and liberty in arms,
Leads on the fearless and the free,
Resistless; as the torrent—
Horn'd like the Moon, uproots the wood,
Sweeps flocks, and herds, and harvests from their base,
And moves th' eternal hills from their appointed place.

Long hast thou labour'd in the glorious strife,
O land of liberty! profuse of life,
And prodigal of priceless blood.
Where heroes brought with blood the martyr's crown,
A race arose, heirs of their high renown,
Who dar'd their fate thro' fire and flood:
And Gaffori the great arose,
Whose words of pow'r disarm'd his foes;
And where the filial image smil'd afar,
The sire turned not aside the thunders of the war.

O Liberty! to man a guardian giv'n,
Thou best and brightest attribute of Heav'n!
From whom descending, thee we sing.
By nature wild, or by the arts refin'd,
We feel thy pow'r essential to our mind;
Each son of freedom is a king.
Thy praise the happy world proclaim,
And Britain worships at thy name,
Thou guardian angel of Britannia's isle!
And God and man rejoice in thy immortal smile!

Island of beauty, lift thy head on high!
Sing a new song of triumph to the sky!
The day of thy deliv'rance springs—
The day of veng'ance to thy ancient foe!
Thy sons shall lay the proud oppressor low,
And break the head of tyrant kings.
Paoli! mighty man of war!
All bright in arms, thy conqu'ring car
Ascend; thy people from the foe redeem,
Thou delegate of Heav'n, and son of the Supreme!

Rul'd by th' eternal laws, supreme o'er all,
Kingdoms, like kings, successive rise and fall.
When Cesar conquer'd half the Earth,
And spread his eagles in Britannia's sun;
Did Cesar dream the savage huts he won
Should give a far-fam'd kingdom birth?
That here should Roman freedom light;
The western Muses wing their flight;
The Arts, the Graces find their fav'rite home;
Our armies awe the globe, and Britain rival Rome?

Thus, if th' Almighty say, "Let freedom be,"
Thou, Corsica! thy golden age shalt see.
Rejoice with songs, rejoice with smiles!
Worlds yet unfound, and ages yet unborn,
Shall hail a new Britannia in her morn,
The queen of arts, the queen of isles:
The Arts, the beauteous train of Peace,
Shall rise and rival Rome and Greece;
A Newton Nature's book unfold sublime;
A Milton sing to Heav'n, and charm the ear of Time!

THE

POEMS

OF

THOMAS WARTON, B.D.

THE

LIFE OF THOMAS WARTON, B. D.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

MR. WARTON was descended from an ancient and honourable family of Beverley, in Yorkshire. His father was fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford, poetry professor in that university, and afterwards vicar of Basingstoke, Hants, and Chobham, Surrey: He married Elizabeth, daughter of the late Joseph Richardson, rector of Dunsford, Surrey, and had by her three children: Joseph, the late head master of Winchester school; Thomas, the subject of this memoir, and Jane, a daughter, now living. He died in 1746, and is buried under the rails of the altar of his church at Basingstoke, with an inscription on a tablet near it, written by his sons. They afterwards published a volume of his poems, by subscription, chiefly with a view to pay the few debts he left behind, and supply his children with some assistance in the progress of their education. Whether the success of this volume was equal to their hopes, is uncertain, but the poems acquired no reputation.

Thomas was born at Basingstoke, in 1728, and from his earliest years discovered a fondness for reading, and a taste for poetry. In his ninth year, he sent to his sister the following translation from the Latin of Martial.

> When bold Leander sought his distant fair,
> (Nor could the sea a braver burthen bear)
> Thus to the swelling waves he spoke his woe,
> "Drown me on my return—but spare me as I go."

This curiosity is authenticated by the letter in which he sent it, still in the possession of his sister. It bears date "from the school, Nov. 7, 1737." His biographer, Mr. Mant, says, that he continued under the care of his father until his removal to Oxford, but I have been informed that he was placed for some time at Basingstoke school.

In March 1743, in his sixteenth year, he was admitted a commoner of Trinity College, and soon after was elected a scholar. How much he was ever attached to that college, his writings, and a residence of forty-seven years with very few intervals, sufficiently show. In 1745, he published five pastoral eclogues, which are now added to his other poems; they are authenticated by Mr. Isaac Reed's copy, purchased at his late sale. About the same time, he sent one or two articles to

Dodsley's Museum [1], to which his brother was likewise a contributor; his next detached publication was The Pleasures of Melancholy, of which the first copy is now in my possession, and differs considerably, particularly in the introductory part, from that published in his collection of poems. On the appearance of Mason's Isis, reflecting on the loyalty of Oxford, which a foolish riot among some students had brought into question, Mr. Warton, encouraged by Dr. Huddesford, the president of Trinity, published in 1749, The Triumph of Isis, in which he retaliated on the sons of Cam in no very courtly strains. The poem, however, discovered beauties of a more unmixed kind, which pointed him out as a youth of great promise. It is remarkable, that although he omitted this piece in an edition of his poems printed in 1777, he restored it in that of 1779: this is said to have been done at Mason's suggestion, who was candid enough to own that it greatly excelled his own elegy, both in poetical imagery and correct flow of versification; but Mason appears to have forgot that his personal share in the contest was but trifling, and that it contained a libel on the university of Cambridge, which ought not to have been perpetuated.

In 1750, our author contributed a few small pieces to the Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany, then published by Newbery. Among these was the Progress of Discontent, which had been written in 1746, and was founded on a copy of Latin verses, a weekly exercise, much applauded by Dr. Huddesford, and at his desire, paraphrased into English verse. In this state Dr. Warton preferred it to any imitation of Swift he had ever seen. His talents were now generally acknowledged, and in 1747 and 1748, he held the office of poet laureate, conferred upon him according to an ancient practice in the common room of Trinity College. The duty of this office was to celebrate the lady chosen by the same authority, as the lady patroness, and Warton performed his task, on an appointed day, crowned with a wreath of laurel. The verses, which Mr. Mant says are still to be seen in the common room, are written in an elegant and flowing style, but have not been thought worthy of transcription.

In 1750, he took his master's degree, and in 1751 succeeded to a fellowship. In this last year he published his excellent satire, entitled Newmarket; An Ode to Music, performed at the theatre; and Verses on the death of Frederick prince of Wales, which he inserted in the Oxford collection, under the fictitious name of John Whetham, a practice not uncommon. In 1753 appeared at Edinburgh, The Union, or Select Scots and English Poems; Mr. Warton was the editor of this small volume, in which he inserted his Triumph of Isis and other pieces, particularly the Ode on the approach of Summer, and the Pastoral in the manner of Spenser, which is said to be written by a gentleman formerly of the university of Aberdeen. Why he should make use of such a deception, cannot now be discovered.

About the year 1754, he drew up from the Bodleian and Savilian statutes, a body of statutes for the Radcliffe library. In the same year, he published his Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser, in one volume octavo, but afterwards enlarged and published in two volumes, 1762. By this work he not only established his character as an acute critic, but opened to the world at large that new and important field of

[1] These were, a song imitated from the Midsummer Night's Dream, and a prose essay on Snugness, written partly by him and partly by Dr. Vansittart. They are authenticated by Dr. Warton's autograph, in his copy of the Museum *penes me*. C.

criticism and illustration which has since been so ably cultivated by Steevens, Malone, Reed, Todd, and other commentators on our ancient poets.

Soon after the appearance of the Observations, it was attacked in an abusive pamphlet, entitled The Observer Observed, written by Huggins, the author of a very indifferent translation of Aristotle. Huggins had engaged Mr. Warton in this translation, but when he read what Warton asserted of the inferiority of Aristotle to Spenser, he immediately cancelled his share of the translation, and published this angry pamphlet [2]. Mr. Warton, who was now in his thirty-sixth year, had employed fully half that time in an unwearied perusal of the old English poets, and such contemporary writers as could throw light on their obscurities. The Observations on Spenser must have evidently been the result of much industry, and various reading, aided by a happy memory.

In 1757, on the resignation of Mr. Hawkins, of Pembroke College, our author was elected professor of poetry, which office, according to the usual practice, he held for ten years. His lectures were elegant and original. The translations from the Greek anthologies, now a part of his collected poems, were first introduced in them, and his Dissertatio de Poesi Bucolica Græcorum, which he afterwards enlarged and prefixed to his edition of Theocritus, was also a part of the same course. During the publication of the Idler, he sent to Dr. Johnson, with whom he had long been intimate, numbers 33, 93, and 96, of that paper. His biographer, however, is mistaken in supposing that he contributed any paper to the Connoisseur. His being invited by Colman and Thornton to engage in a periodical publication, has no relation to the Connoisseur. It was Moore, the editor of the World, who projected a Magazine soon after the conclusion of that paper, and told the two Wartons, that "he wanted a dull plodding fellow of one of the universities, who understood Latin and Greek!" [3] Mr. Bedingfield, one of Dodsley's poets, and Gataker, the surgeon, were to be concerned in this Magazine, but Moore's death prevented the execution of the scheme.

In 1760 he published, but without his name, A Description of the City, College, and Cathedral of Winchester, 12mo. From his own copy, in my possession, he appears to have been preparing a new edition about the year 1771, which was perhaps prevented by a History of Winchester published soon after in two volumes, a more showy work, but far more inaccurate. In the same year (1760) he published a piece of exquisite humour, entitled, A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion, being a complete Supplement to all the accounts of Oxford hitherto published. This passed through three editions in a very short time, but for some years has been

[2] The following paragraph from Huggins' pamphlet, will be a sufficient specimen of the whole. "Sec. II. He (Warton) resumes the poisonous acrimony with which he charges his weapon, which he takes care shall be judiciously two-edged, lest it fail of slashing friend as well as foe. 'Although, (saith our observer) Spencer formed his Faerie Queene, upon the fanciful plan of Ariosto'—Poor Spencer! Wretched Ariosto!—And oh! most mighty Warton!—Let this suffice, for reply to all, he here advances, of falshood against Ariosto, which that poem totally confronts; such falshood, that were it truth, is insipid and immaterial: and let us pass the Chronicles of the Seven Champions, Morte Arthur, sir Tristram, the Blatant Beast, the Questyn Beast, which is afterwards more particularly described, with a bead roll of quotations, no less delectable than erudite, most appositely collected, to give not only a dignity, but also a magnitude to this important tome; that purchasers may be well supplied, for their disbursement of pence, either in their meditative fumigations, or at the Cloacinian offertory." *C.*

[3] Woolls Life of Dr. Joseph Warton. *C.*

ranked among scarce books [4]. A more scarce work, however, is his Inscriptionum Romanarum Metricarum Delectus, 4to, which ought to have been noticed under the year 1758. The design of this collection was to present the reader with some of the best Roman epigrams and inscriptions, taken from the Elegantiæ antiquorum marmorum, from Mazochius, Smetius, Gruterus, and other learned men. It contains, likewise, a few modern epigrams, one by Dr. Jortin, and five by himself, on the model of the antique, the whole illustrated with various readings and notes.

About the year 1760 he wrote, for the Biographia Britannica, the Life of Sir Thomas Pope, which he republished in 8vo 1772, and again in 1780, with very considerable additions and improvements: and in 1761, he published the Life and Literary Remains of Dr. Bathurst. In the same year, and in 1762, he contributed to the Oxford collections, verses on the royal marriage, and on the birth of the prince of Wales, and an ode entitled the Complaint of Cherwell, under the name of John Chichester, brother to the earl of Donegal [5]. His next publication was the Oxford Sausage, or Select Pieces, written by the most celebrated Wits of the University of Oxford. The preface and several of the poems are undoubtedly his, and the latter are authenticated by his adding them afterwards to his avowed productions. In 1766, he superintended an edition from the Clarendon press of Cephalus' Anthology, to which he prefixed a very curious and learned preface. In this he announced his edition of Theocritus, which made its appearance in two volumes 4to, 1770, a most correct and splendid, although not absolutely faultless, work, that extended his fame to the continent.

In 1767 he took his degree of B. D. and in 1771 was elected a fellow of the Antiquarian Society: in October of the same year he was instituted to the small living of Kiddington, in Oxfordshire, on the presentation of George Henry, earl of Litchfield, then chancellor of the university, a nobleman whose memory he afterwards honoured by an epitaph.

In 1774 he published the first volume of his History of English Poetry, the most important of all his works, and to the completion of which the studies of his whole life appear to have been bent. How much it is to be regretted that he did not live to complete his plan, every student in ancient literature must be deeply sensible. He intended to have carried the history down to the commencement of the eighteenth century. A second volume accordingly appeared in 1778, and a third in 1781, after which he probably relaxed from his pursuit, as at the period of his death in 1790, a few sheets only of the fourth volume were printed, and no part left in a state for printing. His original intention was to have comprised the whole in two or three volumes, but it is now evident, and he probably soon became aware, that five would have scarcely been sufficient, if he continued to write on the same scale, and to deviate occasionally into notices of manners, laws, customs, &c. that had either a remote or an immediate connection with his principal subjects: what his reasons were for discontinuing his labours cannot now be ascertained. It is well known to every writer that a work of

[4] A new edition was published in 1806, by Mr. Cooke of Oxford, with the original cuts. *C.*

[5] This information is from Mr. Mant's life. Lord Donegal was, however, one of Mr. Warton's pupils, Shenstone had a visit from both at the Leasowes in the summer of 1758. *Shenstone's Letters.* On these great occasions of academical gratulations, our author sometimes wrote verses for those who could not write for themselves. *C.*

great magnitude requires temporary relaxation, or a change of employment, and may admit of both without injury: but he might probably find that it was now less easy to return with spirit to his *magnum opus*, than in the days of more vigour and activity. It is certain that he wished the public to think that he was making his usual progress, for in 1785, when he published Milton's Juvenile Poems, he announced the *speedy* publication of the fourth volume of the history, of which from that time to his death ten sheets only were finished. His brother, Dr. Joseph, was long supposed to be engaged in completing this fourth volume. In one of his letters lately published by Mr. Wooll, and dated 1791, he says, "At any leisure I get busied in finishing the last volume of Mr. Warton's History of Poetry, which I have engaged to do—for the booksellers are clamorous to have the book finished (though the ground I am to go over is so beaten) that it may be a complete work." Yet on his death in 1800 it did not appear that he had made any progress.

Mr. Warton's biographer has traced the origin of this work to Pope, who, according to Ruffhead, had sketched a plan of a history of poetry, dividing the poets into classes or schools, but Ruffhead's list of poets is grossly erroneous. Gray, however, Mr. Mason informs us, had meditated a history of English poetry, in which Mason was to assist him. Their design was to introduce specimens of the Provençal poetry, and of the Scaldic, British, and Saxon, as preliminary to what first deserved to be called English poetry, about the time of Chaucer, from whence their history, properly so called, was to commence. Gray, however, was deterred by the magnitude of the undertaking, and being informed that Warton was employed on a similar design, more readily relinquished his own.

Such is Mr. Mant's account, who adds (in p. cxxvi.) that Warton "judiciously preferred the plan on which he had proceeded, to that proposed by Pope, Gray and Mason." It appears to me, however, that Warton had made considerable progress on his own plan, before he knew any thing of Gray's, and that when he heard of the latter, and perhaps at the same time of its being relinquished, he thought proper, which he might then do without indelicacy, to apply to Gray through the medium of Dr. Hurd, requesting that he would communicate any fragments, or sketches of his design. Mr. Gray, in answer to this application, sent the following letter.

"SIR, "15th April 1770, Pembroke Hall.

"Our friend Dr. Hurd having long ago desired me in your name to communicate any fragments, or sketches of a design I once had to give a history of English poetry, you may well think me rude or negligent, when you see me hesitating for so many months before I comply with your request, and yet (believe me) few of your friends have been better pleased than I to find this subject (surely neither unentertaining nor unuseful) had fallen into hands so likely to do it justice: few have felt a higher esteem for your talents, your taste and industry: in truth the only cause of my delay has been a sort of diffidence, that would not let me send you any thing so short, so slight, and so imperfect, as the few materials I had begun to collect, or the observations I had made on them. A sketch of the division and arrangement of the subjects, however, I venture to transcribe, and would wish to know whether it corresponds in any thing with your own plan, for I am told your first volume is already in the press.

"INTRODUCTION.—On the poetry of the *Galic* (or Celtic) nations, as far back as it can be traced.

"On that of the *Goths:* its introduction into these islands by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration. On the origin of rhyme among the Franks, the Saxons, and Provençaux: some account of the Latin rhyming poetry from its early origin down to the 15th century.

"P. 1.—On the school of Provence, which rose about the year 1100, and was soon followed by the French and Italians: their heroic poetry, or romances in verse, allegories, fabliaux, syrvientes, comedies, farces, canzoni, sonnets, balades, madrigals, sestines, &c. Of their imitators the *French*, and of the first *Italian* school (commouly called the *Sicilian*) about the year 1200, brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others.

"State of poetry in England from the Conquest (1066) or rather from Henry II's time (1154) to the reign of Edward the 3rd (1327).

"P. 2.—On *Chaucer*, who first introduced the manner of the Provençaux, improved by the Italians, into our country; his character and merits at large; the different kinds in which he excelled. Gower, Occlave, Lydgate, Hawes, G. Douglas, Lindsay, Bellenden, Dunbar, &c.

"P. 3.—Second Italian school (of Ariosto, Tasso, &c.) an improvement on the first, occasioned by the revival of letters in the end of the 15th century. The lyric poetry of this and the former age introduced from Italy by lord Surrey, sir T. Wyat, Bryan, lord Vaux, &c. in the beginning of the 16th century.

"*Spenser*, his character, subject of his poem allegoric and romantic, of Provencal invention: but his manner of creating it borrowed from the second Italian school. Drayton, Fairfax, Phin. Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, &c. this school ends in Milton.

"A *third Italian* school, full of conceit, begun in Q. Elizabeth's reign, continued under James, and Charles the first, by Donne, Crashaw, Cleveland, carried to its height by Cowley, and ends perhaps in Sprat.

"P. 4.—*School of France*, introduced after the Restoration. Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior and Pope, which has continued down to our own times.

"You will observe that my idea was in some measure taken from a scribbled paper of *Pope*, of which (I believe) you have a copy. You will also see that I have excluded *dramatic* poetry entirely, which if you have taken in, it will at least double the bulk and labour of your book."[6] ———

Mr. Mant, very naturally desirous of accounting for Warton's having deviated from Gray's plan, transcribes a part of the preface to the history. Perhaps, however, the reader will be better pleased with Mr. Warton's answer to the above letter, which has never yet appeared, and is now transcribed from his own copy.

[6] This letter concludes with requesting the favour of some attention to a foreign young gentleman, then entered of one of the colleges. Mr. Mant, who is indebted to the Gentleman's Magazine for the copy he has given, adds, "There seems no reason to doubt of its genuineness, though there may be to question who it was that had the power or right to communicate it." How it came into the Magazine during Mr. Warton's life-time, I know not. The original, however, is now in my possession, with Warton's answer. *C.*

" Sir,

" I am infinitely obliged to you for the favour of your letter.

" Your Plan for the *History of English Poetry* is admirably constructed, and much improved from an idea of Pope, which Mr. Mason obligingly sent me by application from our friend Dr. Hurd. I regret that a writer of your consummate taste should not have executed it.

" Although I have not followed this plan, yet it is of great service to me, and throws much light on many of my periods, by giving connected views and details. I begin with such an introduction, or general dissertation, as you had intended: viz. on the Northern Poetry, with its introduction into England by the Danes and Saxons, and its duration. I then begin my *History* at the conquest, which I write chronologically in sections; and continue, as matter successively offers itself, in a series of regular annals, down to and beyond the Restoration. I think with you that dramatic poetry is detached from the idea of my work, that it requires a separate consideration, and will swell the size of my book beyond all bounds. One of my sections, a very large one, is entirely on *Chaucer*, and exactly fills your title of *Part Second.* In the course of my annals, I consider collaterally the poetry of different nations as influencing our own. What I have at present finished ends with the section on Chaucer, and will almost make my first volume: for I design two volumes in quarto. This first volume will soon be in the press. I should have said before, that although I proceed chronologically, yet I often stand still to give some general view, as perhaps of a *particular species* of poetry, &c. and even *anticipate* sometimes for this purpose. These *views* often form *one* section: yet are interwoven into the tenour of the work, without interrupting my historical series. In this respect, some of my sections have the effect of your *parts* or *divisions*—[7].

" I cannot take my leave without declaring, that my strongest incitement to prosecute the *History of English Poetry* is the pleasing hope of being approved by you; whose *true genius* I so justly venerate, and whose *genuine poetry* has ever given me such sincere pleasure. I am, sir, &c."

" Winchester College, April 20, 1770."

It is almost needless to say that the progress of Warton's History afforded the highest gratification to every learned and elegant mind. Ritson, however, whose learning appears to have been dear to him only as it administered to his illiberality, attacked our author in a pamphlet, entitled Observations on the *three first* volumes of the History of English Poetry, in a familiar Letter to the Author, 1782. In this, while he pointed out some real inaccuracies, for which he might have received the thanks of the historian, his chief object seems to have been to violate, by low scurrility and personal acrimony, every principle of liberal criticism, and of that decorous interchange of respect which men of learning, not otherwise acquainted, preserve between one another. What could have provoked all this can be known only to those who have dipped into a heart rendered callous by a contempt for every thing sacred and social.

[7] This blank is filled up by a notice of the young foreigner recommended by Gray. *C.*

In 1777, Mr. Warton published a collection of his poems, but omitting some which had appeared before: a second edition followed in 1778, a third in 1779, and a fourth in 1789. The omissions in all these are now restored.

In 1781 he seems to have diverted his mind to a plan as arduous as his History of Poetry. He had been for some time making collections for a Parochial History, or as it is more usually called, a County History of Oxfordshire. As a specimen, he printed a few copies of the History of the parish of Kiddington, which were given to his friends, but in 1782 an edition was offered to the public. Topography had long formed one of his favourite studies, and the acuteness with which he had investigated the progress of ancient architecture [8], gave him undoubtedly high claims to the honours of an antiquary, but as he stood pledged for the completion of his poetical history, it is to be regretted that he should have begun at this advanced period of life to indulge the prospect of an undertaking which he never could complete.

In 1782 he took an active part in the Chattertonian controversy, by publishing an Enquiry into the authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley. He had already introduced the question into his history, and now more decidedly gave his opinion that these poems were the fabrication of Chatterton. The same year, he published his verses on sir Joshua Reynolds's painted window in New College chapel. This produced a letter to him from sir Joshua, in which, with a pardonable vanity, if it at all deserve that appellation, he expresses a wish that his name had appeared in the verses. In a second edition, Warton complied with a wish so flattering to himself by implying the duration of his poetry, and REYNOLDS was substituted for the word ARTIST.

In this year also he was presented by his college to the donative of Hill Farrance, in Somersetshire, and about the same time became a member of the Literary Club, composed of those friends of Dr. Johnson whose conversations form so interesting a part of his life by Boswell. In 1785, he was chosen Camden professor of history on the resignation of Dr. (now sir William) Scott. By the letters added to Wooll's life of his brother, we find that our author was making interest for the professorship of modern history in 1768, when Vivian was preferred. Warburton on this occasion sent him a letter, complimenting him on the heroic manner in which he bore his disappointment, and informing him, as a piece of consolation, that Vivian had an ulcer in his bladder, which was likely to prove fatal in a short time!—As Camden professor, he delivered an inaugural lecture, ingenious, learned, and full of promise, but, says his biographer, "he suffered the rostrum to grow cold while it was in his possession."

The office of poet laureate was accepted by him this year, as it was offered at the express desire of his majesty, and he filled it with credit to himself and to the place. Whitehead, his immediate predecessor, had the misfortune to succeed Cibber, and could with difficulty make the public look seriously on the periodical labours of the laureate, yet by perseverance he contrived to restore some degree of respect to the office. Warton succeeded yet better by varying the accustomed modes of address, and by recalling the mind to gothic periods and splendid events. The facetious au-

[8] In his Observations on Spenser; and since published, with other essays on the same subject, by Mr Taylor of Holborn, 1800. C.

thors, indeed, of the Probationary Odes, (a set of political satires) took some freedom with his name, but they seemed to be aware that another Cibber would have suited their purpose better; and Warton, who possessed a large share of humour, and a quick sense of ridicule, was not to be offended because he had for once been "the occasion of wit in other men[9]."

His last publication was an edition of the Juvenile Poems of Milton, with notes, the object of which was "to explain his author's allusions, to illustrate or to vindicate his beauties; to point out his imitations, both of others and of himself, to elucidate his obsolete diction, and by the adduction and juxtaposition of parallels gleaned both from his poetry and prose, to ascertain his favourite words, and to show the peculiarities of his phraseology." The first edition of this work appeared in 1785, and the second in 1791, a short time after his death. It appears that he had prepared the alterations and additions for the press some time before. It was indeed ready for the press in 1789, and probably begun about that time, but was not completed until after his death, when the task of correcting the sheets devolved upon his brother. His intention was to extend his plan to a second volume, containing the Paradise Regained and Sampson Agonistes, and he left notes on both. He had the proof sheets of the first edition printed only on one side, which he carefully bound. They are now in my possession, and demonstrate what pains he took in avoiding errours, and altering expressions which appeared on a second review to be weak or improper. The second edition of Milton was enriched by Dr. Charles Burney's learned remarks on the Greek verses, and by some observations on the other poems by Warburton, which were communicated to the editor by Dr. Hurd. At the time of our author's death, a new edition of his poems was also preparing for publication.

His death was somewhat sudden. Until his sixty-second year, he enjoyed vigorous and uninterrupted health. On being seized with the gout, he went to Bath, from which he returned recovered, in his own opinion, but it was evident to his friends that his constitution had received a fatal shock. On Thursday, May 20, 1790, he passed the evening in the common room, and was for some time more cheerful than usual. Between ten and eleven o'clock he was suddenly seized with a paralytic stroke, and expired next day about two o'clock. On the 27th his remains were interred in the antechapel of Trinity College, with the highest academical honours; the ceremony being attended, not only by the members of his own college, but by the vice-chancellor, heads of houses, and proctors. His grave is marked by a plain inscription which enumerates his preferments, with his age, and the date of his death.

[9] We have his brother's authority that "he always heartily joined in the laugh, and applauded the exquisite wit and humour that appeared in many of those original satires." Mr. Bowles's evidence may be cited as more impartial, and as affording the testimony of an excellent judge to the character of Warton. "I can say, being at that time a scholar of Trinity College, that the laureat, who did the greatest honour to his station from his real poetical abilities, did most heartily join in the laugh of the Probationary Odes: for a man more devoid of envy, anger, and ill-nature, never existed. So sweet was his temper, so remote from pedantry and all affectation was his conduct, that when even Ritson's scurrilous abuse came out, in which he asserted that his back was "*broad enough*, and his heart *hard* enough", to bear any thing Ritson could lay on it, he only said, with his usual smile, "a *black-letter'd* dog, sir!"—Bowles's Edition of Pope's Works, VI. 325. *C.*

To these particulars, some of which have been taken from Mr. Mant's life of Warton, prefixed to an edition of his poems, published in 1802, it may now be added on another authority, that from April 1755 to April 1774, he served the curacy of Woodstock, except during the long vacations, and although his pulpit oratory does not appear to have ever entitled him to particular notice, many are still alive who speak of him with more regard and affection than of any person who ever officiated there [10].

Mr. Warton's personal character has been drawn at great length by Mr. Mant, and seems to have no defects but what are incident to men who have passed their days in retirement from polished life. A few peculiarities are recorded which might perhaps have been omitted without injury to the portrait. Some of them seem to be given upon doubtful authority, and others are not strictly speaking characteristic, because not habitual, or, if habitual, are too insignificant for notice. It is of as little consequence to know that Mr. Warton smoked tobacco, as that Gibbon took snuff, and Johnson preserved the chips of oranges. It has been said, however, that Mr. Warton was a lover of low company, a more serious charge, if it could be substantiated. But what low company means is not always very obvious. It is not asserted that Warton disgraced his character by a constant association with low company, and that he should have occasionally amused himself with the manners and conversation of humble tradesmen, mechanics, or peasants, was surely no great crime in one whose researches imposed in some degree the necessity of studying mankind in all ranks, and who, in the illustration of our ancient poets, had evidently profited by becoming acquainted with the conversation of the modern vulgar.

In literary company he is said to have been rather silent, but this, his surviving friends can recollect, was only where the company consisted of a majority of strangers; and a man who has a reputation to guard will not lightly enter into conversation before he knows something of those with whom he is to converse. In the company of his friends, among whom he could reckon the learned, the polite, and the gay, no man was more communicative, more social in his habits and conversation, or descended more frequently from the grave interchange of sentiment, to a mere play of wit.

His temper was habitually calm. His disposition gentle, friendly, and forgiving. His resentments, where he could be supposed to have any, were expressed rather in the language of jocularity than anger. Mr. Mant has given as a report what it were to be wished he had omitted, that Dr. Johnson said of Warton, "he was the only man of genius that he knew without a heart." It is highly improbable that Johnson, who loved and practised truth and justice, should say this of one with whom he had exchanged so many acts of personal and literary friendship. It is to be regretted, indeed, that towards the end of Johnson's life, there was a coolness between him and the Wartons, but if it be true that he wept on the recollection of his past friendship, it is very unlikely that he would have characterised Mr. Warton in the manner reported. Whatever was the cause of the abatement of their intimacy, Mr. Warton discovered no resentment when he communicated so many pleasing anecdotes of Johnson to Mr. Boswell, nor when he came to discuss the merits of Milton in opposition to

[10] Baldwin's Literary Journal, 1803, where are some other anecdotes and characteristics very honourable to Mr. Warton, and evidently written by one who knew him well. *C.*

the opinions of that eminent critic. Dr. Warton, indeed, as may be seen in his notes on Pope, mixed somewhat more asperity with his review of Johnson's sentiments.

Instances of Warton's tenderness of heart, affectionate regard for children, and general humanity, have been accumulated by all who knew him. Nor is this wonderful, for he knew nothing of one quality which ever keeps the heart shut. He had no avarice, no ambition to acquire the superiority which wealth is supposed to confer. For many years he lived on his maintenance from college, and from the profits of a small living, with the occasional fruits of his labour as a teacher or as a writer. It cannot be doubted that as he had been tutor to the son of the prime minister, (lord North) and to the sons of other persons of rank, he might reasonably have expected higher preferment. But it happens with preferment more generally than the world suspects, that what is not asked is not given. Warton had a mind above servile submission, yet he would have asked where asking is a matter of course, had not his contented indolence, or perhaps the dread of a refusal, induced him to sit down with the emoluments which cost neither trouble or anxiety. What he got by his writings could not be much. However excellent in themselves, they were not calculated for quick and extensive sale, and it is said he sold the copy-right of his History of Poetry for less than four hundred pounds.

In the exercise of his profession as a divine, Mr. Mant has not heard that he was much distinguished. He went through the routine of parochial duty in a respectful manner, but a hurried mode of speaking, partly owing to habit and partly to a natural impediment, prevented his being heard with advantage [11]. It is a more serious objection, that he has, particularly in his notes on Milton, expressed opinions on religious topics, the consequence of which he had not deliberately considered. He hated Puritans and Calvinists, but does not seem to have understood very clearly that his own church, and every pure church, has many doctrines in common with them. His opinions on psalmody, and on the observation of Sunday, are particularly objectionable.

As a contributor to the literature of his country few men stand higher than Warton. He was the first who taught the true method of acquiring a taste for the excellencies of our ancient poets, and of rescuing their writings from obscurity and oblivion. In this respect he is the father of the school of commentators, and if some have, in certain instances, excelled their master, they ought to recollect to whom they are indebted for directing them to the paths of research. Of Warton it may be said as of Addison, "He is now despised by some who perhaps would never have seen his defects, but by the lights which he afforded them." His erudition was extensive, and his industry must have been at one time incessant. The references in his History of Poetry only, indicate a course of various reading, collation and transcription, to which the common life of man seems insufficient. He was one of those scholars who have happily rescued the study of antiquities from the reproaches of the frivolous or indolent. Amidst the most rugged tracks of ancient lore, he produces cultivated spots, flowery paths, and gay prospects. Many of the digressions that have been censured in his history, appear to have been contrived for this purpose, and the relief which his own mind demanded, he thought would not be unacceptable to his fellow-travellers.

[11] Two sermons which he preached repeatedly are in my possession, but neither written by himself. One is a printed sermon for the Martyrdom, curiously abridged: the other is in an old hand, probably his father's. *C.*

To the industry which he employed in all his literary undertakings, there can be no doubt he was indebted for much of that placid temper and contentment which distinguished him as a resident member of the university. The miseries of indolence are known only to those who have no regular pursuit, nothing in view, however easy or arduous, nothing by which time may be shortened by occupation, and occupation rendered easy by habit. To all this waste of time and talent, Warton was a stranger. During the long vacation, indeed, he generally resided with his brother at Winchester, but even this was a change of place rather than of occupation. There he found libraries, scholars and critics, and could still indulge his delight in "cloysters pale," "the tapered choir," and "sequestered isles of the deep dome;" and there as well as at home, he continued his researches, and enjoyed solitude or society in such proportions as suited his immediate inclination.

Yet as he pursued an untried path, and was the founder of his own studies, it cannot be a matter of great surprise, if he failed in conducting them with due method. To this it was owing that the emendations and additions to his first and second volumes are so numerous as to have been made the ground of a serious charge against his diligence and accuracy. But had he lived to complete the work, he could have no doubt offered such excuses as must have been readily accepted by every reflecting mind. If we admit the magnitude of the undertaking, which evidently exceeded his own idea when he fondly hoped that it might have been finished in two or three volumes; if we consider the vast number of books he had to consult for matters apparently trifling, but really important; that he had the duties of a clergyman and tutor to perform while engaged in this work, and above all, that his friends were assisting him, often too late, with additional illustrations or references, it will not appear highly censurable that he dismissed his volumes capable of improvement. From his own copy of the first volume of his History, and of his edition of Milton, both now before me, it appears that he corrected with fastidious care, and was extremely anxious to render his style what we now find it, perspicuous, vigorous, and occasionally ornamented. His corrections, however, are often written in an indistinct hand, and this perhaps occasioned fresh errours which he had not an opportunity to correct. He had not found out the secret, which appears to be yet a secret to most writers, the danger and inconvenience of sending unfinished works to the press. This was not the practice of our eminent historians. Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon completed every line of their volumes before they began to print. But whoever attempts to feed the press from day to day, will soon find his stores exhausted, and himself obliged to furnish a hasty, crude copy, which, if he is afterwards ashamed of it, he finds it too late to withdraw, and not very easy to mend.—With all its faults, however, this history will ever remain a monument of learning, taste, and judgment, such as few men in any nation have been able to produce.

His poetry, as well as that of his brother, has been the occasion of some difference of opinion among the critics, and the school of Warton, as it is called, has not of late been always mentioned with the respect it deserves. Among the characteristics of our author's poetry, however, his style may be considered as manly and energetic, but seldom varied by the graces of simplicity. His habits of thought led him to commence all his poems in a style pompous and swelling: his ideas often ran on the imaginary

days of gothic grandeur, and mighty achievement; and where such subjects were to be treated, as in his Triumph of Isis, and in his Laureat Odes, no man could have clothed them in language more appropriate.

The Triumph of Isis was written in his twenty-first year, and exhibits the same beauties and faults which are to be found in his mature productions. Among these last, is a redundancy of epithet, which is more frequently a proof of labour than of taste. The Pleasures of Melancholy appears to me to be a more genuine specimen of early talent. He was only in his seventeenth year, when his mind was so richly stored with striking and elegant imagery.

In general, he seems to have taken Milton for his model, and throughout his poems we find expressions borrowed with as much freedom from Milton, as he has proved that Milton borrowed from others. One piece only, Newmarket, is an imitation of Pope, and is certainly one of the finest satires in our language. In this he has not only adopted the versification of Pope, and emulated his wit and point, but many of his lines are parodies on what he recollected in Pope's Satires. This freedom of borrowing, however, seems so generally allowed, that it can form no higher objection against Warton, than against Pope, Gray, and others of acknowledged eminence. We cannot be surprised that the memory of such a student as Warton, should be familiar with the choicest language of poetry, and that he should often adopt it unconscious of its being the property of another.

The frequent use of alliteration is a more striking defect. It is wonderful, that he who had an ear for music, could tolerate such lines as,

Issues to clothe in gladsome glist'ring green
The genial globe—

or,

The due clock swinging slow with sweepy swing,

which, by the way, is a parody on a more expressive line,

Swinging slow with sullen roar.

These however are strictures which ought not to interfere with the general merit of Warton, as a poet of original genius. His descriptive pieces, had he written nothing else, would have proved his claim to that title. Nothing can be more natural, just, or delightful, than his pictures of rural life. The first of April, and the Approach of Summer, have seldom been rivalled, and cannot perhaps be excelled. The only objection which some critics have started is, that his descriptions are not varied by reflection. He gives an exquisite landscape, but does not always express the feelings it creates. His brother, speaking of Thomson, observes, that the unexpected insertion of reflections, "imparts to us the same pleasure that we feel, when, in wandering through a wilderness or grove, we suddenly behold in the turning of the walk a statue of some Virtue or Muse." Yet in Warton's descriptive poetry, it is no small merit to have produced so much effect, so many exquisite pictures without this aid.

The Suicide perhaps deserves a yet higher character, rising to the sublime by gradations which speak to every imagination. It has indeed been objected that it is imperfect, and too allegorical. It appeals, however, so forcibly to the heart, awakens so many important reflections, and contains so happy a mixture of terrour and consolation, that it seems difficult to lay it down without unmixed admiration. The Crusade

and the Grave of Arthur, are likewise specimens of genuine poetical taste, acting on materials that are difficult to manage. Both in invention and execution, these odes may rank among the finest of their species in our language.

Warton has afforded many proofs of an exquisite relish for humour in his Panegyric on Oxford Ale, the Progress of Discontent, and other pieces classed under that denomination. His success in these productions leads once more to the remark that few men have combined so many qualities of mind, a taste for the sublime and the pathetic, the gay and humorous, the pursuits of the antiquary, and the pleasures of amusement, the labours of research, and the play of imagination.

Upon the whole, it may be allowed, that as a poet, he is original, various and elegant, but that in most of his pieces he discovers the taste that results from a studied train of thought, rather than the wild and enraptured strains that arise from passion, inspired on the moment, ungovernable in their progress, and grand even in their wanderings. Still he deserves to be classed among the revivers of genuine poetry, by preferring "fiction and fancy, picturesque description and romantic imagery," to "wit and elegance, sentiment and satire, sparkling couplets, and pointed periods [12]."

[12] Preface to Milton's Poems. C.

POEMS

OF

THOMAS WARTON.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Εις τον λειμωνα καθισας
Εδρεπεν ἑτερον εφ' ἑτερῳ
Αιρομενος αγρευμ' ανθεων
Αδομενᾳ ψυχᾳ—.

Grotii Excerpta ex Tragicis, p. 463. et Valckenærii Diatriben in Euripidis relliq. p. 212.

THE

TRIUMPH OF ISIS,

OCCASIONED BY

ISIS, AN ELEGY.

(WRITTEN IN 1749, THE AUTHOR'S 21ST YEAR.)

Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam
Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,
Hanc urbem insano nullus qui marte petivit,
Lætatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem
Destituunt.— Claudian.

ON closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quiv'ring shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendours o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose it's guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown, that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod;
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.
No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of pastoral pipe, or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phæbus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
To shake yon towers when Malice rears her crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?
Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite Freedom's cause;
Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws:
To power your songs of gratulation pay,
To courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
What though your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Musæus' herse;
What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?—
Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page!
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.
Let Granta boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek:
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meandering thro' the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honour calls, and justice points the way;

To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bower
Still nor enjoys, nor seeks, the smile of power.
Though wakeful Vengeance watch my crystal spring
Though Persecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
" These destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
And, as the dews of gracious Heaven descend
Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,
Her stores on me spontaneous Bounty pours.
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majotic gait:
Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles,
And still the Graces build my Grecian piles:
My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.
E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train [1]
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain:
When yon proud dome, fair Learning's amplest shrine,
Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Was Rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclame,
To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name?
What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive day,
Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardours heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane [2] the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!
O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine:
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful nine.
Then Music left her silver sphere on high,
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full pæans of mellifluous sound,
My Naiads blithe the dying accents caught,
And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.
But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.
See, on yon sage how all attentive stand, 111
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.

Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart:
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
T'is his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warm;
Untaught in flowery periods to dispense
The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence:
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, claims applause,
And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cause.
While arms like these my stedfast sages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare 131
To wage with force like this scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast!
Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile:
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,
With every conflict of the stormy flood;
More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than wars, or waves, or Eurus' wintry power.
Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time;
Ye massy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the sight,
To contemplation, step by step, invite;
Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame;
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free;
E'en now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celestial fire.
With graceful step see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
And Seldon ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke lead Reason, his majestic bride:
See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
And spread the treasur'd stores of truth divine.

[1] The Radcliffe library was dedicated on the 13th of April, 1749; the same year in which this poem was written. The ceremony was attended by Charles duke of Beaufort, Edward earl of Oxford, and the other trustees of Dr. Radcliffe's will; and a speech upon the occasion was delivered in the theatre by Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, and public orator of the university. In order to make some allusions in the poem more intelligible, it is necessary to add, that the " sage", complimented in ver. 111. is Dr. King; and " the puny champion," and the " parricide" of verses 131, and 136, were designed for another member of the university, with whom Dr. King was engaged in a controversy.

[2] The theatre, built by abp. Sheldon about 1670.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And best the labours plann'd of letter'd ease;
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;
Who smooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd;
Who rang'd the powers of reason, or refin'd,
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,
"Hail, Oxford, hail!" with filial transport cry.
And see yon sapient train! with liberal aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each musing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows.
"Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
A Raleigh, Hampden, and a Somers shine.
These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
Their future sons the great example taught:
While in each youth th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!
Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
I see the sable-suited prince advance
With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
Edward. The Muses, in yon cloister'd shade [3],
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade;
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.
And see, great father of the sacred band,
The patriot king [4] before me seems to stand.
He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd land.
Though simple was the dome where first to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell.
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowers,
And proudly lifts to Heav'n her hundred towers.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And sooth'd to soft society's control
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
Elate he views his laurel'd progeny:
Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race exprest:
Conscious he sees fair Freedom still survive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the goddess pour'd the beam
Unsullied on his ancient diadem;)
Well-pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.

[3] Edward the Black Prince, was a member of Queen's College; perhaps out of compliment to the new foundation, which was denominated after his mother, queen Philippa.

[4] Alfred. The tradition respecting the foundation of the university of Oxford by him is well known.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

(WRITTEN IN 1751.)

O for the warblings of the Doric ote,
That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's tide!
Or Mulla's Muse, who chang'd her magic note
To chant how dear the laurel'd Sidney died!
Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,
And with due cypress-crown thy herse, O Frederic, hung.

But though my novice-hands are all too weak
To grasp the sounding pipe, my voice unskill'd
The tuneful phrase of poesy to speak,
Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild;
A nation's tears shall teach my song to trace [grace.
The prince that deck'd his crown with every milder

How well he knew to turn from flattery's shrine,
To drop the sweeping pall of sceptre'd pride;
Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,
And rural walks on Isis' tufted side;
To rove at large amid the landscapes still, [hill!
Where Contemplation sate on Clifden's beech-clad

How, lock'd in pure affection's golden band,
Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,
His temples binding with domestic bays:
Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,
Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot!

How with discerning choice, to nature true,
He cropp'd the simple flowers, or violet,
Or crocus-bud, that with ambrosial hue
The banks of silver Helicon beset:
Nor seldom wak'd the Muse's living lyre
To sounds that call'd around Aonia's listening quire!

How to the few with sparks ethereal stor'd,
He never barr'd his castle's genial gate,
But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly board
Soothing with verse divine the toil of state!
Hence fir'd, the bard forsook the flowery plain,
And deck'd the regal mask, and tried the tragic strain.

ON THE DEATH OF

KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

TO MR. SECRETARY PITT [1].

(WRITTEN IN 1761.)

So stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave!
So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!
O Pitt, if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verse from sacred Isis sent
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which ancient freedom drew,
Awhile with fond attention deign to view

[1] Afterwards lord Chatham. This and the two following poems close the collections of Oxford Verses on their respective occasions; and were written while the author was poetry professor. *W.*

This ample wreath, which all th' assembled nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.
Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore:
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Greeia's golden days;
Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's [2] raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she sate,
The decent handmaid, not the slave, of state;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
For, taught like ours, she dar'd, with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependence to divide:
Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.
And sure if e'er the Muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophied throne?
At whose firm base, thy stedfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state;
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cause one common end prescribes:
Nor fear nor fraud or spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valour strikes, the blow.
O Pitt, while honour points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the minister exalts the man,
Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.
For 'tis not hers, by false connections drawn,
At splendid Slavery's sorbid shrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breast,
To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress:
'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom favours of the cringing crew:

More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
In [illegible]times, she woo'd Munificence:
To re[illegible]: her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand,
To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command:
From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the prize,
From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.
Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial Muse [youth [3]
From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful
In the pure precepts of Athenian truth;
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which every classic grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign, which, now no more an empty theme,
Adorns Philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality this favour'd isle.

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF THE KING.

(WRITTEN IN 1761.)

TO HER MAJESTY.

When first the kingdom to thy virtues due
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!
And well with conscious joy thy breast might beat
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
Lo! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow,
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here wak'd the flame, that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old [1],
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;
Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste Beauty's adamantine zone.
Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temperate suns display!
Where Property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:

[2] Agreeably to the character given of him, Olymp. ii. 165. and following verses. Theron was tyrant of Agrigentum; his victories are celebrated in the 2d and 3d Olympic Odes.

[3] Trinity College, Oxford: in which also lord Somers, and James Harrington, author of the Oceana, were educated. *W.*

[1] Alluding to the institution of the order of the garter at Windsor by Edward III. in 1350.

Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream!
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand;
Whose splendid domes, and busy streets, declare,
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.
And O! blest queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;
Here Poesy, from aweful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of rapture'd lore.
Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd:
While cunning bards at ancient banquets sung
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespeare drew:
But chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest!
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's Muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from Heav'n a seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.
Thine too, majestic bride, the favour'd clime,
Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime.
O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays!
Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower
Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
If seemly gifts the train of Phebus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain;
Pleas'd in the Muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside:
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
That claims Charlotta's love, and courts her stay.
These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With rapt reflection Freedom's favourite race!
But though the generous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stand supreme, in Nature's choicest charms;
Though George and Conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
One happier blessing still she calls her own;
And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of Fame,
Crowns her chief honours with a Charlotte's name.

ON THE BIRTH OF

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

(WRITTEN AFTER THE INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR, IN THE SAME YEAR, 1762.)

Imperial dome of Edward, [1] wise and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brightest banners wave;
At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds,
Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;
Though knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more,
That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore!
Say, conscious dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
As when, high thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,
George shone the leader of the garter'd line?
Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain:
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd pair,
Heaven's high command has sent a sacred heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot sire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promis'd prime,
His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime:
The patriot sire shall catch, with sure presage,
Each liberal omen of his opening age;
Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
In stripling beauty's bloom, the princely boy;
There firmly wreathe the braid of heavenly die,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.
Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
With many an antique tower, in massy state,
In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
Vast images of Albion's elder days.
While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,
Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the dusky trappings hung on high
Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye;
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers;
On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
His own victorious monuments to place.
Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:
Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nursling unreluctant bore;
Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace
The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor scorn'd to mark the Sun, at mattins due,
Stream through the storied window's holy hue.
And O, young prince, be thine his moral praise;
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the shrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx flashes in the Sun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horrour's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.
May no such rage be thine: no dazzling ray
Of specious fame thy stedfast feet betray.
Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm:
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The silver lyre to milder conquest strung!
Instead of glorious feats achiev'd in arms,
Bid rising arts display their mimic charms!

[1] Windsor Castle, built by Edward III.

Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the past, and rouse to future praise:
Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain th' historic hall.
Then mourn not, Edward's dome, thine ancient boast,
Thy tournaments, and listed combats lost!
From Arthur's board, no more, proud castle, mourn
Adventurous Valour's Gothic trophies torn!
Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
At length dissolve in truth's meridian ray,
And the bright order bursts to perfect day:
The mystic round [2], begirt with bolder peers,
On virtue's base its rescued glory rears;
Sees Civil Prowess mightier acts achieve,
Sees meek Humanity distress relieve;
Adopts the worth that bids the conflict cease,
And claims its honours from the chiefs of peace.

VERSES

ON

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PAINTED WINDOW,

AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

(WRITTEN IN 1782.)

Ah, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!
Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass!
Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combin'd,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind!
For long enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page;
Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rhime;
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould;
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.
But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side;
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;
Where Superstition with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdu'd;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile!
Whilst as around the far retiring ile,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part:
Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart!
Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Ye atoms that shrink at reason's painful gleam!
Thou colder touch, insidous artist, stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray!
Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain?
No more the matchless skill I call unkind,
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
For when again I view thy chaste design,
The just proportion, and the genuine line;
Those native portraitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid surface seem to start;
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,
Nor ask the Sun to lend his streaming ray:
The doubtful radiance of contending dies,
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise;
'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;
The feature blooming with immortal life:
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
The tread majestic, and the beaming eye,
That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky;
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child [1];
Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
Which late my visionary rapture fed:
Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
And brought my bosom back to truth again;
To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd,
Whose universal pattern strikes mankind;
To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;
To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell.
Ye brawny prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped rich;
Ye rows of patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:
Ye saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display:
Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
Ye angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine:
Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's weary tear no more;
Ye martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
Ye miracles, that now no wonder raise:
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike!
Ye colours, that th' unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!

[2] Arthur's round table, called six verses before, "Arthur's board." Tradition considers the order of the Garter, as a revival of Arthur's fabled institution of the round table.

[1] Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his design for New College window, imitated the famous "Notte" of Corregio, in the ducal palace at Modena, wherein the whole light of the picture is made to proceed from the body of the infant Christ, "which" (as Spenser describes a golden image of Cupid, F. Q. III. xi. 47.) "with his own light shines." There are in Oxford two copies of this celebrated picture by Corregio; one in Queen's College chapel by Ant. Raf. Mengs; and the other by Carlo Cignano in Gen. Guise's collection at Ch. Ch.

No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space.
Lo, from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne,
Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
With her own energy, th' expressive stain!
The mighty master spreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil,
But calls the lineaments of life compleat
From genial alchymy's creative heat;
Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
While in the warm enamel Nature lives.
Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new lustre to religious light:
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

MONODY,

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD UPON AVON.

(PUBLISHED IN THE EDITION OF 1777.)

Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;
Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the bard divine,
Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd iles enclose,
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
Above th' embowering shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
Of daisies pied his infant offering made;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shapes of warriors and of kings,
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terrour leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

THE

PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene!—

(WRITTEN IN 1745, THE AUTHOR'S 17th YEAR, PUBLISHED ANONYMOUSLY IN 1747.)

Mother of musings, Contemplation sage,
Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
Of Teneriff; 'mid the tempestuous night,
On which, in calmest mediation held,
Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain
And drifting hail descend; or if the skies
Unclouded shine, and thro' the blue serene
Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
Whence gazing stedfast on the spangled vault
Raptur'd thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct
Of distant billows sooth thy pensive ear
With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,
There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low
Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st
Remote from man, conversing with the spheres!
O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
Congenial with my soul; to cheerless shades,
To ruin'd seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse,
Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance
In sportive round, while from their hand they show'r
Ambrosial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm;
Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
Adieu green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!
Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
Where thro' some western window the pale Moon
Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bow'r
Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,
Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread
Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
The cloyster'd brothers: thro' the gloomy void
That far extends beneath their ample arch
As on I pace, religious horrour wraps
My soul in dread repose. But when the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven colour'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
Along the glimm'ring walls; or ghostly shape
At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand
My lonesome steps, thro' the far-winding vaults.
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
I start: lo, all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men
And every beast in mute oblivion lie;
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That thro' the still globe's awful solitude,
No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead thro' flow'ry paths of joy;
But let the sacred genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
When thro' bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
Th' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew,
When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
All Heav'n in tumult, and the seraphim
Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.
Let others love soft Summer's ev'ning smiles
As list'ning to the distant water-fall,

They mark the blushes of the streaky west;
I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
Then, when the sullen shades of ev'ning close,
Where thro' the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam
The dying embers scatter, far remote [roof
From Mirth's mad shouts, that thro' th' illumin'd
Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
Then let my thought contemplative explore
This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
As thro' the wilderness of life we rove.
This sober hour of silence will unmask
False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells
Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye
With blear illusion, and persuade to drink
That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage fair
Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.
Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.
Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendour and magnificence
Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,
More genuine transports found, as on some tomb
Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead;
Or thro' the pillar'd iles, amid pale shrines
Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,
Mus'd a veil'd votaress; than Flavia feels,
As thro' the mazes of the festive ball,
Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze,
She floats amid the silken sons of dress,
And shines the fairest of th' assembled fair.
When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,
And the blest regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,
How oft my wishes ask the night's return,
That best befriends the melancholy mind!
Hail, sacred Night! thou too shalt share my song!
Sister of ebon-scepter'd Hecat, hail!
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!
What tho' beneath thy gloom the sorceress-train,
Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bless;
Tho' Murder wan beneath thy shrouding shade
Summons her slow-ey'd vot'ries to devise
Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
In hideous conf'rence sits the list'ning band,
And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound:
What tho' thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian wastes
He hears the wilderness around him howl
With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats;
Yet more delightful to my pensive mind
Is thy return, than blooming Morn's approach,
Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,
When from the portals of the saffron east
She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.
Yet not ungrateful is the Morn's approach,
When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
While thro' the damp air scowls the louring South,
Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim:
Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves
Hail not the sullen gloom: the waving elms
That, hoar thro' time and rang'd in thick array,
Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
Are mute, nor echo with the clamours hoarse
Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;
Nor to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
A murmurful train: secure the village-hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm;
Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough:
Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts
Of early hunter: all is silence drear;
And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.
Thro' Pope's soft song tho' all the Graces breathe,
And happiest art adorn his Attic page;
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Thro' wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Lanches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendours of the laughing Sun.
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.
Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love,
Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
Whose magic wont to soothe your soften'd souls?
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
To Melody's assuasive voice; to bend
Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
And pour your sorrows to the pitying Moon,
By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
Oft interrupted; in embow'ring woods
By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
The solemn dulness of the tedious world,
While Fancy grasps the visionary fair:
And now no more th' abstracted ear attends
The water's murm'ring lapse, th' entranced eye
Pierces no longer thro' th' extended rows
Of thick-rang'd trees; till haply from the depth
The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,
Or heifers rustling thro' the brake, alarms
Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.
These are delights that absence drear has made
Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form
Of young Sappho, beauteous as the Spring,
When from her vi'let-woven couch awak'd
By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r
Issues to clothe in gladsome-glist'ring green
The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight:
These are delights unknown to minds profane,
And which alone the pensive soul can taste.
The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,
Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
The many-sounding organ peals on high,
The clear slow-dittied chant, or varied hymn,
Till all my soul is bath'd in ecstasies,
And lapp'd in paradise. Or let me sit
Far in sequester'd iles of the deep dome,
There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
Which, as they lengthen through the Gothic vaults,
In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.
Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
And solitude returns, would I forsake

The solemn mansion, but attentive mark
The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,
Measuring time's flight with momentary sound.
Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,
Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,
Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes
Her joys incestuous, and polluted love:
Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught:
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.
By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
From my swoln eyes; and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.
What are the splendours of the gaudy court,
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps?
To me far happier seems the banish'd lord,
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar
Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim
In distant ken discover trackless plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;
While still repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires,
That crown the solitary dome, arise;
While from the topmost turret the slow clock,
Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,
With sad-returning chime awakes new grief;
Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,
The potent satrap, whom he left behind
'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.
Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,
Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart.
Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landscapes smile! here palmy groves,
Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
Th' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospect vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistering Athens tow'rs.
Tho' thro' the blissful scenes Ilissus roll
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
The thick-wove laurel shades; tho' roseate Morn
Pour all her splendours on th' empurpled scene;
Yet feels the hoary hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff, that o'er his cavern hangs,
He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis
In deep arrangement bide the darksome plain.
Unbounded waste! the mould'ring obelisk
Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose
Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' unpitying thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted train,
The dwellings once of elegance and art.
Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd bounds
Spires the black pine, while thro' the naked street,
Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs the grass:
Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn
From their firm base, increase the mould'ring mass.
Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils
Of sunk magnificence! a blended scene
Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
Where, with his brother Horrour, Ruin sits.
O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!
O come with saintly look, and stedfast step,
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
Where ever to the curfeu's solemn sound
List'ning thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.
But never let Euphrosyne beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,
Nor in my path her primrose-garland cast.
Tho' 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view;
Tho' Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves,
And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast:
What tho' 'tis hers to calm the low'ring skies,
And at her presence mild th' embattled clouds
Disperse in air, and o'er the face of Heav'n
New day diffusive gleam at her approach?
Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,
Than all her witless revels happier far;
These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.
Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail!
From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,
With thee shall end; for thou art fairer far
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy grot [1];
To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,
Than all the fabling poet's boasted pow'rs.
Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,
Once in his evening walk a Druid found,
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;
And piteous bore with hospitable hand
To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r.
There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn
Of solemn musing in your pensive thought;
For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie
Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar
Of wood-hung Meinai [2], stream of Druids old.

INSCRIPTIONS.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE,

AT ANSLEY HALL IN WARWICKSHIRE.

(PUBLISHED IN 1777.)

Beneath this stony roof reclin'd
I sooth to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies:
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

[1] The Muses. The town and plain of Cirrha, or Cyrrha, are in Phocis, at the foot of Mount Parnassus.

[2] Menai, or Meneu, the strait which divides the isle of Anglesey from Caernarvonshire.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray [1];
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

INSCRIBED

ON A

BEAUTIFUL GROTTO NEAR THE WATER [2].

(PUBLISHED IN 1756.)

The Graces sought in yonder stream
To cool the fervid day,
When Love's malicious godhead came,
And stole their robes away.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade Delia wear!
While they, asham'd to stir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

INSCRIPTION

OVER A

CALM AND CLEAR SPRING IN BLENHEIM GARDENS [3].

Here quench your thirst, and mark in me
An emblem of true charity;
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

[1] Gray clothing, from the Latin verb amicio, to clothe.

[2] This inscription is founded on the following in the Anthologia:

De balneo in Smyrna:

Ενθαδε λουσαμενων Χαριτων ποτε, θεσκελα πεπλα
Βαιος Ερως εκλεψε και ωχετοτο· τας δ' ελιπ' αυτου
Γυμνας, αιδομενας θυρεων εκτοσθε φανηναι. IV. xix. 11.

The idea is not uncommon with the Greek epigrammatists; see particularly Anthol. IV. xv. 5. and xix. 18.

[3] This inscription has been attributed to Dr.

EPITAPH

ON MR. HEAD.

Oh spare his youth, O stay thy threat'ning hand,
Nor break too soon young wedlock's early band!
If, if his gentle and ingenuous mind,
The generous temper, and the taste refin'd,
A soul unconscious of corruption's stain,
If learning, wit, and genius plead in vain,
O let the mourning bride, to stop thy spear,
Oppose the meek resistance of a tear!
And when to sooth thy force his virtues fail,
Let weeping faith and widow'd love prevail!

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES.

JOB,

CHAPTER XXXIX.

(PUBLISHED IN 1750, IN THE STUDENT.)

Declare, if heav'nly wisdom bless thy tongue,
When teems the mountain-goat with promis'd young;
The stated seasons tell, the month explain,
When feels the bounding hind a mother's pain;
While, in th' oppressive agonies of birth,
Silent they bow the sorrowing head to earth?
Why crop their lusty seed the verdant food?
Why leave their dams to search the gloomy wood?
Say whence the wild-ass wantons o'er the plain,
Sports uncontrol'd, unconscious of the rein?
'Tis his o'er scenes of solitude to roam,
The waste his house, the wilderness his home:
He scorns the crowded city's pomp and noise,
Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice;
At will on ev'ry various verdure fed,
His pasture o'er the shaggy cliffs is spread.
Will the fierce unicorn obey thy call,
Enslav'd to man, and patient of the stall?
Say, will he stubborn stoop thy yoke to bear,
And thro' the furrow drag the tardy share?
Say, canst thou think, O wretch of vain belief,
His lab'ring limbs will draw thy weighty sheaf;
Or canst thou tame the temper of his blood
With faithful feet to trace the destin'd road;
Who paints the peacock's train with radiant eyes,
And all the bright diversity of dies?
Whose hand the stately ostrich has supply'd
With glorious plumage, and her snowy pride?
Thoughtless she leaves amid the dusty way
Her eggs, to ripen in the genial ray;
Nor heeds, that some fell beast, who thirsts for blood,
Or the rude foot, may crush the future brood.
In her no love the tender offspring share,
No soft remembrance, no maternal care,

Phanuel Bacon, fellow of Magdalen College, author of the Kite and of one or two pieces in the Oxford Sausage, but the insertion of it in the edition of Warton's Poems in 1791, arranged by himself and partly printed before his death, may be considered as ascertaining him for the author.

For God has steel'd her unrelenting breast,
Nor feeling sense, nor instinct mild impress'd,
Bade her the rapid-rus'ling steed despise,
Outstrip the rider's rage, and tow'r amidst the skies.
Didst thou the horse with strength and beauty deck?
Hast thou in thunder cloth'd his nervous neck?
Will he, like groveling grasshoppers afraid,
Start at each sound, at ev'ry breeze dismay'd?
A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,
And breathe a glorious terrour as they blaze.
He paws indignant, and the valley spurns,
Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.
When quivers rattle, and the frequent spear
Flies flashing, leaps his heart with languid fear?
Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,
"Is this," he cries "the trumpet's warlike sound?"
Eager he scents the battle from afar,
And all the mingling thunder of the war.
Flies the fierce hawk by thy supreme command,
To seek soft climates, and a southern land?
Who bade th' aspiring eagle mount the sky,
And build her firm aerial nest on high?
On the bare cliff, or mountain's shaggy steep,
Her fortress of defence she dares to keep;
Thence darts her radiant eye's pervading ray,
Inquisitive to ken the distant prey;
Seeks with her thirsty brood th' ensanguin'd plain,
There bathes her beak in blood, companion of the slain.

A PASTORAL

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

FROM THEOCRITUS [1].

IDYLL. XX.

As late I strove Lucilla's lip to kiss,
She with discurtesee reprov'd my will;
Dost thou, she said, affect so pleasant bliss,
A simple shepherd, and a loselI [2] vile?
Not Fancy's hand should join my courtly lip
To thine, as I myself were fast asleep.

As thus she spake, full proud and boasting lasse,
And as a peacocke, pearke, in dalliance
She bragly turned her ungentle face,
And all disdaining ey'd my shape askaunce:
But I did blush, with grief and shame yblent [3],
Like morning-rose with hoary dewe besprent.

Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair?
Has fell enchantress blasted all my charms?
Whilom mine head was sleek with tressed hayre,
My laughing eyne did shoot out love's alarms:
E'en Kate did deemen me the fairest swain,
When erst I won this girdle on the plain.

My lip with vermil was embellished,
My bagpipes notes loud and delicious were,
The milk-white lily, and the rose so red,
Did on my face depeinten lively chcere,
My voice as soote as mounting larke did shrill,
My look was blithe as Marg'ret's at the mill.

But she forsooth, more fair than Madge or Kate,
A dainty maid, did deign not shepherd's love:
Nor wist what Thenot [4] told us swains of late,
That Venus sought a shepherd in a grove;
Nor that a heav'nly god, who Phœbus hight [5],
To tend his flock with shepherds did delight.

Ah! 'tis that Venus, with accurst despight,
That all my dolour and my shame has made!
Nor does remembrance of her own delight
For me one drop of pity sweet persuade!
Aye hence the glowing rapture may she miss,
Like me be scorn'd, nor ever taste a kiss!

[1] This is not a translation, but rather a paraphrastic imitation of the 20th Idyllium of Theocritus. The stanza is the same with that in Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar, January and December.

[2] A good-for-nothing fellow.

[3] Blinded, confounded.

FROM HORACE,

BOOK iii. ODE 13.

YE waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
Blandusian fount! to whom the products sweet
Of richest vines belong,
And fairest flow'rs of Spring;

To thee a chosen victim will I kill,
A goat, who, wanton in lascivious youth,
Just blooms with budding horn,
And destines future war,

Elate in vainest thought: but ah! too soon
His reeking blood with crimson shall pollute
Thy icy-flowing flood,
And tinge thy chrystal clear.

Thy sweet recess the Sun in mid-day hour
Can ne'er invade: thy streams the labour'd ox
Refresh with cooling draught,
And glad the wand'ring herds.

Thy name shall shine with endless honour grac'd,
While on my shell I sing the hanging oak,
That o'er thy cavern deep
Waves his imbowering head.

HORACE,

BOOK iii. ODE 18.

AFTER THE MANNER OF MILTON.

FAUNUS, who lov'st to chase the light-foot nymphs,
Propitious guard my fields and sunny farm,
And nurse with kindly care
The promise of my flock.

So to thy pow'r a kid shall yearly bleed,
And the full bowl to genial Venus flow;
And on thy rustic shrine
Rich odours incense breathe:

So thro' the vale the wanton herds shall bound,
When thy December comes, and on the green
The steer in traces loose
With the free village sport:

No more the lamb shall fly th' insidious wolf,
The woods shall shed their leaves, and the glad hind
The ground where once he dug,
Shall beat in sprightly dance.

[4] The name of an old shepherd in Spenser's Shep. Cal. February.

[5] Who was called Phœbus.

ODES.

Τα ῥοδα τα δροσοεντα, και ἡ καταπυκνος εκεινη
Ἑρπυλλος κειται ταις Ἑλικωνιασι·
Ται δε μελαμφυλλοι δαφναι τιν, Πυθιε Παιαν.

THEOCRIT. Epigr.

ODE I.

TO SLEEP.

(PUBLISHED IN 1777.)

On this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep!
Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
This tempest of my boiling blood becalm!—
Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hovering, haunts my wretched sight.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
Black midnight and the blaze of noon alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.

ODE II.

THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

(PUBLISHED IN 1777.)

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.
Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequestered store.
For them the Moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfeu's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.
Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.
Their humble porch with honied flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade imbow'rs:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

ODE III.

WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL ABBEY[1] IN CHESHIRE.

(PUBLISHED IN 1777.)

As evening slowly spreads his mantle hoar,
No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,
Than the faint din, from yonder sedgy shore,
Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.

How sunk the scene, where cloister'd leisure mus'd!
Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow;
And, lavish of magnificence, diffus'd
His crowded spires o'er the broad mountain's brow!

The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown,
Quick-glancing to the Sun, wild music made,
Are reft, and every battlement o'ergrown
With knotted thorns, and the tall sapling's shade.

The prickly thistle sheds its plumy crest,
And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,
Where shone the pavement's surface smooth, imprest
With rich reflection of the storied glass.

[1] A monastery for Cistercian monks, founded by king Edward I. about the year 1300, in consequence of a vow, which he made when in danger of being shipwrecked, during his return from a crusade. It was first founded at Dernhall in the same county, in the year 1270, 54th of the reign of Henry III. But afterwards Edward I. in the 27th year of his own reign, translated it to a place on the river Wever, not far distant, to which he on this occasion gave the name of The Vale-royal, and granted to the abbot and convent several parishes, lands, &c. adjoining. After the dissolution it came into the family of Holcroft, from whom it was purchased about the middle of the 17th century by the lady Mary Cholmley; and in her family, I believe that it still continues.

Here hardy chieftains slept in proud repose,
Sublimely shrin'd in gorgeous imagery;
And through the lessening iles, in radiant rows,
Their consecrated banners hung on high.

There oxen browze, and there the sable yew
Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms;
And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew
O'er the forgotten graves and scatter'd tombs.

By the slow clock, in stately-measur'd chime,
That from the massy tower tremendous toll'd,
No more the plowman counts the tedious time,
Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.

High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,
No more the windows, rang'd in long array,
(Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.

Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,
(While kindred thoughts the pensive sounds inspire)
When the weak breeze in many a whisper breathes,
I seem to listen to the chanting quire.

As o'er these shatter'd towers intent we muse,
Though rear'd by Charity's capricious zeal,
Yet can our breasts soft Pity's sigh refuse,
Or conscious Candour's modest plea conceal?

For though the sorceress, Superstition blind,
Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
Oft bade her visionary gleams arise:

Though the vain hours unsocial Sloth beguil'd,
While the still cloister's gate Oblivion lock'd;
And thro' the chambers pale, to slumbers mild
Wan Indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd:

Yet hence, inthron'd in venerable state,
Proud Hospitality dispens'd her store:
Ah, see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor!

Her ponderous vase, with Gothic pourtraiture
Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows;
Mid the mix'd shards o'erwhelm'd in dust obscure,
No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.

Sore beat by storms in Glory's arduous way,
Here might Ambition muse, a pilgrim sage;
Here raptur'd see religion's evening ray
Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.

Here ancient Art her dædal fancies play'd
In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof;
In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,
And rang'd the cluster'd column, massy proof.

Here Learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
Hover'd awhile, nor dar'd attempt the day;
But patient trac'd upon the pictur'd page
The holy legend, or heroic lay.

Hither the solitary minstrel came
An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky
Hung lowering, and around the social flame
Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.

Thus sings the Muse, all pensive and alone;
Nor scorns within the deep fane's inmost cell,
To pluck the gray moss from the mantled stone,
Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.

Thus sings the Muse:—yet partial as she sings,
With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles:
And with fair images of ancient things
The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles.

But much we pardon to th' ingenuous Muse;
Her fairy shapes are trick'd by Fancy's pow'r:
Severer Reason forms far other views,
And scans the scene with philosophic ken.

From these deserted domes new glories rise;
More useful institutes, adorning man,
Manners enlarg'd, and new civilities,
On fresh foundations build the social plan.

Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
Essays, escap'd from Superstition's shrine;
While freed Religion, like primeval light
Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine.

ODE IV.

SOLITUDE AT AN INN.

(WRITTEN MAY 15, 1769.)

Oft upon the twilight plain,
Circled with thy shadowy train,
While the dove at distance coo'd,
Have I met thee, Solitude!
Then was loneliness to me
Best and true society,
But ah! how alter'd is thy mien
In this sad deserted scene!
Here all thy classic pleasures cease,
Musing mild, and thoughtful peace;
Here thou com'st in sullen mood,
Not with thy fantastic brood
Of magic shapes and visions airy
Beckon'd from the land of Fairy:
'Mid the melancholy void
Not a pensive charm enjoy'd!
No poetic being here
Strikes with airy sounds mine ear;
No converse here to fancy cold
With many a fleeting form I hold,
Here all inelegant and rude
Thy presence is, sweet Solitude.

ODE V.

SENT TO MR. UPTON

ON HIS EDITION OF THE FAERIE QUEENE [1].

(PUBLISHED IN 1777.)

As oft, reclin'd on Cherwell's shelving shore,
I trac'd romantic Spenser's moral page
And sooth'd my sorrows with the dulcet lore
Which Fancy fabled in her elfin age;

Much would I grieve, that envious Time so soon
O'er the lov'd strain had cast his dim disguise;
As lowering clouds, in April's brighter noon,
Mar the pure splendours of the purple skies.

Sage Upton came, from every mystic tale
To chase the gloom that hung o'er fairy ground:
His wisard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
And opes each flowery forest's magic bound.

[1] In the library of Trinity College, Oxford, there is a copy of Urry's Chaucer, on the first leaf of which is the following memorandum. Notulas manuscriptas adjecit Joannes Upton, Præbendarius Ecclesiæ Roffensis. Cujus a Musæo redemptus est iste liber. *T. Warton.*

L 9 L 9 9

Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd
The castle of proud Busyrane to quell,
Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd;
And broke with golden spear the mighty spell:

The dauntless maid with hardy step explor'd
Each room, array'd in glistering imagery;
And thro' th' enchanted chamber, richly stor'd,
Saw Cupid's stately maske come sweeping by.—

At this, where'er in distant region sheen,
She roves, embower'd with many a spangled bough,
Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.

At this, in hopeless sorrow drooping long,
Her painted wings Imagination plumes;
Pleas'd that her laureate votary's rescued song
Its native charm and genuine grace resumes.

ODE VI.

THE SUICIDE [1].

Beneath the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.

Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dies,
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook, that ling'ring lav'd
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd;
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd:
While, as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

"Is this," mistaken Scorn will cry,
"Is this the youth whose genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?
Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
Had stor'd with all her ample views,
Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime."

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrours not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a visionary shrine, [brought.
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.

"Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
The wreath of glory twine:
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow, [confine,
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds

"Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born woe:
Yet the same power that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe.

Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon foul self-murtherer's throbbing breast,
And stay'd the rising storm;
Had bade the sun of hope appear
To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.

"Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
To take, what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath:
In awful expectation plac'd,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste [death,"
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of

[1] I am well informed that an opinion, which has prevailed, of this ode having been occasioned by the death of Chatterton, is not founded on fact. Chatterton destroyed himself by swallowing arsenic in water. Not indeed that this circumstance would be decisive against his being the subject of it: but I know from indisputable authority that he was not. Mant.

ODE VII.

SENT TO A FRIEND [1],

ON HIS LEAVING A FAVOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

(WRITTEN IN 1750. PUBLISHED IN 1777.)

Ah mourn, thou lov'd retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows to view
The length of landscape, ever new,
Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide!
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall:
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire!
Who now shall indolently stray
Though the deep forest's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean!
Who mid thy nooks of hazle sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak!
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay?
Who musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embower
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flow'rets idly grac'd!
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky!
For lo! the Bard who rapture found
In every rural sight or sound;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature pass'd;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.
Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
The pathless copse and hedge-row brake:
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer Echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd maids with wily look,
Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
No Fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest-oaks, that, pale and lone,
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.
So by some sage enchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fablers tell)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:
From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at distance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
If bound on service new to go,
The master of the magic show,
His transitory charm withdrew,
Away th' illusive landscape flew:
Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning smote the blooming mould:
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappear'd;
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wisard's proud domain.

[1] To his brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, who at the time of this ode being written, 1750, was just leaving his residence at Wynslade, near Basingstoke, and going abroad with Charles duke of Bolton. The first sonnet contains an allusion to the same event.

ODE VIII.

MORNING.

THE AUTHOR CONFINED TO COLLEGE.

Scribimus inclusi.——— Pers. Sat. 1. ver. 13.

(WRITTEN IN 1745, HIS 17TH YEAR. PUBLISHED IN 1750, IN THE STUDENT.)

Once more the vernal Sun's ambrosial beams
The fields as with a purple robe adorn:
Cherwell, thy sedgy banks and glist'ring streams
All laugh and sing at mild approach of morn;
Thro' the deep groves I hear the chanting-birds,
And thro' the clover'd vale the various-lowing herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
Well pleas'd the progress of the spring to mark,
The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,
And startle from her couch the early lark;

More genuine pleasure soothes his tranquil breast,
Than high-thron'd kings can boast, in eastern glory drest.

The pensive poet thro' the green-wood steals,
Or treads the willow'd marge of murmuring brook,
Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills;
There sits him down beneath a branching oak,
Whence various scenes, and prospects wide below,
Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to glow.

But I nor with the day awake to bliss,
(Inelegant to me fair Nature's face,
A blank the beauty of the morning is,
And grief and darkness all for light and grace;)
Nor bright the sun, nor green the meads appear.
Nor colour charms mine eye, nor melody mine ear.

Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
With leaden rod, stern Discipline restrains;
Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the child,
My roving genius binds in Gothic chains;
Nor can the cloister'd Muse expand her wing,
Nor bid these twilight roofs with her gay carols ring.

ODE IX [1].

THE

COMPLAINT OF CHERWELL [2].

(WRITTEN IN 1761. PUBLISHED, AS IT NOW STANDS, IN 1777.)

All pensive from her osier-woven bow'r
Cherwell arose. Around her darkening edge
Pale eve began the steaming mist to pour,
And breezes fann'd by fits the rustling sedge:
She rose, and thus she cried in deep despair,
And tore the rushy wreath that bound her streaming hair.

"Ah! why," she cried, "should Isis share alone
The tributary gifts of tuneful fame!
Shall every song her happier influence own,
And stamp with partial praise her favourite name?
While I, alike to those proud domes allied,
Nor hear the Muse's call, nor boast a classic tide.

"No chosen son of all yon fabling band
Bids my loose locks their glossy length diffuse;
Nor sees my coral-cinctur'd stole expand
Its folds, besprent with Spring's unnumber'd hues:
No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell, [shell.
Nor studs my crystal throne with many a speckled

"In Isis' vase if Fancy's eye discern
Majestic towers emboss'd in sculpture high;
Lo! milder glories mark my modest urn,
The simple scenes of pastoral imagery:
What though she pace sublime, a stately queen?
Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien.

"Proud nymph, since late the Muse thy triumphs sung,
No more with mine thy scornful naiads play,
(While Cynthia's lamp o'er the broad vale is hung,)
Where meet our streams, indulging short delay;
No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'st to take
My cress-born flowers, that float in many a shady lake.

"Vain bards! can Isis win the raptur'd soul,
Where Art each wilder watery charm invades?
Whose waves, in measur'd volumes taught to roll,
Or stagnant sleep, or rush in white cascades:
Whose banks with echoing industry resound,
Fenc'd by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving mound.

"Lo! here no commerce spreads the fervent toil,
To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide;
The freshness of my pastures to defile,
Or bruise the matted groves that fringe my side:
But Solitude, on this sequester'd bank,
Mid the moist lilies sits, attir'd in mantle dank.

"No ruder sounds my grazing herds affright,
Nor mar the milk-maid's solitary song:
The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;
All unalarm'd, save when the genial May [hay.
Bids wake my peopled shores, and rears the ripen'd

"Then scorn no more this unfrequented scene [3];
So to new notes shall my coy Echo string
Her lonely harp. Hither the brow serene,
And the slow pace of Contemplation bring:
Nor call in vain inspiring Ecstasy
To bid her visions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

"Whate'er the theme; if unrequited love
Seek, all unseen, his bashful griefs to breathe;
Or Fame to bolder flights the bosom move,
Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath;
Here hail the Muses: from the busy throng
Remote, where Fancy dwells, and Nature prompts the song."

ODE X.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

(PUBLISHED IN 1777.)

With dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boisterous boy the fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies.

[1] This ode first appeared in the Oxford collection of verses on the death of George II. in the name of John Chichester, brother to the earl of Donegall, Gent. Com. of Trin. Coll. It was afterwards published in the first edition of Warton's Poems, with variations in general not important.

[2] One of the rivers at Oxford.

[3] Instead of the two stanzas which now conclude this ode, there were originally the following, which allude to the particular occasion of it:

Then hither haste, ye youths, whose duty brings
To George's memory the votive dirge;
Lo! pensive Peace shall tune your solemn strings,
To saddest airs along my lonely verge;
Here Grief with holy musings may converse
In sounds, that best shall greet the glorious hero's herse.

Or if auspicious themes your harps would own,
In airy visions here shall meet your eye
Fair scenes of bliss: a blooming monarch's throne
Hung with the wreaths of righteous victory,
The decent trophies of domestic ease,
A people's filial love, and all the palms of peace.

Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flower
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps;
O'er the fields of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.
Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.
The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly trusts its tender dies
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.
Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the Sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery vail
Looks through the thin descending hail;
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.
Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks enclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.
Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groupes of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never sere,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.
Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile [1];
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent's oozy stains:
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild duck's early brood.
O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs with faultering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.
His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pied
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where Nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.
Yet, in these presages rude,
Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And Plenty load her ample horn.

[1] The Glym is a small river in Oxfordshire, flowing through Warton's parish of Kiddington, or Cuddington, and dividing it into upper and lower town. It is described by himself in his account of Cuddington, as a deep but narrow stream, winding through willowed meadows, and abounding in trouts, pikes, and wild-fowl. It gives name to the village of Glymton, with adjoins to Kiddington.

ODE XI.

ON THE

APPROACH OF SUMMER.

Te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
Adventumque tuum; tibi suaveis dædala tellus
Summittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti;
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum.

LUCRET.

(PUBLISHED IN 1753.)

HENCE, iron-sceptered Winter, haste
To bleak Siberian waste!
Haste to thy polar solitude;
Mid cataracts of ice, [rude.
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments

From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by sleety show'rs,
Thy gloomy Gothic castle tow'rs,
Amid whose howling iles and halls,
Where no gay sun-beam paints the walls,
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.
E'en now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat:
Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shown
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue:
And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen:
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother Frost.
Winter farewell! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild!
But come thou rose-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee April blithe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolick'd o'er,
With musky nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring.)
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint, in changeful die,
The youthful Earth's embroidery;
To cull the essence of rich smells
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet;
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonair
And then he gave the blessed isle
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine:
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.
Haste thee, nymph! and hand in hand,
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy:
Leisure, that through the balmy sky
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,
Meek, cottage-loving shepherdess!
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing,
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean
On river-margins, mossy green.
But who is she, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral air;
'Tis May, the Grace—confest she stands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the lightsome Dews,
Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues;
With whom the pow'rs of Flora play,
And paint with pansies all the way.
Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,
Has dress'd the groves in livry green;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build!
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And mists in spreading streams convey
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay:
Then, goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakespeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There thro' the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet ev'ning-objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants,
The woodman, speeding home, awhile
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbine's balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume:
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet:
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot:
Rustle the breezes lightly borne
O'er deep embattled ears of corn:
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chafer-swarms rejoice.
Meantime, a thousand dies invest
The ruby chambers of the West!
That all aslant the village tow'r
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze:
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies;
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight
Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musings lap'd, nor heed the way;
Wandering through the landscape still,
Till Melancholy has her fill;
And on each moss-wove border damp
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.
But when the Sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r;

Me, heart-rejoicing goddess, lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead:
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath:
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down;
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around;
And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.
But ever, after summer-show'r,
When the bright Sun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving Nature's form;
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue;
There issuing forth the frequent snail
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While, as I walk, from pearled bush
The sunny-sparkling drop I brush;
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue:
And so loud the black-bird sings,
That far and near the valley rings:
From shelter deep of shaggy rock
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beach the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.
But ever against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around;
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its side with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells;
Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan sleeps
In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.
Me, goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorch'd in day;
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
His with'ring hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands,
Smote with keen heat, the trav'ller stands:
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.
Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage Solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark,
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilissus' laureate shore.
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!
Or to the forest-fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips, clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges gray
Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way,
And trembling thro' the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes.
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows.
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might chuse
On virtue's holy lore to muse.
Yet still the sultry noon t' appease
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn:
Or bow'r in Vallombrosa's shade,
By legendary pens pourtray'd.
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven tow'rs
Of that proud castle's painted bow'rs,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with may a warrior guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quiv'ring lance and twanging string.
As thro' the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By Fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
To teach inquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.
But when mild Morn in saffron stole
First issues from her eastern goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence Nature's universal face
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace;
The misty streams that wind below
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O! every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous, rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,
And cattle, rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.
'Tis thou, alone, O Summer mild,
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes;
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens;

What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the Muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field 's a paradise,
And all the globe a bow'r of bliss!
With thee conversing, all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve,
In valleys, where mild whispers use
Of shade and stream, to court the Muse;
While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock dove's dying dirge.
But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs,
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours:
By Nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane [1] of rural ease!
Still grot of peace! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head,
For not the scenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or sooth the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold and Tyrian purple fly.
Thither, kind Heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
The social scene of dear delight:
The conscience pure, the temper gay,
The musing eve, and idle day.
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
Rapt with the charms of classic wit:
To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame.
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
The solemn song to Britain's praise:
To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds,
And paint heroic ancient deeds:
To chant fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
And Edward, stern in sable mail;
Or wand'ring Brutus' lawless doom [2],
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poesy
Let me live true votary!
She shall lead me by the hand,
Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head:
She, from my tender youthful cheek,
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.
She shall be my blooming bride;
With her, as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance,
For ever held in holy trance.

ODE XII.

THE CRUSADE.

(PUBLISHED IN 1777.)

ADVERTISEMENT.

King Richard the first, celebrated for his achievements in the Crusades, was no less distinguished for his patronage of the Provencial minstrels, and his own compositions in their species of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the holy land, in disguise, he was imprisoned in a castle of Leopold duke of Austria. His favourite minstrel, Blondel de Nesle, having traversed all Germany in search of his master, at length came to a castle, in which he found there was only one prisoner, and whose name was unknown. Suspecting that he had made the desired discovery, he seated himself under a window of the prisoner's apartment; and began a song, or ode, which the king and himself had formerly composed together. When the prisoner, who was king Richard, heard the song, he knew that Blondel must be the singer: and when Blondel paused about the middle, the king began the remainder, and completed it. The following ode is supposed to be this joint composition of the minstrel and king Richard. *W.*

Bound for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:
"Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard ploughs the deep!
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy
From distant towers, with anxious eye,
The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance:

[1] *Tusculanum*, or *Ager Tusculanum*, the country about Tusculum, where Cicero had a villa, to which he used to retire from the labours of the bar, to relax his mind in the company of a few select friends, and to pursue his philosophical researches.

[2] Brutus, according to Geoffrey of Monmouth, was son of Sylvius, grandson of Ascanius, and great grandson of Æneas. Having accidentally killed his father in the chase, he was banished by his kindred from Italy into Greece; where he delivered his countrymen the Trojans from the bondage of Pandrasus; and having made a treaty with him, and married his daughter Innogen, left Greece with the Trojans in a fleet of 324 sail, in search of a new country; and after wandering about some time, in the course of which he met with Corineus in Tuscany, with whom he joined forces, at length arrived at Totness in Devonshire. Cornwall by lot fell to Corineus; and Brutus himself reigned over the island, the name of which he changed from Albion to Britain, 24 years, when he died and was buried in a city built by himself, called Troja nova, afterwards Trinovantum, on that which is now the site of London.

From Sion's turrets as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
Saladin, thou paynim king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
On Acon's spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell,
Pictur'd with the silver Moon;
England shall end thy glory soon!
In vain, to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
Those sounds our rising fury fan:
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go,
A vaunting infidel the foe."
Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.
Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth;
Then with ardour fresh endu'd,
Thus the solemn song renew'd.
" Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last!
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpl'd palm:
See Lebanon's aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
Your ravish'd honours to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
And thou, the sepulchre of God!
By mocking pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright;
For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!
Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn [1] he wields.
Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore!
From each wild mountain's trackless crown
In vain thy gloomy castles frown:
Thy battering engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
Amid the moon-light vapours damp,
Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
Haunt us on the tented plain:
We bid the spectre-shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt! [2]
With many a demon, pale of hue,
Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
Mid the dread grove of ebony.
Nor magic charms, nor fiends of Hell,
The Christian's holy courage quell.
Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky!
Soon on thy battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
Ye barons, to the Sun unfold
Our cross with crimson wove and gold!"

[1] Kaliburn is the sword of king Arthur; which as the monkish historians say, came into the possession of Richard I. and was given by that monarch, in the Crusades, to Tancred king of Sicily, as a royal present of inestimable value, about the year 1190. See the following ode. *W.*

[2] Ashtaroth is mentioned by Milton as a general name of the Syrian deities: Par. Lost. i. 422. And Termagaunt is the name given in the old romance to the god of the Saracens. See Percy's Reliques, vol. i. p. 74.

ODE XIII.

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

(PUBLISHED IN 1777.)

ADVERTISEMENT.

King Henry the second, having undertaken an expedition into Ireland to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderic king of Connaught, commonly called O'Connor Dunn, or the brown monarch of Ireland, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh bards. The subject of their poetry was king Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited, that king Arthur, after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury Abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot, described by the bard, to be opened: when digging near twenty feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following Ode: but, for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Teivi in Pembrokeshire; and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings. *W.*

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate;
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.

Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof:
From massy cups, with golden gleam
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall,
The storied tapestry was hung:
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,
From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale [1], and Cader's crown [2],
From many a shaggy precipice
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme.

"O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
High the screaming sea-mew soar'd;
On Tintaggel's [3] topmost tower
Darksome fell the sleety shower;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side
The surges of the tumbling tide:
When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
On conscious Camlan's [4] crimson'd banks:
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
Yet in vain a paynim foe
Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;
For when he fell an elfin queen [5],
All in secret, and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamell'd steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.

O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
From flowers that in Arabia grew:
On a rich enchanted bed
She pillow'd his majestic head;
O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand;
And to soft music's airy sound,
Her magic curtains clos'd around.
There, renew'd the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty king;
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
Owns the monarch's high command:
Thence to Britain shall return,
(If right prophetic rolls I learn)
Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride;
His knightly table to restore,
And brave the tournaments of yore."

They ceas'd: when on the tuneful stage
Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage;
His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd;
With Time's faint rose his features glow'd;
His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire.

"Listen, Henry, to my read!
Not from fairy realms I lead
Bright-rob'd Tradition, to relate
In forged colours Arthur's fate;
Though much of old romantic lore
On the high theme I keep in store:
But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
Where Truth the strain might best become.
If thine ear may still be won
With songs of Uther's glorious son,
Henry, I a tale can fold,
Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
Which in my youth's full early flower,
A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
What time the glistening vapours fled
From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's [6] head;
And on its sides the torrents gray
Shone to the morning's orient ray.

"When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
Where, crown'd with wreaths of mistletoe,
Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
But when he fell, with winged speed,
His champions, on a milk-white steed,
From the battle's hurricane,
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane [7],

[1] The Elvy is a small river, which rising in Denbighshire, and flowing through a beautiful and rich valley, falls into the Clwyd in Flintshire, not far from St. Asaph, to which, in the language of the country, it gives the name of Lhan-Elwy, or the church on the Elwy.

[2] Kader is the name of several mountains in Wales, so called either from their resemblance to a chair (kadair); or because they have been fortified places, or were considered as naturally impregnable, the British word kader signifying a fort or bulwark.

[3] Tintaggel or Tintadgel castle, where king Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsula cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the northern coasts of Cornwall. *W.*

[4] On the north coast of Cornwall, not far from Tintaggel: called by Camden the river Alan, Cambalan, and Camel.

[5] The name by which she is known in the old romances is Morgain le fay, or the faery.

[6] Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire. *W.*

[7] Glastonbury Abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called the island, or valley, of Avalonia. *W.*

In the fair vale of Avalon:
There, with chanted orison,
And the long blaze of tapers clear,
The stoled fathers met the bier;
Through the dim iles, in order dread
Of martial woe, the chief they led,
And deep intomb'd in holy ground,
Before the altar's solemn bound.
Around no dusky banners wave,
No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
Away the ruthless Dane has torn
Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn;
And long, o'er the neglected stone,
Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown:
The faded tomb, with honour due,
'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
Thither, when Conquest has restor'd
Your recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,
When Peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
There, observant of my lore,
The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;
And thrice a fathom underneath
Dive into the vaults of Death.
There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
On his gigantic stature gaze;
There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
All in warrior-weeds array'd;
Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
And weapons huge of old renown.
Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
So may thy ships securely stem
The western frith: thy diadem
Shine victorious in the van,
Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:
Thy Norman pike-men win their way
Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay[8];
And from the steeps of rough Kildare
Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare:
So may thy bow's unerring yew
Its shafts in Roderic's heart imbrew[9].
Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high;
With passions new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast:
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;
He scorns awhile his bold emprise;
E'en now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace,
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wondrous tomb:
E'en now he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
E'en now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made;
And drag to day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.

O'er the sepulchre profound
E'en now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

[8] The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Harsager, the Fair-haired, king of Norway, is said, in the life of Gryffudh ap Conan, prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin. *W.*

[9] Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprise, chiefly by the use of the long bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted. *W.*

XIV.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

As performed at the theatre in Oxford, on the 2d of July, 1751, being the anniversary appointed by the late lord Crew, bishop of Durham, for the commemoration of benefactors to the university.

Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat;
Quique pii vates, & Phœbo digna locuti;
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnibus his— Virgil.

RECITAT. ACCOMP.

Where shall the Muse, that on the sacred shell,
Of men in arts and arms renown'd,
The solemn strain delights to swell;
Oh! where shall Clio choose a race,
Whom Fame with every laurel, every grace,
Like those of Albion's envied isle, has crown'd?

CHORUS.

Daughter and mistress of the sea,
All-honoured Albion, hail!
Where'er thy commerce spreads the swelling sail,
Ne'er shall she find a land like thee,
So brave, so learned, and so free;
All-honour'd Albion, hail!

RECIT.

But in this princely land of all that's good and great,
Would Clio seek the most distinguish'd seat,
Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrin'd;

AIR I.

Where Isis' waters wind
Along the sweetest shore,
That ever fair fair Culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
Lo! where majestic Oxford stands;

CHORUS.

Virtue's awful throne!
Wisdom's immortal source!

RECIT.

Thee well her best belov'd may boasting Albion own,
Whence each fair purpose of ingenuous praise,
All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
In one unbounded tide, one unremitted course,
From age to age has still successive stream'd;
Where Learning and where Liberty have nurs'd,
For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
Their most luxuriant growth of ever blooming bays.

RECITATIVE ACCOMP.

In ancient days, when she, the queen endu'd
With more than female fortitude,
Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight;
Oft times, in adamantine arms array'd,
Pallas deseended from the realms of light,
Imperial Britonesse! thy kindred aid.
As once, all-glowing from the well fought day
The goddess sought a cooling stream,
By chance inviting with their glassy gleam,
Fair Isis waters flow'd not far away.
Eager she view'd the wave,
On the cool bank she bar'd her breast,
To the soft gale her locks ambrosial gave;
And thus the wat'ry nymph address'd,

AIR II.

"Here, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
Thy sweet refreshing stores impart:
A goddess from thy mossy brink
Asks of thy chrystal stream to drink:
Lo! Pallas asks the friendly gift;
Thy coral-crowned tresses lift,
Rise from the wave, propitious pow'r,
O listen from thy pearly bow'r."

RECIT.

Her accents Isis' calm attention caught,
As lonesome, in her secret cell,
In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
She rang'd the many-tinctur'd shell:
Then from her work arose the Nais mild;

AIR III.

She rose, and sweetly smil'd
With many a lovely look,
That whisper'd soft consent:

RECIT.

She smil'd, and gave the goddess in her flood
To dip her casque, tho' dy'd in recent blood;
While Pallas, as the boon she took,
Thus pour'd the grateful sentiment,

AIR IV.

"For this, thy flood the fairest name
Of all Britannia's streams shall glide,
Best fav'rite of the sons of fame,
Of every tuneful breast the pride:
For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
Where now the cowslip paints the green
With unregarded grace,
Her wanton herds where Nature feeds,
As lonesome o'er the breezy reeds
She bends her silent pace;
Lo! there, to wisdom's goddess dear,
A far-fam'd city shall her turrets rear,

RECIT.

"There all her force shall Pallas prove;
Of classic leaf with every crown,
Each olive, meed of old renown,
Each ancient wreath, which Athens wove,
I'll bid her blooming bow'rs abound;
And Oxford's sacred seats shall tow'r
To thee, mild Nais of the flood,
The trophy of my gratitude!
The temple of my power!"

RECIT.

Nor was the pious promise vain;
Soon illustrious Alfred came, [plain.
And pitch'd fair Wisdom's tent on Isis' plenteous
Alfred, on thee shall all the Muses wait,

AIR V. & CHORUS.

Alfred, majestic name,
Of all our praise the spring!
Thee all thy sons shall sing,
Deck'd with the martial and the civic wreath:
In notes most awful shall the trumpet breathe,
To thee, great Romulus of learning's richest state.

RECIT.

Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
Oxford, thy rising temples own:
Soon many a sage munificent,
The prince, the prelate, laurel-crowned crowd,
Their ample bounty lent
To build the beauteous monument,
That Pallas vow'd.

RECIT. ACCOMP.

And now she lifts her head sublime,
Majestic in the moss of time;
Nor wants there Græcia's better part,
'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,
Wainfleet and Wickham bravely plann'd;
Nor decent Doric to dispense
New charms 'mid old magnificence;
And here and there soft Corinth weaves
Her dædal coronet of leaves;

DUET.

While, as with rival pride, their tow'rs invade
the sky,
Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vie,
Which shall deserve the foremost place,
Or Gothic strength, or Attic grace.

RECIT.

O Isis! ever will I chant thy praise:
Not that thy sons have struck the golden lyre
With hands most skilful; have their brows entwin'd
With every fairest flower of Helicon,
The sweetest swans of all th' harmonious choir
And bade the musing mind
Of every science pierce the pathless ways,
And from the rest the wreath of wisdom won;

AIR VI.

But that thy sons have dar'd to feel
For freedom's cause a sacred zeal;
With British breast, and patriot pride,
Have still corruption's cup defy'd;
In dangerous days untaught to fear
Have held the name of honour dear.

RECIT.

But chief on this illustrious day,
The Muse her loudest pæans loves to pay.
Erewhile she strove with accents weak
In vain to build the lofty rhyme;
At length, by better days of bounty cheer'd,
She dares unfold her wing.

AIR VII.

Hail hour of transport most sublime!
In which, the man rever'd,
Immortal Crew commands to sing,
And gives the pipe to breathe, the string to speak.

CHORUS.

Blest prelate, hail!
Most pious patron, most triumphant theme!
From whose auspicious hand
On Isis' tow'rs new beauties beam,

New praise her nursing fathers gain;
Immortal Crew!
Blest prelate, hail!

RECIT.

E'en now fir'd fancy sees thee lead
To Fame's high seated fane
The shouting band!
O'er ev'ry hallow'd head
Fame's choicest wreaths she sees thee spread;
Alfred superior smiles the solemn scene to view;

AIR VIII.

And bids the goddess lift
Her loudest trumpet to proclaim,
O Crew, thy consecrated gift,
And echo with his own in social strains thy name.

[Chorus repeated.

ODE XV.

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4th, 1785.

AMID the thunder of the war,
True glory guides no echoing car;
Nor bids the sword her bays bequeath,
Nor stains with blood her brightest wreath;
No plumed hosts her tranquil triumph own;
Nor spoils of murder'd multitudes she brings,
To swell the state of her distinguish'd kings,
And deck her chosen throne.
On that fair throne, to Britain dear,
With the flow'ring twin'd
High she hangs the hero's spear,
And there with all the palms of peace combin'd,
Her unpolluted hands the milder trophy rear.
To kings like these, her genuine theme,
The Muse a blameless homage pays,
To George of kings like these supreme
She wishes honour'd length of days,
Nor prostitutes the tribute of her lays.

'Tis his to bid neglected genius glow,
And teach the regal bounty how to flow.
His tutelary sceptre's sway
The vindicated arts obey,
And hail their patron king;
'Tis his to judgment's steady line
Their flights fantastic to confine,
And yet expand their wing;
The fleeting forms of fashion to restrain,
And bind capricious taste in truth's eternal chain.
Sculpture, licentious now no more,
From Greece her great example takes,
With Nature's warmth the marble wakes,
And spurns the toys of modern lore;
In native beauty simply plann'd,
Corinth, thy tufted shafts ascend;
The Graces guide the painter's hand,
His magic mimicry to blend.

While such the gifts his reign bestows,
Amid the proud display,
Those gems around the throne he throws,
That shed a softer ray:
While from the summits of sublime renown
He wafts his favours universal gale,
With those sweet flow'rs he binds a crown,
That bloom in Virtue's humble vale:
With rich munificence the nuptual tie
Unbroken he combines,
Conspicuous in a nation's eye
The sacred pattern shines.
Fair Science to reform, reward, and raise,
To spread the lustre of domestic praise,
To foster Emulation's holy flame,
To build Society's majestic frame,
Mankind to polish, and to teach,
Be this the monarch's aim;
Above ambition's giant reach
The monarch's meed to claim.

ODE XVI.

FOR

THE NEW YEAR, 1786.

"DEAR to Jove, a genial isle
Crowns the broad Atlantic wave;
The seasons there in mild assemblage smile,
And vernal blossoms clothe the fruitful prime:
There, in many a fragrant cave,
Dwell the spirits of the brave,
And braid with amaranth their brows sublime."
So feign'd the Grecian bards of yore;
And veil'd in Fable's fancy-woven vest
A visionary shore,
That faintly gleam'd on their prophetic eye
Through the dark volume of futurity:
Nor knew that in the bright attire they dress'd
Albion, the green hair'd heroine of the West;
Ere yet she claim'd old Ocean's high command,
And snatch'd the trident from the tyrant's hand.

Vainly flow'd the mystic rhyme?
Mark the deeds from age to age,
That fill her trophy-pictur'd page:
And see, with all its strength, untam'd by time,
Still glows her valour's veteran rage.
O'er Calpe's [1] cliffs, and steepy tow'rs,
When stream'd the red sulphureous showers,
And Death's own hand the dread artillery threw;
While far along the midnight main
Its glaring arch the flaming volley drew;
How triumph'd Elliot's patient train,
Baffling their vain confederate foes;
And met th' unwonted fight's terrific form;
And hurling back the burning war, arose
Superior to the fiery storm!

Is there an ocean that forgets to roll
Beneath the torpid pole,
Nor to the brooding tempest heaves?
Her hardy keel the stubborn billow cleaves.
The rugged Neptune of the wint'ry brine
In vain his adamantine breast-plate wears:
To search coy Nature's guarded mine,
She bursts the barriers of th' indignant ice;
O'er sunless bays the beam of Science bears:
And rousing far around the polar sleep,
Where Drake's bold ensigns fear'd to sweep,
She sees new nations flock to some fell sacrifice.

[1] Gibraltar.

She speeds, at George's sage command,
Society from deep to deep,
And zone to zone she binds;
From shore to shore, o'er every land,
The golden chain of Commerce winds.

Meantime her patriot-cares explore
Her own rich woof's exhaustless store;
Her native fleece new fervour feels,
And wakens all its whirling wheels,
And mocks the rainbow's radiant die;
More wide the labours of the loom she spreads,
In firmer bands domestic Commerce weds,
And calls her sister-isle to share the tie:
Nor heeds the violence that broke
From filial realms her old parental yoke!

Her cities, throng'd with many an Attic dome,
Ask not the banner'd bastion, massy proof;
Firm as the castle's feudal roof,
Stands the Briton's social home.—
Hear, Gaul, of England's liberty the lot!
Right, Order, Law, protect her simplest plain;
Nor scorn to guard the shepherd's nightly fold,
And watch around the forest cot.
With conscious certainty, the swain
Gives to the ground his trusted grain,

With eager hope the reddening harvest eyes;
And claims the ripe autumnal gold,
The meed of toil, of industry the prize.
For ours the king, who boasts a parent's praise,
Whose hand the people's sceptre sways;
Ours is the senate, not a specious name,
Whose active plans pervade the civil frame:
Where bold debate its noblest war displays,
And, in the kindling strife, unlocks the tide
Of manliest eloquence, and rolls the torrent wide.

Hence then, each vain complaint, away,
Each captious doubt, and cautious fear!
Nor blast the new-born year,
That anxious waits the spring's slow-shooting ray:
Nor deem that Albion's honours cease to bloom.
With candid glance, th' impartial Muse,
Invok'd on this auspicious morn,
The present scans, the distant scene pursues,
And breaks opinion's speculative gloom:
Interpreter of ages yet unborn,
Full right she spells the characters of Fate,
That Albion still shall keep her wonted state!
Still in eternal story shine,
Of Victory the sea-beat shrine;
The source of every splendid art,
Of old, of future worlds the universal mart.

ODE XVII.

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4TH, 1786.

When Freedom nurs'd her native fire
In ancient Greece, and rul'd the lyre;
Her bards, disdainful, from the tyrant's brow
The tinsel gifts of flattery tore;
But paid to guiltless power their willing vow:
And to the throne of virtuous kings,
Tempering the tone of their vindictive strings,
From truth's unprostituted store,
The fragrant wreath of gratulation bore.

'Twas thus Alcæus smote the manly chord;
And Pindar on the Persian lord
His notes of indignation hurl'd.
And spurn'd the minstrel slaves of eastern sway,
From trembling Thebes extorting conscious shame;
But o'er the diadem, by freedom's flame
Illum'd, the banner of renown unfurl'd:
Thus to his Hiero decreed,
'Mongst the bold chieftains of the Pythian game,
The brightest verdure of Castalia's bay;
And gave an ampler meed
Of Pisan palms, than in the field of fame
Were wont to crown the car's victorious speed:
And hail'd his scepter'd champion's patriot zeal,
Who mix'd the monarch's with the people's weal;
From civil plans who claim'd applause,
And train'd obedient realms to Spartan laws.

And he, sweet master of the Doric oat,
Theocritus, forsook awhile
The graces of his pastoral isle,
The lowing vale, the bleating cote,
The clusters on the sunny steep,
And Pan's own umbrage, dark and deep,
The caverns hung with ivy-twine,
The cliffs that wav'd with oak and pine,
And Etna's hoar romantic pile:
And caught the bold Homeric note,
In stately sounds exalting high,
The reign of bounteous Ptolemy:
Like the plenty-teeming tide
Of his own Nile's redundant flood,
O'er the cheer'd nations, far and wide,
Diffusing opulence and public good;
While in the richly-warbled lays
Was blended Berenice's name,
Pattern fair of female fame,
Soft'ning with domestic life
Imperial splendour's dazzling rays,
The queen, the mother, and the wife!

To deck with honour due this festal day,
O for a strain from these sublimer bards!
Who free to grant, yet fearless to refuse
Their awful suffrage, with impartial aim
Invok'd the jealous panegyric Muse;
Nor, but to genuine worth's severer claim,
Their proud distinction deign'd to pay,
Stern arbiters of glory's bright awards!
For peerless bards like these alone,
The bards of Greece might best adorn,
With seemly song, the monarch's natal morn;
Who, thron'd in the magnificence of peace,
Rivals their richest regal theme:
Who rules a people like their own,
In arms, in polish'd arts supreme;
Who bids his Britain vie with Greece.

ODE XVIII.

FOR

THE NEW YEAR, 1787.

In rough magnificence array'd,
When ancient Chivalry display'd
The pomp of her heroic games;
And crested chiefs, and tissued dames,
Assembled, at the clarion's call,
In some proud castle's high-arch'd hall,

To grace romantic Glory's genial rites:
Associate of the gorgeous festival,
The minstrel struck his kindred string,
And told of many a steel-clad king,
Who to the turney train'd his hardy knights;
Or bore the radiant red-cross shield
Mid the bold peers of Salem's field;
Who travers'd pagan climes to quell
The wisard foe's terrific spell;
In rude affrays untaught to fear
The Saracen's gigantic spear.
The listening champions felt the fabling rhyme
With fairy trappings fraught, and shook their plumes sublime.

Such were the themes of regal praise
Dear to the bard of elder days;
The songs, to savage virtue dear,
That won of yore the public ear;
Ere Polity, sedate and sage,
Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage.
Had stemm'd the torrent of eternal strife,
And charm'd to rest an unrelenting age.—
No more, in formidable state,
The castle shuts its thundering gate!
New colours suit the scenes of soften'd life;
No more, bestriding barbed steeds,
Adventurous Valour idly bleeds:
And now the bard in alter'd tones
A theme of worthier triumph owns;
By social imagery beguil'd,
He moulds his harp to manners mild;
Nor longer weaves the wreath of war alone,
Nor hails the hostile forms that grac'd the Gothic throne.

And now he tunes his plausive lay
To kings, who plant the civic bay!
Who choose the patriot sovereign's part,
Diffusing commerce, peace, and art;
Who spread the virtuous pattern wide,
And triumph in a nation's pride;
Who seek coy Science in her cloister'd nook,
Where Thames, yet rural, rolls an artless tide;
Who love to view the vale divine,
Where revel Nature and the Nine,
And clustering towers the tufted grove o'erlook;
To kings, who rule a filial land;
Who claim a people's vows and pray'rs,
Should Treason arm the weakest hand!!
To these his heart-felt praise he bears,
And with new rapture hastes to greet
This festal morn, that longs to meet,
With luckiest auspices, the laughing Spring:
And opes her glad career, with blessings on her wing!

ODE XIX.

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4th, 1787.

THE noblest bards of Albion's choir
Have struck of old this festal lyre.
Ere Science, struggling oft in vain,
Had dar'd to break her Gothic chain,
Victorious Edward gave the vernal bough
Of Britain's bay to bloom on Chaucer's brow:
Fir'd with the gift, he chang'd to sounds sublime
His Norman minstrelsy's discordant chime;
In tones majestic hence he told
The banquet of Cambuscan bold;
And oft he sung (howe'er the rhyme
Has moulder'd to the touch of time)
His martial master's knightly board,
And Arthur's ancient rites restor'd;
The prince in sable steel that sternly frown'd,
And Gallia's captive king, and Cressy's wreath renown'd.

Won from the shepherd's simple meed,
The whispers wild of Mulla's reed,
Sage Spenser wak'd his lofty lay
To grace Eliza's golden sway:
O'er the proud theme new lustre to diffuse,
He chose the gorgeous allegoric Muse,
And call'd to life old Uther's elfin tale,
And rov'd thro' many a necromantic vale,
Pourtraying chiefs that knew to tame
The goblin's ire, the dragon's flame,
To pierce the dark enchanted hall,
Where Virtue sate in lonely thrall.
From fabling Fancy's inmost store
A rich romantic robe he bore;
A veil with visionary trappings hung,
And o'er his virgin-queen the fairy texture flung.

At length the matchless Dryden came,
To light the Muses' clearer flame;
To lofty numbers grace to lend,
And strength with melody to blend;
To triumph in the bold career of song,
And roll th' unwearied energy along.
Does the mean incense of promiscuous praise,
Does servile fear, disgrace his regal bays?
I spurn his panegyric strings,
His partial homage, tun'd to kings!
Be mine, to catch his manlier chord,
That paints th' impassion'd Persian lord,
By glory fir'd, to pity su'd,
Rous'd to revenge, by love subdu'd;
And still, with transport new, the strains to trace,
That chant the Theban pair, and Tancred's deadly vase.

Had these blest bards been call'd, to pay
The vows of this auspicious day,
Each had confess'd a fairer throne,
A mightier sovereign than his own!
Chaucer had made his hero-monarch yield
The martial fame of Cressy's well-fought field
To peaceful prowess, and the conquests calm,
That braid the sceptre with the patriot's palm:
His chaplets of fantastic bloom,
His colourings, warm from Fiction's loom,
Spenser had cast in scorn away,
And deck'd with truth alone the lay;
All real here, the bard had seen
The glories of his pictur'd queen!
The tuneful Dryden had not flatter'd here,
His lyre had blameless been, his tribute all sincere!

ODE XX.

FOR

THE NEW YEAR, 1788.

RUDE was the pile, and massy proof,
That first uprear'd its haughty roof

? Alluding to the attempt just made on his majesty's life by an unhappy maniac.

On Windsor's brow sublime, in warlike state:
The Norman tyrant's jealous hand
The giant fabric proudly plann'd:
With recent victory elate,
"On this majestic steep," he cried,
"A regal fortress, threatening wide,
Shall spread my terrours to the distant hills;
Its formidable shade shall throw
Far o'er the broad expanse below,
Where winds yon mighty flood, and amply fills
With flowery verdure, or with golden grain,
The fairest fields that deck my new domain!
And London's towers that reach the watchman's eye,
Shall see with conscious awe my bulwark climb the sky."

Unchang'd, through many a hardy race,
Stood the rough dome in sullen grace;
Still on its angry front defiance frown'd:
Though monarchs kept their state within,
Still murmur'd with the martial din
The gloomy gateway's arch profound;
And armed forms, in airy row,
Bent o'er the battlements their bows,
And blood-stain'd banners crown'd its hostile head;
And oft its hoary ramparts wore
The rugg'd scars of conflict sore;
What time, pavilion'd on the neighbouring mead,
Th' indignant barons rang'd in bright array
Their feudal bands to curb despotic sway;
And league'd a Briton's birthright to restore,
From John's reluctant grasp the roll of freedom bore.

When lo, the king, that wreath'd his shield
With lilies pluck'd on Cressy's field,
Heav'd from its base the mould'ring Norman frame!
New glory cloth'd th' exulting steep,
The portals tower'd with ampler sweep;
And Valour's soften'd genius came,
Here held his pomp, and trail'd the pall
Of triumph through the trophied hall;
And War was clad awhile in gorgeous weeds:
Amid the martial pageantries,
While Beauty's glance adjudg'd the prize,
And beam'd sweet influence on heroic deeds.
Nor long, ere Henry's holy zeal, to breathe
A milder charm upon the scenes beneath,
Rear'd in the watery glade his classic shrine,
And call'd his stripling-quire, to woo the willing Nine.

To this imperial seat to lend
Its pride supreme, and nobly blend
British magnificence with Attic art;
Proud castle, to thy banner'd bowers,
Lo! Picture bids her glowing powers
Their bold historic groups impart;
She bids th' illuminated pane,
Along thy lofty-vaulted fane,
Shed the dim blaze of radiance richly clear.—
Still may such arts of Peace engage
Their patron's care! But should the rage
Of war to battle rouse the new-born year,
Britain arise, and wake the slumbering fire,
Vindictive dart thy quick-rekindling ire!
Or, arm'd to strike, in mercy spare the foe;
And lift thy thundering hand, and then withhold the blow!

ODE XXI.

ON

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

JUNE 4th, 1788.

WHAT native genius taught the Britons bold
To guard their sea-girt cliffs of old?
'Twas Liberty: she taught disdain
Of death, of Rome's imperial chain.
She bade the druid harp to battle sound,
In tones prophetic thro' the gloom profound
Of forests hoar, with holy foliage hung;
From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung;
Belinus[1] call'd his painted tribes around,
And, rough with many a veteran scar,
Swept the pale legions with the scythed car,
While baffled Cæsar fled to gain
An easier triumph on Pharsalia's plain;
And left the stubborn isle to stand elate
Amidst a conquer'd world, in lone majestic state!

A kindred spirit soon to Britain's shore
The sons of Saxon Elva bore;
Fraught with th' unconquerable soul,
Who died, to drain the warrior-bowl,
In that bright hall, where Odin's Gothic throne
With the broad blaze of brandish'd falchions shone;
Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
Of spectre chiefs, who feasted far within
Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,
They felt the fires of social zeal,
The peaceful wisdom of the public weal;
Though nurs'd in arms and hardy strife,
They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life;
The king's, the people's, balanc'd claims to found
On one eternal base, indissolubly bound.

Sudden, to shake the Saxons mild domain,
Rush'd in rude swarms the robber Dane,
From frozen wastes, and caverns wild,
To genial England's scenes beguil'd;
And in his clamorous van exulting came
The demons foul of famine and of flame:
Witness the sheep-clad summits, roughly crown'd
With many a frowning foss and airy mound,
Which yet his lesultory march proclaim!—
Nor ceas'd the tide of gore to flow,
Till Alfred's laws allur'd th' intestine foe;
And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
To brave achievement, and to counsel sage;
For oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
Of brooding virtue live, and freedom's fairest deeds!

But see, triumphant o'er the southern wave,
The Norman sweeps! Tho' first he gave
New grace to Briton's naked plain,
With Arts and Manners in his train;
And many a fane he rear'd, that still sublime
In massy pomp has mock'd the stealth of time;
And castle fair, that stript from half its tow'rs,
From some broad steep in shatter'd glory low'rs:
Yet brought he Slavery from a softer clime;

[1] Cassivellaunus, Cassibellaunus, or, as he is called by the old English historians, Cassibelinus. The Britons united under him, and resisted the second invasion of Cæsar, fifty-four years before Christ.

Each ere, the curfew's notes severe
(That now but soothes the musing poet's ear)
At the new tyrant's stern command,
Warn'd to unwelcome rest a wakeful land;
While proud Oppression o'er the ravish'd field
High rais'd his armed hand, and shook the feudal shield.

Stoop'd then that Freedom to despotic sway,
For which, in many a fierce affray,
The Britons bold, the Saxons bled,
His Danish javelins Leswin led
O'er Hastings' plain, to stay the Norman yoke?
She felt, but to resist, the sudden stroke:
The tyrant-baron grasp'd the patriot steel,
And taught the tyrant king its force to feel;
And quick revenge the regal bondage broke.
And still, unchang'd and uncontroll'd,
Its rescued rights shall the dread empire hold;
For lo, revering Britain's cause,
A king new lustre lends to native laws,
The sacred sovereign of this festal day
On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray!

ODE XXII.

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4th, 1789.

As when the demon of the summer storm
Walks forth the noontide landscape to deform,
Dark grows the vale, and dark the distant grove,
And thick the bolts of angry Jove
Athwart the wat'ry welkin glide,
And streams the aerial torrent far and wide:
If by short fits the struggling ray
Should dart a momentary day,
Th' illumin'd mountain glows awhile,
By faint degrees the radiant glance
Purples th' horizon's pale expanse,
And gilds the gloom with hasty smile:
Ah! fickle smile, too swiftly past!
Again resounds the sweeping blast,
With hoarser din the demon howls;
Again the blackening concave scowls;
Sudden the shades of the meridian night
Yield to the triumph of rekindling light;
The reddening Sun regains his golden sway;
And Nature stands revealed in all her bright array.

Such was the changeful conflict that possess'd
With trembling tumult every British breast,
When Albion, towering in the van sublime
Of Glory's march, from clime to clime
Envied, belov'd, rever'd, renown'd,
Her brows with every blissful chaplet bound,
When, in her mid career of state,
She felt her monarch's awful fate!
Till Mercy from th' Almighty throne
Look'd down on man, and waving wide
Her wreath that, in the rainbow dyed,
With hues of soften'd lustre shone,
And bending from her sapphire cloud
O'er regal grief benignant bow'd;
To transport turn'd a people's fears,
And stay'd a people's tide of tears:
Bade this blest dawn with beams auspicious spring,
With hope serene, with healing on its wing;
And gave a sovereign o'er a grateful land [hand.
Again with vigorous grasp to stretch the sceptre'd

O favour'd king, what rapture more refin'd,
What mightier joy can fill the human mind,
Than what the monarch's conscious bosom feels,
At whose dread throne a nation kneels,
And hails its father, friend, and lord,
To life's career, to patriot sway restor'd;
And bids the loud responsive voice
Of union all around rejoice?
For thus to thee when Britons bow,
Warm and spontaneous from the heart,
As late their tears, their transports start,
And nature dictates duty's vow.
To thee, recall'd to sacred health,
Did the proud city's lavish wealth,
Did crowded streets alone display
The long-drawn blaze, the festal ray?
Meek Poverty her scanty cottage grac'd,
And flung her gleam across the lonely waste!
Th' exulting isle in one wide triumph strove,
One social sacrifice of reverential love!

Such pure unprompted praise do kingdoms pay,
Such willing zeal, to thrones of lawless sway?
Ah! how unlike the vain, the venal lore,
To Latian rulers dealt of yore,
O'er guilty pomp and hated power
When stream'd the sparkling panegyric shower;
And slaves, to sovereigns unendear'd,
Their pageant trophies coldly rear'd!
For are the charities, that blend
Monarch with man, to tyrants known?
The tender ties, that to the throne
A mild domestic glory lend,
Of wedded love the league sincere,
The virtuous consort's faithful tear?
Nor this the verse, that flattery brings,
Nor here I strike a Siren's strings; [Muse
Here kindling with her country's warmth, the
Her country's proud triumphant theme pursues;
E'en needless here the tribute of her lay!
Albion the garland gives on this distinguish'd day.

ODE XXIII.

FOR

HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4th, 1790.

WITHIN what fountain's craggy cell
Delights the goddess Health to dwell,
Where from the rigid roof distills
Her richest stream in steely rills?
What mineral gems intwine her humid locks?
Lo! sparkling high from potent springs
To Britain's sons her cup she brings!—
Romantic Matlock! are thy tufted rocks,
Thy fring'd declivities, the dim retreat
Where the coy nymph has fix'd her favourite seat,

And hears, reclin'd along the thundering shore,
Indignant Darwent's desultory tide
His rugged channel rudely chide, [gore?—
Darwent, whose shaggy wreath is stain'd with Danish
Or does she dress her naiad cave
With coral spoils from Neptune's wave,
And hold short revels with the train
Of nymphs that tread the neighbouring main,
And from the cliffs of Avon's cavern'd side
Temper the balmy beverage pure,
That, fraught with drops of precious cure,
Brings back to trembling hope the drooping bride,
That in the virgin's cheek renews the rose,
And wraps the eye of pain in quick repose?
While oft she climbs the mountain's shelving steeps,
And calls her votaries wan to catch the gale,
That breathes o'er Ashton's elmy vale,
And from the Cambrian hills the billowy Severn sweeps!—

Or broods the nymph with watchful wing
O'er ancient Badon's mystic spring,
And speeds from its sulphureous source
The steamy torrent's secret course,
And fans th' eternal sparks of hidden fire,
In deep unfathom'd beds below
By Bladud's magic taught to glow,
Bladud, high theme of Fancy's gothic lyre?—
Or opes the healing power her chosen fount
In the rich veins of Malvern's ample mount,
From whose tall ridge the noontide wanderer views
Pomona's purple realm, in April's pride,
Its blaze of bloom expanding wide,
And waving groves array'd in Flora's fairest hues?—

Haunts she the scene, where Nature low'rs
O'er Buxton's heath in lingering show'rs?—
Or loves she more, with sandal fleet
In matin dance the nymphs to meet,
That on the flowery marge of Chelder play?
Who, boastful of the stately train,
That deign'd to grace his simple plain,
Late with new pride along his reedy way
Bore to Sabrina wreaths of brighter hue,
And mark'd his pastoral urn with emblems new.—
Howe'er these streams ambrosial may detain
Thy steps, O genial Health, yet not alone
Thy gifts the naiad sisters own; [main.
Thine too the briny flood, and Ocean's hoar do-

And lo, amid the watery roar
In Thetis' car she skims the shore,
Where Portland's brows, embattled high
With rocks, in rugged majesty
Frown o'er the billows, and the storm restrain,
She beckons Britain's scepter'd pair
Her treasures of the deep to share!—
Hail then, on this glad morn, the mighty main!
Which lends the boon divine of lengthen'd days
To these who wear the noblest regal bays:
That mighty main, which on its conscious tide
Their boundless commerce pours on every clime,
Their dauntless banner bears sublime;
And wafts their pomp of war, and spreads their thunder wide!

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE IN HAMPSHIRE.

(WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1750. PUBLISHED IN DODSLEY'S COLLECTION 1775.)

WINSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
'Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
Or evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain:
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he [1] far distant strays,
With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recal those happier days.

SONNET II.

ON BATHING.

(THIS AND THE FOLLOWING SONNETS WERE PUBLISHED IN 1777.)

WHEN late the trees were stript by Winter pale,
Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
But since, gay-throu'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim:
And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

SONNET III.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S MONASTICON.

DEEM not, devoid of elegance, the sage,
By fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful pedantry the poring child;
Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,
Now sunk by time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styl'd,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers.

[1] His brother Dr. Jos. Warton.

SONNET IV.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore [1],
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile:
Or druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore,
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap: or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

SONNET V.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON-HOUSE.

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart!
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!
Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart
(To fate superior, and to fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall:
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom;
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

SONNET VI.

TO MR. GRAY.

Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!—
While slowly-pacing thro' the church-yard dew,
At curfeu-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murthers foul defil'd;
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

[1] One of the Bardish traditions about Stonehenge. *W.*

SONNET VII.

While summer-suns o'er the gay prospect play'd,
Through Surry's verdant scenes, where Epsom spreads
Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,
Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene,
I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd;
For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd,
Wet with hoar mists appear'd the sandy scene,
Which late in careless indolence I pass'd;
And Autumn all around those hues had cast
Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
Sad change, that Nature a congenial gloom [chase,
Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to
I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

SONNET VIII.

ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE,
AT WINCHESTER.

Where Venta's Norman castle still uprears
Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy foss,
And scatter'd flinty fragments clad in moss,
On yonder steep in naked state appears;
High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
Old Arthur's board: on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rhyme,
The Druid frame, unhonour'd, falls a prey
To the slow vengeance of the wisard Time,
And fade the British characters away;
Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
Those chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.

SONNET IX.

TO THE RIVER LODON [1].

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all thro' fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive Memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

[1] Near Basingstoke, Warton's native country.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS PIECES.

NEWMARKET, A SATIRE.

(PUBLISHED IN 1751.)

Πουλυπονος ἱππεια
Ὡς ἐμολις αιανη
Τᾳδε γᾳ. Sophocl. Elect. 508.

His country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has lost the parent's or the guardian's care;
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
Of each rash frolic what the source and end,
His sole and first ambition what?—to spend.
Some 'squires, to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups:
Another doats on fiddlers, till he sees
His hills no longer crown'd with tow'ring trees;
Convinc'd too late that modern strains can move,
Like those of ancient Greece, th' obedient grove:
In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
Marmoreo from the classic tour returns.—
But would you learn, ye leisure-loving 'squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent sires;
How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!
What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good knight at last retir'd to rest!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park:
That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age;
In simple state where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable dress of ancient years;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which Druids might adore;
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue:
Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
Glowing in gay diversities of green:
There the full stream thro' intermingling glades
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
Nor wants there hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.
And see the good old seat, whose Gothic tow'rs
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs;
Whose rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to Age and Want their daily bread;
Where crested knights with peerless damsels join'd,
At high and solemn festivals have din'd;
Presenting oft fair Virtue's shining task,
In mystic pageantries, and moral mask.
But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
At once a bankrupt and a prosp'rous heir,
Hilario bets,—park, house, dissolve in air;
With antique armour hung, his trophied rooms
Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
He sees his steel-clad sires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly smil'd,
All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace;
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
The parish wonders at the unopening door,
The chimnies blaze, the tables groan, no more.
Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
And all the social scene in silence lies.
Himself, the loss politely to repair,
Turns atheist, fiddler, highwayman, or play'r:
At length, the scorn, the shame of man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.
Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
Your dreams of thousands on the listed plain!
Not more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
When madly mounted on the magic horse [1],
He pierc'd Heav'n's opening spheres with dazzled eyes
And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.
Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed
Of young adventurers on the Muse's steed;
For poets have, like you, their destin'd round,
And ours is but a race on classic ground.
Long time, the child of patrimonial ease,
Hippolitus had carv'd sirloins in peace;
Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toil or wife,
The mild October of a private life:
Long liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,
And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground:
And, deaf to Honour's or Ambition's call,
With rural spoils adorn'd his hoary hall.
As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
His bosom kindles with sublimer views.
Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaffe, thy palms, Portmore!
Tempt him to stake his lands and treasur'd store.
Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,
Amid the lists our hero takes his stand;
Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,
He rolls his eyes, that witness huge dismay;
When lo! the chance of one inglorious heat
Strips him of genial cheer and snug retreat.
How awkward now he bears disgrace and dirt,
Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert!—
The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,
At once with dulness and with hunger curst.
And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires?
And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'squires?
In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
Britain, thy conscript counsellors behold;
(For some, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
May gain a borough, from a lucky bet,)
Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
The cap, and wig succinct, the silken suit,
Mere modern Phaetons, usurp the rein,
And scour in rival race the tempting plain.
See, side by side, his jockey and sir John
Discuss th' important point— of six to one.

[1] Clavileno. See Don Quixote, B. ii. Chap. 41. *W.*

For oh! the boasted privilege how dear,
How great the pride, to gain a jockey's ear!
See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
Thy members pour amid the mingling race!
All ask, what crowds the tumult could produce
Is Bedlam or the commons all broke loose?
Their way nor reason guides, nor caution checks,
Proud on a high-bred thing to risque their necks.
Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring crowd,
Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud:
With critic skill o'er dubious bets preside,
The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
Of distanc'd horses gravely fix the fate:
And with paternal care unwearied watch
O'er the nice conduct of a daring match.
Meantime, no more the mimic patriots rise,
To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise:
No more in senates dare assert her laws,
Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cause:
Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
And know no rostrum, but Newmarket's stand.
Is this the band of civil chiefs design'd
On England's weal to fix the pondering mind?
Who, while their country's rights are set to sale,
Quit Europe's balance for the jockey's scale.
O say, when least their sapient schemes are crost,
Or when a nation or a match is lost?
Who dams and sires with more exactness trace,
Than of their country's kings the sacred race:
Think London journeys are the worst of ills;
Subscribe to articles, instead of bills:
Strangers to all our annalists relate,
Theirs are the memoirs of the equestrian state:
Who, lost to Albion's past and present views,
Heber [2], thy chronicles alone peruse.
Go on, brave youths, till in some future age
Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
Till England see her thronging senators
Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs;
See the whole House, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots *all* in leathern breeches clad:
Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal reins a steed or state.
How would a virtuous Houhnhym neigh disdain,
To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein;
Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
Smoke thro' the glebe, or trace the destin'd road;
And, robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
Sustain each sordid toil of servile life.
Yet oh! what rage would touch his generous mind,
To see his sons of more than human kind;
A kind, with each exalted virtue blest,
Each gentler feeling of the liberal breast,
Afford diversion to that monster base,
That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
In whom pride, avarice, ignorance, conspire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo 'squire.
How are the Therons of these modern days [bays;
Chang'd from those chiefs who toil'd for Grecian
Who, fir'd with genuine glory's sacred lust,
Whirl'd the swift axle through the Pythian dust!
Theirs was the Pisan olive's blooming spray;
Theirs was the Theban bard's recording lay. [odds?
What though the grooms of Greece ne'er took the
They won no bets,—but then they soar'd to gods;
And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,
Than all th' united plates of George bestow'd.
Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame.
Thy scenes sublime and awful visions rise
In ancient pride before my musing eyes.
Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
While just Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her fated hero's flashing spear.
Here hung with many a lyre of silver string,
The laureate alleys of Ilissus spring;
And lo, where rapt in beauty's heavenly dream
Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.—
Yet ah! no more the land of arts and arms
Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Vandal rage,
Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age:
No more her groves by Fancy's feet are trod,
Each Attic grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fall'n is fair Greece! by Luxury's pleasing bane
Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.
Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou hast rivall'd Græcia's praise,
Great nurse of works divine! Yet oh! beware
Lest thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
Recall thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henries rear
With Spartan fortitude the British spear;
Alike hast seen thy sons deserve the meed
Or of the moral or the martial deed.

[2] Author of an Historical List of the Running Horses, &c. *W.*

PROLOGUE

ON THE

OLD WINCHESTER PLAYHOUSE

OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

Whoe'er our stage examines, must excuse
The wondrous shifts of the dramatic Muse;
Then kindly listen, while the prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakespeare to the shambles!
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The monarch swaggers, and the butcher swears!
Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans to mutton-chops!
While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark.
Cleavers and scymitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below!
While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellows to the roar the staggering ox.
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidneys and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones.
Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
And form a tragi-comedy around.
With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!
Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of flesh, Anthonio's bond must pay!
Hither your knives, ye Christians, clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the ruthless Jew!

Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
Cast a sheep's-eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of legs of mutton—starve!
But would you to our house in crowds repair,
Ye gen'rous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.

A PANEGYRIC
ON
OXFORD ALE.

——Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles. HOR.

(WRITTEN IN 1748. PUBLISHED IN 1750.)

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail, juice benignant! O'er the costly cups
Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
My sober evening let the tankard bless,
With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
A calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
Its opiate influence. What tho' sore ills
Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals
Or cheerful candle, (save the make-weight's gleam
Haply remaining) heart-rejoicing Ale
Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.
Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate;
While Ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
Sweet Helicon of logic! But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
Where, Ale, thy votaries in full resort
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
Of monumental oak and antique mould,
That long has stood the rage of conquering years
Inviolate, (nor in more ample chair
Smokes rosy Justice, when th' important cause,
Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
In all the majesty of paunch he tries)
Studious of ease, and provident, I place
My gladsome limbs; while in repeated round
Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy:
While haply, to relieve the ling'ring hours
In innocent delight, amusive putt
On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play
The vain vicissitudes of fortune shows.
Nor reckoning, name tremendous, me disturbs,
Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear;
While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
The frequent penny stands describ'd to view,
In snowy characters and graceful row.—
Hail, Ticking! surest guardian of dis'ress!
Beneath thy shelter, pennyless [1] I quaff
The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
New oysters cry'd;—tho' much the poet's friend,
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
Accept this tribute of poetic praise!
Nor proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
Of pot-house snug to visit: wiser he
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
Of loath'd tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm;
But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler Ale:
In vain—the proctor's voice arrests their joys;
Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess:
Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
All-pow'rful Ale! whose sorrow-soothing sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
Not unexperienc'd; while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph:
Be mine each morn with eager appetite
And hunger undissembled, to repair
To friendly buttery; there on smoaking crust
And foaming Ale to banquet unrestrain'd,
Material breakfast! Thus in ancient days
Our ancestors robust with liberal cups
Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons
Of modern times: nor ever had the might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With British Ale improving British worth.
With Ale irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome
Importunate: whether the plaintive voice
Of laundress shrill awake my startled ear;
Or barber spruce with supple look intrude;
Or taylor with obsequious bow advance;
Or groom invade me with defying front
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds

[1] In the *Companion to the Guide, &c.* our author thus humorously comments on his own poem; "In this neighbourhood, adjoining to the east end of Carfax church, are to be found the imperfect traces of a place, properly dedicated to the Muses, and described in our statutes by the familiar but forbidding denomination of *Pennyless Bench*. History and tradition report, that many eminent poets have been *benchers* here. To this *seat* of the Muses we are most probably indebted for that celebrated poem, *The Splendid Shilling* of Philips; and that the author of the *Panegyric on Oxford Ale* was no stranger to this inspiring *bench*, may be fairly concluded from these verses, where he addresses the god or goddess of *ticking*;

"Beneath thy shelter, *pennyless* I quaff
The cheerful cup."

(Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams,
Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supply'd)
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
In vain they plead or threat: all-pow'rful Ale
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks:
E'en Spacey with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of duns! and conquer'd quits the field.
Why did the gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recall?—
Thus while, improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luscious tankard uncontroll'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicens'd bliss;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)
Th' unpitying bursar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat, when night o'ershades the skies;
Nor Sheppard, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust, and Winter ticks no more.
Thus Adam, exil'd from the beauteous scenes
Of Eden, griev'd, no more in fragrant bow'r
On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot;
But all forlorn, the dreary wilderness
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace:
Thus too the matchless bard [2], whose lay resounds
The Splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom
Of lonesome garret, pin'd for cheerful Ale;
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
Mean follower: like him with honest love
Of Ale divine inspir'd, and love of song.
But long may bounteous Heav'n with watchful care
Avert his hapless lot! Enough for me
That burning with congenial flame I dar'd
His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
And sing his favorite theme in kindred strains.

THE

PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT [1].

(WRITTEN AT OXFORD IN THE YEAR 1746.)

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor:

" Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
And this my eldest son of nine;
My wife's ambition and my own
Was that this child should wear a gown:
I'll warrant that his good behaviour
Will justify your future favour;
And, for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son's a very forward youth;
Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
If you'd examine—and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him;
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;
Your vote and interest, sir!"—'Tis done.
Our pupil's hopes, tho' twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed:
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college-rules are heavy chains:
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns;
And now, intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.
When nine full tedious winters past [2],
That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:
" These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings:
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dulness of a college,
Debarr'd the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss—a loving wife!
O! what's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head!
Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewell all!
To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of dean, vice præs.—of bursar too;
Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
Come, tythes, and house, and fruitful fields!"
Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patron's vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;
At length, and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear!
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
" What a convenient house! how neat!
For fuel here's sufficient wood:
Pray God the cellars may be good!
The garden—that must be new plann'd—
Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand?
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flow'ry shrub of thousand dies:—
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay:
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, ere long, of golden gleam
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream:
This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
We'll alter to a modern privy:

[1] This poem took its rise from an epigram, which our poet wrote as scholar of Trinity College; and which meeting with the approbation of the president, Dr. Huddesford, Warton at his request paraphrased in English. The English poem was first published in the Student, in the year 1750, and afterwards much altered and improved. The original Latin sketch will be found among his Latin poems. " At the hazard of an imputation of partiality to the author (says Dr. Warton in his edition of Pope, vol. ii. p. 302.) I venture to say that I prefer a poem called *The Progress of Discontent*, to any imitation of Swift that has ever yet appeared."

[2] J. Philips.

[2] The scholars of Trinity are superannuated, if they do not succeed to fellowships in nine years after their election to scholarships.

Up yon green slope, of hazels trim,
An avenue so cool and dim
Shall to an harbour at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor lov'd devotion—
But of a garden had no notion."
Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the 'squire;
Not over weighty in the purse,
But many doctors have done worse:
And tho' she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve and make birch wine.
Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;
With tythes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflow'rs, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
Builds in his copse a fav'rite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.—
But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is opprest;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.
"Why did I sell my college life"
(He cries) "for benefice and wife?
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure!
When calm around the common room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected:
And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious founder!
When impositions were supply'd
To light my pipe—or sooth my pride—
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly-longing wife to please;
My thoughts no christ'ning dinners crost,
No children cry'd for butter'd toast;
And ev'ry night I went to bed,
Without a modus in my head!"
Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

THE

PHAETON,

OR

AND THE

ONE-HORSE CHAIR.

At Blagrave's [1] once upon a time,
There stood a Phaeton sublime:
Unsullied by the dusty road
Its wheels with recent crimson glow'd;
Its sides display'd a dazzling hue,
Its harness tight, its lining new:
No scheme-enamour'd youth, I ween,
Survey'd the gaily-deck'd machine,
But fondly long'd to seize the reins,
And whirl o'er Campsfield's [2] tempting plains.
Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
A One-Horse Chair had took its stand:
When thus our vehicle begun
To sneer the luckless Chaise and One.
"How could my master place me here
Within thy vulgar atmosphere?
From classic ground pray shift thy station,
Thou scorn of Oxford education!—
Your homely make, believe me, man,
Is quite upon the Gothic plan;
And you, and all your clumsy kind,
For lowest purposes design'd:
Fit only, with a one-ey'd mare,
To drag, for benefit of air,
The country parson's pregnant wife,
Thou friend of dull domestic life!
Or, with his maid and aunt, to school
To carry Dicky on a stool:
Or, haply, to some christening gay
A brace of godmothers convey.—
Or, when blest Saturday prepares
For London tradesmen rest from cares,
'Tis thine to make them happy one day,
Companion of their genial Sunday!
'Tis thine, o'er turnpikes newly made,
When timely show'rs the dust have laid,
To bear some alderman serene
To fragrant Hampstead's sylvan scene.
Nor higher searce thy merit rises
Among the polish'd sons of Isis.
Hir'd for a solitary crown,
Canst thou to schemes invite the gown?
Go, tempt some prig, pretending taste,
With hat new cock'd, and newly lac'd,
O'er mutton-chops, and scanty wine,
At humble Dorchester to dine!
Meantime remember, lifeless drone!
I carry bucks and bloods alone.
And oh! whene'er the weather's friendly,
What inn at Abingdon or Henley,
But still my vast importance feels,
And gladly greets my entering wheels!
And think, obedient to the thong,
How yon gay street we smoke along:
While all with envious wonder view
The corner turn'd so quick and true."
To check an upstart's empty pride,
Thus sage the One-Horse Chair reply'd.

[1] Blagrave, well known at Oxford for letting out carriages, 1763. *W.*

[2] In the road to Blenheim. *W.*

" Pray, when the consequence is weigh'd,
What's all your spirit and parade?
From mirth to grief what sad transitions,
To broken bones and impositions!
Or if no bones are broke, what's worse,
Your schemes make work for Glass and Nourse [3].—
On us pray spare your keen reproaches,
From One-Horse Chairs men rise to Coaches;
If calm Discretion's stedfast hand
With cautious skill the reins command.
From me fair Health's fresh fountain springs,
O'er me soft Snugness spreads her wings:
And Innocence reflects her ray
To gild my calm sequester'd way:
E'en kings might quit their state to share
Contentment and a One-Horse Chair.—
What though, o'er yonder echoing street
Your rapid wheels resound so sweet;
Shall Isis' sons thus vainly prize
A rattle of a larger size?"
Blagrave, who during the dispute
Stood in a corner, snug and mute,
Surpris'd, no doubt, in lofty verse
To hear his carriages converse,
With solemn face, o'er Oxford ale,
To me disclos'd this wondrous tale:
I straight dispatch'd it to the Muse,
Who brush'd it up for Jackson's news,
And, what has oft been penn'd in prose,
Added this moral at the close.
" Things may be useful, tho' obscure;
The pace that's slow is often sure;
When empty pageantries we prize,
We raise but dust to blind our eyes.
The golden mean can best bestow
Safety for unsubstantial show."

ODE

TO A

GRIZZLE WIG.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD JUST LEFT OFF HIS BOB.

All hail, ye curls, that, rang'd in reverend row,
With snowy pomp my conscious shoulders hide!
That fall beneath in venerable flow,
And crown my brows above with feathery pride!

High on your summit, Wisdom's mimick'd air
Sits thron'd, with Pedantry her solemn sire,
And in her net of awe-diffusing hair
Entangles fools, and bids the crowd admire.

O'er every lock, that floats in full display,
Sage Ignorance her gloom scholastic throws;
And stamps o'er all my visage, once so gay,
Unmeaning Gravity's serene repose.

Can thus large wigs our reverence engage?
Have barbers thus the pow'r to blind our eyes?
Is science thus conferr'd on every sage,
By Bayliss, Blenkinsop, and lofty Wise [1]?

But thou, farewell, my Bob! whose thin-wove thatch
Was stor'd with quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
That love to live within the one-curl'd scratch,
With Fun, and all the family of Smiles.

Safe in thy privilege, near Isis' brook,
Whole afternoons at Wolvercote I quaff'd;
At eve my careless round in High-street took,
And call'd at Jolly's for the casual draught.

No more the wherry feels my stroke so true;
At skittles, in a Grizzle, can I play?
Woodstock, farewell! and Wallingford, adieu!
Where many a scheme reliev'd the lingering day.

Such were the joys that once Hilario crown'd,
Ere grave Preferment came my peace to rob:
Such are the less ambitious pleasures found
Beneath the liceat of an humble Bob.

[3] Surgeons in Oxford.
[1] Eminent peruke-makers in Oxford. *W.*

THE

CASTLE BARBER'S SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN THE LATE WAR.

I who with such success—alas! till
The war came on—have shav'd the Castle;
Who by the nose, with hand unshaken,
The boldest heroes oft have taken;
In humble strain am doom'd to mourn
My fortune chang'd, and state forlorn!
My soap scarce ventures into froth,
My razors rust in idle sloth!
Wisdom [1]! to you my verse appeals;
You share the griefs your barber feels:
Scarce comes a student once a whole age,
To stock your desolated college.
Our trade how ill an army suits!
This comes of picking up recruits.
Lost is the robber's occupation;
No robbing thrives—but of the nation:
For hardy necks no rope is twisted,
And e'en the hangman's self is listed.—
Thy publishers, O mighty Jackson!
With scarce a scanty coat their backs on,
Warning to youth no longer teach,
Nor live upon a dying speech.
In cassoc clad, for want of breeches,
No more the Castle-chaplain preaches.
Oh! were our troops but safely landed,
And every regiment disbanded!
They'd make, I trust, a new campaign
On Henley's hill, or Campsfield's plain:
Destin'd at home, in peaceful state,
By me fresh-shav'd, to meet their fate!
Regard, ye justices of peace!
The Castle-barber's piteous case:
And kindly make some snug addition,
To better his distrest condition.
Not that I mean, by such expressions,
To shave your worships at the sessions;
Or would, with vain presumption big,
Aspire to comb the judge's wig:
Far less ambitious thoughts are mine,
Far humbler hopes my views confine.—
Then think not that I ask amiss;
My small request is only this,
That I, by leave of Leigh or Pardo,
May, with the Castle—shave Bocardo [2].

[1] The governor of Oxford castle. *W.*
[2] The name of a prison in Oxford.

Thus, as at Jesus oft I've heard,
Rough servitors in Wales preferr'd,
The Joneses, Morgans, and Ap-Rices,
Keep fiddles with their benefices.

THE

OXFORD NEWSMAN'S VERSES.

FOR THE YEAR 1760.

THINK of the palms, my masters dear!
That crown this memorable year!
Come fill the glass, my hearts of gold,
To Britain's heroes brisk and bold;
While into rhyme I strive to turn all
The fam'd events of many a journal.
France feeds her sons on meagre soup,
'Twas hence they lost their Guadaloup:
What tho' they dress so fine and ja'nty?
They could not keep Marigalante.
Their forts in Afric could not repel
The thunder of undaunted Keppel:
Brave commodore! how we adore ye
For giving us success at Goree.
Ticonderago, and Niagara,
Make each true Briton sing O rare a!
I trust the taking of Crown-Point
Has put French courage out of joint.
Can we forget the timely check
Wolfe gave the scoundrels at Quebec [1]?—
That name has stopp'd my glad career,—
Your faithful newsman drops a tear!—
But other triumphs still remain,
And rouse to glee my rhymes again.
On Minden's plains, ye meek mounseers!
Remember Kingsley's grenadiers.
You vainly thought to ballarag us
With your fine squadron off cape Lagos;
But when Boscawen came, La Clue [2]
Sheer'd off, and look'd confounded blue.
Conflans [3], all cowardice and puff,
Hop'd to demolish hardy Duff;
But soon unlook'd-for guns o'eraw'd him,
Hawke darted forth, and nobly claw'd him.
And now their vaunted Formidable
Lies captive to a British cable.
Would you demand the glorious cause
Whence Britain every trophy draws?
You need not puzzle long your wit;—
Fame, from her trumpet, answers—Pitt.

FOR THE YEAR 1767.

DISMAL the news, which Jackson's yearly bard
Each circling Christmas brings,—"The times are hard!"
There was a time when Granby's grenadiers
Trimm'd the lac'd jackets of the French mounseers;
When every week produc'd some lucky hit,
And all our paragraphs were plann'd by Pitt.
We newsmen drank—as England's heroes fought,
While every victory prock'r'd—a pot.
Abroad, we conquer'd France and humbled Spain;
At home, rich harvests crown'd the laughing plain.
Then ran in numbers free the newsman's verses,
Blithe were our hearts, and full our leathern purses.
But now, no more the stream of plenty flows,
No more new conquests warm the newsman's nose.
Our shatter'd cottages admit the rain,
Our infants stretch their hands for bread in vain.
All hope is fled, our families are undone;
Provisions all are carry'd up to London;
Our copious granaries distillers thin,
Who raise our bread—but do not cheapen gin.
Th' effects of exportation still we rue;
I wish th' exporters were exported too!
In every pot-house is unpaid our score;
And generous captain Jolly ticks no more!
Yet still in store some happiness remains,
Some triumphs that may grace these annual strains.
Misfortunes past no longer I repeat—
George has declar'd—that we again shall eat.
Sweet Willhelminy, spite of wind and tide,
Of Denmark's monarch shines the blooming bride:
She's gone! but there's another in her stead,
For of a princess Charlotte's brought to bed:—
Oh, cou'd I but have had one single sup,
One single sniff, at Charlotte's caudle-cup!
I hear—God bless it—'tis a charming girl,
So here's her health in half a pint of purl.
But much I fear, this rhyme-exhausted song
Has kept you from your Christmas cheer too long.
Our poor endeavours view with gracious eye,
And bake these lines beneath a Christmas-pie!

FOR THE YEAR 1768.

STILL shall the newsman's annual rhymes
Complain of taxes and the times?
Each year our copies shall we make on
The price of butter, bread, and bacon?
Forbid it, all ye pow'rs of verse!
A happier subject I rehearse.
Farewell distress, and gloomy cares!
A merrier theme my Muse prepares.
For lo! to save us, on a sudden,
In shape of porter, beef, and pudding,
Though late, electioneering comes!—
Strike up, ye trumpets, and ye drums;
At length we change our wonted note,
And feast, all winter, on a vote.
Sure canvassing was never hotter!
But whether Harcourt, Nares, or Cotter [1],
At this grand crisis will succeed,
We freemen have not yet decreed.—
Methinks, with mirth your sides are shaking,
To hear us talk of member-making!
Yet know, that we direct the state;
On us depends the nation's fate.—
What though some doctor's cast-off wig
O'ershades my pate, not worth a fig;
My whole apparel in decay;
My beard unshav'd—on new-year's day;

[1] Before this place fell the brave Wolfe; yet with the satisfaction of first hearing that his troops were victorious. The other places here enumerated were conquests of the preceding year. *W.*

[2] The French admiral. *W.*

[3] Another French admiral. *W.*

[1] Candidates for the city of Oxford. *W.*

In me behold (the land's protector)
A freeman, newsman, and elector;
Through cold, and all unshod, my toes;—
My breast for Britain's freedom glows:—
Though turn'd, by poverty, my coat,
It ne'er was turn'd to give a vote.
Meantime, howe'er improv'd our fate is
By jovial cups, each evening, gratis;
Forget not, 'midst your Christmas cheer,
The customs of the coming year:—
In answer to this short epistle,
Your tankard send, to wet our whistle!

FOR THE YEAR 1770.

As now petitions are in fashion
With the first patriots of the nation;
In spirit high, in pocket low,
We patriots of the Butcher-row,
Thus, like our betters, ask redress
For high and mighty grievances,
Real, tho' penn'd in rhyme, as those
Which oft our Journal gives in prose:—
"Ye rural 'squires, so plump and sleek,
Who study—Jackson, once a week;
While now your hospitable board
With cold sirloin is amply stor'd,
And old October, nutmeg'd nice,
Send us a tankard and a slice!
Ye country parsons, stand our friends,
While now the driving sleet descends!
Give us your antiquated canes,
To help us through the miry lanes;
Or with a rusty grizzle wig
This Christmas deign our pates to rig.
Ye noble gem'men of the gown,
View not our verses with a frown!
But, in return for quick dispatches,
Invite us to your buttery-hatches!
Ye too, whose houses are so handy,
For coffee, tea, rum, wine, and brandy;
Pride of fair Oxford's gawdy streets,[1]
You too our strain submissive greets!
Hear Horseman, Spindlow, King, and Harper!
The weather sure was never sharper:—
Matron of matrons, Martha Baggs!
Dram your poor newsman clad in rags!
Dire mischiefs folks above are brewing,
The nation's—and the newsman's ruin;—
'Tis yours our sorrows to remove;
And if thus generous ye prove,
For friends so good we're bound to pray
Till—next returns a new-year's day!"
"Giv'n at our melancholy cavern,
The cellar of the Sheep's Head tavern."

FOR THE YEAR 1771.

Delicious news—a war with Spain!
New rapture fires our Christmas strain.
Behold, to strike each Briton's eyes,
What bright victorious scenes arise!
What paragraphs of English glory
Will master Jackson set before ye!
The governor of Buenos Ayres
Shall dearly pay for his vagaries;
For whether North, or whether Chatham,
Shall rule the roast, we must have-at-'em:
Galloons—Havannah—Porto Bello,—
Ere long, will make the nation mellow:—
Our late trite themes we view with scorn,
Bellas the bold, and parson Horne:
Nor more, through many a tedious winter,
The triumphs of the patriot squinter,
The ins and outs, with cant eternal,
Shall crowd each column of our Journal.—
After a dreary season past,
Our turn to live is come at last:
Gen'rals, and admirals, and Jews,
Contractors, printers, men of news,
All thrive by war, and line their pockets,
And leave the works of peace to blockheads.
But stay, my Muse, this hasty fit—
The war is not declar'd as yet:
And we, though now so blithe we sing,
May all be press'd to serve the King!
Therefore, meantime, our masters dear,
Produce your hospitable cheer:—
While we, with much sincere delight,
(Whether we publish news—or fight)
Like England's undegenerate sons,
Will drink—confusion to the Dons!

[1] Keepers of noted coffee-houses in Oxford. *W.*

POEMATA HEXAMETRA.

MONS CATHARINÆ [1],

PROPE WINTONIAM.

Aerii Catharina jugi quâ vertice summo,
Danorum veteres fossas, immania castra,
Et circumducti servat vestigia valli;
Wiccamicæ mos est pubi, celebrare palæstras
Multiplices, passimque levi contendere lusu,
Festa dies quoties rediit, concessaque rite
Otia, purpureoque rubentes lumine soles,
Invitant, tetricæ curas lenire Minervæ,
Librorumque moras, et iniqua remittere pensa.
Ergo, Cecropiæ quales æstate cohortes,
Siquando ceras, nondumque tenacia linquunt
Mella vagæ, luduntque favis egamina missa,
Mox studio majore novos obitura labores;
Egreditur pullatum agmen; camposque patentes
Occupat, ingentisque tenet spatia ardua clivi.
Nec mora; quisque suos mores, animumque fateri,
Ingeniumque sequi, propriæque accingier arti.
Pars aciem instituunt, et justo utrinque phalanges
Ordine, et adversæ positis stant sortibus alæ.
His datur, orbiculum metis prohibere propinquis,
Præcipitique levem per gramina mittere lapsu:
Ast aliis, quorum pedibus fiducia major,
Excubias agitare vagas, cursuque citato
Sectari, et jam jam salienti insistere prædæ;
Usque adeo stimulat rapidus globus *ire sequaces*
Ancipiti de colle, pilæque *volubilis error*.
Impete seu valido elatum, et *sublime volantem*
Suspiciunt, pronosque inhiant ex aere lapsus,
Sortiti fortunam oculis; *manibusque paratis*
Expectant propiorem, intercipiuntque caducum.

[1] This poem was first edited in 1760, after Gray's *Ode on Eton College*, which was written in 1742.

At pater Ichinus viridantes, vallibus imis,
Quâ reficit salices, subductæ in margine ripæ,
Pars vegetos nudant artus, et flumina saltu
Summa petunt: jamque alternis placidum ictibus æquor
In numerum, pedibusque secant, et remige plantâ;
Jamque ipso penitus merguntur gurgite, prono
Corpore, spumantemque lacum sub vertice torquent.
Protinus emersis, nova gratia crinibus udis
Nascitur, atque oculis subitò micat acribus ignis;
Lætior, impubesque genæ formosiùs ardent.
Interea licitos colles, atque otia jussa,
Illi indignantes, ripæ ulterioris amore,
Longinquos campos, et non sua rura capessunt.
Sive illos (quæ corda solet mortalia passim)
In vetitum mens prona nefas, et iniqua cupido
Sollicitet; novitasve trahat dulcedine mirâ
Insuetos tentare per avia pascua calles:
Seu malint secum obscuros captare recessus,
Secreto faciles habituri in margine Musas:
Quicquid erit, cursu pavitanti, oculisque retortis,
Fit furtiva via, et suspectis passibus itur.
Nec parvi stetit ordinibus cessisse, locumque
Deseruisse datum, et signis abiisse relictis.
Quin lusu incerto cernas gestire Minores;
Usque adeo instabiles animos nova gaudia lætant!
Se saltu exercent vario, et luctantur in herbâ,
Innocuasve edunt pugnas, aut gramine molli
Otia agunt fusi, clivisque sub omnibus hærent.
Aut aliquis tereti ductos in marmore gyros
Suspiciens, miratur inextricabile textum;
Sive illic Lemurum populus sub nocte choreas
Plauserit exiguas, viridesque attriverit herbas;
Sive olim pastor fidos descripserit ignes,
Verbaque difficili composta reliquerit orbe,
Confusasque notas, impressaque cespite vota.
At Juvenis, cui sunt meliores pectore sensus,
Cui cordi rerum species, et dædalus ordo,
Et tumultum capit, et sublimi vertice solus,
Quæ latè patuere, oculos fert singula circum.
Colle ex opposito, flaventi campus aristâ
Aureus, adversoque refulgent jugera sole:
At procul obscuri fluctus, et rura remotis
Indiciis, et disjunctæ juga cærula Vectæ:
Sub pedibus, perfusa uligine pascua dulci,
Et tenues rivi, et sparsis frondentia Tempe
Arboribus, saxoque rudi venerabile templum
Apparet, mediâ riguæ convallis in umbrâ.
Turritum, a dextrâ, patulis caput extulit ulmis
Wiccamici domus alma chori, notissima Musis:
Nec procul ampla ædes, et eodem læta patrono,
Ingens delubrum, centum sublime fenestris,
Erigitur, magnâque micant fastigia mole.
Hinc atque hinc extat vetus Urbs, olim inclyta bello,
Et muri disjecti, et propugnacula lapsa;
Infectique Lares, lævisque palatia ducta
Auspiciis. Nequeunt expleri corda tuendo,
Et tacitam permulcet imago plurima mentem.
O felix Puerorum ætas, lucesque beatæ!
Vobis dia quies animis, et tristia vobis
Nondùm sollicitæ subierunt tædia vitæ!
En! vobis roseo ore salus, curæque fugaces,
Et lacrymæ, siquando, breves; dulcesque cachinni,
Et faciles, ultrò nati de pectore, risus!
O fortunati nimium! Si talia constent
Gaudia jam pueris, Ichinum propter amœnum,
Ah! sedes ambire novas quæ tanta cupido est,
Dotalemque domum, et promissas Isidis undas?
Ipsos illa licèt fœcundo flumine lucos
Pieridum fortunatos, et opima vireta,
Irriget, Ilisso par, aut Permessidos amni,
Et centum ostendet sinuoso in margine turres.

SACELLUM COLL. SS. TRIN. OXON. INSTAURATUM,

SUPPETIAS PRÆSERTIM CONFERENTE

RAD. BATHURST, EJUSDEM COLL. PRÆS. ET ECCLESIÆ WELLENSIS DECANO.

Quo cultu renovata dei penetralia, tristi
Dudum obducta situ, senioque horrentia longo,
Squallorem exuerint veterem, turpesque tenebras;
Utque novam faciem, mutataque mœnia ritè
Sumpserit instaurata ædes, specieque resurgens
Cœperit insuetâ priscum splendescere fanum,
Auspice Bathursto canimus: Tu, Diva, secundum
Da genium, et quales ipsi Romana canenti
Carmina, Nasonis facilem superantia venam,
Bathursto annueras, Latios concede lepores.
Quippe ubi jam Graiis moles innixa columnis
Erigitur nitidæ normam confessa Corinthi,
Vitruviumque refert justissima fabrica verum;
Quaque, Hospes, vario mirabere culmina fuco
Vivida, et ornatos multo molimine muros,
Olim cernere erat breviori limite clausum
Obscurumque adytum; dubiam cui rara fenestra
Admisit lucem, radibus suffusa figuris;
Quale pater pietati olim sacrârat avitæ
Popius, et rite antiquâ decoraverat arte:
At veteres quondam quicunque insigniit aras
Tandem extinctus honos: rerum fortuna subinde
Tot tulerat revoluta vices, et, certior hostis,
Paulatim quassata fatiscere fecerat ætas
Tecta ruens; quæ nunc et Wrenni dædala dextra,
Et pietas Bathursti æquat pulcherrima cœlo.
Verùm age, nec faciles, Hospes, piget omnia circum
Ferre oculos. Adsis; qualisque ereptus ab undis
Æneas, Lybicæ postquam successerat urbi,
Constitit artificumque manus, operumque laborem
Miratus, pictoque in pariete nota per orbem
Bella, sub ingenti collustrans singula templo;
Non minùs et donis opulentum, et numine plenum
Suspice majori templum, nitidoque receptus
Vestibulo, quanti pateant spectacula torui
Contemplator, et oppositum cælamine Septum
Rara interfusum, quali perfuceat arte!
Quis inflexa modis, quo sit perfusa nitore
Sculptilis, et nimiùm conspectu lubrica cedrus!
At Cancellorum non enarrabile textum,
Autumni spoliis, et multâ messe gravatum,
Occupat in medio, et binas demittit in alas
Porticus, et plexâ præfixis fronde columnis
Utrinque incubuit, penetralique ostia fecit.
Nec sua pro foribus desunt, spirantia signa,
Fida satellitia, atque aditum servantia tantum:
Nonne vides fixos in cœlum tollere vultus,
Ingentesque Dei monitus haurire, fideli
Et calamo Christum victuris tradere chartis?
Halat opus, Lebanique refert fragrantis odorem.
Perge modò, utque acies amplectier omnia possit,
Te mediis immitte choris, delubraque carpe

Interiora inhians; quæque obvia surgere cernis
Paulisper flexo veneranʃ altaria vultu,
Siste gradum, atque oculos refer ad fastigia summa.
Illic divinos vultus, ardentiaque orâ,
Nobilis expressit calamus, cœlumque reclusit.
In medio, domitâ jam morte, et victor, Jesus
Ætherium molitur iter, nebulisque coruscis
Insistens, repetit patrem, intermissaque sceptra.
Agnosco radiis flagrantia tempora densis,
Vulneraque illa (nefas!) quæ ligno maxima fixus
Victima sustulerat fatali: immobilus æther
Desuper, et puræ vis depluit aurea lucis.
At vario, per inane, dei comitatus, amictu,
Cælestes formæ, fulgentque insignibus alis.
Officio credas omnes trepidare fideli;
Pars sequitur longè, veneraturque ora volantis,
Pars aptare humeros Divo, et substernere nubes
Purpureas, caroque oneri succedere gaudent
Certatim, pariterque juvant augentque triumphum.
Nec totum in tabulâ est culmen: quâ cœrula clausit
Extrema, atque oras picturæ muniit aurum,
Protinus hinc sese species nitidissima rerum
Utrinque explicuit, cæmento ducta sequaci.
Tali opifex facilem massam disponere tracta
Calluit, argillæ secernens uvida fila
Mobilis, ut nullas non sint induta figuras
In quascunque levis digitus diducere vellet.
Nec confusus hones operi; secretaque rite
Areolam sculptura suam sibi vindicat omnis.
Prima ipsam niveo, circumque supraque, tabellam
Prætexit, sinuans alterna volumina, plexu,
Frondeaque intortos producit fimbria gyros.
Hinc atque hinc patulæ pubescunt vimina palmæ
Vivaces effusa comas, intextaque pomis
Turgidulis, varioque referta umbracula fœtu,
Cui pleno invideat subnitens Copia cornu:
Hac proeduntur flores, pulcherrima serta,
Qualia vere novo peperit cultissimus hortus;
Queis vix viva magis, meliusve effingere novit,
Dextera acu pollens, calathisque assueta Minervæ,
Omnes ilia licèt, quot parturit Enna, colores
Temperet, expediens variis discrimina filis,
Atque auro rigeat dives subtemen et ostro.
At ne aciem deflecte, tuendi captus amore.
Aspicis, ut diam nubes resecare columbam,
Suppositis fecitque opifex alnbier aris?
Hanc circum et Christi fatum referentia, sævæ
Instrumenta artis, magnique insignia Lethi,
Addidit; informes contortâ cuspide clavos,
Sanguineas capitis spinas, crepitantia flagra,
Ipsam etiam, quæ membra Dei morientis, et ora
Heu! collapsa, Crucem, mundique piacula gessit.
At quâ marmoreis gradibus se mystica mensa
Subrigit, et dives divini altare cruoris,
En, qualis murum a tergo præcinxit amictus,
Cedrinæque trabes, adversique æmula Septi
Materies, pariterque potentis conscia torni.
Verum ipsos evade gradus, nec longiùs abstes,
Quin propiore oculo, cupidique indagine visûs,
Angliaci explores divinum opus Alcimedontis:
Ne tenues formæ fugiant, et gratia ligni
Exilis, pereantque levis vestigia ferri
Mollia, subtilisque lepos intercidat omnis.
Quis fabri dabit insidias, arcanaque fila,
Rimari! Retinent quæ vincula textile buxum,
Et quales cohibent suspensa toreumata nodi!
Hinc atque hinc crescit foliorum pensilis umbra,
Et partita trahit pronas utrobique corollas,
Maturisque riget baccis, et germina pandit:
Quales e tereti dependent undique trunco
Undantes hederæ, et densis coma fœta corymbis.
Inter opus pennatarum paria alma cherubûm
Ambrosios lucent crines, impubiaque ora.
In summo veneranda calix, incisaque messis
In spicam induitur, turgentesque uva racemos
Rasilis explicuit, sacræ libamina cœnæ.
Tale decus nunquam impressit candenti elephanto,
Non Pario lapidi, non flavo Dædalus auro,
Quale faber buxo; gracilique in stipite lusit.
En verò, tumulum ingentem quà proxima clausit
Testudo, priscæ effigies, et busta propinquis
Non indigna aris! Salve, sanctissime Papi!
Nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis
Adsumus: O salve! neque enim, pater optime, credo,
Elysias inter sedes, divosque repôstus,
Et cum dilecto ducens dia otia Moro,
Negligis ulteriora pii monumenta laboris,
Alterius monumenta manûs, et non tua dona.
Alme Parens, salveto! Tuum est vestigia vulgi
Quod fugiam: Tu das inopis crudelia vitæ
Tædia solari, afflictis spes unica rebus,
Et sinis Aonidum viridantes ire per hortos.
Te, pater, et fidâ tua facta reponere mente,
Et memor assiduas tibi ritè resolvere grates,
Ora puer dubiâ signans intonsa juventa,
Consueram, primis et te venerabar ab annis.
Nec vano augurio sanctis cunabula Musis
Hæc posuisti olim, nec spes frustrata fefellit
Magna animo meditantem, et præmia larga ferentem:
Unde tot Aoniâ stant ordine tempora lauro
Velati, denoque æternæ frondis Alumni.
Alleni rerum reserans abstrusa senectus,
Et torquere sagax rationis lucida tela
Omnia Chilvorthus, patriosque recludere ritus
Seldenus solers, et magnificus Sheldonus,
Et juga Denhamius monstrans ignota camenis:
Tuque etiam, Bathurste, potens et mente manuque
Palladis exercere artes, unàque tueri.
Ergo tibi quoties, Popi, solennia vota
Ritè rependamus, propriosque novemus honores,
Tuque etiam socias, Bathurste, merebere laudes,
Divisum decus, et lauro cingère secundâ.—
Nec te sola Tuum, licèt optima cura, facellum
Occupat: en! prope plura facis, nec dispare sumptû,
Atria moliris ritu concinna recenti,
Summissas propter sedes; majoraque mandas
Ipsius incrementa domus, reficisque Penates.
Sic ubi, non operosa adeo primordia fassus,
Romulus exiguam muro concluserat urbem,
Per tenues primò plateas arx rara micare,
Ipsaque stramineo constabat regia culmo;
At postquam Augustus rerum successit habenis,
Continuò Parii lapidis candentia luce
Tecta refulsere: et Capitolî immobile saxum
Vertice marmoreo stetit, et laquearibus aureis.

IN OBITUM

CELSISSIMI ET DESIDERATISSIMI

FREDERICI, PRINCIPIS WALLIÆ.

(1751.)

Sit, Gulielme, tuum meditari Martia facta,
Turbatasque acies; sit fas ostendere lauros,
Anglia quas servata tibi, quas *Gallia reddit*
Devicta, et partos haud uno ex hoste triumphos;

Nec minor interea est Brunsvici a stemmate missis
Gloria Principibus, cognoscere munera pacis
Mitia, Palladiasque domi mirarier artes,
Et quos civilis docuit sapientia mores.
Heu talis, Frederice, fuisti! et Te quoque, dignæ,
Principe pacifero, velabunt tempora frondes;
Et Te magna manent, quanquam haud operosa, tropæa:
En tibi (regales quâ non insignior ulla
Vestit palma comas) ut lætos pandat honores,
En tibi felicis quæ copia crescat olivæ!
Ergo utcunque Tibi dispostas cernere turmas
Non, Frederice, fuit cordi, atque in murmura Martis
Haud placuit sublime armis fulgentibus ire;
Quin Te divini correptum ruris amore
In juga Clifdenæ multâ frondentia fago,
Seu Thamesin propter, dilecta per otia Keve
Convallem in riguam, Musæ, tua cura, solebant
Ducere Pierides, solisque reconde resylvis.
Nec tacitas inter reptasti inglorius umbras;
Quin patriæ placidâ meditans in mente salutem,
Quærere consueras, fuerit quæ regia virtus,
Quæ Mens, quique animi regem decuêre Britannum,
Promisso invigilans regno, sceptrisque futuris.
Qualis, qui Curibus parvis et paupere terrâ
Missus erat Princeps, sanctos sub nocte silenti
Cesserat in lucos; aderat pia Diva ministrans
Consilia Ægeria; incultam queis legibus urbem,
Effrenos regeret quâ religione Quirites,
Quâ dextrâ imperii rigidas torqueret habenas.
Quid referam, ut studio pollens Fredericus in omni
Interea digito citharam calleret eburnam
Artifici pulsare, ut suaves edere cantus,
Queis Thamesis mediis stupefactus constitit undis?
Haud frustra heroum meliora exempla secutus,
Quorum fama vetus per terras diditur omnes:
Nec fuit indignum Æacida, dum mœnia Trojæ
Insignis quateret clypeo, et cælestibus armis,
Tædia sollîciti secum testudine belli
Solari Aoniâ, et duros mulcere labores.
Nec Tu, Thebanæ gentis fortissime ductor,
Dedignatus eras divini munera cantûs;
Lauctrensi quanquam devinctus tempora lauro.
Quid memorem, Phœbi fuerant ut semper apud Te
Munera, Lauri vis, et suave rubens hyacinthus?
O pater, O præsens numen, Frederice, poetis;
Ut tibi Calliope Permessi inspersa liquore
Monstravit nemora, et formosæ jugera Cirrhæ:
Ut cupidum Pindi immisit rorantibus antris,
Antiquæ felicem et laudis et artis alumnum?
Talibus Auspiciis et tanto Principe fretum,
Quid mirum est Tempestates mutabilis anni
Thomsonum tam jucundo cecinisse lepore,
Horrida quid meditetur Hyems, quæ purpureum Ver
Germina progeneret, quas frondes explicit Æstas,
Et quantis Autumni exultet pampinus uvis?
O (quin fata obstant!) si nunc foret ipse superstes!
Munifici desiderio perculsus Amici,
Quam memori officio fudisset nobile carmen;
Quam Tibi Pierio decorâsset funera fletu,
Triste ministerium haud humili molitus honore;
Quam bene lecta Tibi studio, Frederice, fideli
Ferret in exequias variarum dona rosarum,
Et digna augustis inspergi serta sepulchris!
Interea tenues tumulo quas, impare Musâ,
Mittimus inferias, non duro respice vultu,
Parce pio vati, et faveas levioribus ausis.
Quin mihi supremum fas sit dixisse, Valeto;
O longùm, Frederice, valeto; O inclyte Princeps,
O valeas, frustra Angliaci diadematis hæres!
Nec sanè accepit gravius, propiusve medullis,
Per fastos tot retro, infelix Anglia vulnus;
Ex quo, Cressiaci media inter festa triumphi,
Atque Equitum antiquo socialia prandia ritu,
Ante diem Edvardus cecidit, fluitantia latè
Vexilla, et fuscis quæ feceret acer in armis,
Vinsoriæ ostentant sedes, perque Atria longa
Regificæ exultant spoliis victribus arces.

EPIGRAMMATA.

IN HORTO SCRIPT[1].

Vos O quæ sociis pliçata ramis
Ulmi brachia panditis gemellæ,
Horti delicîæ, decusque parvi!
Dum vicina apium cohors per herbas
Fragrantes medio strepit sub æstu,
Fraternis tueamini magistrum
Vos sub frondibus, Attici leporis
Auctores Latiive lectitantem;
Lustrantemve oculo licentiori
Colles oppositos, aprica rura,
Latè undantibus obsitos aristis,
Tectosque aeriis superne fagis.

EPITAPHIUM[2].

Conjux chara vale! tibi Maritus
Hoc pono memori manu sepulcrum;
At quales lacrymas tibi rependam,
Dum tristi revolo, Susanna, corde,
Quàm constans, animo neque impotente,
Tardi sustuleras acuta lethi,
Me spectans placidis supremùm ocellis!
Quod si pro meritis vel ipse flerem,
Quo fletu tuâ te relicta proles,
Proles parvula, ritè prosequetur,
Custodem, sociam, ducem, parentem?
At quorsùm lacrymæ? Valeto raræ
Exemplum pietatis, O Susanna!

[1] At Wynslade, the residence of his brother.

[2] The subject of this elegant and truly classical epigram was Susannah, first wife of Peter Serle, esq. of Little Testwood, in the parish of Eling, Hants. It is inscribed with some variations, in the parish-church of Eling, on a plain marble tablet; above which on a pedestal is a female bust, and below the arms of Mr. Serle and his wife, by which she appears to have been of the family of sir————Stonhouse, bart. of Berkshire. The monument bears the name of Mr. Rysbrack. She died on the 15th of November, 1753, in the thirtieth year of her age. Mr. Warton in return for this epitaph received an acknowledgement from Mr. Serle of 50, or 100 guineas. Mant.

APUD HORTUM JUCUNDISSIMUM WINTONIÆ.

Si qua est gratia rivuli perennis,
Ripas qui properat loquax per udas:
Si quis gramineo nitor vireto,
Rasisvè in spatiis quid est amœni;
Aut siquod, fruticum tenellulorum,
Raris fascicutis et hinc et inde
Frondentum, tenues brevesque sylvæ,
Possint pandere dædali coloris;
Quin, si floribus, angulos per omnes,
Quod dulcedinis est sine arte spàrsis;
Cum crebris saluberrimis et herbis;
Hunc, hospes, lepidum putabis hortum.
At nec deliciæ, licet suâves,
Tales te poterit diù tenere,
Quin mirabere, quæ micant utrinque
Tecta ingentia, maximumque templum [1],
Antiquumque larem decus camenis [2].
Hac dum prospicias, jugi sacrati [3]
Sub clivo ancipiti, domus superbæ
Olim, fragmina vasta, dirutasque
Arces; ah memor, hospes, esto, ut ipsæ,
Quas nunc egregio vides decoras
Cultu, et magnificas, utrinque moles,
Mox traxisse queant parem ruinam,
Et musco jaceant situque plenæ;
Quamvis utraque Wiccamus beatus
Diti fecerit auxeritque sumtû,
Te, Phœbi domus alma; teque templum,
Centum surgere jusserit columnis.

IN SOMNUM [4].

Somne veni, et quanquam certissima mortis imago es,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori!
Hue ades, haud abiture cito: nam sic sine vita
Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

QUI FIT, MÆCENAS, &c [5].

Cum Juvenis nostras subiit novus adœna sedes,
Continuo Popi præmia magna petit:
Deinde potens voti quiddam sublimius ambit,
Et socii lepidum munus inire cupit:
At socius mavult transire ad rura sacerdos;
Arridetque uxor jam propriique lares:
Ad rus transmisso, vitam instaurare priorem
Atque iterum Popi tecta subire juvat.
O pectus mire varium et mutabile! cui sors
Quæque petita placet, nulla potita placet.

[1] The Cathedral. [2] The College.

[3] St. Giles's hill; at the foot of which are the remains of Wolvesey Palace, formerly the magnificent residence of the bishops of Winchester.

[4] This inscription is said to have been intended to be placed under a statue of Somnus, in the garden of the late James Harris, esq. of Salisbury. It has been ascribed to Mr. Warton, but on doubtful authority.

[5] These are the original verses on which The Progress of Discontent was founded.

GRÆCA ATQUE ANGLICA QUÆDAM LATINE REDDITA.

HOMERI HYMNUS AD PANA.

En! tibi, Pan, summi colles, et maxima parent
Culmina, præcipitesque nivali vèrtice rupes.
Tu pater, incedens virgulta per avia, mentem
Oblectas lapsu fluviorum lenè cadentûm.
Sive errare velis per vasta cacumina, magni
Unde procul patuêre greges, atque otia dia
Pastorum; capreasve agites indagine densâ,
Seu redeas squallens variarum cæde ferarum.
At simul ex alto subluxit vesper Olympo,
Tale melos suavi diffundis arundine, quale
Non, Philomela, facit, quoties frondentibus umbris
Abdita, vere novo, intêgrat miserabile carmen.
Continuo properant faciles in carmina Nymphæ,
Instaurantque choros; saltantibus adsonat Echo.
In medio Deus ipse inflexos orbibus orbes
Insequitur, quatiens maculosæ tegmina lyncis:
Sub pedibusque eroci crescunt, dulcesque hyacinthi,
Floribus et variis viridis distinguitur herba.
Intereà cecinêre Deûm primordia prisca:
At primùm dixêre, ut, Divûm nuntius Hermes
Venerit Arcadiæ fines, pecorisque feraces
Formosi campos, et prata recentia rivis.
Quà nunc illi aræ, quà stant Cyllenia templa.
Illic, divino lœtè ingens esset honore,
Pavit oves, nam jussit amor; votisque potitus
Egregiam Dryopen in vincla jugalia duxit.
Nascitur hinc proles visu miranda, bicornis
Capripes; ipsa novo nutrix exterrita fœtu
Restitit, hirsutique infantem corporis horrens.
At pater exultans villosâ pelle revinctum
Montani leporis puerum, fulgentibus astris
Intulit, et solium Jovis ad sublime locavit.
Excipiunt plausu Superi; subrisit Iäcchûs
Purpureo vultu, et puerum Pan nomine dixit.

EX POEMATE DE VOLUPTATIBUS FACULTATIS IMAGINATRICIS [1].

——O Progenies pulcherrima cæli!
Quo tibi succorum tractu, calamique labore,
Divinos ducam vultus, cælestiaque ora?
Unde legam qui, Diva, tuis certare colores
Purpurei possint, discrimina dædala fuci?
Ergo age, Musa, vago cursu per maxima mundi
I spatia; et quicquid formosi florida tellus,
Quicquid habent maria, et cæli spirabile lumen,
Delibes; quicquid nitidum natura recondit
Dives opum variarum, in amabile, Musa, fideli
Confer opus studio. Seu liberioribus alis
Vin', comite Autumno, per fortunata volare
Hesperidûm nemora, et dias Atlantidos oras,
Dum quacunque Pater fœcundo pollice lucum
Felicem contingit, opacis gratia ramis
Fit nova, et auricomo fulsêrunt vimina fœtu:

[1] The Pleasures of Imagination, B. i. ver. 280.

Quàcunque incessit per ditia rura, renident
Undique maturo subiti livore racemi;
Apricosque recens infecit purpura colles,
Quales occiduo nubes quæ sole coruscant.
Sive errare velis, rigua convalle, per umbras
Daphnes dilectas, Penèus gurgite leni
Quà fluit, ostentatque reflexam e flumine Tempe
Purpuream vitreo;—Tempe! quà, numina sylvis
Nota olim, Fauni Nymphæque, per aurea prisci
Sæcula Saturni, secreto in margine ripæ
Frondiferæ, socio ducebant Pane choreas
Multiplices. At saltantum vestigia propter,
Horasque, Zephyrosque almos, udo imbre, videres
Certatim ambrosios rores, et odoriferum thus,
Deplucre, Elysioque rubent quicunque colores.

EX POEMATE DE RATIONE SALUTIS CONSERVANDÆ [1].

Ecce agite, O Nymphæ, integros ostendite fontes;
Egelidasque domos, rigui penetralia regni,
Naiades aperite! per avia tesqua vagari,
Vobis nota, aveo: videor resonantia saxis
Flumina præruptis, scatebrasque audire reclusas.
Sanctâ perculsus mentem formidine, rupes
Prospicio, quà vorticibus spumantibus amnes
Insignes micuêre, antiquo carmine clari.
Ante omnes, ingens, scopulis plangentibus, exit
Nilus; at iratis properat violentior undis
Hinc Padus; inde jugis Euphrates Oceano par
Volvitur umbriferis, Orientemque irrigat omnem.
At secum, sævoque procul resupinus in antro,
Squallentem Tanais diffudit barbarus urnam.
Quantis sub tenebris, quam vastis obruta silvis
Undique, conduntur fluviorum exordia prima
Nobilium! Ergo animum permista horrore voluptas
Percipit, et sacro correpunt ossa pavore:
Et magis, atque magis, dirâ formidine circùm
Frondiferi horrescunt luci, ramisque patescit
Altius, et majori atrum nemus accubat umbrâ.
Dicite, num Lemurûm regio stat finibus istis
Abdita? quænam hæc ignoti pomœria mundi?
Qui populi? Quæve arva viris exercita? siquæ
Talia trans deserta supersint arva colenda.
O ubi camporum tam nigris faucibus antrum
Porrigitur! Tanto specus ille immanis hiatu
Fertur in informem Phlegethonta, an amœna vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum! per opaca locorum
Ducite vos, dubiosque pedes firmetis euntî:
Munera vestra cano; nam jussit talia Pæon,
Talia, diva Salus; et versa pandere conor,
Quid lymphâ liquido fierive potest elemento:
Quo nihil utilius mundi fert dædala moles.
Mirus quippe latex it mobilis undique; gemmis
Lumine dat radiare vago; dat quercubus altis
Sævas indignari hyemes, et temnere ventos;
Dat scintillanti tenuissima spicula vino:
Et vehit et generat speciei alimenta cujque,
Et vitam, seu quæ spirabilis ætheris aurâ
Vescitur, irriguisve virescit florida campis.

[1] The Art of Preserving Health. B. ii. ver. 352.

PINDARI PYTHIONIC. I.

HIERONI ÆTNÆO SYRACUSIO CURRU VICT.

Testudo filis apta nitentibus,
Quam ritè servat Pieridum chorus,
Tu cantilenam, tu sequaces
Egregiâ regis arte gressus!
Perculsa plectro leniter aureo
Pronum corusci fulminis impetum
Tu sistis, æternæque flammæ
Præcipites moderaris ictus.
Alis relapsis, fusa Jovis super
Sceptro, volucris regia sternitur
Sopore prædulci, carentque
Rostra minis, oculique flammis.
Quin Mars reponens aspera spicula,
Post pulverem certaminis ardui,
Oblectat, O Phœbea proles,
Corda tuo truculenta cantu.
At quos benigno numine Jupiter
Non vidit, illos, earminis audiant
Siquando divini levamen,
Horror agit pavidusque luctus:
Qualis Typhœus, sub barathro jacens
Imo, supremis improba centiceps
Quod bella Divis intulisset
Hæmonio genitus sub antro.
Quem nunc ligatum Cuma cubat super,
Pectusque setis comprimit horridum
Columna cœli, quæ perenni
Stat glacie, nivis Ætna nutrix:
Et nunc procellas evomit igneas,
Fumosque, mistro turbine, bellua
Vulcani, et horrendum rubescunt
Nocte procul jaculata saxa:
Immane dictu prodigium! Mare
Siquis propinquum transeat, ut Typhos
Ætnæ sub antris illigetur,
Difficilique fremat cubili!
Hoc me solutum crimine fac, Pater,
Cui paret Ætnæ frondeus ambitus,
Frons fertilis telluris, ingens
Urbs titulos tulit unde magnos;
Quà nuntiatum est quale Hiero ederet
Certamen, acres victor agens equos,
Quantusque succussis, rotarum
Arbiter, insiterit quadrigis [1].

EX EURIPIDIS ANDROMACHA.

VER. 102.

ANDROMACHE LOQUITUR.

Cum Paris, O Helena, te celsa in Pergama duxit,
Et miser illicitos jussit adire toros,
Heu! non conjugii læti florentia dona,
Quin secum Alectô, Tisiphonemque, tulit.
Illius ob Furias, fidens Mars mille carinis
Te circùm rutilis, Troja, dedit facibus!
Illius ob Furias, cecidisti, care marite,
Hector! Achilleis rapte, marite, rotis!
Ipsa autem e thalamis agor ad cava littora ponti,
Servitii gravidâ nube adoperta caput. [que,
Ah! mihi quæ stillant lacrymæ! Trojamque, torna-

[1] Ad Antistr. ii.

Et fœdo fusum in pulvere linquo virum!
Quid juvat ulteriùs cæli convexa tueri?
Scilicet Hermiones sordida serva feror:
Et Thetidos complexa pedes, liquefio, perennis
Qualis præcipiti quæ pluit unda jugo.

MELEAGRI EPITAPHIUM
IN UXOREM.

EX ANTHOLOGIA, LIB. III. CAP. XII. EP. 22. BRUNCK. ANAL. V. I. p. 30.

Mitto tibi lacrymas, O Heliodora, sub Orcum,
In tenebris longè mitto tibi lacrymas.
Ah tristes lacrymas, libata in flebile bustum
Et desiderii dona, et amoris habe!
Te crebro, crebroque, meamque a lumine cassam
Defleo; quæ Diti gratia nulla Deo est.—
O ubi jucundus mihi flosculus? abstulit Orcus.—
Fœdavit vegetum pulvere germen humus.
Quare, terra tuum est amplectier ossa repostæ
Mollitèr, & fido salva fovere sinu.

ANTIPATRI THESSALONIC.
IN TEMPERANTIAM.

EX ANTHOL. I. LXXVIII. 1. BRUNCK, II. 121.

His natam Antigenes orabat vocibus olim
Ævi cum traheret fila suprema senex:
"O Virgo formosa, O dulcis nata, minister
Vitæ inopis semper sit tibi cura colus.
Mox cum te sociarit Hymen, tua maxima dos sit,
Te castæ mores matris habere probos."

CARPHYLIDÆ.

EX ANTHOL. III. i. 6. BRUNCK, II. 401.

Meam præteriens, Viator, urnam,
Non est quod lacrymâ riges sepultum;
Nam nil et mihi mortuo dolendum est.
Conjux una mihi, fuitque fida,
Quâ cum consenui; dedique natos
Tres in fœdera fausta nuptiarum;
Ex queis, sæpe mihi in sinu tepenti,
Sopivi pueros puellulasque:
Qui tandem, inferiis mihi relatis,
Misêre ambrosios patrem sopores
Dormitum, Elysii virente ripâ.

CALLIMACHI IN CRETHIDA.

EX ANTHOL. III. xii. 53. BRUNCK, I. 474.

Docta est dulce loqui, puellulasque
Inter ludere docta pervenustè;
Te, Crethi, Samiæ tuæ reposcunt;
Cujus garrulitate mollicellâ
Suerant lanifici levare curas.
At tu surda jaces; trahisque somnos
Cunctis denique, Crethi, dormiendos!

INCERTI

IN CHIO.

EX ANTHOL. CEPHAL. No. 648.

OMITTED BY BRUNCK.

Ergo te nitidæ dœus palæstræ,
Te lætum validæ labore luctæ,
Et perfusa oleo videre membra,
Nunc, Protarche, pater tegit sepulchro,
Congestisque recondit ossa saxis?
Necdum filiolæ modo peremptæ
Cessit cura recens, novique luctus
Acer funeris, O fidelis uxor,
Te præreptâ etiam parique fato.
At postquam ferus Orcus hausit, et spes
Et solatia vos gravis senectæ,
Hunc vobis lapidem memor reponit.

LEONIDÆ.

EX ANTHOL. VI. XXIV. 2. BRUNCK, I. 229.

Suspensam e Platano Teleson tibi, Capripes O Pan,
Pellem villosæ dat, pia dona, feræ;
Curvatamque caput, nodoso e stipite, clavam,
Quæ modò depulsi fœda cruore lupi est;
Concretoque aptum lacti mulctrale, et odoros
Queis tenuit clausos, ferrea vincla, canes.

IN

TUMULUM ARCHILOCHI.

EX ANTHOL. III. XXV. 20. BRUNCK, II. 167.

Hic est Archilochus situs. Veneno
Primus novit amara viperino
Qui contingere carmina; et cruore
Permessi liquidas notavit undas.
Testis, qui tribus orbus est puellis,
Suspensis laqueo truci, Lycambes.
Tu cauto pede præteri, viator,
Crabones aliter cièbis, ejus
Qui busto sibi condidêre nidum.

INCERTI

IN CICADAM.

EX ANTHOL. I. XXXIII. 22. BRUNCK, III. 239.

Cur me pastores foliorum abducitis umbrâ,
Me, quam delectant roscida rura vagam?
Me, quæ nympharum sum Musa, atque æthere sudo,
Hinc recino mirabrosis saltubus, inde jugis?
En! turdum et merulam, si prædæ tanta cupido est,
Quæ late sulcos diripuere satos.
Quæ vastant fruges, captare et fallere fas est;
Roscida non adidæ sufficit herba mihi.

ANTIPATRI THESSALONICENSIS.

Ex Anthol. Cephal. No. 749. Brunck, II. 115.

Te, verso properantem hostili ex agmine tergo,
Trajecit ferro vindice mater atrox;
Te tua, quæ peperit, mater: gladiumque recenti
Spumantem pueri sanguine crebra rotans,
Dentibus et graviter stridens, qualisque Lacæna,
Igne retrò torquens lumina glauca fero, [Orcum
"Linque, ait, Eurotam: et si mors est dura, sub
Fuge: non meus es; non Lacedæmonius."

CALLIMACHI IN HERACLITUM.

Ex Anthol. III. xxxiii. 37. Brunck, I. 472.

Te tristi mihi nuper, Heraclite,
Fato succubuisse nunciatum est;
Quo rumore misellus impotentes
Fui in lacrimulas statim coactus:
Recordabar enim, loquelâ ut olim
Dulci consuëramus ambo longos
Soles fallere, fabulisque crebris.
Verum Tu, vetus hospes, O ubinam—
Ah dudum—in cineres redacte dudum!
Nunc jaces, vetus hospes, urbe Carûm!
Tuæ Lasciniæ tamen supersunt;
Illis, omnia qui sibi arrogavit,
Haud Plato injiciet manus rapaces.

ADDITIONS TO WARTON'S POEMS.

A SONG.

IMITATED FROM THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM OF SHAKSPEARE, ACT II. SCENE V.

(From the Museum 1746.)

Lo here, beneath this hallow'd shade
Within a cowslip's blossom deep,
The lovely queen of Elves is laid,
May nought disturb her balmy sleep.
Let not the snake or baleful toad
Approach the silent mansion near,
Or newt profane the sweet abode,
Or owl repeat her orgies here!
No snail or worm shall hither come
With noxious filth her bow'r to stain:
Hence be the beetle's sullen hum,
And spider's disembowel'd train.
The love-lorn nightingale alone
Shall thro' Zitania's arbour stray,
To sooth her sleep with melting moan,
And lull her with his sweetest lay.

VERSES ON MISS COTES [1].

FIRST PUBLISHED ANONYMOUSLY IN 1749.

To trivial nymphs while Oxford's tasteless swains,
With fond consent, address their trivial strains,
That toasted still by ev'ry sighing smart,
Have claim'd undoubted rule o'er ev'ry heart;
Still usher'd by a train of powder'd sparks,
Queens of the Mall, and hackney'd in the parks;
'Tis ours to disregard the public voice,
Where fashion gives the sanction to the choice:
'Tis ours thy beauties, lovely Cotes, to boast,
Where matchless merit justifies the toast.
Let Wilmot's cheek be deck'd with brighter dyes,
And keener glances beam from Boucher's eyes;
Let Wilmot boast the just harmonious grace,
And all the faultless symmetry of face;
In these alone 'tis some distinguish'd part,
Some fav'rite feature, that can charm the heart.
'Tis not thy shape alone that strikes the sight,
Nor melting eyes, with mildest azure bright;
'Tis not thy bosom, white as falling snows,
Nor hair, that loose in golden ringlets flows
(Though each our am'rous hearts a beauty call),
But the joint force and full result of all;
And thy fair form our raptur'd bosoms warms
With all the graceful negligence of charms.
Add, that 'tis thine in ev'ry step to please,
Where dignity conspires with winning ease.
With double arts you lure us into love,
You shine like Venus—and like Venus move.
Add, that the Graces give the taste refin'd,
And deck with sweetest sentiments thy mind:
Nor more thine hours the toilette's cares engage
Than the soft raptures of the polish'd page.
Blest are the sons of Maudlin's learned dome,
Fast by whose seats the fair has fix'd her home;
On whom thine eyes their strongest influence beam,
Thou lovely queen of Cherwell's silver stream!
Yet, ah! unblest the sons of Maudlin's dome,
Fast by whose seats the fair has fix'd her home;
They fall a victim to the neighb'ring dame,
Nor Cherwell's streams can cool the raging flame;
From thy bright eyes the stroke of fate receive,
And for the beauteous Cotes their Pallas leave.
Meantime, while us the Fates have doom'd to pine,
Remote, and absent from thy form divine,
Thy charms transfix our bleeding hearts alike,
Reach though remote, and at a distance strike.
In vain from beauty's influence we retire,
Thine eyes o'ertake us like the lightning's fire.
What though nor we the brisk champaigne can boast,
When, lovely Cotes, thy fav'rite name we toast;
Thy fav'rite name, like Phœbus' rays divine,
Imparts new flavour, and improves the wine,
That, when thy beauties consecrate the glass,
Our humble port for brisk champaigne may pass.
Meantime forgive the poet of thy praise,
That fondly still prolongs his humble lays.
Yet think not, fair-one, that my lays detain
(Though void of art) those killing eyes in vain;
Those killing eyes are here less fatal found,
For, while my lays they read, they cease to wound.

VERSES ON MISS WILMOT.

O'er Isis' blooming banks, with busy care,
I sought to find the most distinguish'd fair.
To crop the softest flow'r, with eager feet
I trac'd each vale, and rov'd o'er ev'ry sweet,

[1] Miss Cotes was the eldest daughter of Digby Cotes, public orator, and principal of Magdalen Hall; and Miss Wilmot the beautiful daughter to Wilmot the bookseller, now a widow.

While all around unnumber'd charms disclose,
Pride of the bank, the beauteous Wilmot rose.
Not by vain charms, which vulgar beauties boast,
Wilmot asserts her title to the toast.
The light coquette attempts with little arts,
Where'er the Mall she treads, to gain our hearts;
She frames a various train of winning wiles,
Governs each glance and disciplines her smiles;
Each duteous curt'sy drops with studied care,
And lifts her hoop with most inviting air;
She learns to breathe the gentle am'rous sigh,
And all the conduct of the rolling eye;
Now kindly leers upon the passing swain,
Now the coy look affects of cold disdain;
She learns th' alluring lisp, the graceful start,
Each step, design, and ev'ry motion, art:
But, ah! how vain the soft deceit is found!
She gives no wounds, because she means to wound.
But, when bright Wilmot's faultless form is seen,
Moving in all the majesty of mien,
How soon eclips'd retires each light coquette!
How soon before her sun each star is set!
Whate'er inspir'd immortal Raphael's mind,
In summer eve, on balmy banks reclin'd;
When glow'd his mind with images of grace,
Studious a' sea-born Venus' form to trace;
When all the goddess rush'd upon his view,
Fresh from the wave, and wet with ocean's dew;
In Wilmot's form with mingling charms unite,
And all that's beauteous pours upon the sight.
Fresh as the primrose mead, or blushing rose,
With native charms each gentle feature glows.
But though the budding rose her cheeks adorn,
Like that they wound—and bear a fatal thorn.
Her face a miracle of beauty fills,
Softness that wounds, and innocence that kills.
If fix'd on earth her bashful eyes are found,
Lo, Phœbus' rays descending strike the ground!
Hither, bright maid, a youthful breast to warm,
With aspect mild incline thy lovely form!
Oh! let me view those lips profuse of sweets,
Where softest beauty, with persuasion sits!
Haste, let me weave a fragrant flow'ry crown,
To bind thy flowing lock of glossy brown:
Still let me gaze upon that breast divine,
Where, in sweet union, all the graces join;
Where each delight that fancy forms is seen,
Without, all beauty, and all truth within!
While Wilmot's charms my glowing thoughts engage,
Adieu the midnight lamp, the painful page.
Her charms each useful sentiment impart,
And still refine as they improve the heart:
For, more instructive are her beauteous looks,
Than all the learned indolence of books.
'Tis her's alone, with sweet prevailing ease,
At once to teach and charm, instruct and please.
While thus thy poet, in unpolish'd verse,
Dares all thy tempting graces to rehearse;
While in my strains thy blooming beauty lives,
And, what the Muse denies, a Venus gives;
Queen of my song, O deign a kind regard,
And crown with laurel-wreath thy humble bard!
Long have thy charms my captive heart detain'd,
And long my soul in love's soft fetters chain'd:
Reward in kind return these duteous lays,
Or give me back my heart—or give the bays.

THE MAIDEN'S BLOODY GARLAND,

OR

HIGH-STREET TRAGEDY.

Showing how Sarah Holly, a poor unfortunate serving-maid of the city of Oxford, being wronged by her sweet-heart, cut her throat from ear to ear, was next morning found dead in her bed, and afterwards buried in the king's high-way.

[From Brydges' Censura Literaria, vol. ii.—Sarah Holly was maid servant to Goddard, a hatter and hosier at the sign of the Golden Leg in the High-street Oxford. She actually destroyed herself as is here recited, in consequence of her lover's perfidy, and was buried in the high-way in All Saints Lane, with a stake driven through her body, which remained for a day or two.—Dr. Warton thought that a Mr. Thorp took part with his brother in this ingenious imitation of the Newgate ditties.]

TUNE—*There were three pilgrims.*

A MOURNFUL ditty I will tell,
Ye knew poor Sarah Holly well,
Who at the Golden Leg did dwell,
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho!

She was in love, as some do say,
Her sweet-heart made her go astray,
And at the last did her betray.
Heigh-ho, &c.

The babe within her womb did cry:
Unto her sweet-heart she did hie,
And tears like rain fell from her eye.
Heigh-ho, &c.

But oh! the wretch's heart was hard,
He to her cries gave no regard,
"Is this," says she, "my love's reward?"
Heigh-ho, &c.

"Oh! woe is me! I am betray'd!
Oh had I liv'd a spotless maid,
I ne'er with sobs and sighs had said
Heigh-ho, &c.

"But now I'm press'd with grief and woe,
And quiet ne'er again can know,
God grant my soul to Heaven may go,
Heigh-ho, &c.

"For I my wretched days must end,
Yet e'en for thee my pray'rs I'll send,
I die to all the world a friend."
Heigh-ho, &c.

Then to her friends she bid adieu,
And gave to each some token true,
With, "Think on me when this you view."
Heigh-ho, &c.

Unto the ostler at the Bear,
She gave a ringlet of her hair,
And said, "Farewell, my dearest dear."
Heigh-ho, &c.

O then to madam Luff she said—
"To morrow morn come to my bed,
And there you'll find me quite stone dead."
Heigh-ho, &c.

Too true she spoke, it did appear,
Next morn they call'd, she could not hear:
Her throat was cut from ear to ear.
Heigh-ho, &c.

No spark of life was in her shown,
No breath they saw, nor heard a groan,
Her precious soul was from her flown.
Heigh-ho, &c.

She was not as I once have seen
Her trip in Martin-Gardens green,
With apron starch'd and ruffles clean.
Heigh-ho, &c.

With bonnet trim'd, and flounced and all,
Which they a dulcimer do call,
And stockings white as snows that fall.
Heigh-ho, &c.

But dull was that black laughing eye,
And pale those lips of cherry-dye,
And set those teeth of ivory.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Those limbs which well the dance have led,
When Simmons Butter'd Pease hath play'd,
Were bloody, lifeless, cold and dead.
Heigh-ho, &c.

The crowner and the jury came,
To give their verdict on the same:
They doom'd her hapless corpse to shame.
Heigh-ho, &c.

At midnight, so the law doth say,
They 'd her mangled limbs convey
And bury in the king's highway.
Heigh-ho, &c.

No priest in white did there attend,
His kind assistance for to lend,
Her soul to Paradise to send.
Heigh-ho, &c.

No shroud her ghastly face did hide,
No winding-sheet was round her ty'd;
Like dogs, she to her grave was hied.
Heigh-ho, &c.

And then, your pity let it move,
Oh pity her who died for love!
A stake they through her body drove.
Heigh-ho, &c.

It would have melted stones to see
Such savageness and cruelty
Us'd to a maid of twenty-three.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens, an example take,
For Sarah Holly's wretched sake
O never virtue's ways forsake.
Heigh-ho, &c.

Ye maidens all of Oxford town,
O never yield your chaste renown
To velvet cap or tufted gown.
Heigh-ho, &c.

And when that they do love pretend,
No ear unto their fables lend,
But think on Sally's dismal end.
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho!

FIVE PASTORAL
ECLOGUES:

THE SCENES OF WHICH ARE SUPPOSED TO LIE AMONG THE SHEPHERDS, OPPRESSED BY THE WAR IN GERMANY.

Impius hæc tam culta novalia Miles habebit?
Barbaras has segetes? En quo discordia cives
Perduxit miseros! en queis consevimus agros!
VIRGIL.

PREFACE.

It is generally thought, that as Pastorals are a kind of poetry, which has been touch'd upon by such a number of poets, that they are easily compos'd, and that their thoughts and sentiments must be trite and vulgar. However this opinion may be true in reason, I hope the following pieces will be exempt from it's censure, as they are formed on a plan entirely new, and as their design is essentially distinguish'd from any productions of their kind, either ancient or modern: unless it be that the first and ninth Bucolic of Virgil are in the same nature. How the ideas of fields and woods, and a poetry whose very essence is a rural life, will agree with the polite taste of the town, and of gentlemen who are more conversant in the fashionable ornaments of life, is a question: but I hope as they relate to that war, which is at present the most general topic of conversation, this unpoliteness will in some measure be excused.

The learned reader will observe, that the author has endeavour'd to imitate the simplicity of the ancients in these pieces, as thinking it not only more particularly adapted to pastoral, but the true ornament of all kinds of poetry in general. As to the design of this work, I hope it will not be thought odd, or ill-chosen. The opposing interests of a peaceful and rural life, and the tumultuous scenes of war, together with the various struggles and passions arising from thence, seem by no means an improper field for the most elegant writer to exercise his genius in. How far the author of these pieces has succeeded in the performance of this, is humbly submitted to the censure and judgment of the public.

ECLOGUE I.

LYCAS AND ALPHON.

ALPHON.

Arise, my Lycas: in yon' woody wilds
From a rough rock in deep enclosure hid
Of thickest oaks, a gushing fountain falls,
And pours it's airy stream with torrent pure:
Which late returning from the field at eve
I found, invited by it's dashing sound,
As thro' the gloom it struck my passing ear.
Thither I mean to drive our languid flocks;
Fit place to cool their thirst in mid-day hour.
Due west it rises from that blasted beech;
The way but short:—come, Lycas, rouse thy dog;
Let us be gone.

LYCAS.

Alas, my friend, of flock,
Of spring, or shepherd's lore, to me is vain
To tell: my fav'rite lamb, the solace dear
Of these grey locks, my sweet and sole delight,
Is snatch'd by cruel fate! an armed band
On neighing steeds elate, in wide array
Trampled the youngling, as the vale along
At eve they pass'd, beneath their whelming march.

ALPHON.

Such throng I heard, as in the neighb'ring wood
I wander'd to reduce a straggling ewe
Escap'd the fold: what time the griesly owl
Her shrieks began, and at the wonted elm
The cows awaiting stood Lucilla's hand.
When straight with sudden fear alarm'd I start,
And list'ning to the distant-echoing steps
Of unseen horsemen with attentive ear,
I stand aloof. But why this deep-felt grief?
Merits such loss these tears and black despair?

LYCAS.

Alphon, no more to Lycas now remains,
Since he my last and latest care is lost!
Thou know'st my little flock; three tender ewes
Were all my mean ambition wish'd or sought.
Ev'n now nine days, and nine revolving nights
Are past, since these the Moldaw's raging flood
Swept with their wattled cotes, as o'er its banks
It rose redundant, swoln with beating rains,
And deep immers'd beneath its whirling wave.
I wak'd at early dawn, and to the field
I issu'd to pursue my wonted toil,
When lo! nor flocks, nor wattled cotes I saw;
But all that met my wond'ring eyes around,
Was desolation sad. Here stateliest oaks
Torn from their roots, with broken branches lay
In hideous ruin: there the fields, that laugh'd
With rip'ning corn, of all their charms despoil'd,
With oozy fragments scatter'd waste and wild
Were seen. I curst the wicked spirit drear,
That in the ruin'd abbey's darkest cell,
(That stands immur'd amid yon' lonesome pines)
I bound with triple chains: his magic pow'r
Oft'times with howling storms, and thunder loud
Deforms the night, and blackens nature's face.
His tempests swell'd the Moldaw's rising streams,
And thus o'erwhelm'd my flock.—But this my heart
Had learn'd to bear, at length to comfort's voice
It had obey'd, and all its woes forgot;
When ah! too soon returning woes invade
My breast, just rising from its former stroke.
When this, the sole survivor, of my flock,
Follows his lost companions; while a wretch
I here remain, deserted and forlorn!
He too had dy'd beneath the whelming surge,
Had not the shelter of my low-roof'd cot
That fatal night preserv'd him; where at eve
I hap'ly plac'd him with providing care,
Lest the fell storm, which yet from southern clouds
Threaten'd destruction, and to low'r began,
Might violate his tender-blooming age.

ALPHON.

With piteous eye, and sympathizing heart,
Thy tears I view.—These scenes of war and blood,
The calm repose of ev'ry field invade!
Myself had fall'n a victim to their rage,
As in deep dead of night my cave beneath
I lay dissolv'd in sleep, with warning voice
Had not my dog alarm'd with wond'ring ear.
When straight approach'd the cave a savage throng
With barb'rous arms, and habit fierce and wild,
With stern demeanour and defying look
Terrific; which the Moon's pale-glimm'ring rays
Presented to my sight, as in the boughs,
Close shrouded, of a neighb'ring pine I sat
(Where sudden fear had driv'n me to evade
Impending fate, unconscious and amaz'd)
Secure, but trembling, and in chilly damps
My limbs bedew'd.—The monsters as they past,
With dire confusion all the cavern fill'd;
Hurl'd to the ground my scrip, and beechen cup,
Dispers'd the shaggy skins that form my bed,
And o'er the trampled floor had scatter'd wide
A hoard of choicest chesnuts, which I cull'd
With nice-discerning care, and had design'd
A present to my beauteous Rosalinde.
Alas! with them her love had been obtain'd,
And me to Myron she had then preferr'd!

LYCAS.

Shepherd, on thee has Fortune kindly smil'd;
'Tis mine to feel her grief-inflicting hand!
Alas! each object that I view around
Recalls my perish'd darling to my sight,
And mocks me with his loss! see there the spring
Where oft he wont to slake his eager thirst!
And there the beech, beneath whose breezy shade
He lov'd to lie, close covert from the Sun!
See yet the bark smooth-worn and bare remains,
Where oft the youngling rubb'd his tender side!
Ah! what avail'd my care, and foresight vain?
That day he fell oppress'd by whelming steeds.
This hand had built a bow'r of thickest boughs
Compos'd, and wove with intermingling leaves,
Impervious to the Sun; and strew'd the floor
With choicest hay, that in the secret shade
He might repose, nor feel the dog-star's beam!
But why this sad, repeated track of woe
I still pursue? Farewell, my Alphon dear,
To distant fields, and pastures will I go,
Where impious war, and discord, nurse of blood,
Shall ne'er profane the silence of the groves.

ECLOGUE II.

ACIS AND ALCYON.

ACIS.

While in the bosom of this deep recess,
The voice of war has lost its madding shouts,
Let us improve the transient hour of peace,
And calm our troubled minds with mutual songs;
While this recess conspiring with the Muse
Invites to peaceful thoughts; this cavern deep,
And these tall pines that nodding from the rock
Wave o'er its mouth their umbrage black, and cast
A venerable gloom, with this clear fount
That cleaves the riven stone and fills the cave
With hollow-tinkling sounds. Repeat the song
Which late, Alcyon, from thy mouth I heard,
As to the spring we drove our thirsting flocks;
It tells the charms of grateful evening mild:
Begin, Alcyon: Acis in return
Shall sing the praises of the dawning morn.

ALCYON.

Behind the hills when sinks the western sun,
And falling dews breathe fragrance thro' the air,
Refreshing ev'ry field with coolness mild;
Then let me walk the twilight meadows green,
Or breezy up-lands, near thick-branching elms,
While the still landscape sooths my soul to rest,
And ev'ry care subsides to calmest peace:
The mists slow-rising from the rivers dank,
The woods scarce stirring at the whisp'ring wind,
The streaky clouds, that tinge their darken'd tops
With russet hues, and fainter gleams of light,
The solitude that all around becalms
The peaceful air, conspire to wrap my soul
In musings mild, and nought the solemn scene
And the still silence breaks, but distant sounds
Of bleating flocks, that to their destin'd fold
The shepherd drives: mean-time the shrill-tun'd bell
Of some lone ewe that wanders from the rest,
Tinckles far-off, with solitary sound;
The lowing cows that wait the milker's hand,
The cottage mastiff's bark, the joyous shouts
Of swains that meet to wrestle on the green,
Are heard around. But ah! since ruthless war
Has ravag'd in these fields, so tranquil once,
Too oft' alas the din of clashing arms
And discord fell disturbs the softer scene!
Thy sweet approach delights the wearied ox,
While in loose traces from the furrow'd field
He comes; thy dawn the weary reaper loves,
Who long had fainted in the mid-day sun,
Pleas'd with the cooler hour, along the vale
Whistling he home returns to kiss his babes,
With joyful heart, his labour's sweet reward!
But ah! what sudden fears amaze his soul
When, near approaching, all before he sees
His lowly cottage and the village 'round
Swept into ruin by the hand of war,
Dispers'd his children, and his much-lov'd wife,
No more to glad his breast with home-felt joys!
I too, when in my wattled cotes are laid
My supping flock, rejoice to meet my dear,
My fair Lauretta, at the wonted oak;
Or haply as her milking-pail she bears
Returning from the field, to ease her arm,
(Sweet office!) and impart my aiding hand!
Thy charms (O beauteous Evening!) shall be sung,
As long as these tall pines shall wave their heads,
Or this clear fountain cleave the riven stone!

ACIS.

Sweet are the dews of eve; her fragrance sweet;
Sweet are the pine-topt hills at sultry noon;
Sweet is the shelter of the friendly grot
To sheep, and shepherd, at impending storms;
But ah! less sweet the fragrant dews of eve;
Less sweet the pine-topt hills at sultry noon;
Less sweet the shelter of the friendly grot,
Than when the rising Sun with rosy beam
Peeps o'er the village-top, and o'er the fields,
The woods, the hills, the streams, and level meads,
Scatters bright splendours and diffusive joy!
As to his flock the shepherd issues forth,
Printing new footsteps in the dewy vale,
Each object of the joyous scene around
Vernal delight inspires, and glads his heart,
Unknowing of the cause, with new-felt glee!
The chant of early birds on every bush,
The steaming odours of the fresh-blown flow'rs—

ALCYON.

Cease, Acis, cease thy song:—from yonder hill,
Whose lofty sides enclose this secret seat,
Our flocks, that graze along its verd'rous brow,
Tumultuous rush, as struck with sudden fright:
And hark, methinks I hear the deathful sounds
Of war approaching, and its thunders roar!

ACIS.

Kind Heav'n preserve my wife and children dear,
Alas! I fear the sound, that louder now
Swells in the wind, and comes with fuller din,
Is near my cottage; which, thou know'st, my friend,
Stands at the spring, that issues from beneath
That rising hill, fast by the branching elm!

ALCYON.

See, see, my friend, what darksome spires arise
Of wreathing smoke, and blacken all the sky!—
Nearer and nearer comes the threat'ning voice,
And more distinguish'd strikes our trembling ear!
But lo! the foes advance above the hill;
I see their glitt'ring arms begin to gleam!
Come, let us fly, and in the deepest nook,
The inmost cavern of this winding grot,
Close shroud ourselves, lest in the gen'ral stream
Of thousands thronging down, we fall opprest.

ECLOGUE III.

When sable midnight on the fields and woods
Had spread her mantle dark, then wander'd forth
The pensive Alcon, and the bosom deep
Of a wild wood with solitary steps,
There to lament his wretched fate, he sought.
Him, late as o'er the vale at coming eve
Joyful he walk'd with his Lucilla dear,
A soldier, stern-advancing on his steed,
Robb'd of his love, and tore the beauteous maid
With brutal hand from his contending arms,
Weeping in vain, and shrieking for his aid,
And frowning bore the precious prize away.
The wood, whose shades the plaintive shepherd sought,
Was dark and pathless, and by neighb'ring feet
Long time untrod: for there in ancient days,
Two knights of bold emprise, and high renown,
Met in fierce combat, to dispute the prize
Of beauty bright, whose valiant arm shou'd win
A virgin fair, whose far-emblazon'd charms
With equal love had smote their rival breasts.
The knight who fell beneath the victor's sword,
Unhears'd and restless, from that fatal day
Wanders the hated shades, a spectre pale;
And each revolving night, are heard to sound,
Far from the inmost bow'r of the deep wood,
Loud shrieks, and hollow groans, and rattling chains.
When the dark secrets of the grove he gain'd,
Beneath an ancient oak his weary limbs
He laid adown, and thus to plain began.
"This midnight deep to plaintive love accords;
This lonesome silence, and these hideous shades,
That in this darksome hour I dare to tread,
And all the horrours of this fearful place,
Will suit a wretch abandon'd to despair!——
But hah!——what means this sudden fear, that creeps

In chilly sweats, o'er all my trembling limbs ?——
What hollow-whisp'ring sounds are those I hear,
From yonder glade ?——do not I hear his voice ?
Does not the knight, that in these shades was slain,
Call me to come, and beckon with his hand ?
Do not I see his visionary sword
Wav'd in bright circles thro' the murky air ?——
Does not he point his wounds ?—be still my fears:
'Tis vain illusion all, and phantasie.
These fears my love-distemper'd brain suggests;
Alas, they will not bring me back my love!—
Who now, perhaps, amid the throngèd camp
On earth's cold breast reclines her weary head,
A helpless virgin, subject to the will
Of each rude ravisher, and distant far
From her dear Alcon, and her native fields.—
Ill will the hardships of inclement skies
Suit with her tender limbs; the various toils
Of painful marches; her unwonted ears,
How bear the trumpet, and the sounds of war!
This task is hard indeed—but soon, alas!
At will her savage lord may cast her off,
And leave her to succeeding scenes of woe;
I see my dear Lucilla, once my own,
Naked and hungry, tread the pensive steps
Of desolation, doom'd to wander o'er,
Helpless and vagabond, the friendless Earth!
I hear her sigh for Alcon and her home;
And ask for bread at some proud palace gate
With unavailing voice! This toilsome scene,
Alas, how diff'rent from the smoother paths
Of rural life, my dear was wont to tread!
Forth to the field to bear the milking-pail
Was all her wont; to tread the tedded grass,
To tend her father's flock: beneath the oak
To snatch her dinner sweet, and on the green
With the companions of her age to sport!
In vain I now expect the coming on
Of dew-bath'd eve, to meet my wonted love;
No more I hear the wood-girt vallies ring
With her blythe voice, that oft has blest mine ear,
As in the distant shade I sate unseen;
No more I meet her at the wonted spring,
Where each revolving noon she daily went
To fill her pitcher with the crystal flood!—
If in her native fields the hand of death
Had snatch'd her from my arms, I cou'd have borne
The fatal shock with less-repining heart;
For then I could have had one parting kiss;
I cou'd have strewn her hearse with fairest flow'rs,
And paid the last sad office to my dear!—
Return, my sweet Lucilla, to my arms;
At thy return, all nature will rejoice.
Together will we walk the verdant vales,
And mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet.
Come, I will climb for thee the knotted oak,
To rob the stock-dove of his feathery young;
I'll show thee where the softest cowslips spring,
And clust'ring nuts their laden branches bend;
Together will we taste the dews of morn;
Together seek the grotts at sultry noon;
Together from the field at eve return—
What have I said? what painted scenes of bliss
My vain imagination has display'd!
Alas, she's gone, ah, never to return!
Farewell my past'ral pipe, and my dear flock;
Farewell my faithful dog; my once-lov'd haunts
Farewell, or cave, or fountain, or fresh shade,
Farewell; and thou, my low-roofèd cot, farewell!—
Here will I lie, and fellest wolves, that roam
This savage forest, shall devour my limbs,
Unwept, unburied, in a place unknown!"

ECLOGUE IV.

MYCON AND PHILANTHES.

MYCON.

Welcome, Philanthes, to thy native fields;
Thrice three revolving moons are gone and past,
Since first you parted from your father's cot,
To drive to pastures far remote your flock.
Since that, alas, how oft has savage war
Disturb'd our dwellings, and defac'd our fields!

PHILANTHES.

Mycon, each object that I view around,
Speaks ruin and destruction. See, my friend,
The ancient wood, whose venerable shades
So oft have shelter'd us from noon-day suns;
So oft have echo'd to the lowing herds
That fed wide-wandering in the neighb'ring vales,
The soldier's ax has levell'd with the ground,
And to the Sun expos'd its darksome bow'rs:
The distant villages, and blue-topt hills, [eyes,
The far-stretch'd meads appear, and meet mine
That erst were intercepted by the grove.

MYCON.

How is the wonted face of all things chang'd!
Those trees, by whose aspiring tops we knew
The Sun's ascent at noon, unerring mark,
No more are seen to tell the coming hour.
How naked does the winding rill appear,
Whose banks its pendant umbrage deep imbrown'd,
And far invested with its arborous roof,
As by its sides it roll'd its secret streams;
How oft, alas! those shadowy banks along
(Close solitude!) my Rosalind and I
Have walk'd in converse sweet, and link'd in love!
But tell me, dear Philanthes, are the fields,
Which late you left, like ours by war opprest,
Alike in tumult and confusion wrapt?

PHILANTHES.

Mycon, I'll tell thee wonders past belief.
It hap'd one morn, when first the dawning Sun
Began to chear the light-enliven'd Earth,
Caught with so bright a scene, I sought the fields
Before my wonted hour, and roving wide
Among the vales, the villages and woods,
Where'er my fancy led, or pleasures call'd,
I chanc'd upon a neighb'ring hill to stray,
To view the glitt'ring prospect from its top
Of the broad Rhine, that roll'd his waves beneath,
Amid the level of extended meads;
When[1] lo! ere yet I gain'd its lofty brow,
The sound of dashing floods, and dashing arms,
And neighing steeds, confusive struck mine ear.
Studious to know what tumult was at hand,
With step adventrous I advanc'd, and gain'd

[1] It may be supposed that in these lines the shepherd is giving an account of Prince Charles's passing the Rhine.

With tim'rous care and cautious ken its top.
Sudden a burst of brightness smote my sight,
From arms, and all th' imblazonry of war
Reflected far, while steeds, and men, and arms
Seem'd floating wide, and stretch'd in vast array
O'er the broad bosom of the big-swoln flood,
That dashing roll'd its beamy waves between.
The banks promiscuous swarm'd with thronging troops,
These on the flood embarking, those appear'd
Crowding the adverse shore, already past.
All was confusion, all tumultuous din.
I trembled as I look'd, tho' far above,
And in one blaze their arms were blended bright
With the broad stream, while all the glist'ring scene
The morn illum'd, and in one splendour clad.
Struck at the sight, I left with headlong haste
The steep brow'd hill, and o'er th' extended vales,
The wood-girt lawns I ran, nor slack'd my pace,
Till at my flock thick-panting I arriv'd,
And drove far off, beneath a deep-arch'd-cave.
But come, my friend, inform me in return,
Since this my absence what has here fell out.

MYCON.

Dost thou remember at the river's side
That solitary convent, all behind
Hid by the covert of a mantling wood?—
One night, when all was wrapt in darkness deep,
An armed troop on rage and rapine bent,
Pour'd o'er the fields and ravag'd all they met;
Nor did that sacred pile escape their arms,
Whose walls the murderous band to ruin swept,
And fill'd its caverns deep with armed throngs
Greedy of spoil, and snatch'd their treasures old
From their dark seats: the shrieking sisters fled
Dispers'd and naked thro' the fields and woods,
While sable night conceal'd their wand'ring steps.
Part in my moss-grown cottage shelter sought,
Which haply scap'd their rage, in secret glade
Immersed deep.—I rose at early morn,
With fearful heart to view the ruin'd dome,
Where all was desolation, all appear'd
The seat of horrour, and devouring war.
The deep recesses, and the gloomy nooks,
The vaulted isles, and shrines of imag'd saints,
The caverns worn by holy knees appear'd,
And to the Sun were op'd.—In musing thought
I said, as on the pile I bent my brow—
"This seat to future ages will appear,
Like that which stands fast by the piny rock;
These silent walls with ivy shall be hung,
And distant times shall view the sacred pile,
Unknowing how it fell, with pious awe!
The pilgrim here shall visit, and the swain,
Returning from the field at twilight grey,
Shall shun to pass this way, subdued by fear,
And slant his course across the adverse vale!"

PHILANTHES.

Mycon, thou see'st that cow, which stands in cool
Amid yon rushy lake, beneath the shade
Of willow green, and ruminates at ease
The watry herbage that around her floats.
That way my business leads. I go to greet
My father, and my wonted cottage dear.

MYCON.

Come, let us go: my path is that way too.
Come, my Philanthes, and may piteous Heav'n
Indulge more happy days, and calm our griefs!
Alas! I thought some trouble was at hand,
And long before presag'd the coming storm,
Ev'n when the light'ning one disastrous night
Blasted the hoary oak, whose ample boughs
Imbow'r my cottage; and as on the grass
At noon I slept, a serpent's sudden hiss
Broke my sweet rest!—But come, let us be gone,
The Sun begins to welk in ruddy west.

ECLOGUE V.

CORIN AND CALISTAN.

CORIN.

WHICH way, Calistan, whither dost thou lead
That lamb, whom yet his mother scarce has wean'd?

CALISTAN.

His mother, Corin, as she wand'ring fed,
With this her tender youngling by her side,
Fell by a shot which from the battle came,
That in the neighb'ring fields so lately rag'd.

CORIN.

Alas! what woes that fatal day involv'd
Our suff'ring village, and the fields around!
But come, Calistan, on this rising bank,
Come, let us sit, and on the danger past
Converse secure, and number all our griefs.
See how the flaunting woodbine shades the bank,
And weaves a mantling canopy above!

CALISTAN.

Corin, that day I chanc'd at earlier hour
To rise, and drove far-off my flock unpent,
To wash them in a spring that late I mark'd.
There the first motions of the deathful day
I heard, as listening to the trickling wave
I stood attentive: when like rising storms,
Hoarse, hollow murmurs from afar I heard,
And undistinguish'd sounds of distant din.
Alarm'd I stood, unknowing whence it came;
And from the fount my flock unwash'd I drove
Suspecting danger: when as nearer yet,
I came advancing, all was tumult loud.
All was tempestuous din on ev'ry side,
And all around the roar of war was up,
From rock to rock retost, from wood to wood.
Not half so loud the tumbling cataract
Is heard to roar, that from the pine-clad cliff
Precipitates its waves; whose distant sounds
I oft have listen'd, as at twilight grey
I pent my flocks within their wattled cotes.

CORIN.

For three revolving days, nor voice of bird
Melodious chanting, or the bleat of sheep,
Or lowing oxen, near the fatal place
Were heard to sound; but all was silence sad!
The ancient grove of elms deserted stood,
Where long had dwelt an aged race of rooks,
That with their nests had crowded every branch.
We oft' have heard them at the dusk of eve
In troops returning to their well-known home,
In mingled clamours sounding from on high!

CALISTAN.

Corin, thou know'st the fir-invested cave,
Where late we shelter'd from a gath'ring storm,
Our flocks together-driv'n: beneath its shade
I had appointed at sweet even-tide
To meet my Delia homeward as she pass'd,
Bearing her milking-pail. Alas! the thoughts
Of that sweet congress, the preceding night
Soften'd my dreams, and all my senses lull'd,
And with more joyful heart at morn I rose.
But ah! that tumult crept my blooming hopes,
And in confusion wrapt my love and me.

CORIN.

That day, nor in the fold my flock I pent,
Or walk'd at eve the vales, or on the turf
Beneath the wonted oak my dinner took,
Or slept at noon amid my languid sheep,
Repos'd at ease on the green meadow's bed,
When sable night came on, for not ev'n yet
The tumult had subsided into peace,
Ev'n then low sounds, and interrupted bursts
Of war we heard, and cries of dying men,
And a confus'd hum of the ceasing storm.
All night close-shrouded in a forest thick,
Wakeful I sate, my flock around me laid;
And of neglected boughs I kindled up
A scanty flame, whose darkly-gleaming blaze
Among th' enlighten'd trees form'd hideous shapes;
And spectres pale, to my distemper'd mind.
How oft I look'd behind with cautious fear,
And trembled at each motion of the wind!—
But where did you, Calistan, shelter seek?
What dark retreat conceal'd your wand'ring steps?

CALISTAN.

Corin, thou know'st the fur-clad hermit's cell
Deep-arch'd beneath a rock among the wilds:
Thither I bent my flight, a welcome guest,
And not unknown; for when my flock I fed
Of late beneath the neighb'ring pastures green,
I oft was wont, invited at his call,
At noon beneath his cavern to retire
From the Sun's heat, where all the passing hours
The good old-man improv'd with converse high,
And in my breast enkindled virtue's love;
Nor seldom would his hospitable hand
Afford a short repast of berries cool,
Which o'er the wilds (his scanty food) he pluck'd:
Here was my refuge.—All the live-long night
Pensive by one, pale, lonesome lamp we sate,
And listen'd to the bleak winds whistling loud,
And the shrill crash of forests from without.
Soon as the morning dawn'd, the craggy height
Of the steep rock I climb'd, on whose wild top
His rustic temple stood, and moss-grown cross
(The sacred object of his pious pray'rs)
Form'd of a tall fir's thunder-blasted trunk:
Where all beneath th' expansive plains I saw,
With white pavilions hid, in deep array.
There too my little fold, which late I left
Standing at eve, amid the warlike scene
With tearful eyes affrighted, I beheld:
Alas, how chang'd the scene! when there I pitch'd
Those hurdled cotes, the night was calm and mild,
And all was peaceful. I remember well,
While there within that fold my flock I pent,
How blythe I heard my beauteous Delia sing!
Her distant-echoing voice how sweetly rung,
And all my ravish'd senses wrapt in bliss!

CORIN.

Hast thou not seen the fatal plain of death
Where rag'd the conflict? there, they say, at eve
Grim ghosts are seen of men that there were slain,
Pointing their wounds and shrieking to their mates,
Still doom'd to haunt the fields on which they fell.

CALISTAN.

Corin, no more. This lamb demands my speed.
See how the youngling hangs his sickly head,
Tender, and fainting for his wonted food!
I haste to place him in my shelt'ring cott,
Fed from my hand, and cherish'd by my care.—
And see, my friend, far off in darken'd west
A cloud comes on, and threatens sudden rains.
Corin, farewell, the storm begins to low'r.

THE

POEMS

OF

DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

THE

LIFE OF DR. JOSEPH WARTON,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

DR. JOSEPH WARTON was born at the house of his maternal grandfather, the rev. Joseph Richardson, rector of Dunsford, in the year 1722. Except for a very short time that he was at New College school, he was educated by his father until he arrived at his fourteenth year. He was then admitted on the foundation of Winchester College, under the care of the present venerable Dr. Sandby, at that time the head of the school, and now chancellor of Norwich.

He had not been long at this excellent seminary before he exhibited considerable intellectual powers, and a laudable ambition to outstrip the common process of education. Collins, the poet, was one of his school-fellows, and in conjunction with him and another boy, young Warton sent three poetical pieces to the Gentleman's Magazine, of such merit as to be highly praised in that miscellany, but not, as his biographer supposes, by Dr. Johnson. A letter also to his sister, which Mr. Wooll has printed, exhibits very extraordinary proofs of fancy and observation in one so young.

In September 1740, being superannuated according to the laws of the school, he was removed from Winchester, and having no opportunity of a vacancy at New College, he went to Oriel. Here he applied to his studies, not only with diligence, but with that true taste for what is valuable, which rendered the finer discriminations of criticism habitual to his mind. During his leisure hours he completed several of his poems, among which his biographer enumerates the Enthusiast, or the Lover of Nature, the Dying Indian, and a prose satire entitled Ranelagh House. He appears likewise to have sketched an allegorical work of a more elaborate kind, which he did not find time or inclination to complete. On taking his bachelor's degree in 1744, he was ordained to his father's curacy at Basingstoke, and officiated in that church till February 1746: he next removed to the duty of Chelsea, whence, in order to complete his recovery from the small pox, he went to Chobham.

About this time he had became a correspondent in Dodsley's Museum, to which he contributed, as appears by his copy of that work now before me, Superstition, an ode, dated Chelsea, April 1746, and Stanzas written on taking the air after a long illness. In the preceding year, as noticed in his brother's life, he published by subscription, a

volume of his father's poems, partly to do honour to his memory, but principally with the laudable purpose of paying what debts he left behind him, and of raising a little fund for himself and family. Whether this scheme answered his full expectations is uncertain, but he appears to have been encouraged by some of his father's opulent friends, and probably was no loser. The correspondence Mr. Wooll has published, shows with what prudence the two brothers husbanded their scanty provision, and with what affection they endeavoured to support and cheer each other while at school and college.

Owing to some disagreement with the parishioners of Chelsea, which had taken place before he left that curacy, he accepted the duty of Chawton and Droxford, but after a few months returned to Basingstoke. In 1747-8 he was presented by the duke of Bolton to the rectory of Winslade, and as this, although a living of small produce, was probably considered by him as the earnest of more valuable preferment, he immediately married Miss Daman, of that neighbourhood, to whom, his biographer informs us, he had been some time enthusiastically attached. In 1747, according to Mr. Wooll's account, he had published a volume of odes, in conjunction with Collins, but on consulting the literary registers of the time, it appears that each published a volume of poems in 1746, and in the same month. It cannot now be ascertained what degree of fame accrued to our author from this volume, but in the preface we find him avowing those sentiments on the nature of genuine poetry which he expanded more at large afterwards, and which were the foundation of what has since been termed "the school of the Wartons."

"The public," he says, "has been so much accustomed of late to didactic poetry alone, and essays on moral subjects, that any work, where the imagination is much indulged, will perhaps not be relished or regarded. The author therefore of these pieces is in some pain, lest certain austere critics should think them too fanciful or descriptive. But as he is convinced that the fashion of moralizing in verse has been carried too far, and as he looks upon invention and imagination to be the chief faculties of a poet, so he will be happy if the following Odes may be looked upon as an attempt to bring back poetry into its right channel."—In 1749 he published his ode to Mr. West.

In 1751, his patron the duke of Bolton invited him to be his companion in a tour to the south of France [1]. For this, Mr. Wooll informs us, he had two motives, "the society of a man of learning and taste, and the *accommodation* of a protestant clergyman, who, immediately on the death of his dutchess, then in a confirmed dropsy, could marry him to the lady with whom he lived, and who was universally known and distinguished by the name of Polly Peachum."

Whichever of these motives predominated in the duke's mind, it is much to be regretted that our author so far forgot what was due to his character and profession as to accept the offer. But if any circumstance besides the consciousness of doing wrong,

[1] "On this occasion his brother wrote that beautiful Ode sent to a Friend on leaving a favourite Village in Hampshire; which alone, in my opinion, would place him in the higher order of poets: and which is one of the most exquisite descriptive pieces in the whole body of English poetry. Every line paints, with the nicest and most discriminative touches, the scenery about Wynslade and Hackwood." Brydges' Censura Literaria, vol. 5. 178. *C.*

could embitter the remembrance of this solitary blemish in his public life, it was, that, after all, the only hopes which could justify his compliance were very ungraciously disappointed. For some reason or other, he was obliged to leave his patron, and come to England before the dutchess died, and when that event took place, and he solicited permission to return to the duke, he had the mortification to learn that the ceremony had been performed by Mr. Devisme, chaplain to the embassy at Turin.

Soon after his return to England, he published his edition of Virgil in English and Latin, the Æneid translated by Pitt, and the Eclogues and Georgics by himself, who also contributed the notes on the whole. Into this publication, he introduced Warburton's Dissertation on the sixth Æneid: a commentary on the character of Iapis by Atterbury, and on the shield of Æneas by Whitehead, the laureat, originally published in Dodsley's Museum; and three Essays on Pastoral, Didactic and Epic Poetry written by himself. Much of this valuable work, begun in 1748-9, was printed when he was abroad, and the whole completed in 1753. It is unnecessary to add that his share in the translation, his notes, and especially his Essays, raised him to a very high reputation among the scholars and critics of his age. The second edition, which appeared a few years after, was much improved. In addition to the other honours which resulted from this display of classical taste, the university of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of master of arts, by diploma, dated June 23, 1759. Such is Mr. Wooll's account, but it is evident from the date that his Essay likewise preceded this just mark of esteem.

During the year 1753, he was invited to assist in the Adventurer, which was begun by Hawkesworth, in 1752. The invitation came from his friend Dr. Johnson, who informed him that the literary partners wished to assign to him the province of criticism.

His contributions to the Adventurer amount to twenty-four papers. Of these a few are of the humourous cast, but the greater part consist of elegant criticism, not that of cold sagacity, but warm from the heart, and powerfully addressed to the finer feelings as well as to the judgment. His critical papers on Lear have never been exceeded for just taste and discrimination. His disposition lay in selecting, and illustrating those beauties of ancient and modern poetry, which, like the beauties of nature, strike and please many who are yet incapable of describing or analysing them. No. 101, on the blemishes in the Paradise Lost, is an example of the delicacy and impartiality with which writings of established fame ought to be examined. His observations on the Odyssey, in Nos. 75, 80, and 83, are original and judicious, but it may be doubted whether they have detached many scholars from the accustomed preference given to the Iliad. If any objection may be made to Dr. Warton's critical papers, it is that his Greek occurs too frequently in a work intended for domestic instruction. His style is always pure and perspicuous, but sometimes it may be discovered, without any other information, that "he kept company with Dr. Johnson." The first part of No. 139, if found detached, might have been attributed to that writer. It has all his manner, not merely "the contorsions of the sybil" but somewhat of the "inspiration [2]."

[2] I hope I shall be excused for transcribing this character of Dr. Warton's Adventurers, written when the subject was fresh in memory, for the British Essayist, vol. xxiii. pref. p. xxxix. C.

About this time he appears to have meditated a history of the revival of literature. His first intention was to publish Select Epistles of Politian, Erasmus, Grotius and others, with notes, but after some correspondence with his brother, who was to assist in the undertaking, it was laid aside, a circumstance much to be lamented, as few men were more extensively acquainted with literary history, or could have detailed it in a more pleasing form. At a subsequent period he again sketched a plan of nearly the same kind, which was likewise abandoned. Collins, some time before this, had published proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning, with a Life of Leo the Tenth, but probably no part was executed, or could indeed be reasonably expected from one of his unhappy state of mind.

In 1754, our author was instituted to the living of Tunworth, on the presentation of the Jervoise family[3]; and in 1755, on the resignation of the rev. Samuel Speed, he was elected second master of Winchester-school, with the management and advantages of a boarding house. In the following year, sir George Lyttelton, then advanced to the peerage, commenced the patronage of his nobility by bestowing a scarf on Mr. Warton. He had for some time enjoyed the familiar acquaintance of sir George, and assisted him in the revisal of his history of Henry II.

Amidst all these honours and employments, he now found leisure to complete the first volume of his celebrated Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, which he dedicated to Dr. Young, but did not subscribe his name. Dodsley likewise, although the real publisher, thought proper to employ his deputy Mrs. Cooper on this occasion. The following passage from one of Dodsley's letters published by Mr. Wooll, will probably throw some light on his motive. "Your Essay is published, the price 5s. *bound*. I gave Mrs. Cooper directions about advertising, and have sent it to her this afternoon, to desire she will look after its being inserted in the evening papers. I have a pleasure in telling you that it is liked in general, and particularly by such as you would wish should like it. But you have surely not kept your secret: Johnson mentioned it to Mr. Hitch as yours.—Dr. Birch mentioned it to Garrick as yours.—And Dr. Akenside mentioned it as yours to me.—And many whom I cannot now think on have asked for it as yours or your brother's. I have sold many of them in my own shop, and have dispersed and pushed it as much as I can: and *have said more than I could have said if my name had been to it.*" The objections made to this admirable piece of criticism will be considered hereafter. In the mean time, they were powerful enough to damp the ardour of the essayist, who left his work in an imperfect state for the long space of twenty-six years.

In May 1766, he was advanced to the head mastership of Winchester school, a situation for which he was eminently qualified, and in which his shining abilities, urbanity of manners, and eminent success in producing scholars of distinguished talents, will be long and affectionately remembered. In consequence of this promotion he once more visited Oxford, and proceeded to the degree of bachelor and doctor in divinity. In 1772, he lost the wife of his early affection, by whom he had six children. The stroke was severe, but the necessity of providing a substitute for his children, and an intelligent and tender companion for himself, induced him in the

[3] About this time he sent some of his juvenile pieces to Dodsley's Collection of Poems. *C.*

following year to marry Miss Nicholas, daughter of Robert Nicholas, esq. a descendant of Dr. Nicholas, formerly warden of Winchester.

The tenour of his life was now even. During such times as he could spare from the school, and especially on the return of the Christmas vacation, he visited his friends in London, among whom were the whole of that class who composed Dr. Johnson's literary club, with some persons of rank by whom he was highly respected, but who appear to have remembered their old master in every thing but promotion. In 1782, he was indebted to his friend and correspondent Dr. Lowth, bishop of London, for a prebend of St. Paul's, and the living of Thorley in Hertfordshire, which, after some arrangements, he exchanged for Wickham. This year also he published his second and concluding volume of the Essay on Pope, and a new edition, with some alterations, of the first.

In 1788, through the interest of lord Shannon, he obtained a prebend in Winchester cathedral, and through that of lord Malmesbury, the rectory of Easton, which, within the year, he was permitted to exchange for Upham. The amount of these preferments was considerable, but surely not beyond his merit, and it must be observed, they came late when his family could no longer expect the advantages of early income and economy. He was sixty years of age before he had any benefice, except the small livings of Wynslade and Tunworth, and nearly seventy before he enjoyed the remainder. The unequal distribution of ecclesiastic preferments would be a subject too delicate for discussion, if they were uniformly the rewards of ecclesiastical services, but as, among other reasons, they are bestowed on account of literary attainments, we may be allowed to wonder that Dr. Warton was not remunerated in an early period of life, when he stood almost at the head of English scholars, and when his talents, in their full vigour, would have dignified the highest stations.

In the year 1793, he came to a resolution to resign the mastership of Winchester. He was now beginning to feel that his time of life required more ease and relaxation than the duties of the school permitted, and his resolution was probably strengthened by some unpleasant proceedings at that period among the scholars. Accordingly he gave in his resignation on the twenty-third of July, and retired to his rectory at Wickham. A vote of thanks followed from the wardens, &c. of the school, for the encouragement he had given to genius and industry, the attention he had paid to the introduction of a correct taste in composition and classical learning, and the many and various services which he had conferred on the Wiccamical societies through the long course of years in which he filled the places of second and head master. These were not words of course, but truly felt by the addressers, although they form a very inadequate character of him as master.

During his retirement at Wickham, he was induced by a liberal offer from the booksellers of London, and more probably, by his love for the task, to superintend a new edition of Pope's Works, which he completed in 1797, in nine volumes octavo. That this was the most complete and best illustrated edition of Pope was generally allowed, but it had to contend with objections, some of which were not urged with the respect due to the veteran critic who had done so much to reform and refine the taste of his age. It was proper to object that he had introduced one or two pieces which ought never to have been published, but it was not so proper or necessary to object that he

had given us his Essay cut down into notes. Besides that this was unavoidable, they who made the objection had not been very careful to compare the new with the old matter; they would have found upon a fair examination that his original illustrations were very numerous, and that no discovery respecting Pope's character or writings made since the edition of Warburton, was left untouched.

It has already been mentioned that he had once an intention of compiling a History of the Revival of Learning, and that he had abandoned it. About the year 1784[4], however, he issued proposals for a work which would probably have included much of his original purpose. This was to have been comprised in two quarto volumes, and to contain the History of Grecian, Roman, Italian, and French Poetry in four parts. I. From Homer to Nonnus: II. From Ennius to Boetius: III. From Dante to Metastasio: IV. From W. de Lorris to Voltaire. This he announced as "preparing for the press." Probably his brother's death, and his desire to complete his History of English Poetry, diverted him from his own design: but it does not appear that he made any progress in either.

After the publication of Pope, he entered on an edition of Dryden, and about the year 1799, had completed two volumes with notes, which are now in the possession of his son, the rev. John Warton, who has undertaken to give them to the world. At this time the venerable author was attacked by an incurable disorder in his kidneys, which terminated his useful and honourable life on Feb. 23, 1800, in his seventy-eighth year[5]. He left a widow, who died in 1806, a son and three daughters, the youngest by his second wife. He was interred in the same grave with his first wife, in the north aisle of Winchester cathedral: and the Wiccamists evinced their respect for his memory by an elegant monument by Flaxman, placed against the pillar next to the entrance of the choir on the south-side of the centre aisle.

In 1806, the rev. John Wooll, master of the school of Midhurst in Sussex, published Biographical Memoirs of Dr. Warton, with a Selection from his Poetry and a Literary Correspondence. From all these, the present sketch has been compiled, with some additional particulars gleaned from the literary journals of the times, and other sources of information.

The personal character of Dr. Warton continues to be the theme of praise with all who knew him. Without affectation of superior philosophy, he possessed an independent spirit, and amidst what would have been to others very bitter disappointments, he was never known to express the language of discontent or envy. As a husband and parent he displayed the tenderest feelings mixed with that prudence which implies sense as well as affection. His manners partook of what has been termed the old court: his address was polite and even elegant, but occasionally it had somewhat of measure and stateliness. Having left the university after a short residence, he mixed early with the world, sought and enjoyed the society of the fair sex, and tempered his studious habits with the tender and polite attentions necessary in promiscuous

[4] My copy of his Proposals has no date, but as Mr. Maty published them in his Review for 1784, I presume that was the time of their being issued. *C.*

[5] "His cheerfulness and resignation in affliction were invincible; even under the extreme of bodily weakness, his strong mind was unbroken, and his limbs became paralyzed in the very act of dictating an epistle of friendly criticism. So quiet, so composed was his end, that he might more truly be said to cease to live than to have undergone the pangs of death." Wooll's Memoirs, pp. 102, 103. *C.*

intercourse. In this respect there was a visible difference between him and his brother, whose manners were more careless and unpolished. In the more solid qualities of the heart, in true benevolence, kindness, hospitality, they approached very closely. Yet though their inclinations and pursuits were congenial, and each assisted the other in his undertakings, it may be questioned, whether at any time they could have exchanged occupations: with equal stores of literature, with equal refinement of taste, it may be questioned whether the author of the Essay on Pope could have pursued the history of English poetry, or whether the historian of poetry could have written the papers we find in the Adventurer.

In conversation, Dr. Warton's talents appeared to great advantage. He was mirthful, argumentative, or communicative of observation and anecdote, as he found his company lean to the one or to the other. His memory was more richly stored with literary history than perhaps any man of his time, and his range was very extensive. He knew French and Italian literature most intimately; and when conversing on more common topics, his extempore sallies and opinions bore evidence of the same delicate taste and candour which appear in his writings.

His biographer has considered his literary character under the three heads of a poet, a critic, and an instructor, but it is as a critic principally that he will be known to posterity, and as one who, in the language of Johnson, has taught "how the brow of criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity, to attract and to delight." A book, indeed, of more delightful variety than his Essay on Pope, has not yet appeared, nor one in which there is a more happy mixture of judgment and sensibility. It did not, however, flatter the current opinions on the rank of Pope among poets, and the author desisted from pursuing his subject for many years. Dr. Johnson said that this was owing "to his not having been able to persuade the world to be of his opinion as to Pope." This was probably the truth, but not the whole truth. Motives of a delicate nature are supposed to have had some share in inducing him to desist for a time. Warburton was yet alive, the executor of Pope and the guardian of his fame, and Warburton was no less the active and zealous friend, and correspondent of Thomas Warton: nor was it any secret that Warburton furnished Ruffhead with the materials for his life of Pope, the chief object of which was a rude and impotent attack on the Essay. Warburton died in 1779, and in 1782, Dr. Warton completed his Essay, and at length persuaded the world that he did not differ from the common opinion so much as was supposed [6]. Still by pointing out what is not poetry, he gave unpardonable offence to those whose names appear among poets, but whom he has reduced to moralists, and versifiers.

In all this, however, our author produced no new doctrine. The severe arrangement of poets in his dedication to Young, which announced the principles he intended to apply to Pope and to the whole body of English poetry, was evidently taken from Phillips, the nephew of Milton. In the preface to the Theatrum of this writer, it is

[6] "I thank you for the friendly delicacy in which you speak of my Essay on Pope, I never thought we disagreed so much as you seem to imagine. All I said, and all I think, is comprehended in these words of your own. "He *chose* to be the poet of reason rather than of fancy." Letter from Dr. Warton to Mr. Hayley, published by Mr. Wooll, p. 406. *C.*

asserted that "wit, ingenuity and learning in verse, even elegancy itself, though that comes nearest, are one thing: true native poetry is another: in which there is a certain air and spirit, which, perhaps, the most learned and judicious in other arts do not perfectly apprehend: much less is it attainable by any art or study." On this text the whole of the Essay is founded, and whatever objections were raised to it, while that blind admiration of Pope which accompanied his long dictatorship continued in full force, it is now generally adopted as the test of poetical merit by the best critics, although the partialities which some entertain for individual poets may yet give rise to difference of opinion respecting the provinces of argument and feeling.

That Dr. Warton advanced no novel opinions is proved from Phillips's Preface; and Phillips, there is reason to suppose, may have been indebted to his uncle Milton for an idea of poetry so superior to what was entertained in his day. It has already been noticed, that the opinions of the two Wartons, "the learned brothers," as they have been justly styled, were congenial on most topics of literature, but perhaps in nothing more than their ideas of poetry, which both endeavoured to exemplify in their own productions, although with different effect. Dr. Warton was certainly, *in point* of invention, powers of description, and variety, greatly inferior to the laureat. The Enthusiast, the Dying Indian, the Revenge of America, and one or two of his odes, are not deficient in spirit and enthusiasm, but the rest are more remarkable for a correct and faultless elegance than for any striking attribute of poetry. His Odes, *which were* coeval with those of Collins, must have suffered greatly by comparison. So different is taste from execution, and so strikingly are we reminded of one of his assertions, that "in no polished nation, after criticism has been much studied, and the rules of writing established, has any very extraordinary work appeared." But while we are reminded of this by his own productions, it may yet be doubted whether what may be true when applied to an individual who has lived a life of criticism, will be equally true of a nation. Even among our living poets, we may find more than one who have given proofs that extraordinary poetry may yet be produced, and that the rules of writing are not so fixed, nor criticism so studied as to impede the progress of real genius. All that can be concluded respecting Dr. Warton is, that if his genius had been equal to his taste, if he could have produced what he appreciates with such exquisite skill in others, he would have undoubtedly been in poetry what he was in erudition and criticism.

As an instructor and divine, Mr. Wooll's opinion of him may be adopted with safety.

"His professional exertions united the qualities of criticism and instruction. When the higher classes read under him the Greek tragedians, orators, or poets, they received the benefit not only of direct and appropriate information, but of a pure, elegant lecture on classical taste. The spirit with which he commented on the prosopopæia of Œdipus or Electra, the genuine elegance and accuracy with which he developed the animated rules and doctrines of his favourite Longinus, the insinuating but guarded praise he bestowed, the well-judged and proportionate encouragement he uniformly held out to the first dawning of genius, and the anxious assiduity with which he pointed out the paths to literary eminence, can never, I am confident, be

forgotten by those who have hung with stedfast attention on his precepts, and enjoyed the advantage of his superior guidance. Zealous in his adherence to the church establishment, and exemplary in his attention to its ordinances and duties, he was at the same time a decided enemy to bigotry and intolerance. His style of preaching was unaffectedly earnest and impressive; and the dignified solemnity with which he read the Liturgy (particularly the Communion-Service) was remarkably awful. He had the most happy art of arresting the attention of youth on religious subjects. Every Wiccamical reader will recollect his inimitable commentaries on Grotius, on the Sunday evenings, and his discourse annually delivered in the school on Good Friday: the impressions made by them cannot be forgotten."

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

IN OBITUM

VIRI REVERENDI JOSEPHI WARTON, S. T. P. ETC.

TAKEN FROM MR. WOOLL'S MEMOIRS.

Nos tamen hæc quocunq; modi tibi nostra vicissim
Dicemus.

ABSINT inanes hinc Lachrymæ procùl!
Nullus Dolori jàm Locus! Arduum
Virtutis altæ Qui peregit
Vivus iter, Lachrymis Sepulchro
Non indigebit conditus!—O Tuis,
Wartone, nomen Wiccamicis sacrum,
O dulce Musis, O bonorum
Et Studiis et Amore fido
Sèmper colendum! Te quòd Honoribus
Ditavit amplis, Ingenii Parens,
Natura: quòd Doctrina sanctas
Exposuit Tibi culta Sedes
Fontesquè puros: quòd Tibi Munera
Plenâ profudit larga satìs Manu
Fortuna: quòd Virtus Amicos,
Quòd peperit Tibi Fama Lauros:
Producta partis quòd "valido frui"
Concessit Ætas: donèc ad Ultimum
Sensim Tibi obrepens Senectus
Vix tacito Pede blandâ Ocellis
Quiete clausit: (nùm Lachrymis vocat?)
Hæc propter, ultrà Sortem Homini datam,
Vitâ invidendum Te vocamus,
Funere Te paritèr beatum!
Adeste Mecum quìn, Juvenes pii!
Juculidiori Munere Mortuum
Nos prosequamur, Nos verendam
Carminibus decoremus Urnam.
Sèd providendum, sint Numeri Viro
Digni; (nequè isthìc nòn Labor arduus)
Æquare tanti Quis canendo
Posse putet meritos Honores?
Ciere tales vèl Cithariæ Sonos,
Quales periti Judicis Auribus
Castis placerent, et subacto
Ingenio paritèr scientis
Laudare Chartis, quicquid amabile,
Quicquid venustum: nèc minùs acriter
Notare fucati Nitoris
Sub Specie Maculas latentes?
Censoris æqui, cui nèc in omnibus
Culti Popeii Gratia Carminis,
Nèc Splendor Ornatusquè Linguæ
Nèc faciles placuere Musæ.
At nèc malignè Scripta nèc invidè
Carpsit severus, Lance sèd æstimans
Culpasquè Virtutesquè èadem.
Ito Meritis Pretium arrogavit.—
Vèl Quis Canendo Spiritum et assequi
Vim speret istam; noverat intimos
Quâ Cordis Affectus movere
Flectere et Arbitrio volentes;
Seù molliores Virgilii Modos
Aptare Chordis Angliacæ Lyræ
Felicitèr tentans, agresti
Lusit amabilitèr Camœnâ;
Seu pleniori Numinis igneo
Correptus Æstu, Mentis Imagines
Effudit altas, æmulusquè
Pindarico intonuit Furore?
Horrenda quali cum Sonitu evomens
Et Saxa et Ignes Ætna rotat Sinu;
Vel quantus Orellana fervet
Vorticibus reboans profundis:
Ille et nivosis mille rapit Jugis
Collectam Aquarum Vim, rapidis ruens
Torrentibus, Cursumquè in Æquor
Præcipitem violentùs urget.—
Sed non Camœnæ Spiritus et Decor,
Doctrina Quicquid vèl Pretii ferat,
Non eruditæ Mentis acre
Judicium, Ingeniique Acumen,
Te chariorem reddiderant Tuis,
Wartone; nec Desiderium Tui
Perventius post Te relinquunt:
Quàm faciles sine Labe Mores,
Et mitis almi Pectoris Indoles,
Cordisquè aperti larga Benignitas,
Festivitas urbana, Candor
Ingenuus, placidique Risus.
At qualis O! Sermonis Amœnitas!
Sive hospitali cum Sociis fruens
Mensâ assideres, spargeretquè
Lingua Sales lepidos faceta;
Sententias seù Quid Grave posceret
Sublimiores: Quæ Sapientia,
Rerumque Verborumque Pondus
Ferret Opem, dubiasque præsens
Lites secando solveret!—Hinc tua
Vox blanda Mentes finxit adhùc rudes,
Arrecta sensit, Te monente,
Insolitum Puerilis Ætas
Doctrinæ Amorem. Jàm videor Mihi
Spectare circà Te Juvenum Choro
Stipatum, ùt olim; Quàm silenti
Ordine composuere Gestus!
Ut Verba captant! Quo Studio notant
Diversa Vultûs Signa! Placent Joci,
Frons læta, Nutûs et loquacis
Blanditiæ, tacitè probantes!
Hinc fidum Amicum, hinc Te velùt Alterum
Patrem colebant; Quìn subitò æmulus
Accensus Ardor, Gloriæque
Corda novâ nealuere Flammâ.

En ! et Labores quam Segetem ferunt !
En ! grata claros Anglia quot Tibi
Debere Se exultans fatetur,
Wiccamicæ Decora alta Famæ !
Hi dùm manebunt, non tua Laudibus
Virtus carebit ; Nèc Capiti impia
Abscindet hærentem Coronam
Invidiæ Manus impotentis.

W. S. GODDARD [1], Coll. Winton. 1800.

ELEGY

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. LIPSCOMB, FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, THEN A PRÆPOSTOR OF WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

THE noon-tide hour is past, and toil is o'er,
No studious cares the vacant mind employ,
Yet hark ! methinks no longer as before
Yon mead re-echoes the loud shouts of joy.

What sudden grief hath seiz'd the youthful band !
Say, Wykeham's sons, why reigns this silence round ?
Why do ye thus in mute attention stand,
And listen to the death-bell's awful sound !

Ask ye the cause ? 'tis Warton's knell ; and lo !
The funeral train appears in black array !
Down yonder hill in solemn steps and slow
The hearse winds on its melancholy way.

Led by affection the sad sight to view,
The thronging youth suspend their wonted play;
All crowd around, to bid a last adieu,
Or, lost in thoughtful musings, steal away.

Yes, holy shade ! for thee these tears are shed
The sullen death-bell's ling'ring pause between,
For thee o'er all a pious calm is spread,
And hush'd the murmurs of this playful scene.

O name to Wykeham's sons for ever dear,
While thus for thee the flood of tears we pour,
Thy partial spirit seems to linger here,
Blessing awhile the scenes it lov'd before.

Within these walls, to ev'ry duty true,
Twas thine to form the studious mind of youth,
To ope the fane of glory to their view,
And point the way to science and to truth.

And lo ! the plants that grew beneath thy care
Now in matured age majestic stand,
And spread their clust'ring branches to the air,
And stretch their shadow o'er a smiling land.

Youth may forget this transitory tear,
But manhood feels a deeper sense of woe—
And sure thy name to them is doubly dear
Who to thy care their ripen'd honours owe.

They heard th' inciting dictates of thy tongue,
For thou could'st smooth the way thro' learning's maze,
Oft on thy words in dumb attention hung
Till emulation kindled at thy praise.

O mark their grief, e'en now in tender hues,
By mem'ry trac'd, their days of youth return ;
But ah ! fond mem'ry ev'ry pang renews,
And points with speechless sorrow to thine urn.

So stream their tears : but thou art thron'd on high,
Haply the seraphs' hallow'd choir among,
Lull'd by soft sounds of sweetest minstrelsy,
While Wykeham listens and approves the song.

O for a spark of that celestial fire [soul !
With which bright fancy warm'd thy kindling
When erst the full chords of thy living lyre
Held all the list'ning passions in controul.

Alas ! tho' vain the wish, tho' weak the lay
That feebly celebrates a Warton's name,
Yet, happy shade ! there still remains a way
To raise a lasting monument of fame.

Be ours the virtues thy example taught
To feel, preserve, and practise, while we *live* ;
Thus only can we praise thee as we ought,
The noblest tribute this thy sons can give.

Lo ! when Affection at the close of eve
To yonder fane's dim cloysters shall repair,
No more with fruitless anguish shall she grieve,
But learn the lessons of true wisdom there.

There, while she sees thy sculptur'd bust arise,
Rais'd by the hand of gratitude and love,
Virtue shall consecrate her tend'rest sighs,
And thoughts exalted her rapt spirit move.

Then Wykeham's sons, with ardour new imprest,
Shall breathe one pray'r—that such their lot may be ;
Prais'd by the wise and good, to sink to rest,
And mourn'd by tears, such as they shed for thee.

Many in number, and truly worthy of the subject, were the elegies on the death of Dr. Warton. To insert all would have been *impossible, to select* from his own judgment, the editor feels, would have been invidious : he has therefore confined himself to the above, as spoken at the first public Wykehamical meeting after the event, and consequently endowed with the sanction of the society. WOOLL.

[1] The excellent and indefatigable head-master of Winchester College, under whose direction the school has raised itself to its present flourishing state. The existing prosperity of the society, and the repeated success of the young men whom it has within these last ten years sent to the university, strongly mark the talents and government of those who conduct the seminary, and prove to the world

. . . quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Posset. WOOLL.

ENCOMIUM ON JOSEPH WARTON.

FROM MANT'S VERSES TO HIS MEMORY.

O TOWERS of Venta, and thou gentle stream,
Itchin, ye bending vales, and breezy downs,
You best his praise can witness :—Oft he climb'd
In morn of life your fir-crown'd hill, and roam'd
Your osier'd meads, and pac'd your cloisters dim ;
You to meridian fame beheld him rise
Circled with Wykeham's sons, and you beheld
How Wykeham's grateful sons the tribute paid
Of filial love, and cheer'd his closing day.
For well was Warton lov'd, and well deserv'd !
Whether he led the faltering step of youth
To offer incense at the Muse's shrine ;
Or, justly stern, check'd with forbidding frown

Impetuous vice; or with approving smile
Cherish'd the hopes of virtue's modest bud;
Strong to convince, and gentle to persuade,
"His tongue dropt manna," and his ardent eye
Sparkled with temper'd rage, or beam'd with joy,
Boundless: nor wonder; for within his heart
Dwelt pure affection, and the liberal glow
Of charity, join'd to each native grace,
Which the sweet Muse imparts to those she loves.
His was the tear of pity, soft as showers
That fall on April meadows, his the rapt
Impassion'd thought, quick as the lightning's glance,
And warm as summer suns: and every flower
Of poesy, which by the laurell'd spring
Of Aganippe, or that Roman stream
Tiber, or Tuscan Arno, breath'd of old,
Its fragrance sweet; and every flower, which since
Hath drunk the dew beside the banks of Thames,
Met in his genial breast and blossom'd there.
Happy old man! for therefore didst thou seek
Ecstatic vision by the haunted stream,
Or grove of fairy: then thy nightly ear
(As from the wild notes of some airy harp)
Thrill'd with strange music; if the tragic plaints
And sounding lyre of those Athenians old,
Rich-minded poets, fathers of the stage,
Rous'd thee enraptur'd; or the pastoral reed
Of Mantuan Tityrus charm'd; or Dante fierce,
Or more majestic Homer swell'd thy soul,
Or Milton's muse of fire.
Happy old man! Yet not in vain to thee
Was Faucy's wand committed: not in vain
Did Science fill thee with her sacred lore:—
But if of fair and lovely aught
Of good and virtuous in her hallow'd walls, [years,
Through the long space of thrice twelve glorious
Thy Venta nurtur'd; if transplanted thence
To the fair banks of Isis and of Cam,
It brighter shone; and haply thence again,
Thence haply spread its influence through the land,
That be thy praise. Be it thy praise, that thou
Didst bathe the youthful lip in the fresh spring,
'The pure well-head of Poesy,' didst point,
Like thine own lov'd Longinus, to the steep
Parnassian crag, and led'st thyself the way;—
Be it thy praise, that thou didst clear the path
Which leads to Virtue's fane; not her of stern
And stoic aspect dark, till Virtue wears
The gloom of Vice; but such as warms the heart
To acts of love, and peace, and gentleness,
And tenderest charity; such as around
Thy earthly passage shed her cheerful light,
And such as Wykeham best might love to view.
So thine allotted station didst thou fill,
And now art passed to thy peaceful grave,
In age and honours ripe. Then not for thee
Pour we the tear of sorrow, not with strains
Like those despondent, which the Doric bard
Wept for his Bion, do we tend on thee:
For other hopes are ours, and other views,
Brighter and happier scenes! No earthly cha
Shall in this dreary prison-house confine
Spirits of light; nor shall the Heav'n-born mind
Oblivious linger in the silent cave
Of endless hopeless sleep. But as the Sun,
Who drove his fierce and fiery-tressed steeds
Glorious along the vault of Heav'n, at length
Sinks in the bosom of the western wave,
Anon from forth the chambers of the east
To run his glant course; so didst thou set,
So mayst thou rise in glory!

POEMS

OF

DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

SAPPHO'S ADVICE.

WRITTEN WHEN AT WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

Tir'd with the visits of the day,
Semanthe on a sofa lay;
And leaning on her elbow, thought
Which was the loveliest silk she bought,
How by sir Plume she was gallanted,
How at the Park and Opera flaunted!
What silly hearts she had subdu'd,
And how she best might play the prude!
Till Sleep his heavy poppies spread,
Adown she drops her drowsy head!
Sudden a female phantom rose,
Her cheek with healthy roses glows,
Her lively eyes are fill'd with fire,
Yet modestly forbid desire:
Her ebon curls hang loose behind,
And laurel-wreaths her temples bind:
A snowy robe her limbs array'd,
While thus the vision, Sappho, said:
—"It grieves me much, alas! to find
The fair neglect t'improve her mind!
The toys that your attention claim,
A Grecian maid would blush to name:
While you're adjusting your commode,
Lesbia, or I, could make an ode!
No gaudy ribbons deck'd her head,
A trembling light no diamond shed;
In white and innocency drest
The plainest beauties were the best:
A pen I handled for a fan,
And learnt not how to dance but scan:
Those pretty eyes!—how soon they close!
Those cheeks—how fades the blushing rose!
When age has wean'd your love for dress,
And akes and beaux your years confess;
When Amorets no more can shine;
And Stella owns she's not divine;
Then sense and merit shall supply
The blushing cheek, the sparkling eye;
For nymphs, regardless of their faces,
Should add Minerva to the Graces."

THE ENTHUSIAST:

OR THE

LOVER OF NATURE.

WRITTEN IN 1740.

Rure vero barbaroque lætatur. Martial.
——o——Ut mihi devio
Rupes et vacuum nemus
Mirari libet! Horace.

Ye green-rob'd Dryads, oft at dusky eve
By wondering shepherds seen, to forests brown,
To unfrequented meads, and pathless wilds,
Lead me from gardens deck'd with art's vain pomps.
Can gilt alcoves, can marble-mimic gods,
Parterres embroider'd, obelisks, and urns,
Of high relief; can the long, spreading lake,
Or vista lessening to the sight; can Stow,
With all her Attic fanes, such raptures raise,
As the thrush-haunted copse, where lightly leaps
The fearful fawn the rustling leaves along,
And the brisk squirrel sports from bough to bough,
While from an hollow oak, whose naked roots
O'erhang a pensive rill, the busy bees
Hum drowsy lullabies? The bards of old,
Fair Nature's friends, sought such retreats, to charm
Sweet Echo with their songs; oft too they met,
In summer evenings, near sequester'd bowers,
Or mountain-nymph, or Muse, and eager learnt
The moral strains she taught to mend mankind.
As in a secret grot[1] Ægeria stole
With patriot Numa, and in silent night
Whisper'd him sacred laws, he list'ning sat,
Rapt with her virtuous voice, old Tyber lean'd
Attentive on his urn, and hush'd his waves.
Rich in her weeping country's spoils, Versailles
May boast a thousand fountains, that can cast
The tort'ur'd waters to the distant Heav'ns;
Yet let me choose some pine-topt precipice
Abrupt and shaggy, whence a foamy stream,
Like Anio, tumbling roars; or some bleak heath,
Where straggling stands the mournful juniper,

[1] Livy, book i. ch. 19.

Or yew-tree scath'd; while in clear prospect round,
From the grove's bosom spires emerge, and smoke
In bluish wreaths ascends, ripe harvests wave,
Low, lonely cottages, and ruin'd tops
Of Gothic battlements appear, and streams
Beneath the sun-beams twinkle.—The shrill lark,
That wakes the woodman to his early task,
Or love-sick Philomel, whose luscious lays
Sooth lone night-wanderers, the moaning dove
Pitied by list'ning milk-maid, far excel
The deep-mouth'd viol, the soul-lulling lute,
And battle-breathing trumpet. Artful sounds!
That please not like the choristers of air,
When first they hail th' approach of laughing May.

Can Kent design like Nature? Mark where Thames
Plenty and pleasure pours through Lincoln's meads[2];
Can the great artist, though with taste supreme
Endu'd, one beauty to this Eden add?
Though he, by rules unfetter'd, boldly scorns
Formality and method, round and square
Disdaining, plans irregularly great.

Creative Titian, can thy vivid strokes,
Or thine, O graceful Raphael, dare to vie
With the rich tints that paint the breathing mead?
The thousand-colour'd tulip, violet's bell
Snow-clad and meek, the vermil-tinctur'd rose,
And golden crocus?—Yet with these the maid,
Phillis or Phœbe, at a feast or wake
Her jetty locks enamels; fairer she,
In innocence and homespun vestments dress'd,
Than if cerulean sapphires at her ears
Shone pendant, or a precious diamond-cross
Heav'd gently on her panting bosom white.

Yon shepherd idly stretch'd on the rude rock,
List'ning to dashing waves, and sea-mew's clang
High-hovering o'er his head, who views beneath
The dolphin dancing o'er the level brine,
Feels more true bliss than the proud admiral,
Amid his vessels bright with burnish'd gold
And silken streamers, though his lordly nod
Ten thousand war-worn mariners revere.
And great Æneas gaz'd with more delight
On the rough mountain shagg'd with horrid shades,
(Where cloud-compelling Jove, as fancy dream'd,
Descending, shook his direful ægis black)
Than if he enter'd the high Capitol
On golden columns rear'd, a conquer'd world
Exhausted, to enrich its stately head.
More pleas'd he slept in poor Evander's cot
On shaggy skins, lull'd by sweet nightingales,
Than if a Nero, in an age refin'd,
Beneath a gorgeous canopy had plac'd
His royal guest, and bade his minstrels sound
Soft slumb'rous Lydian airs, to sooth his rest.

Happy the first of men, ere yet confin'd
To smoky cities; who in sheltering groves,
Warm caves, and deep-sunk vallies liv'd and lov'd,
By cares unwounded; what the sun and showers,
And genial earth untillag'd, could produce,
They gather'd grateful, or the acorn brown
Or blushing berry; by the liquid lapse
Of murm'ring waters call'd to slake their thirst,
Or with fair nymphs their sun-brown limbs to bathe;
With nymphs who fondly clasp'd their fav'rite youths,

[2] The earl of Lincoln's terrace at Weybridge in Surrey.

Unaw'd by shame, beneath the beechen shade,
Nor wiles, nor artificial coyness knew.
Then doors and walls were not; the melting maid
Nor frown of parents fear'd, nor husband's threats;
Nor had curs'd gold their tender hearts allur'd:
Then beauty was not venal. Injur'd Love,
O! whither, god of raptures, art thou fled?
While Avarice waves his golden wand around,
Abhorr'd magician, and his costly cup
Prepares with baneful drugs, t' enchant the souls
Of each low-thoughted fair to wed for gain.

In Earth's first infancy (as sung the bard,
Who strongly painted what he boldly thought),
Though the fierce north oft smote with iron whip
Their shiv'ring limbs, though oft the bristly boar
Or hungry lion, 'woke them with their howls,
And scar'd them from their moss-grown caves, to rove
Houseless and cold in dark tempestuous nights;
Yet were not myriads in embattl'd fields
Swept off at once, nor had the raging seas
O'erwhelm'd the found'ring bark and shrieking crew;
In vain the glassy ocean smil'd to tempt
The jolly sailor, unsuspecting harm,
For Commerce ne'er had spread her swelling sails,
Nor had the wond'ring Nereids ever heard
The dashing oar: then famine, want, and pain[3],
Sunk to the grave their fainting limbs; but us,
Diseaseful dainties, riot, and excess,
And feverish luxury destroy. In brakes
Or marshes wild unknowingly they cropp'd
Herbs of malignant juice; to realms remote
While we for powerful poisons madly roam,
From every noxious herb collecting death.
What though unknown to those primeval sires
The well-arch'd dome, peopled with breathing forms
By fair Italia's skilful hand, unknown
The shapely column, and the crumbling busts
Of awful ancestors in long descent?
Yet why should man, mistaken, deem it nobler
To dwell in palaces, and high-roof'd halls,
Than in God's forests, architect supreme!
Say, is the Persian carpet, than the field's
Or meadow's mantle gay, more richly wov'n;
Or softer to the votaries of ease
Than bladed grass, perfum'd with dew-dropt flow'rs?
O taste corrupt! that luxury and pomp,
In specious names of polish'd manners veil'd,
Should proudly banish Nature's simple charms!
All beauteous Nature! by thy boundless charms
Oppress'd, O where shall I begin thy praise,
Where turn th' ecstatic eye, how ease my breast
That pants with wild astonishment and love!
Dark forests, and the op'ning lawn, refresh'd
With ever-gushing brooks, hill, meadow, dale,
The balmy bean-field, the gay-clover'd close,
So sweetly interchang'd, the lowing ox,
The playful lamb, the distant water-fall
Now faintly heard, now swelling with the breeze,

[3] Some, as thou saw'st by violent stroke shall die;
By fire, flood, famine, by intemp'rance more
In meats and drinks, which on the Earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know
What misery th' inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men.

Paradise Lost, book 11th.

The sound of pastoral reed from hazel-bower,
The choral birds, the neighing steed, that snuffs
His dappled mate, stung with intense desire,
The ripen'd orchard when the ruddy orbs
Betwixt the green leaves blush, the azure skies,
The cheerful Sun that through Earth's vitals pours
Delight and health, and heat; all, all conspire
To raise, to sooth, to harmonize the mind,
To lift on wings of praise, to the great Sire
Of being and of beauty, at whose nod
Creation started from the gloomy vault
Of dreary Chaos, while the grisly king
Murmur'd to feel his boisterous power confin'd.
What are the lays of artful Addison [4],
Coldly correct, to Shakespear's warblings wild?
Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
Fair Fancy found, and bore the smiling babe [5]
To a close cavern: (still the shepherds show
The sacred place, whence with religious awe
They hear, returning from the field at eve,
Strange whisp'rings of sweet music through the air)
Here, as with honey gather'd from the rock,
She fed the little prattler, and with songs
Oft sooth'd his wand'ring ears, with deep delight
On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.
Oft near some crowded city would I walk,
Listening the far-off noises, rattling cars,
Loud shouts of joy, sad shrieks of sorrow, knells
Full slowly tolling, instruments of trade,
Striking mine ears with one deep-swelling hum.
Or wand'ring near the sea, attend the sounds
Of hollow winds, and ever-beating waves.
Ev'n when wild tempests swallow up the plains,
And Boreas' blasts, big hail, and rains combine
To shake the groves and mountains, would I sit,
Pensively musing on the outrageous crimes
That wake Heaven's vengeance: at such solemn hours,
Demons and goblins through the dark air shriek,
While Hecat, with her black-brow'd sisters nine,
Rides o'er the Earth, and scatters woes and death.
Then too, they say, in drear Ægyptian wilds
The lion and the tiger prowl for prey
With roarings loud! the list'ning traveller
Starts fear struck, while the hollow echoing vaults
Of pyramids increase the deathful sounds.
But let me never fail in cloudless nights,
When silent Cynthia in her silver car
Through the blue concave slides, when shine the hills,
Twinkle the streams, and woods look tip'd with gold,
To seek some level mead, and there invoke
Old Midnight's sister, Contemplation sage,
(Queen of the rugged brow and stern-fixt eye)
To lift my soul above this little Earth,
This folly-fetter'd world: to purge my ears,
That I may hear the rolling planets' song,
And tuneful turning spheres: if this be barr'd,
The little Fays [6] that dance in neighbouring dales,
Sipping the night-dew, while they laugh and love,
Shall charm me with aërial notes.—As thus
I wander musing, lo, what aweful forms
Yonder appear! sharp-ey'd Philosophy
Clad in dun robes, an eagle on his wrist,
First meets my eye; next, virgin Solitude
Serene, who blushes at each gazer's sight;
Then Wisdom's hoary head, with crutch in hand,
Trembling, and bent with age; last Virtue's self
Smiling, in white array'd, who with her leads
Sweet Innocence, that prattles by her side,
A naked boy!—Harass'd with fear I stop,
I gaze, when Virtue thus—"Whoe'er thou art,
Mortal, by whom I deign to be beheld
In these my midnight-walks; depart, and say,
That henceforth I and my immortal train
Forsake Britannia's isle; who fondly stoops
To Vice, her favourite paramour."—She spoke [7],
And as she turn'd, her round and rosy neck,
Her flowing train, and long ambrosial hair,
Breathing rich odours, I enamour'd view.
O who will bear me then to western climes,
(Since Virtue leaves our wretched land) to fields
Yet unpolluted with Iberian swords:
The isles of Innocence, from mortal view
Deeply retir'd, beneath a plantane's shade,
Where Happiness and Quiet sit enthron'd,
With simple Indian swains, that I may hunt
The boar and tiger through savannahs wild,
Through fragrant deserts, and through citron groves?
There, fed on dates and herbs, would I despise
The far-fetch'd cates of luxury, and hoards
Of narrow-hearted avarice; nor heed
The distant din of the tumultuous world.
So when rude whirlwinds rouse the roaring main,
Beneath fair Thetis sits, in coral caves,
Serenely gay, nor sinking sailors' cries
Disturb her sportive nymphs, who round her form
The light fantastic dance, or for her hair
Weave rosy crowns, or with according lutes
Grace the soft warbles of her honied voice.

FASHION:

A SATIRE.

Honestius putamus, quod frequentius; recti apud nos locum tenet error, ubi publicus factus.
Seneca.

Yes, yes, my friend, disguise it as you will,
To right or wrong 'tis Fashion guides us still;

[4] When Voltaire preferred Cato to the tragedies of Shakspear, I am inclined to suspect there was as much malice as depravity of taste in the decision. The English drama he well knew was not exalted by his panegyric, whilst he intended that it should be sensibly depreciated by his censure. The justly celebrated Mrs. Montague, in her Essay on the Writings and Genius of our great dramatic poet, has completely refuted the French critic's misrepretations.

[5] Far from the Sun and summer gale
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her aweful face. The dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.
Gray.

[6] Thus in the Midsummer Night's Dream Shakespear puts into the mouth of the Fairy:
I must go seek some dew drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

[7] Dixit: et avertens roseâ cervice refulsit,
Ambrosiæq; comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravêre: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit Dea.
Virg. Æn. 1st.

A few perhaps rise singularly good,
Defy and stem the fool-o'erwhelming flood;
The rest to wander from their brethren fear,
As social herrings in large shoals appear.
'Twas not a taste, but pow'rful mode, that bade
Yon' purblind, poking peer run picture mad;
With the same wonder-gaping face he stares
On flat Dutch daubing, as on Guido's airs;
What might his oak-crown'd manors mortgag'd gain?
Alas! five faded landscapes of Loraine [1].
Not so Gargilius—sleek, voluptuous lord,
A hundred dainties smoke upon his board;
Earth, air, and ocean 's ransack'd for the feast,
In masquerade of foreign olios dress'd;
Who praises, in this sauce-enamour'd age,
Calm, healthful temp'rance, like an Indian sage:
But could he walk in public, were it said,
"Gargilius din'd on beef, and eat brown bread?"
Happy the grotto'd hermit with his pulse,
Who wants no truffles, rich ragouts—nor Hulse [2].
How strict on Sundays gay Lætitia's face!
How curl'd her hair, how clean her Brussels lace!
She lifts her eyes, her sparkling eyes to Heav'n,
Most nun-like mourns, and hopes to be forgiv'n.
Think not she prays, or is grown penitent—
She went to church—because the parish went.
Close Chremes, deaf to the pale widow's grief,
Parts with an unsum'd guinea for relief;
No meltings o'er his ruthless bosom steal,
More than fierce Arabs, or proud tyrants feel;
Yet, since his neighbours give, the churl unlocks,
Damning the poor, his triple-bolted box.
Why loves not Hippia rank obscenity?
Why would she not with twenty porters lie?
Why not in crowded Malls quite naked walk?
Not aw'd by virtue—but "The world would talk."—
Yet how demurely looks the wishing maid,
For ever, but in bed, of man afraid!
Thus Hammon's spring [3] by day feels icy-cool,
At night is hot as Hell's sulphureous pool.
Each panting warble of Vesconti's throat,
To Dick, is heav'nlier than a seraph's note;
The trills, he swears, soft-stealing to his breast,
Are lullabies, to sooth his cares to rest;
Are sweeter far, than Laura's luscious kiss,
Charm the whole man, and lap his soul in bliss:
Who can such counterfeited raptures bear,
Of a deaf fool who scarce can thunders hear?
Crowdero might with him for Festin pass,
And touching Handel yield to trifling Hasse.
But curd-fac'd Curio comes! all prate, and smile,
Supreme of beaux, great bulwark of our isle!
Mark well his feather'd hat, his gilt cockade,
Rich rings, white hand, and coat of stiff brocade;
Such weak-wing'd May-flies Britain's troops disgrace,
That Flandria, wond'ring, mourns our alter'd race:
With him the fair, enraptur'd with a rattle,
Of Vauxhall, Garrick, or Pamela, prattle:
This self-pleas'd king of emptiness permit
At the dear toilette harmlessly to sit;
As mirthless infants, idling out the day,
With wooden swords, or toothless puppies play:
'Tis meaner (cries the manling) to command
A conquering host, or save a sinking land,
Than furl fair Flavia's fan, or lead a dance,
Or broach new-minted fashions fresh from France.
O France, whose edicts govern dress and meat,
Thy victor Britain bends beneath thy feet!
Strange! that pert grasshoppers should lions lead,
And teach to hop, and chirp across the mead:
Of fleets and laurell'd chiefs let others boast,
Thy honours are to bow, dance, boil, and roast.
Let Italy give mimic canvas fire,
Carve rock to life, or tune the lulling lyre;
For gold let rich Potosi be renown'd,
Be balmy-breathing gums in India found:
'Tis thine for sleeves to teach the shantiest cuts,
Give empty coxcombs more important struts,
Prescribe new rules for knots, hoops, manteaus, wigs,
Shoes, soups, complexions, coaches, farces, jigs.
Muscalia dreams of last night's ball 'till ten,
Drinks chocolate, strokes Fop, and sleeps again;
Perhaps at twelve dares ope her drowsy eyes,
Asks Lucy if 'tis late enough to rise;
By three each curl and feature justly set,
She dines, talks scandal, visits, plays piquette:
Meanwhile her babes with some foul nurse remain,
For modern dames a mother's cares disdain;
Each fortnight once she bears to see the brats,
"For oh, they stun one's ears, like squalling cats!"
Tigers and pards protect, and nurse their young,
The parent-snake will roll her forked tongue,
The vulture hovers vengeful o'er her nest,
If the rude hand her helpless brood infest;
Shall lovely woman, softest frame of Heav'n,
To whom were tears, and feeling pity giv'n,
Most fashionably cruel, less regard
Her offspring, than the vulture, snake, and pard?
What art, O Fashion, pow'r supreme below!
You make us virtue, nature, sense, forego;
You sanctify knave, atheist, whore, and fool,
And shield from justice, shame, and ridicule.
Our grandames modes, long absent from our eyes,
At your all-powerful bidding duteous rise;
As Arethusa sunk beneath the plain
For many a league, emerging flows again;
Now Mary's mobs [4], and flounces you approve,
Now shape-disguising sacks, and slippers love:
Scarce have you chose (like Fortune fond to joke),
Some reigning dress, but you the choice revoke:
So when the deep-tongu'd organ's notes swell high,
And loud hosannahs reach the distant sky,
Hark, how at once the dying strains decay,
And soften unexpectedly away.
The peer, prince, peasant, soldier, squire, divine,
Goddess of change, bend low before your shrine,
Swearing to follow, wheresoe'er you lead,
Though you eat toads or walk upon your head.
'Tis hence belles game, intrigue, sip citron-drams,
And hide their lovely locks with heads of rams [5]:
Hence girls, once modest, without blush appear,
With legs display'd, and swan-soft bosoms bare;
Hence stale, autumnal dames, still deck'd with laces,
Look like vile canker'd coins in velvet cases.
Ask you, why whores live more belov'd than wives,
Why weeping virtue exil'd, flattery thrives,

[1] Claude Loraine.

[2] Sir Edward Hulse, the physician.

[3] Lucretius, lib. vi. 848.

[4] Mary Queen of Scots mobs, much worn by the ladies.

[5] Tete de mouton, literally translated.

Why, mad for pensions, Britons young and old
Adore base ministers, those calves of gold,
Why witling templars on religion joke,
Fat, rosy justices, drink, doze, and smoke,
Dull critics on best bards pour harmless spite,
As babes that mumble coral, cannot bite,
Why knaves malicious, brother-knaves embrace,
With hearts of gall, but courtly smiling face,
Why scornful Folly from her gaudy coach,
At starving houseless Virtue points reproach,
Why Av'rice is the great all-worshipp'd god?
Methinks some demon answers—"'Tis the mode!"
At this Corruption smiles with ghastly grin,
Presaging triumphs to her mother, Sin;
Who, as with baneful wings aloft she flies,
"This falling land be mine!"—exulting cries;
Grim Tyranny attends her on her way,
And frowns, and whets his sword that thirsts to slay.
Look from the frigid to the torrid zone,
By custom all are led, by nature none.
The hungry Tartar rides upon his meat [6],
To cook the dainty flesh with buttocks' heat:
The Chinese complaisantly takes his bed
With his big wife, and is with caudle fed.
How would our tender British beauties shriek,
To see slim beaux on bulls their lances break!
Yet no Lucinda, in heroic Spain,
Admits a youth, but who his beast has slain.
See, wond'rous lands, where the fell victor brings
To his glad wives, the heads of slaughter'd kings,
The mangled heads!—o'er which they sing and laugh,
And in dire banquets the warm life-blood quaff;
Where youths their grandsires, age-bent, trembling, grey,
Pitying their weary weakness, kindly slay;
Where sainted Brachmans, sick of life, retire,
To die spontaneous on the spicy pyre;
Where (stranger still!) with their wild dates content,
The simple swains no sighs for gold torment.
How fondly partial are our judgments grown,
We deem all manners odious but our own!
O teach me, friend, to know wise Nature's rules,
And laugh, like you, at Fashion's hoodwink'd fools;
You, who to woods remov'd from modish sin,
Despise the distant world's hoarse, busy din:
As shepherds from high rocks hear far below,
Hear unconcern'd loud torrents fiercely flow;
You, though mad millions the mean taste upbraid,
Who still love Virtue, fair, forsaken maid;
As Bacchus charming Ariadne bore,
By all abandon'd, from the lonesome shore.

VERSES

ON A BUTTERFLY.

Fair child of Sun and Summer! we behold
With eager eyes thy wings bedropp'd with gold;
The purple spots that o'er thy mantle spread,
The sapphire's lively blue, the ruby's red,
Ten thousand various blended tints surprise,
Beyond the rainbow's hues or peacock's eyes;
Not Judah's king in eastern pomp array'd,
Whose charms allur'd from far the Sheban maid,
High on his glitt'ring throne, like you could shine
(Nature's completest miniature divine):
For thee the rose her balmy buds renews,
And silver lillies fill their cups with dews;
Flora for thee the laughing fields perfumes,
For thee Pomona sheds her choicest blooms,
Soft Zephyr wafts thee on his gentlest gales
O'er Hackwood's sunny hills and verdant vales;
For thee, gay queen of insects! do we rove
From walk to walk, from beauteous grove to grove;
And let the critics know, whose pedant pride
And awkward jests our sprightly sport deride:
That all who honours, fame, or wealth pursue,
Change but the name of things—they hunt for you.

[6] The following facts are taken from the accounts of different countries.

ODE TO FANCY.

O parent of each lovely Muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow,
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and sea,
While the vast various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Mid fall of waters, you reside,
'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
Mid forests dark of aged oak [1],
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest:

[1] Of pine or monumental oak
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.

Il Penseroso.

Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till, suddenly awak'd, I hear [2]
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
Me, goddess, by the right hand lead
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song:
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ,
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms, and sigh;
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shivering lies [3],
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangours pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear,
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terrour stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful gorgon shield!
O guide me from this horrid scene,
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun;

The pangs of absence, O remove!
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss,
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence!
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose,
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale,
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakespear's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
Who with some new unequall'd song,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
With terrour shake, and pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love,
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk;
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applause
Beyond cold critics' studied laws;
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Britannia rival Greece.

[2] And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.
IL PENSEROSO.

[3] This is not only an original, but wonderfully poetical idea.

ODE TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN ON A RECOVERY FROM THE SMALL-POX.

O WHETHER with laborious clowns
In meads and woods thou lov'st to dwell,
In noisy merchant-crowded towns,
Or in the temperate Brachman's cell;
Who from the meads of Ganges' fruitful flood,
Wet with sweet dews collects his flowery food;

In Bath or in Montpellier's plains,
Or rich Bermud's balmy isle,
Or the cold North, whose fur-clad swains
Ne'er saw the purple autumn smile,
Who over Alps of snow, and deserts drear,
By twinkling star-light drive the flying deer;

O lovely queen of mirth and ease,
Whom absent, beauty, banquets, wine,
Wit, music, pomp, nor science please,
And kings on ivory couches pine,
Nature's kind nurse, to whom by gracious Heav'n
To sooth the pangs of toilsome life 'tis giv'n;

To aid a languid wretch, repair,
Let pale-ey'd Grief thy presence fly,
The restless demon, gloomy Care,
And meagre Melancholy, die;
Drive to some lonely rock the giant Pain,
And bind him howling with a triple chain!

O come, restore my aking sight;
Yet let me not on Laura gaze,
Soon must I quit that dear delight,
O'er-power'd by Beauty's piercing rays;
Support my feeble feet, and largely shed
Thy oil of gladness on my fainting head.

How nearly had my spirit past,
Till stopt by Metcalf's skilful hand,
To Death's dark regions wide and waste,
And the black river's mournful strand;
Or to those vales of joy, and meadows blest,
Where sages, heroes, patriots, poets rest;

Where Maro and Musæus sit
List'ning to Milton's loftier song,
With sacred silent wonder smit;
While, monarch of the tuneful throng,
Homer in rapture throws his trumpet down,
And to the Briton gives his amaranthine crown.

ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

Hence to some convent's gloomy isles,
Where cheerful daylight never smiles:
Tyrant! from Albion haste, to slavish Rome,
There by dim taper's livid light,
At the still solemn hours of night,
In pensive musings walk o'er many a sounding tomb.

Thy clanking chains, thy crimson steel,
Thy venom'd darts, and barbarous wheel,
Malignant fiend, bear from this isle away,
Nor dare in errour's fetters bind
One active, freeborn, British mind; [sway.
That strongly strives to spring indignant from thy

Thou bad'st grim Moloch's frowning priest
Snatch screaming infants from the breast,
Regardless of the frantic mother's woes;
Thou led'st the ruthless sons of Spain
To wond'ring India's golden plain,
From deluges of blood where tenfold harvests rose.

But lo! how swiftly art thou fled,
When Reason lifts his radiant head;
When his resounding, awful voice they hear,
Blind Ignorance, thy doting sire,
Thy daughter, trembling Fear, retire;
And all thy ghastly train of terrours disappear.

So by the Magi hail'd from far,
When Phœbus mounts his early car,
The shrieking ghosts to their dark channels flock;
The full-gorg'd wolves retreat; no more
The prowling lionesses roar, [rock.
But hasten with their prey to some deep-cavern'd

Hail then, ye friends of Reason hail,
Ye foes to Mystery's odious veil,
To Truth's high temple guide my steps aright,
Where Clark and Wollaston reside,
With Locke and Newton by their side,
While Plato sits above enthron'd in endless light.

ODE

TO A GENTLEMAN ON HIS TRAVELS.

While I with fond officious care
For you my chorded shell prepare,
And not unmindful frame an humble lay,
Where shall this verse my Cynthio find?
What scene of art now charms your mind,
Say on what sacred spot of Roman ground you stray?

Perhaps you cull each valley's bloom,
To strew o'er Virgil's laurell'd tomb,
Whence oft at midnight echoing voices sound;
For at the hour of silence, there
The shades of ancient bards repair,
To join in choral song his hallow'd urn around:

Or wander in the cooling shade
Of Sabine bow'rs, where Horace stray'd,
And oft repeat in eager thought elate,
(As round in classic search you trace
With curious eye the pleasing place) [sate."
"That fount he lov'd, and there beneath that hill he

How longs my raptur'd breast with you
Great Raphael's magic strokes to view,
To whose blest hand each charm the Graces gave!
Whence each fair form with beauty glows
Like that of Venus, when she rose
Naked in blushing charms from Ocean's hoary wave.

As oft by roving fancy led
To smooth Clitumnus' banks you tread,
What awful thoughts his fabled waters raise!
While the low-thoughted swain, whose flock
Grazes around, from some steep rock
With vulgar disregard his mazy course surveys.

Now thro' the ruin'd domes my Muse
Your steps with eager flight pursues,
That their cleft piles on Tyber's plains present,
Among whose hollow-winding cells
Forlorn and wild Rome's genius dwells,
His golden sceptre broke, and purple mantle rent.

Oft to those mossy mould'ring walls,
Those caverns dark and silent halls,
Let me repair by midnight's paly fires;
There muse on empire's fallen state,
And frail ambition's hapless fate, [inspires.
While more than mortal thoughts the solemn scene

What lust of pow'r from the cold north
Could tempt those Vandal-robbers forth,
Fair Italy, thy vine-clad vales to waste;
Whose hands profane, with hostile blade,
Thy story'd temples dar'd invade,
And all thy Parian seats of Attic art defac'd;

They weeping Art in fetters bound,
And gor'd her breast with many a wound,
And veil'd her charms in clouds of thickest night;
Sad Poesy, much-injur'd maid,
They drove to some dim convent's shade, [light.
And quench'd in gloomy mist her lamp's resplendent

There long she wept, to darkness doom'd,
Till Cosmo's hand her light relum'd,
That once again in lofty Tasso shone;
Since has sweet Spenser caught her fire,
She breath'd once more in Milton's lyre, [son.
And warm'd the soul divine of Shakespear, Fancy's

Nor she, mild queen, will cease to smile
On her Britannia's much-lov'd isle, [born,
Where these, her best her favourite Three were
While Theron [1] warbles Grecian strains,
Or polish'd Doddington remains,
The drooping train of arts to cherish and adorn.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

O GODDESS, on whose steps attend
Pleasure and laughter-loving Health,
White-mantled Peace, with olive-wand,
Young Joy, and diamond-sceptred Wealth,
Blithe Plenty, with her loaded horn,
With Science, bright-ey'd as the morn,
In Britain, which for ages past
Has been thy choicest darling care;
Who mad'st her wise, and strong, and fair,
May thy best blessings ever last!

For thee the pining prisoner mourns,
Depriv'd of food, of mirth, of light;
For thee pale slaves to gallies chain'd
That ply tough oars from morn to night;
Thee the proud sultan's beauteous train
By eunuchs guarded, weep in vain,
Tearing the roses from their locks;
And Guinea's captive kings lament,
By christian lords to labour sent,
Whipt like the dull, unfeeling ox.

Inspir'd by thee, deaf to fond nature's cries,
Stern Brutus, when Rome's genius loudly call'd,
Gave her the matchless filial sacrifice,
Unable to behold her power enthrall'd!
And he of later age, but equal fame,
Dar'd stab the tyrant though he lov'd the friend;
How burnt the Spartan [2] with warm patriot flame,
In thy great cause his valorous life to end!
How burst Gustavus from the Swedish mine!
Like light from chaos dark, eternally to shine.

When Heav'n to all thy joys bestows,
And graves upon our hearts—be free!—
Shall coward man those joys resign,
And dare reverse this great decree?
Submit him to some idol king,
Some selfish, passion-guided thing,
Abhorring man, by man abhorr'd,
Around whose throne stands trembling Doubt,
Whose jealous eyes still roll about,
And Murder with his reeking sword?

Where trampling Tyranny with Fate,
And black Revenge gigantic goes;
Hark, how the dying infants shriek,
How hopeless age is sunk in woes!
Fly, mortals, from that faded land,
Though rivers roll o'er golden sand,
Though birds in shades of cassia sing,
Harvests and fruits spontaneous rise,
No storms disturb the smiling skies,
And each soft breeze righ odours bring.

Britannia watch!—remember peerless Rome,
Her high-tower'd head dash'd meanly to the ground;
Remember, freedom's guardian, Grecia's doom,
Whom weeping the despotic Turk has bound;
May ne'er thy oak-crown'd hills, rich meads and [down,
(Fame, virtue, courage, property, forgot)
Thy peaceful villages, and busy towns,
Be doom'd some death-dispensing tyrant's lot;
On deep foundations may thy freedom stand,
Long as the surge shall lash thy sea-encircled land

[1] The author of the Pleasures of Imagination.
[2] Leonidas.

ODE AGAINST DESPAIR.

FAREWELL thou dimpled cherub, Joy,
Thou rose-crown'd ever-smiling boy,
Wont thy sister Hope to lead,
To dance along the primrose mead!
No more, bereft of happy hours,
I seek thy lute-resounding bow'rs,
But to yon ruin'd tow'r repair,
To meet the god of groans, Despair;
Who, on that ivy-darken'd ground,
Still takes at eve his silent round,
Or sits yon new-made grave beside,
Where lies a frantic suicide:
While lab'ring sighs my heart-strings break,
Thus to the sullen power I speak:
"Haste with thy poison'd dagger, haste,
To pierce this sorrow-laden breast!
Or lead me, at the dead of night,
To some sea-beat mountain's height,
Whence with headlong haste I'll leap
To the dark bosom of the deep;
Or show me, far from human eye,
Some cave to muse in, starve, and die;
No weeping friend or brother near,
My last, fond, falt'ring words to hear!"
'Twas thus, with weight of woes opprest,
I sought to ease my bruised breast:
When straight more gloomy grew the shade,
And lo! a tall majestic maid!
Her limbs, not delicately fair,
Robust, and of a martial air;
She bore of steel a polish'd shield,
Where highly-sculptur'd I beheld
Th' Athenian martyr [1] smiling stand,
The baleful goblet in his hand;
Sparkled her eyes with lively flame,
And Patience was the seraph's name;
Sternly she look'd, and stern began—
"Thy sorrows cease, complaining man,
Rouse thy weak soul, appease thy moan,
Soon are the clouds of sadness gone;
Tho' now in Grief's dark groves you walk,
Where griesly fiends around you stalk,
Beyond, a blissful city lies,
Far from whose gates each anguish flies;
Take thou this shield, which once of yore
Ulysses and Alcides wore,
And which in later days I gave
To Regulus and Raleigh brave,

[1] Socrates.

In exile or in dungeon drear
Their mighty minds could banish fear;
Thy heart no tenfold woes shall feel,
Twas Virtue temper'd the rough steel,
And, by her heavenly fingers wrought,
To me the precious present brought."

ODE ON SHOOTING.

Nymphs of the forests, that young oaks protect
From noxious blasts, and the blue thunder's dart,
O how securely might ye dwell
In Britain's peaceful shades,
Far from grim wolves, or tigers' midnight roar,
Or crimson-crested serpents' hungry hiss,
But that our savage swains pollute
With murder your retreats!
How oft your birds have undeserving bled,
Linnet, or warbling thrush, or moaning dove,
Pheasant with gaily-glistering wings,
Or early-mounting lark!
While in sweet converse in a round you sit
On the green turf, or in the woodbine-bower,
If chance the thund'ring gun be heard,
To grots and caves ye run,
Fearful as when Lodona fled from Pan,
Or Daphne panting from enamour'd Sol,
Or fair Sabrina to the flood
Her snowy beauties gave:
When will dread man his tyrannies forego,
When cease to bathe his barbarous hands in blood,
His subjects helpless, harmless, weak,
Delighting to destroy?
More pleasant far to shield their tender young
From churlish swains, that violate their nests,
And, wandering, morn or eve to hear
Their welcome to the Spring.

TO A FOUNTAIN.

IMITATED FROM HORACE, ODE XIII. BOOK III.

Ye waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
Blandusian fount! to whom the products sweet
Of richest wines belong,
And fairest flowers of Spring;
To thee, a chosen victim will I slay,
A kid, who glowing in lascivious youth
Just blooms with budding horn,
And with vain thought elate
Yet destines future war: but ah! too soon
His reeking blood with crimson shall enrich
Thy pure translucent flood,
And tinge thy crystal clear.
Thy sweet recess the Sun in mid-day hour
Can ne'er invade, thy streams the labour'd ox
Refresh with cooling draught,
And glad the wandering herds.
Thy name shall shine with endless honours grac'd,
While on my shell I sing the nodding oak,
That o'er thy cavern deep
Waves his embowering head.

ODE TO EVENING.

Hail, meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves
As, homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes,
He jocund whistles thro' the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks beneath the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's slender stalk:

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bowers and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton evening dance,
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene,
And from the sheep-cotes, and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout ploughmen meet to wrestle on the green.

The swain that artless sings on yonder rock,
His nibbling sheep and length'ning shadow spies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshful hour,
And with hoarse hummings of unnumber'd flies.

Now every passion sleeps; desponding love,
And pining envy, ever-restless pride;
An holy calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening, oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train,
List'ning to every wildly-warbling throat
That fills with farewell notes the dark'ning plain.

ODE TO CONTENT.

Welcome Content! from roofs of fretted gold,
From Persian sofas, and the gems of Ind,
From courts, and camps, and crowds,
Fled to my cottage mean!

Meek virgin, wilt thou deign with me to sit
In pensive pleasure by my glimmering fire,
And with calm smile despise
The loud world's distant din;

As from the piny mountain's topmost cliff
Some wandering hermit sage hears unconcern'd,
Far in the vale below,
The thund'ring torrent burst!

Teach me, good Heaven, the gilded chains of vice
To break, to study independent ease,
Pride, Pomp, and Power to shun,
Those fatal syrens fair,

That, rob'd like Eastern queens, sit on high thrones
And, beckoning every thirsty traveller,
Their baleful cups present
With pleasing poisons fraught.

O let me dwell in life's low valley, blest
With the dear nymph I love, true, heart-felt joy,
With chosen friends to turn
The polish'd Attic page;

Nor seldom, if nor fortune damp my wings,
Nor dire disease, to soar to Pindus' hill,
My hours, my soul devote,
To poesy and love!

ODE

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O thou, that to the moon-light vale
Warblest oft thy plaintive tale,
What time the village-murmurs cease,
And the still eye is hush'd to peace,
When now no busy sound is heard,
Contemplation's favourite bird!

Chauntress of night, whose amorous song
(First heard the tufted groves among)
Warns wanton Mabba to begin
Her revels on the circled green,
Whene'er by meditation led
I nightly seek some distant mead,

A short repose of cares to find,
And sooth my love-distracted mind,
O fail not then, sweet Philomel;
Thy sadly-warbled woes to tell;
In sympathetic numbers join
Thy pangs of luckless love with mine!

So may no swain's rude hand infest
Thy tender young, and rob thy nest;
Nor ruthless fowler's guileful snare
Lure thee to leave the fields of air,
No more to visit vale or shade,
Some barbarous virgin's captive made.

ODE

TO A LADY ON THE SPRING.

Lo! Spring, array'd in primrose-colour'd robe,
Fresh beauties sheds on each enliven'd scene,
With show'rs and sunshine cheers the smiling globe,
And mantles hill and vale in glowing green.

All nature feels her vital heat around,
The pregnant glebe now bursts with foodful grain,
With kindly warmth she opes the frozen ground,
And with new life informs the teeming plain.

She calls the fish from out their ouzy beds,
And animates the deep with genial love,
She bids the herds bound sportive o'er the meads,
And with glad songs awakes the joyous grove,

No more the glaring tiger roams for prey,
All-powerful love subdues his savage soul,
To find his spotted mate he darts away,
While gentler thoughts the thirst of blood controul.

But ah! while all is warmth and soft desire,
While all around Spring's cheerful spirit own,
You feel not, Amoret, her quickening fire,
To Spring's kind influence you a foe alone!

ODE

TO A LADY WHO HATES THE COUNTRY.

Now Summer, daughter of the Sun,
O'er the gay fields comes dancing on,
And earth o'erflows with joys;
Too long in routs and drawing-rooms
The tasteless hours my fair consumes,
'Midst folly, flattery, noise.

Come, hear mild Zephyr bid the rose
Her balmy-breathing buds disclose,
Come, hear the falling rill,
Observe the honey-loaded bee,
The beech embower'd cottage see,
Beside yon sloping hill.

By health awoke at early morn,
We'll brush sweet dews from every thorn,
And help unpen the fold;
Hence to yon hollow oak we'll stray,
Where dwelt, as village-fables say,
An holy Druid old.

Come, wildly rove thro' desert dales,
To listen how lone nightingales
In liquid lays complain;
Adieu the tender, thrilling note
That pants in Monticelli's throat,
And Handel's stronger strain.

"Insipid pleasures these!" you cry;
"Must I from dear assemblies fly,
To see rude peasants toil?
For operas listen to a bird?
Shall Sydney's fables be preferr'd[1]!
To my sagacious Hoyle[2]?"

O falsely fond of what seems great,
Of purple pomp, and robes of state,
And all life's tinsel glare!
Rather with humble violets bind,
Or give to wanton in the wind,
Your length of sable hair.

Soon as you reach the rural shade,
Will Mirth, the sprightly mountain-maid,
Your days and nights attend,
She'll bring fantastic Sport and Song,
Nor Cupid will be absent long,
Your true ally and friend.

ODE

TO SOLITUDE.

Thou, that at deep dead of night
Walk'st forth beneath the pale Moon's light,
In robe of flowing black array'd,
While cypress-leaves thy brows o'ershade;
List'ning to the crowing cock,
And the distant sounding clock;
Or, sitting in thy cavern low,
Dost hear the bleak winds loudly blow,
Or the hoarse death-boding owl,
Or village mastiff's wakeful howl,
While through thy melancholy room
A dim lamp casts an awful gloom;
Thou, that on the meadow green
Or daisy'd upland art not seen,
But wand'ring by the dusky nooks,
And the pensive falling brooks,

[1] Arcadia.

[2] Alluding to those ladies who have left their novels and romances for the profound study of Mr. Hoyle's book on Whist.

Or near some rugged, herbless rock,
Where no shepherd keeps his flock!
Musing maid, to thee I come,
Hating the tradeful city's hum:
O let me calmly dwell with thee,
From noisy mirth and bus'ness free,
With meditation seek the skies,
This folly-fetter'd world despise!

ODE

TO MR. WEST ON HIS TRANSLATION OF PINDAR.

I. 1.

Albion exult! thy sons a voice divine have heard,
The man of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd!
Hark! with fresh rage and undiminish'd fire
The sweet enthusiast smites the British lyre [1];
The sounds that echoed on Alpheus' streams
Reach the delighted ear of listening Thames;
Lo! swift across the dusty plain
Great Theron's foaming coursers strain!
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous song?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping art
Nor touch, nor can transport th' unfeeling heart;
Pindar, our inmost bosom piercing, warms
With glory's love, and eager thirst of arms:
When Freedom speaks in his majestic strain,
The patriot-passions beat in every vein:
We long to sit with heroes old,
'Mid groves of vegetable gold,
Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,
And still of daring deeds and dangers tell.

I. 3.

Away, enervate bards, away,
Who spin the courtly, silken lay,
As wreaths for some vain Louis' head,
Or mourn some soft Adonis dead:
No more your polish'd lyrics last,
In British Pindar's strength o'erwhelm'd and lost:
As well might ye compare
The glimmerings of a waxen flame,
(Emblem of verse correctly tame)
To his own Ætna's sulphur-spouting caves,
When to Heav'n's vault the fiery deluge raves,
When clouds and burning rocks dart thro' the troubled air.

II. 1.

In roaring cataracts down Andes channell'd steeps
Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps!
Monarch of mighty floods! supremely strong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
Swoln with an hundred hills' collected snows:
Thence over nameless regions widely flows,
Round fragrant isles, and citron-groves,
Where still the naked Indian loves,
And safely builds his leafy bow'r,
From slavery far, and curst Iberian pow'r;

II. 2.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O parent of the lyre,
Let me for ever thy sweet sons admire;
O ancient Greece, but chief the bard whose lays
The matchless tale of Troy divine emblaze;
And next Euripides, soft Pity's priest,
Who melts in useful woes the bleeding breast;
And him, who paints th' incestuous king,
Whose soul amaze and horrour wring;
Teach me to taste their charms refin'd,
The richest banquet of th' enraptur'd mind:

II. 3.

For the blest man, the Muse's child,
On whose auspicious birth she smil'd,
Whose soul she form'd of purer fire,
For whom she tun'd a golden lyre,
Seeks not in fighting fields renown:
No widow's midnight shrieks, nor burning town,
The peaceful poet please;
Nor ceaseless toils for sordid gains,
Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor statesman's schemes,
Nor all deceiv'd ambition's feverish dreams,
Lure his contented heart from the sweet vale of ease.

[1] And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
Gray's Bard.

STANZAS

ON TAKING THE AIR AFTER A LONG ILLNESS.

Hail genial Sun! I feel thy powerful ray
Strike vigorous health into each languid vein;
Lo, at thy bright approach, are fled away
The pale-ey'd sisters, Grief, Disease, and Pain.

O hills, O forests, and thou painted mead,
Again admit me to your secret seats,
From the dark bed of pining sickness freed,
With double joy I seek your green retreats.

Yet once more, O ye rivers, shall I lie
In summer evenings on your willow'd banks,
And, unobserv'd by passing shepherd's eye,
View the light Naiads trip in wanton ranks.

Each rural object charms, so long unseen,
The blooming orchards, the white wand'ring flocks,
The fields array'd in sight-refreshing green,
And with his loosen'd yoke the wearied ox.

Here let me stop beneath this spreading bush,
While Zephyr's voice I hear the boughs among,
And listen to the sweet thick-warbling thrush,
Much have I wish'd to hear her vernal song.

The Dryad Health frequents this hallow'd grove;
O where may I the lovely virgin meet?
From morn to dewy evening will I rove
To find her haunts, and lay an off'ring at her feet.

VERSES:

WRITTEN AT MONTAUBAN IN FRANCE, 1750.

TARN, how delightful wind thy willow'd waves,
But ah! they fructify a land of slaves!
In vain thy bare-foot, sun-burnt peasants hide
With luscious grapes yon hill's romantic side;
No cups nectareous shall their toil repay,
The priest's, the soldier's, and the fermier's prey:
Vain glows this Sun, in cloudless glory drest,
That strikes fresh vigour through the pining breast;
Give me, beneath a colder, changeful sky,
My soul's best, only pleasure, Liberty!
What millions perish'd near thy mournful flood [1]
When the red papal tyrant cry'd out—"Blood!"
Less fierce the Saracen, and quiver'd Moor,
That dash'd thy infants 'gainst the stones of yore.
Be warn'd, ye nations round; and trembling see
Dire superstition quench humanity!
By all the chiefs in freedom's battles lost,
By wise and virtuous Alfred's awful ghost;
By old Galgacus' scythed, iron car,
That, swiftly whirling through the walks of war,
Dash'd Roman blood, and crush'd the foreign throngs;
By holy Druids' courage-breathing songs;
By fierce Bonduca's shield and foaming steeds;
By the bold Peers that met on Thames's meads;
By the fifth Henry's helm and lightning spear;
O Liberty, my warm petition hear;
Be Albion still thy joy! with her remain,
Long as the surge shall lash her oak-crown'd plain!

THE DYING INDIAN.

THE dart of Izdabel prevails! 'twas dipt
In double poison—I shall soon arrive
At the blest island, where no tigers spring
On heedless hunters; where ananas bloom
Thrice in each moon; where rivers smoothly glide,
Nor thund'ring torrents whirl the light canoe
Down to the sea; where my forefathers feast
Daily on hearts of Spaniards!—O my son,
I feel the venom busy in my breast,
Approach, and bring my crown, deck'd with the teeth
Of that bold Christian who first dar'd deflow'r
The virgin of the Sun; and, dire to tell!
Robb'd Pachacamac's altar of its gems!
I mark'd the spot where they interr'd this traitor,
And once at midnight stole I to his tomb,
And tore his carcase from the earth, and left it
A prey to poisonous flies. Preserve this crown
With sacred secrecy: if e'er returns
Thy much-lov'd mother from the desert woods,
Where, as I hunted late, I hapless lost her,
Cherish her age. Tell her, I ne'er have worshipp'd
With those that eat their God. And when disease
Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly stab her
With thine own hands, nor suffer her to linger,
Like Christian cowards, in a life of pain.
I go! great Copac beckons me! Farewell!

[1] Alluding to the persecutions of the Protestants, and the wars of the Saracens, carried on in the southern provinces of France.

REVENGE OF AMERICA.

WHEN fierce Pizarro's legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful Genius rose.
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge Plata foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, stampt the ground,
To view his cities smoking round.
"What woes," he cry'd, "hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd;
Plunderers proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye shall meet destruction there;
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice!
Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I see all Europe's children curst
With lucre's universal thirst:
The rage that sweeps my sons away,
My baneful gold shall well repay."

EPISTLE [1]

FROM THOMAS HEARNE, ANTIQUARY,

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE COMPANION TO THE OXFORD GUIDE.

FRIEND of the moss-grown spire and crumbling arch,
Who wont'st at eve to pace the long lost bounds
Of lonesome Oseney! What malignant fiend
Thy cloister-loving mind from ancient lore
Hath base seduc'd? Urg'd thy apostate pen
To trench deep wounds on antiquaries sage,
And drag the venerable fathers forth,
Victims to laughter! Cruel as the mandate
Of mitred priests, who Baskett late enjoin'd
To throw aside the reverend letters black,
And print fast-prayers in modern type!—At this
Leland, and Willis, Dugdale, Tanner, Wood [2],
Illustrious names! with Camden, Aubrey, Lloyd,
Scald their old cheeks with tears! For once they hop'd,
To seal thee for their own! and fondly deem'd
The Muses, at thy call, would crowding come
To deck Antiquity with flowrets gay.
But now may curses every search attend
That seems inviting! may'st thou pore in vain
For dubious door-ways! may revengeful moths
Thy ledgers eat! may chronologic spouts
Retain no cypher legible! may crypts
Lurk undiscern'd! nor may'st thou spell the names
Of saints in storied windows! nor the dates
Of bells discover! nor the genuine site
Of abbot's pantries! and may Godstowe veil,
Deep from thy eyes profane, her Gothic charms.

[1] This poem by mistake has been given to Mr. T. Warton, but its property is claimed under the Doctor's own hand, in a letter to his brother on the publication of the Oxford Sausage.

[2] Names of eminent antiquaries.

FROM SHAKESPEAR'S TWELFTH NIGHT[1].

That strain again! that strain repeat!
Alas! it is not now so sweet!
Oh! it came o'er my mournful mind,
Like murmurs of the southern wind,
That steal along the violet's bed,
And gently bend the cowslip's head;
'Twas suited to my pensive mood,
'Twas hopeless love's delicious food.

ODE

TO MUSIC.

Queen of every moving measure,
Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
Music; why thy powers employ
Only for the sons of joy?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On those whom secret griefs devour;
Bid be still the throbbing hearts
Of those, whom death, or absence parts;
And, with some softly whisper'd air,
Smooth the brow of dumb despair.

LINES,

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE, ON SEEING SOME SOLDIERS AT WICKHAM, WHO WERE GOING TO FORM A SETTLEMENT NEAR SENEGAMBIA.

With happy omen march, ye valiant ranks,
From Thames to Senegambia's distant banks,
Where, beneath warmer suns and genial skies,
May future cities and new empires rise.

VERSES

ON DR. BURTON'S DEATH.

Bathe not for me, dear youths! your mournful lays
In bitter tears. O'er blooming Beauty's grave
Let Pity wring her hands: I full of years,
Of honours full, satiate of life, retire
Like an o'erwearied pilgrim to his home,
Nor at my lot repine. Yet the last prayer,
That from my struggling bosom parts, shall rise
Fervent for you! May Wickham's much-lov'd walls
Be still with Science, Fame, and Virtue blest,
And distant times and regions hail his name.

[1] This exquisite morceau is grounded on the opening of Shakespear's Twelfth Night:
"If music be the food of love, play on," &c.

VERSES,

SPOKEN TO THE KING BY LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Forgive th' officious Muse, that, with weak voice
And trembling accents rude, attempts to hail
Her royal guest! who from yon tented field,
Britain's defence and boast, has deign'd to smile
On Wickham's sons; the gentler arts of peace
And science ever prompt to praise, and Mars
To join with Pallas! 'Tis the Muses' task
And office best to consecrate to fame
Heroes and virtuous kings: the gen'rous youths,
My lov'd compeers, hence with redoubled toil
Shall strive to merit such auspicious smiles;
And through life's various walks, in arts or arms,
Or tuneful numbers, with their country's love
And with true loyalty enflam'd, t' adorn
This happy realm; while thy paternal care
To time remote, and distant lands, shall spread
Peace, justice, riches, science, freedom, fame.

TO MR. SEWARD,

ON HIS VERSES TO LADY YOUNG.

We aged bards, rash friend! must now forbear
To wound with feeble rhymes Amanda's ear;
Waller in his full force such charms might praise,
Or polish'd Petrarch, in his earliest lays.
Not with a lover's or a poet's fire—
In sober silence we can but admire
Beauty with temper, taste and sense combin'd,
The body only equall'd by the mind.

ANSWER. By W. F. Esq.

TO DR. WARTON.

Shall Fancy's bard of age complain?
Oh! strike the sacred lyre again;
For some there are whose pow'rs sublime
Defy the envious rage of time;
And burst his slender cord, that binds
In narrow bounds inferior minds.
With youth renew'd an hundred years,
The dauntless eagle perseveres,
Aims at the Sun his daring flight,
And drinks untir'd the living light:
Thus genius glows without decay,
And basks in beauty's heavenly ray.
While Barb'ra claims the votive strain,
Strike, then—Oh strike the lyre again;
As Grecian dames to her must yield,
For thee Anacreon quits the field.
Thus shall Britannia's fame increase,
In wit and beauty rival Greece.
Strike!—strike again the sacred lyre,
Lo! Seward joins th' applauding choir,
Whose dross[1] contains a richer store
Than half the world's best polish'd ore;
My feebler Muse her wing shall fold,
For ye are young, but I am old.

[1] Alluding to Mr. Seward's publication under the title of Drossiana.

ON NOT BEING ABLE TO WRITE VERSES TO DELIA.

No tuneful period, no well-polish'd line
Can issue from a heart so fond as mine:
Wit is the language of a mind at ease,
True passion feels too much with art to please.
Let rhyming triflers celebrate your eyes;
I only gaze in silence and in sighs.
Ye Muses! will ye deign your wonted aid,
And paint, O vain attempt! my matchless maid.
Ah, no! the stifled groan, the starting tear
Too well declare, I am no poet here.
'Twas thus I sang, and heavy hours beguil'd,
Ere yet my Delia bent her head, and smil'd.
Now care, begone! for soon my longing arms
Shall closely to my bosom strain her charms:
Haste! tardy time! and let me call her wife,
I feel to live without her is not life.

ODE.

O GENTLE, feather-footed Sleep,
In downy dews her temples steep,
Softly waving o'er her head
Thy care-beguiling rod of lead;
Let Hymen in her dreams appear
And mildly whisper in her ear,
That constant hearts can never prove
True transports, but in wedded love.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON PASSING THROUGH HACKWOOD PARK, AUG. 7, 1779.

O MUCH lov'd haunts! O beech-embower'd vales!
O lonely lawns! where oft at pensive eve
I met in former hours the Muse, and sought
Far from the busy world your deepest shades,
Receive my lovely Delia; to her eye,
Well skill'd to judge of Nature's various charms,
Display your inmost beauties, lead her steps
To each inspiring avenue, but chief
O guide her to that airy hill, where Health
Sits on the verdant turf enthron'd, and smiles
Around the joyous villages; O breathe
Into her tender breast your balmiest gales;
O ease her languid head! that she who feels
For others pains, may ne'er lament her own.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

No more of mirth and rural joys,
The gay description quickly cloys,
In melting numbers, sadly slow,
I tune my alter'd strings to woe;
Attend, Melpomene, and with thee bring
Thy tragic lute, Euphranor's death to sing.

Fond wilt thou be his name to praise,
For oft thou heard'st his skilful lays;
Isis for him soft tears has shed,
She plac'd her ivy on his head;
Chose him, strict judge, to rule with steady reins
The vigorous fancies of her listening swains.

With genius, wit, and science blest,
Unshaken honour arm'd his breast,
Bade him, with virtuous courage wise,
Malignant Fortune's darts despise;
Him, ev'n black Envy's venom'd tongues commend,
As scholar, pastor, husband, father, friend.

For ever sacred, ever dear,
O much-lov'd shade, accept this tear;
Each night indulging pious woe,
Fresh roses on thy tomb I strew,
And wish for tender Spenser's moving verse,
Warbled in broken sobs o'er Sydney's herse;

Let me to that deep cave resort,
Where Sorrow keeps her silent court,
For ever wringing her pale hands,
While dumb Misfortune near her stands,
With downcast eyes the Cares around her wait,
And Pity sobbing sits before the gate.

Thus stretch'd upon his grave I sung,
When straight my ears with murmur rung,
A distant, deaf, and hollow sound
Was heard in solemn whispers round—
"Enough, dear youth! tho' wrapt in bliss above,
Well pleas'd I listen to thy lays of love."

THE

POEMS

OF

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.

THE

LIFE OF BLACKLOCK,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS very extraordinary poet was born in the year 1721, at Annan in the county of Dumfries, in Scotland. His parents were natives of Cumberland, of the lower order, but industrious and well informed. Before he was six months old he lost his sight by the small-pox, and therefore as to all purposes of memory or imagination, may be said never to have enjoyed that blessing. His father and friends endeavoured to lessen the calamity by reading those books which might convey the instruction suitable to infancy, and as he advanced, they proceeded to others which he appeared to relish and remember, particularly the works of Spenser, Milton, Prior, Pope, and Addison. And such was the kindness which his helpless situation and gentle temper excited, that he was seldom without some companion who carried on this singular course of education, until he had even acquired some knowledge of the Latin tongue. It is probable that he remembered much of all that was read to him, but his mind began very early to make a choice. He first discovered a predilection for English poetry, and then at the age of twelve endeavoured to imitate it in various attempts, one of which is preserved in the present collection, but rather with a view to mark the commencement than the perfection of his talent.

In this manner his life appears to have past for the first nineteen years of his life, at the end of which he had the misfortune to lose his father, who was killed by the accidental fall of a malt-kiln. For about a year after this, he continued to live at home, and began to be noticed as a young man of genius and acquirements such as were not to be expected in one in his situation. His poems, which had increased in number as he grew up, were now handed about in manuscript, with confidence that they were worthy of the attention of the discerning, and some of them having been shown to Dr. Stevenson, an eminent physician of Edinburgh, he formed the benevolent design of removing the author to that city, where his genius might be improved by a regular education. He came accordingly to Edinburgh in the year 1741, and continued his studies in the university, under his kind patron, till the year 1745, and in 1746 a volume of his poems, in octavo, was published, but with what effect we are not told. The rebellion, however, which then raged in Scotland, disturbed arts and

learning, and our author returned to Dumfries, where he found an asylum in the house of Mr. M'Murdo, who had married his sister, and who by company and conversation, endeavoured to amuse his solitude, and keep up his stock of learning. At the close of the rebellion, he returned to Edinburgh, and pursued his studies for 3 years longer.

He now obtained the acquaintance of Hume, the celebrated historian, who interested himself with great zeal in his behalf, and among other services, promoted the publication of the quarto edition of his poems in 1756, but previously to this a second edition of the octavo had been published at Edinburgh in 1754. In this last mentioned year, he became known to the rev. Joseph Spence, poetry professor of Oxford, who introduced him to the English public, by An Account of the Life, Character and Poems of Mr. Blacklock, student of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. In this pamphlet Mr. Spence detailed the extraordinary circumstances of his education and genius with equal taste and humanity, and a subscription was immediately opened at Dodsley's shop for a quarto edition to be published at a guinea the large, and half a guinea the small paper.

Having completed his education at the university, he began a course of study, with a view to give lectures on oratory to young gentlemen intended for the bar or the pulpit, but by Hume's advice he desisted from a project which the latter thought unlikely to succeed, and determined to study divinity, which promised to gratify and enlarge the pious feelings and sentiments that had grown up with him. Accordingly, after the usual probationary course, he was licensed a preacher of the gospel, agreeably to the rules of the church of Scotland, in the year 1759. In this character he attained considerable reputation, and was fond of composing sermons, of which he has left some volumes in manuscript, as also a treatise of morals, both of which his friends once intended for the press. Two occasional sermons are said to have been published in his life-time, but probably never reached this country, as no notice of them occurs in our literary journals.

His occupations and disposition at this period of his life are thus related by the rev. Mr. Jameson, of Newcastle, who knew him intimately.

"His manner of life," says that gentleman, "was so uniform, that the history of it during one day, or one week, is the history of it during the seven years that our personal intercourse lasted. Reading, music, walking, conversing, and disputing on various topics, in theology, ethics, &c. employed almost every hour of our time. It was pleasant to hear him engaged in a dispute, for no man could keep his temper better than he always did on such occasions. I have known him frequently very warmly engaged for hours together, but never could observe one angry word to fall from him. Whatever his antagonist might say, he always kept his temper. "Semper paratus et refellere sine pertinacia, et refelli sine iracundia." He was, however, extremely sensible to what he thought ill usage, and equally so whether it regarded himself or his friends. But his resentment was always confined to a few satirical verses, which were generally burnt soon after."

"The late Mr. Spence (the editor of the quarto edition of his poems) frequently urged him to write a tragedy; and assured him that he had interest enough with Mr. Garrick to get it acted. Various subjects were proposed to him, several of which,

he approved of, yet he never could be prevailed on to begin any thing of that kind [1]. It may seem remarkable, but as far as I know, it was invariably the case, that he never could think or write on any subject proposed to him by another.

"I have frequently admired with what readiness and rapidity he could sometimes make verses. I have known him dictate from thirty to forty verses, and by no means bad ones, as fast as I could write them; but the moment he was at a loss for a rhyme or a verse to his liking, he stopt altogether, and could very seldom be induced to finish what he had begun with so much ardour."

To this his elegant biographer adds, "All those who ever acted as his amanuenses, agree in this rapidity and ardour of composition which Mr. Jameson ascribes to him in the account I have copied above. He never could dictate till he stood up; and as his blindness made walking about without assistance inconvenient or dangerous to him, he fell insensibly into a vibratory sort of motion of his body, which increased as he warmed with his subject, and was pleased with the conceptions of his mind. This motion at last became habitual to him, and though he could sometimes restrain it when on ceremony, or in any public appearance, such as preaching, he felt a certain uneasiness from the effort, and always returned to it when he could indulge it without impropriety."

In 1762, he married Miss Sarah Johnston, daughter of Mr. Joseph Johnston, surgeon in Dumfries, a connexion which formed the great solace of his future life. About the same time he was ordained minister of the town and parish of Kircudbright, in consequence of a presentation from the crown, obtained for him by the earl of Selkirk; but the parishioners having objected to the appointment, after a legal dispute of nearly two years, his friends advised him to resign his right, and accept of a moderate annuity in its stead. If their principal objection was to his want of sight, it was certainly not unreasonable. He would probably in the course of a few years have found it very inconvenient, if not painful, to execute all the duties of the pastoral office.

With the slender provision allowed by this parish he returned to Edinburgh in 1764, and adopted the plan of receiving a limited number of young gentlemen into his house, not only as boarders, but as pupils whose studies he might occasionally assist. And this plan succeeded so well that he continued it till the year 1787, when age and infirmity obliged him to retire from active life.

In 1767, the degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon him by the University and Marischal College of Aberdeen, doubtless at the suggestion of his friend and correspondent Dr. Beattie, to whom he had in the preceding year sent a present of his works, accompanied by some verses. Dr. Beattie returned a poetical epistle, which is now prefixed to Blacklock's poems, and ever after maintained a correspondence with him, and consulted him upon all his subsequent works, particularly his celebrated Essay on Truth.

[1] Mr. Jameson was probably ignorant of the circumstance of his writing, at a subsequent period, a tragedy; but upon what subject, his relation, from whom I received the intelligence, cannot recollect. The manuscript was put into the hands of the late Mr. Crosbie, then an eminent advocate at the bar of Scotland, but has never since been recovered. Mackenzie.

In the same year he published, Paraclesis: or Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion: in two Dissertations; the first supposed to have been composed by Cicero: now rendered into English: the last originally written by Dr. Blacklock. The plan of the original dissertation is to prove the superiority of the consolations to be derived from the Christian revelation, but it is painful to find by his preface that his motive for writing it, was "to alleviate the pressure of repeated disappointments, to soothe his anguish for the loss of departed friends, to elude the rage of implacable and unprovoked enemies, in a word, to support his own mind, which, for a number of years, besides its literary difficulties, and its natural disadvantages, had maintained an incessant conflict with fortune." Of what nature his disappointments were, or who could be implacable enemies to such a man, we are not told. His biographer, indeed, informs us, that he "had from nature a constitution delicate and nervous, and his mind, as is almost always the case, was in a great degree subject to the indisposition of his body. He frequently complained of a lowness and depression of spirits, which neither the attention of his friends, nor the unceasing care of a most affectionate wife, were able entirely to remove." Let us hope, therefore, for the honour of mankind, that his complaints were those, not of a man who had enemies, but of one who was sensible that, with strong powers of mind, and well-founded consolations, he was yet excluded from many of the rational delights of which he heard others speak, and of which, if he formed any idea, it was probably disproportioned and distressing.

In 1768, he published a translation, from the French of the rev. James Armand, minister of the Walloon church in Hanau, of two discourses on the spirit and evidence of Christianity, with a long dedication from his own pen, calculated for the perusal of the clergy of the church of Scotland. In this, as in all his prose writings, his style is elegant, nervous, and animated, and his sentiments such as indicate the purest zeal for the interests of religion. His last publication, in 1774, was the Graham, an Heroic Ballad; in four Cantos: intended to promote harmony between the inhabitants of Scotland and England. As a poem however, it added little to his reputation, and has been excluded from the collection formed by Mr. Mackenzie, which is here adopted.

In 1791, he was seized with a feverish disorder, which at first seemed of a slight, and never rose to a very violent kind; but his weak frame was unable to support it, and he died after about a week's illness, July 7, 1791, in the seventieth year of his age. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory, with an elegant Latin inscription from the pen of Dr. Beattie.

Such are the few events of Dr. Blacklock's life. His character, and the character of his writings, are more interesting, and will probably ever continue to be the subject of contemplation with all who study the human mind, or revere the dispensations of Providence. His perseverance in acquiring so extensive a fund of learning, amidst those privations which seem to bar all access to improvement, is an extraordinary feature in his character, and notwithstanding the kind zeal of the friends who endeavoured to make up for his want of sight by reading to him, many of his attainments must ever remain inexplicable.

With respect to his personal character, his biographer, and indeed all who knew him, have expatiated on the gentleness of his manners, the benignity of his disposition

and that warm interest in the happiness of others which led him so constantly to promote it in the young people who were committed to his charge. In their society he appeared entirely to forget the loss of sight, and the melancholy which, at other times, it might produce. "He entered," says his biographer, "with the cheerful playfulness of a young man, into all the sprightly narrative, the sportive fancy, the humorous jest that rose around him. It was a sight highly gratifying to philanthropy, to see how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and above all lighted up with innocence and piety, like Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of its own calamity, and enjoy the content, the happiness, and the gaiety of others. Several of those inmates of Dr. Blacklock's house retained, in future life, all the warmth of that impression which his friendship at this early period had made upon them; and in various quarters of the world, he had friends and correspondents from whom no length of time or distance of place had ever estranged him.

"Music, which to the feeling and the pensive, in whatever situation, is a source of extreme delight, but which to the blind must be creative, as it were, of idea and of sentiment, he enjoyed highly, and was himself a tolerable performer on several instruments, particularly on the flute. He generally carried in his pocket a small flageolet[2], on which he played his favourite tunes; and was not displeased when asked in company to play or to sing them; a natural feeling for a blind man, who thus adds a scene to the drama of his society."

With regard to his poetry, there seems no occasion to involve ourselves in the perplexities which Mr. Spence first created, and then injudiciously as well as ineffectually endeavoured to explain. The character of his poetry is that of sentiment and reason: his versification is in general elegant and harmonious, and his thoughts sometimes flow with an ardent rapidity that betokens real genius. But it is impossible to ascribe powers of description to one who had seen nothing to describe; nor of invention to one who had no materials upon which he could operate. Where we find any passages that approach to the description of visible objects, we must surely attribute them to memory. As he had the best English poets frequently read to him, he attained a free command of the language of poetry, both in simple and compound words, and we know that all poets consider these as common property. It is not therefore wonderful that he speaks so often of mountains, vallies, rivers, nor that he appropriates to visible objects their peculiar characteristics, all which he must have heard repeated until they became fixed in his memory: but as no man pursues long what affords little more than the exercise of conjecture, we are still perplexed to discover what pleasure Mr. Blacklock could take, first in a species of reading which could give him no ideas, and then in a species of writing in which he could copy only the expressions of others. There are few of his poems in which some passage does not occur which tempts us to ask, what idea could he affix to this? When he speaks of "insect crowds that 'scape the nicest eye," how could he judge of crowds or insects

[2] "His first idea of learning to play on this instrument he used to ascribe to a circumstance rather uncommon, but which, to a mind like his, susceptible at the same time and creative, might naturally enough arise, namely, a *Dream*, in which he thought he met with a shepherd's boy on the side of a pastoral hill, who brought the most exquisite music from that little instrument." Mackenzie.

that had no eyes? "Starry skies" he might have borrowed, but what train of thought led him to say of night,

> Clouds peep on clouds, and, as they rise,
> Condense to solid gloom the skies.

"Pale fear," "pale terrour," "white robed innocence," "iron sway," "livid phantoms," "rosy bowl," "angel form," and many others, he had often heard, but the following images, if borrowed in parts, are certainly combined with the hand of a master.

> As swift descending show'rs of rain,
> Deform with mud the clearest streams;
> As rising mists Hear'n's azure stain,
> Ting'd with Aurora's blush in vain;
> As fades the flow'rs in mid-day beams:
> On life thus tender sorrows prey,
> And wrap in gloom its promis'd day.—
>
> Thro' tears behold a sister's eyes
> Emit a faded ray.'—
>
> Say, could no song of melting woe,
> Revoke the keen determin'd blow,
> That clos'd his sparkling eye?
> Thus roses oft, by early doom,
> Robb'd of their blush and sweet perfume,
> Grow pale, recline, and die.

What idea our author had of these appearances, and what kind or degree of pleasure they afforded him, it is impossible to discover. He has himself written a very long article on Blindness in the Encyclopedia Britannica, but it affords no light to the present subject, containing chiefly reflections on the disadvantages of blindness, and the best means of alleviating them. His poems, however, especially where attempts are made at description, indicate powers which seem to have wanted the aid of sight only to bring them into the highest rank. We know that poetical genius is almost wholly independent of learning, and seems often planted in a soil where nothing else will flourish, but Blacklock's is altogether an extraordinary case: we have not even terms by which we can intelligibly discuss his merits, and we may conclude with Denina in his *Discorso della Literatura*, that "Blacklock will appear to posterity a fable, as to us he is a prodigy. It will be thought a fiction, a paradox, that a man blind from his infancy, besides having made himself so much a master of various foreign languages, should be a great poet in his own; and without having hardly ever seen the light, should be so remarkably happy in description."

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO

MR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

TO fame and to the Muse unknown
Where arts and science never shone,
A hamlet [1] stands secure:
Her rustic sons, to toil inur'd,
By blooming health and gain allur'd,
Their grateful soil manure.

What means my heart!—'Tis Nature's pow'r:
Yes, here I date my natal hour,
My bursting heart would say:
Here sleep the swains from whom I *sprung*,
Whose conscience fell remorse ne'er stung;
For Nature led their way.

Simplicity, unstain'd with crimes,
(A gem how rare in modern times;)
Was all from them I bore:
No sounding titles swell'd my pride;
My heart to mis'ry ne'er was ty'd,
By heaps of shining ore.

Heedless of wealth, of pow'r, of fame;
Heedless of each ambitious aim,
Here flow'd my boyish years.
How oft these plains I've thoughtless prest;
Whistled, or sung some fair [2] distrest,
Whose fate would steal my tears!

Thus rude, unpolish'd, unrefin'd;
While, plung'd in darkest night, my mind
Uncultivated lay;
With pity mov'd, my fate you view'd;
My way to light, to reason shew'd,
And op'd the source of day.

You loos'd and form'd my infant thought;
Your skill, your matchless goodness taught,
Where truth and bliss to find:
Painted, by thee, in all her charms,
Each gen'rous heart fair Virtue warms,
And swells the ravish'd mind.

Hail bright celestial, all divine!
O come [3], inspire this breast of mine
With all thy heav'nly pow'r:
Lead, lead me to thy happiness;
Point out thy path to that blest place,
Where grief shall be no more.

RICHARD HEWITT [3].

[1] Rockliffe, a little country village near Carlisle, in the county of Cumberland.

[2] Alluding to a sort of narrative songs, which make no inconsiderable part of the innocent amusements with which the country people pass the winter nights, and of which the author of the present piece was a faithful rehearser.

[3] This little poem can boast a quality which commendatory verses are not supposed always to possess, to wit, perfect sincerity and gratitude in the author. He was a poor native of a village in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, whom Mr. Backlock had taken to lead him, and whom, finding him of promising parts, and of a disposition to learn, he endeavoured to make a scholar. He succeeded so well as to teach young Hewitt the Latin, Greek, and French languages, and some knowledge in the sciences. The lad bore his master that warm affection which his kindness seldom failed to procure from his domestics, and left him, with unwillingness, to enter the service of lord Milton, (then lord justice clerk, and sous-ministre for Scotland under Archibald duke of Argyle), whose secretary he became. The fatigue of that station hurt his health, and he died in 1764.

AN EPISTLE FROM DR. BEATTIE,

TO THE

REV. MR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK [4].

Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare; semita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.

JUVENAL, Sat. x.

HAIL to the poet! whose spontaneous lays
No pride restrains, nor venal flattery sways.
Who, nor from critics, nor from fashion's laws,
Learns to adjust his tribute of applause;
But bold to feel, and ardent to impart
What Nature whispers to the generous heart,
Propitious to the moral song, commends,
For Virtue's sake, the humblest of her friends.
Peace to the grumblers of an envious age,
Vapid in spleen, or brisk in frothy rage!
Critics, who ere they understand, defame;
And friends demure, who only do not blame;
And puppet-prattlers, whose unconscious throat
Transmits what the pert witling prompts by rote:
Pleas'd, to their spite or scorn I yield the lays
That boast the sanction of a BLACKLOCK's praise.
Let others court the blind and babbling crowd:
Mine be the favour of the wise and good.
O thou, to censure, as to guile unknown!
Indulgent to all merit but thy own! [frame,
Whose soul, though darkness wrap thine earthly
Exults in virtue's pure ethereal flame;
Whose thoughts, congenial with the strains on high,
The Muse adorns, but cannot dignify;
As northern lights, in glittering legions driven,
Embellish, not exalt, the starry Heaven:
Say thou, for well thou know'st the art divine
To guide the fancy, and the soul refine,

[4] Vide Dr. Beattie's Poems, edition 1766, p. 135.

What heights of excellence must he ascend,
Who longs to claim a BLACKLOCK for his friend;
Who longs to emulate thy tuneful art;
But more thy meek simplicity of heart;
But more thy virtue patient, undismay'd,
At once though malice and mischance invade;
And, nor by learn'd nor priestly pride confin'd,
Thy zeal for truth, and love of human kind.
Like thee, with sweet ineffable controul,
Teach me to rouse or sooth th'impassion'd soul,
And breathe the luxury of social woes;
Ah! ill-exchang'd for all that mirth bestows.
Ye slaves of mirth, renounce your boasted plan,
For know, 'tis sympathy exalts the man.
But, midst the festive bower, or echoing hall,
Can Riot listen to soft Pity's call?
Rude he repels the soul-ennobling guest,
And yields to selfish joy his harden'd breast.
Teach me thine artless harmony of song,
Sweet, as the vernal warblings borne along
Arcadia's myrtle groves; ere Art began,
With critic glance malevolent, to scan
Bold Nature's generous charms, display'd profuse
In each warm cheek, and each enraptur'd Muse.
Then had not Fraud impos'd, in Fashion's name,
For freedom lifeless form, and pride for shame;
And, for th' o'erflowings of a heart sincere,
The feature fix'd, untarnish'd with a tear;
The cautious, slow, and unenliven'd eye,
And breast inured to check the tender sigh.
Then love, unblam'd, indulg'd the guiltless smile;
Deceit they fear'd not, for they knew not guile.
The social sense unaw'd, that scorn'd to own
The curb of law, save Nature's law alone,
To godlike aims, and godlike actions fir'd;
And the full energy of thought inspir'd;
And the full dignity of pleasure, given
T' exalt desire, and yield a taste of Heaven.

POEMS

OF

DR. THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

HORACE, ODE I. IMITATED.

INSCRIBED TO

Dr. JOHN STEVENSON,

Physician in Edinburgh.

O THOU, whose goodness unconfin'd
Extends its wish to human kind;
By whose indulgence I aspire
To strike the sweet Horatian lyre;
There are who, on th' Olympic plain,
Delight the chariot's speed to rein;
Involv'd in glorious dust to roll;
To turn with glowing wheel the goal;
Who by repeated trophies rise,
And share with gods their pomp and skies.
This man, if changeful crowds admire,
Fermented ev'n to mad desire,
Their fool or villain to elate
To all the honours of the state;
That, if his granary secures
Whate'er th' autumnal sun matures,
Pleas'd his paternal field to plow,
Remote from each ambitious view,
Vast India's wealth would bribe in vain,
To launch the bark, and cut the main.
The merchant, while the western breeze
Ferments to rage th' Icarian seas,
Urg'd by th' impending hand of fate,
Extols to Heav'n his country-seat;
Its sweet retirement, fearless ease,
The fields, the air, the streams, the trees;
Yet fits the shatter'd bark again,
Resolv'd to brave the tumid main,
Resolv'd all hazards to endure,
Nor shun a plague, but, to be poor.
One with the free, the gen'rous bowl,
Absorbs his cares, and warms his soul:
Now wrapt in ease, supinely laid
Beneath the myrtle's am'rous shade;
Now where some sacred fountain flows,
Whose cadence soft invites repose;
While half the sultry summer's day
On silent pinions steals away.
Some bosoms boast a nobler flame,
In fields of death to toil for fame,
In war's grim front to tempt their fate;
Curst war! which brides and mothers hate:
As in each kindling hero's sight
Already glows the promis'd fight;
Their hearts with more than transport bound,
While drums and trumpets mix their sound.
Unmindful of his tender wife,
And ev'ry home-felt bliss of life,
The huntsman, in th' unsheltered plains,
Heav'n's whole inclemency sustains;
Now scales the steepy mountain's side,
Now tempts the torrent's headlong tide;
Whether his faithful hounds in view,
With speed some timid prey pursue;
Or some fell monster of the wood
At once his hopes and snares elude.
Good to bestow, like Heav'n, is thine,
Concurring in one great design;
To cool the fever's burning rage,
To knit the feeble nerves of age;
To bid young health, with pleasure crown'd,
In rosy lustre smile around.
My humbler function shall I name;
My sole delight, my highest aim?
Inspir'd thro' breezy shades to stray,
Where choral nymphs and graces play;
Above th' unthinking herd to soar,
Who sink forget, and are no more;
To snatch from fate an honest fame,
Is all I hope, and all I claim.
If to my vows Euterpe deign
The Doric reed's mellifluent strain,
Nor Polyhymnia, darling Muse!
To tune the Lesbian harp refuse.
But, if you rank me with the choir,
Who touch, with happy hand, the lyre;
Exulting to the starry frame,
Sustain'd by all the wings of fame,
With bays adorn'd I then shall soar,
Obscure, depress'd, and scorn'd no more

While Envy, vainly merit's foe,
With sable wings shall flag below;
And, doom'd to breathe a grosser air,
To reach my glorious height despair.

PSALM I. IMITATED.

How blest the man, how more than blest!
Whose heart no guilty thoughts employ;
God's endless sunshine fills his breast,
And smiling conscience whispers peace and joy.

Fair Rectitude's unerring way
His heav'n-conducted steps pursue;
While crowds in guilt and errour stray,
Unstain'd his soul, and undeceiv'd his view.

While, with unmeaning laughter gay,
Scorn, on her throne erected high,
Emits a false delusive ray,
To catch th' astonish'd gaze of Folly's eye;

Deep in herself his soul retir'd,
Unmov'd, beholds the meteor blaze,
And, with all-perfect beauty fir'd,
Nature, and Nature's God, intent surveys.

Him from high Heav'n, her native seat,
Eternal Wisdom's self inspires;
While he, with purpose fix'd as fate,
Pursues her dictates, and her charms admires.

In sunshine mild, and temp'rate air,
Where some refreshing fountain flows,
So nurs'd by Nature's tend'rest care,
A lofty tree with autumn's treasure glows,

Around its boughs the summer gale
With pleasure waves the genial wing;
There no unfriendly colds prevail,
To chill the vigour of its endless spring.

Amid its hospitable shade
Heav'n's sweetest warblers tune the lay;
Nor shall its honours ever fade,
Nor immature its plenteous fruit decay.

By God's almighty arm sustain'd,
Thus Virtue soon or late shall rise;
Enjoy her conquest, nobly gain'd,
And share immortal triumph in the skies.

But fools, to sacred wisdom blind,
Who Vice's tempting call obey,
A diff'rent fate shall quickly find,
To every roaring storm an easy prey.

Thus when the warring winds arise,
With all their lawless fury driv'n,
Light chaff or dust incessant flies,
Whirl'd in swift eddies thro' the vault of Heav'n.

When in tremendous pomp array'd,
Descending from the op'ning sky,
With full omnipotence display'd,
Here God shall call on Nature to reply:

Then Vice, with shame and grief depress'd,
Transfix'd with horrour and despair,
Shall feel Hell kindling in her breast,
Nor to her Judge prefer her trembling pray'r:

For, with a father's fond regard,
To bliss he views fair Virtue tend;
While Vice obtains her just reward,
And all her paths in deep perdition end.

AN HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING.

IN IMITATION OF THE CIVTH PSALM.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare et terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis? HORACE.

Arise, my soul! on wings seraphic rise,
And praise th' almighty Sov'reign of the skies;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the Heav'n of Heav'ns, nor boundless
space confines.
When darkness rul'd with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
First, fairest offspring of the omnific word!
Which, like a garment, cloth'd its sov'reign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies;
Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent ether round the whole.
Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot thro' the sky;
Impetuous tempests the command obey.
Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly,
From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.
In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre rest for ever strong;
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.
At thy Almighty voice old Ocean raves,
Wakes all his force; and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And shoreless billows revel round the globe;
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That shook th' eternal firmament of Heav'n;
The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way;
And posting rapid to the place decreed,
Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble mead.
Reluctant at their bounds the waves subside;
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,
Restrain its rage; whilst, with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.
By him, from mountains cloth'd in lucid snow,
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.
Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
That revels boundless o'er the wide campaign,
Imbibes the silver surge, with heat oppress'd,
To cool the fever of his glowing breast.
Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praise they symphonize around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
Wide o'er the Heav'ns the various bow he bends,
Its tinctures brightens, and its arch extends:
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Soften the hills, and cheer the meads below:
By genial fervour and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation clothes the smiling plain:
Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, tho' she still bestows.

Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,
And Heav'n above diffuses Heav'n below.
Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.
Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding air,
With artful toil their little domes prepare;
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse their rising care.
Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
While timid conies scour the plains below,
Or in the pendant rock elude the scenting foe.
He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the Sun to regulate the year.
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primeval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase their frighted prey.
Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food:
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes;
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.
Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful Nature hails the op'ning morn:
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with mod'rate slumber blest,
Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful evening, with her argent train,
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.
"Hail! sov'reign goodness, all-productive mind!
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find.
How various all, how variously endow'd,
How great their number, and each part how good!
How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
Who, with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!" [sue,
Where-e'er the pleasing search my thoughts pur-
Unbounded goodness rises to my view;
Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care,
Extends through all th' infinitude of space,
And circles Nature with a kind embrace.
The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show:
Here multitudes of various beings stray,
Crowd the profound, or on the surface play:
Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
And ev'ry product waft from ev'ry shore;
Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,
For the mild charms of cultivated life;
Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
And India joins in friendship with the pole.
Here the huge potent of the scaly train
Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,
An animated isle; and in his way,
Dashes to Heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea:
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
Portending instant wreck to Nature's frame,
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious pride
The volley'd light'ning, and the surging tide;
And, while the wrathful elements engage,
Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
All these thy watchful providence supplies,
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.
But, if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,
Then widow'd Nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in universal cries:
Then gloomy Death with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
And all their hosts to native dust return.
But when again thy glory is display'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray:
United thanks replenish'd Nature pays
And Heav'n and Earth resound their Maker's praise.
When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary Nature languish into dust;
For ever young thy glory shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
Thou, from the regions of eternal day,
View'st all thy works at one immense survey:
Pleas'd, thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
To perfect happiness, its glorious end.
If thou to Earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies:
Thou smit'st the hills, and, at th' Almighty blow,
Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.
While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame;
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn:
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And Nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of thee my soul excursive flies
Thro' air, earth, ocean, or thy regal skies;
From world to world, new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind. [flight
When, wing'd with whirlwinds, Vice shall take its
To the deep bosom of eternal night,
To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

PSALM CXXXIX. IMITATED.

Me, O my God! thy piercing eye,
In motion, or at rest, surveys;
If to the lonely couch I fly,
Or travel thro' frequented ways;
Where-e'er I move, thy boundless reign,
Thy mighty presence, circles all the scene.

Where shall my thoughts from thee retire,
Whose view pervades my inmost heart!
The latent, kindling, young desire,
The word, 'ere from my lips it part,
To thee their various forms display,
And shine reveal'd in thy unclouded day.

Behind me if I turn my eyes,
Or forward bend my wand'ring sight,
Whatever objects round me rise
Thro' the wide fields of air and light;
With thee impress'd, each various frame
The forming, moving, present God proclaim.

Father of all, omniscient Mind,
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend?
That wisdom, which, 'ere things began,
Saw full exprest th' all-comprehending plan!

What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy distant view?
Where from thy spirit shall I fly,
Diffusive, vital, felt thro' Earth and sky?

If up to Heav'n's etherial height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise;
In splendour there, severely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise:
There, beaming from their source divine,
In full meridian, light and beauty shine.

Beneath the pendant globe if laid,
If plung'd in Hell's abyss profound,
I call on night's impervious shade
To spread essential blackness round;
Conspicuous to thy wide survey,
Ev'n Hell's grim horrours kindle into day.

Thee, mighty God! my wond'ring soul,
Thee, all her conscious powers adore;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes its utmost bounds explore:
Alike illum'd by native light,
Amid the Sun's full blaze, or gloom of night.

If through the fields of ether borne,
The living winds my flight sustain;
If on the rosy wings of morn,
I seek the distant western main;
There, O my God! thou still art found,
Thy pow'r upholds me, and thy arms surround.

Thy essence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in ev'ry conscious part;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart:
Unfelt along my veins it glides,
And through their mazes rolls the purple tides.

While in the silent womb enclos'd,
A growing embryo yet I lay,
Thy hand my various parts dispos'd,
Thy breath infus'd life's genial ray;
'Till, finish'd by thy wondrous plan,
I rose the dread, majestic form of man.

To thee, from whom my being came,
Whose smile is all the Heav'n I know,
Replete with all my wondrous theme,
To thee, my votive strains shall flow:
Great Archetype! who first design'd,
Expressive of thy glory, human kind.

Who can the stars of Heav'n explore,
The flow'rs that deck the verdant plain,
Th' unnumber'd sands that form the shore,
The drops that swell the spacious main?
Let him thy wonders publish round,
Till Earth and Heav'n's eternal throne resound.

As subterraneous flames confin'd,
From Earth's dark womb impetuous rise,
The conflagration, fann'd by wind,
Wraps realms, and blazes to the skies:
In lightning's flash, and thunder's roar,
Thus vice shall feel the tempest of thy pow'r.

Fly then, as far as pole from pole,
Ye sons of slaughter, quick retire;
At whose approach my kindling soul
Awakes to unextinguish'd ire:
Fly; nor provoke the thunder's aim,
You, who in scorn pronounce th' Almighty's name.

The wretch who dares thy pow'r defy,
And on thy vengeance loudly call,
On him not pity's melting eye,
Nor partial favour, e'er shall fall:
Still shall thy foes be mine, still share
Unpity'd torture, and unmix'd despair.

Behold, O God! behold me stand,
And to thy strict regard disclose
Whate'er was acted by my hand,
Whate'er my inmost thoughts propose:
If vice indulg'd their candour stain,
Be all my portion bitterness and pain.

But, O! if nature, weak and frail,
To strong temptations oft give way;
If doubt, or passion, oft prevail
O'er wand'ring reason's feeble ray;
Let not thy frowns my fault reprove,
But guide thy creature with a Father's love.

AN HYMN TO DIVINE LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF SPENCER.

No more of lower flames, whose pleasing rage
With sighs and soft complaints I weakly fed;
At whose unworthy shrine, my budding age,
And willing Muse, their first devotion paid.
Fly, nurse of madness, to eternal shade:
Far from my soul abjur'd and banish'd fly,
And yield to nobler fires, that lift the soul more high.

O Love! coeval with thy parent God,
To thee I kneel, thy present aid implore;
At whose celestial voice and pow'rful nod
Old Discord fled, and Chaos ceas'd to roar,
Light smil'd, and order rose, unseen before,
But in the plan of the eternal mind, [design'd.
When God design'd the work, and lov'd the work

Thou fill'dst the waste of ocean, earth, and air,
With multitudes that swim, or walk, or fly:
From rolling worlds descends thy generous care,
To insect crowds that 'scape the nicest eye:
For each a sphere was circumscrib'd by thee,
To bless, and to be bless'd, their noblest end;
To which, with speedy course, they all unerring tend.

Conscious of thee, with nobler pow'rs endu'd,
Next man, thy darling, into being rose,
Immortal, form'd for high beatitude,
Which neither end nor interruption knows,
Till evil, couch'd in fraud, began his woes:
Then to thy aid was boundless wisdom join'd,
And for apostate man redemption thus design'd.

By thee, his glories veil'd in mortal shroud,
God's darling offspring left his seat on high;
And Heav'n and Earth, amaz'd and trembling view'd
Their wounded Sov'reign groan, and bleed, and die.
By thee in triumph to his native sky,
On angels wings, the victor God aspir'd,
Relenting justice smil'd and frowning wrath retir'd.

To thee, munific, ever-flaming Love!
One endless hymn united nature sings:
To thee the bright inhabitants above
Tune the glad voice, and sweep the warbling strings.
From pole to pole, on ever-waving wings,
Winds waft thy praise, by rolling planets tun'd;
Aid then, O Love! my voice to emulate the sound.

It comes! it comes! I feel internal day;
Transfusive warmth through all my bosom glows;
My soul expanding gives the torrent way;
Thro' all my veins it kindles as it flows.
Thus, ravish'd from the scene of night and woes,
Oh! snatch me, bear me to thy happy reign;
There teach my tongue thy praise in more exalted strain.

AN HYMN TO BENEVOLENCE.

Hail! source of transport ever new;
Whilst thy kind dictates I pursue,
I taste a joy sincere;
Too vast for little minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow
Their wishes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!
From thee felicity began;
Which still thy hand sustains:
By thee sweet Peace her empire spread,
Fair Science rais'd her laurel'd head,
And Discord gnash'd in chains.

Far as the pointed sunbeam flies,
Through peopled Earth and starry skies,
All Nature owns thy nod:
We see thy energy prevail
Through Being's ever-rising scale,
From nothing ev'n to God.

Envy, that tortures her own heart
With plagues and ever-burning smart,
Thy charms divine expel:
Aghast she shuts her livid eyes,
And, wing'd with tenfold fury, flies
To native night and Hell.

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With goodness large and free,
Delights the widow's tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
Thro' ev'ry action shine;
Each low, each selfish, wish controul,
With all thy essence warm my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

Nor let fair Virtue's mortal bane,
The soul-contracting thirst of gain,
My faintest wishes sway;
By her possess'd, ere hearts refine,
In Hell's dark depth shall mercy shine,
And kindle endless day.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
Nor with their pleasures glow:
Banish'd from God, from bliss, and thee,
My own tormentor let me be,
And groan in hopeless woe.

AN HYMN TO FORTITUDE.

Night, brooding o'er her mute domain,
In awful silence wraps her reign;
Clouds press on clouds, and, as they rise,
Condense to solid gloom the skies.
Portentous, through the foggy air,
To wake the demon of despair,
The raven hoarse, and boding owl,
To Hecate curst anthems howl.
Intent, with execrable art,
To burn the veins, and tear the heart,
The witch, unhallow'd bones to raise,
Through fun'ral vaults and charnels strays;
Calls the damn'd shade from ev'ry cell,
And adds new labours to their Hell.
And, shield me Heav'n! what hollow sound,
Like fate's dread knell, runs echoing round?
The bell strikes one, that magic hour,
When rising fiends exert their pow'r.
And now, sure now, some cause unblest
Breathes more than horrour thro' my breast:
How deep the breeze! how dim the light!
What spectres swim before my sight!
My frozen limbs pale terrour chains,
And in wild eddies wheels my brains:
My icy blood forgets to roll,
And death ev'n seems to seize my soul.
What sacred pow'r, what healing art,
Shall bid my soul herself assert;
Shall rouse th' immortal active flame,
And teach her whence her being came?
O Fortitude! divinely bright,
O Virtue's child, and man's delight!
Descend, an amicable guest,
And with thy firmness steel my breast:
Descend propitious to my lays,
And, while my lyre resounds thy praise,
With energy divinely strong,
Exalt my soul, and warm my song.
When raving in eternal pains,
And loaded with ten thousand chains,
Vice, deep in Phlegeton, yet lay,
Nor with her visage blasted day;
No fear to guiltless man was known,
For God and Virtue reign'd alone.
But, when from native flames and night,
The cursed monster wing'd her flight,
Pale Fear, among her hideous train,
Chas'd sweet Contentment from her reign;
Plac'd Death and Hell before each eye,
And wrapt in mist the golden sky;
Banish'd from day each dear delight,
And shook with conscious starts the night.

When, from th' imperial seats on high,
The Lord of nature turn'd his eye
To view the state of things below;
Still blest to make his creatures so:
From Earth he saw Astræa fly,
And seek her mansions in the sky;
Peace, crown'd with olives, left her throne,
And white-rob'd Innocence was gone:
While Vice, reveal'd in open day,
Sole tyrant rul'd with iron sway;
And Virtue veil'd her weeping charms,
And fled for refuge to his arms,
Her altars scorn'd, her shrines defac'd—
Whom thus th' essential Good address'd.

"Thou, whom my soul adores alone,
Effulgent sharer of my throne,
Fair empress of eternity!
Who uncreated reign'st like me;
Whom I, who sole and boundless sway,
With pleasure infinite obey:
To yon diurnal scenes below,
Who feel their folly in their woe,
Again propitious turn thy flight,
Again oppose yon tyrant's might;
To Earth thy cloudless charms disclose,
Revive thy friends, and blast thy foes:
Thy triumphs man shall raptur'd see,
Act, suffer, live, and die for thee.
But since all crimes their Hell contain,
Since all must feel who merit pain,
Let Fortitude thy steps attend,
And be, like thee, to man a friend;
To urge him on the arduous road,
That leads to virtue, bliss, and God;
To blunt the sting of ev'ry grief,
And be to all a near relief."

He said; and she, with smiles divine,
Which made all Heav'n more brightly shine,
To Earth return'd with all her train,
And brought the golden age again.
Since erring mortals, unconstrain'd,
The God, that warms their breast, profan'd,
She, guardian of their joys no more,
Could only leave them, and deplore:
They, now the easy prey of pain,
Curst in their wish, their choice obtain;
Till arm'd with Heav'n and fate, she came
Her destin'd honours to reclaim.
Vice and her slaves beheld her flight,
And fled, like birds obscene, from light,
Back to th' abode of plagues return,
To sin and smart, blaspheme and burn.

Thou, goddess! since, with sacred aid,
Hast ev'ry grief and pain allay'd,
To joy converted ev'ry smart,
And plac'd a Heav'n in ev'ry heart;
By thee we act, by thee sustain,
Thou sacred antidote of pain!
At thy great nod the Alps [1] subside,
Reluctant rivers turn their tide;
With all thy force Alcides warm'd,
His hand against oppression arm'd:
By thee his mighty nerves were strung,
By thee his strength for ever young;
And whilst on brutal force he press'd,
His vigour, with his foes, increas'd.

[1] Alluding to the history of Hannibal.

By thee, like Jove's almighty hand,
Ambition's havock to withstand,
Timoleon [2] rose, the scourge of fate,
And hurl'd a tyrant from his state;
The brother in his soul subdu'd,
And warm'd the poniard in his blood;
A soul by so much virtue fir'd,
Not Greece alone, but Heav'n admir'd,

But in these dregs of human kind,
These days to guilt and fear resign'd,
How rare such views the heart elate!
To brave the last extremes of Fate;
Like Heav'n's almighty pow'r serene,
With fix'd regard to view the scene,
When Nature quakes beneath the storm,
And Horrour wears its direst form.
Tho' future worlds are now descry'd,
Tho' Paul has writ, and Jesus dy'd,
Dispell'd the dark infernal shade,
And all the Heav'n of Heav'ns display'd;
Curst with unnumber'd groundless fears,
How pale yon shiv'ring wretch appears!
For him the day-light shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terrour to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd;
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds, and open day.
If night his lonely walk surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise;
That blasted oak, which meets his way,
Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murd'rer's known retreat,
Felt Heav'n's avengeful bolt of late;
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruin'd tow'r resound;
And now the spot he seems to tread,
Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid:
He feels next Earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd,
Sees lurid phantoms crowd the shade;
While shrouded manes palely stare,
And beck'ning wish to breathe their care:
Thus real woes from false he bears,
And feels the death, the Hell, he fears.

O thou! whose spirit warms my song,
With energy divinely strong,
Erect his soul, confirm his breast,
And let him know the sweets of rest;
Till ev'ry human pain and care,
All that may be, and all that are,
But false imagin'd ills appear
Beneath our hope, our grief, or fear.
And, if I right invoke thy aid,
By thee be all my woes allay'd;
With scorn instruct me to defy
Imposing fear, and lawless joy;

[2] Timoleon, having long in vain importuned his brother to resign the despotism of Corinth, at last restored the liberty of the people by stabbing him. Vide PLUT.

To struggle thro' this scene of strife,
The pains of death, the pangs of life,
With constant brow to meet my fate,
And meet still more, Euanthe's hate.
And, when some swain her charms shall claim,
Who feels not half my gen'rous flame,
Whose cares her angel-voice beguiles,
On whom she bends her heav'nly smiles;
For whom she weeps, for whom she glows,
On whom her treasur'd soul bestows;
When perfect mutual joy they share,
Ah! joy enhanc'd by my despair!
Mix beings in each flaming kiss,
And blest, still rise to higher bliss:
Then, then, exert thy utmost pow'r,
And teach me being to endure;
Lest reason from the helm should start,
And lawless fury rule my heart;
Lest madness all my soul subdue,
To ask her Maker, what dost thou?
Yet, could'st thou in that dreadful hour,
On my rack'd soul all Lethe pour,
Or fan me with the gelid breeze,
That chains in ice th' indignant seas;
Or wrap my heart in tenfold steel,
I still am man, and still must feel.

THE WISH SATISFIED,

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Too long, my soul! thou'rt tost below,
From hope to hope, from fear to fear:
How great, how lasting ev'ry woe!
Each joy how short, how insincere!

Turn around thy searching eyes
Thro' all the bright varieties;
And, with exactest care,
Select from all the shining crowd,
Some lasting joy, some sov'reign good,
And fix thy wishes there.

With toil amass a mighty store
Of glowing stones, or yellow ore;
Plant the fields with golden grain,
Crowd with lowing herds the plain,
Bid the marble domes ascend,
Bid the pleasant view extend,
Streams and groves and woods appear,
And spring and autumn fill the year:
Sure, these are joys, full, permanent, sincere;
Sure, now each boundless wish can ask no more.

On roses now reclin'd,
I languish into rest;
No vacuum in my mind,
No craving wish unblest:
But ah! in vain,
Some absent joy still gives me pain,
By toys elated, or by toys deprest.

What melting joy can sooth my grief?
What balmy pleasure yield my soul relief?
'Tis found; the bliss already warms,
Sunk in love's persuasive arms,
Enjoying and enjoy'd
To taste variety of charms
Be ev'ry happy hour employ'd.

As the speedy moments roll,
Let some new joy conspire;
Hebe, fill the rosy bowl;
Orpheus, tune the lyre;
To new-born rapture wake the soul,
And kindle young desire:
While, a beauteous choir around,
Tuneful virgins join the sound,
Panting bosoms, speaking eyes,
Yielding smiles, and trembling sighs:
Thro' melting errour let their voices rove,
And trace th' enchanting maze of harmony and love.

Still, still insatiate of delight
My wishes open, as my joys increase:
What now shall stop their restless flight,
And yield them kind redress?
For something still unknown I sigh,
Beyond what strikes the touch, the ear, or eye:
Whence shall I seek, or how pursue
The phantom, that eludes my view,
And cheats my fond embrace?

Thus, while her wanton toils fond Pleasure spread,
By sense and passion blindly led,
I chas'd the syren thro' the flow'ry maze,
And courted death ten thousand ways:
Kind Heav'n beheld, with pitying eyes,
My restless toil, my fruitless sighs;
And, from the realms of endless day,
A bright immortal wing'd his way;
Swift as a sun-beam down he flew,
And stood disclos'd, effulgent to my view.

"Fond man, he cry'd, thy fruitless search forbear;
Nor vainly hope, within this narrow sphere,
A certain happiness to find,
Unbounded as thy wish, eternal as thy mind:
In God, in perfect good alone,
The anxious soul can find repose;
Nor to a bliss beneath his throne,
One hour of full enjoyment owes:
He, only he, can fill each wide desire,
Who to each wish its being gave;
Not all the charms which mortal wishes fire,
Not all which angels in the skies admire,
But God's paternal smile, can bid it cease to crave.
Him then pursue, without delay;
He is thy prize, and virtue is thy way."
Then to the winds his radiant plumes he spread,
And from my wond'ring eyes, more swift than lightning fled.

AN ODE TO HAPPINESS.

The morning dawns, the ev'ning shades
Fair Nature's various face disguise;
No scene to rest my heart persuades,
No moment frees from tears my eyes:
Whate'er once charm'd the laughing hour,
Now boasts no more its pleasing pow'r;
Each former object of delight,
Beyond redemption, wings its flight;
And, where it smil'd, the darling of my sight,
Prospects of woe and horrid phantoms rise.

O Happiness! immortal fair,
Where does thy subtile essence dwell?
Dost thou relax the hermit's care,
Companion in the lonely cell?

Or, dost thou on the sunny plain
Inspire the reed, and cheer the swain?
Or, scornful of each low retreat,
On fortune's favour dost thou wait;
And, in the gilded chambers of the great,
Protract the revel, and the pleasure swell?

Ah me! the hermit's cell explore;
Thy absence he, like me, complains;
While murm'ring streams along the shore,
Echo the love-sick shepherd's strains:
Nor, where the gilded domes aspire,
Deign'st thou, O goddess! to retire:
Though there the Loves and Graces play,
Though wine and music court thy stay;
Thou fly'st, alas! and who can trace thy way,
Or say what place thy heav'nly form contains?

If to mankind I turn my view,
Flatter'd with hopes of social joy;
Rapine and blood [1] mankind pursue,
As God had form'd them to destroy.
Discord, at whose tremendous view
Hell quakes with horrour ever new,
No more by endless night deprest,
Pours all her venom thro' each breast;
And, while deep groans and carnage are increas'd,
Smiles grim, the rising mischief to enjoy.

"Hence, hence, indignant turn thine eyes,"
To my dejected soul I said;
"See, to the shade Euanthe flies,
Go, find Euanthe in the shade:
Her angel-form thy sight shall charm,
Thy heart her angel-goodness warm;
There, shall no wants thy steps pursue,
No wakeful care contract thy brow;
Music each sound, and beauty ev'ry view,
Shall ev'ry sense with full delight invade."

Exulting in the charming thought,
Thither with hasty steps I press;
And while th' enchanting maid I sought,
Thank'd Heav'n for all my past distress:
Increasing hopes my journey cheer'd,
And now in reach the bliss appear'd;
"Grant this sole boon, O Fate!" I cry'd;
Be all thy other gifts deny'd,
In this shall all my wishes be supply'd;
And sure a love like mine deserves no less."

In vain, alas! in vain my pray'r;
Fate mix'd the accents with the wind;
Th' illusive form dissolv'd in air,
And left my soul to grief resign'd:
As far from all my hopes she flies
As deepest seas from loftiest skies:
Yet, still, on fancy deep imprest,
The sad, the dear ideas rest;
Yet still the recent sorrows heave my breast,
Hang black o'er life, and prey upon my mind.

Ah! goddess, scarce to mortals known,
Who with thy shadow madly stray,
At length from Heav'n, thy sacred throne,
Dart thro' my soul one cheerful ray:
Ah! with some sacred lenient art,
Allay the anguish of my heart;
Ah! teach me, patient to sustain
Life's various stores of grief and pain;
Or, if I thus prefer my pray'r in vain,
Soon let me find thee in eternal day.

[1] This ode was written in the year 1745.

ON EUANTHE'S ABSENCE.

AN ODE.

Blest Heav'n! and thou fair world below!
Is there no cure to sooth my smart?
No balm to heal a lover's woe,
That bids his eyes for ever flow,
Consumes his soul, and pines his heart?
And will no friendly arm above
Relieve my tortur'd soul from love?

As swift-descending show'rs of rain,
Deform with mud the clearest streams;
As rising mists Heav'n's azure stain,
Ting'd with Aurora's blush in vain;
As fades the flow'r in mid-day beams:
On life thus tender sorrows prey,
And wrap in gloom its promis'd day.

Ye plains, where dear Euanthe strays,
Ye various objects of her view,
Bedeck'd in beauty's brightest blaze;
Let all its forms, and all its rays,
Where-e'er she turns, her eyes pursue:
All fair, as she, let Nature shine:
Ah! then, how lovely! how divine!

Where-e'er the thymy vales descend,
And breathe ambrosial fragrance round,
Proportion just, thy line extend,
And teach the prospect where to end;
While woods or mountains mark the bound:
That each fair scene which strikes her eye,
May charm with sweet variety.

Ye streams, that, in perpetual flow,
Still warble on your mazy way,
Murmur Euanthe, as you go;
Murmur a love-sick poet's woe:
Ye feather'd warblers, join the lay;
Sing how I suffer, how complain;
Yet name not him who feels the pain.

And thou eternal ruling Pow'r!
If spotless virtue claims thy care,
Around unheard of blessings show'r;
Let some new pleasure crown each hour,
And make her blest, as good and fair:
Of all thy works, to mortals known,
The best and fairest she alone.

AN ODE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

BOUND FOR GUINEA.

Attend the Muse, whose numbers flow
Faithful to sacred friendship's woe;
And let the Scotian lyre
Obtain thy pity and thy care:
While thy lov'd walks and native air
The solemn sounds inspire.

That native air, these walks, no more
Blest with their fav'rite, now deplore,
And join the plaintive strain:
While, urg'd by winds and waves, he flies,
Where unknown stars, thro' unknown skies,
Their trackless course maintain.

Yet think: by ev'ry keener smart,
That thrills a friend or brother's heart;

By all the griefs that rise,
And with dumb anguish heave thy breast,
When absence robs thy soul of rest,
And swells with tears the eyes:

By all our sorrows over new,
Think whom you fly, and what pursue;
And judge by your's our pain:
From friendship's dear tenacious arms,
You fly, perhaps, to wars alarms,
To angry skies and main.

The smiling plain, the solemn shade,
With all the various charms display'd,
That Summer's face adorn;
Summer, with all that's gay or sweet,
With transport longs thy sense to meet,
And courts thy dear return.

The gentle Sun, the fanning gale,
The vocal wood, the fragrant vale,
Thy presence all implore:
Can then a waste of sea and sky,
That knows no limits, charm thine eye,
Thine ear the tempest's roar?

But why such weak attractions name,
While ev'ry warmer social claim
Demands the mournful lay?
Ah! hear a brother's moving sighs,
Thro' tears, behold a sister's eyes
Emit a faded ray.

Thy young allies, by Nature taught
To feel the tender pang of thought
Which friends in absence claim;
To thee, with sorrow all-sincere,
Oft pay the tributary tear,
Oft lisp with joy thy name.

Nor these thy absence mourn alone,
O dearly lov'd! tho' faintly known;
One yet unsung remains:
Nature, when scarce fair light he knew,
Snatch'd Heav'n, Earth, beauty from his view,
And darkness round him reigns.

The Muse with pity view'd his doom;
And, darting thro' th' eternal gloom
An intellectual ray,
Bade him with music's voice inspire
The plaintive flute, the sprightly lyre,
And tune th' impassion'd lay.

Thus, tho' despairing of relief,
With ev'ry mark of heart-felt grief,
Thy absence we complain:
While now, perhaps, th' auspicious gale
Invites to spread the flying sail,
And all our tears are vain.

Protect him Heav'n: but hence each fear;
Since endless goodness, endless care
This mighty fabric guides;
Commands the tempest where to stray,
Directs the lightning's slanting way,
And rules the refluent tides.

See, from th' effulgence of his reign,
With pleas'd survey, Omniscience deign
Thy wondrous worth to view:
See, from the realms of endless day,
Immortal guardians wing their way,
And all thy steps pursue.

If sable clouds, whose wombs contain
The murm'ring bolt, or dashing rain,
The blue serene deform;
Myriads from Heav'n's etherial height,
Shall clear the gloom, restore the light,
And chase th' impending storm.

AN IRREGULAR ODE,

SENT TO A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE-DAY.

With all your wings, ye moments, fly,
And drive the tardy Sun along;
Till that glad morn shall paint the sky. [song.
Which wakes the Muse, and claims the raptur'd

See Nature with our wishes join,
To aid the dear, the blest design;
See Time precipitate his way,
To bring th' expected happy day;
See, the wish'd-for dawn appears,
A more than wonted glow she wears:
Hark! Hymeneals sound;
Each Muse awakes her softest lyre;
Each airy warbler swells the choir;
'Tis music all around.

Awake, ye nymphs, the blushing bride,
T'eclipse Aurora's rosy pride;
While virgin shame retards her way,
And Love, half-angry, chides her stay:
While hopes and fears alternate reign,
Intermingling bliss and pain;
O'er all her charms diffuse peculiar grace,
Pant in her shiv'ring heart, and vary in her face.

At length consent, reluctant fair,
To bless thy long-expecting lover's eyes!
Too long his sighs are lost in air,
At length resign the bliss for which he dies:
The Muses, prescient of your future joys,
Dilate my soul, and prompt the cheerful lay;
While they, thro' coming times, with glad surprise,
The long successive brightning scenes survey.

Lo! to your sight a blooming offspring rise,
And add new ardour to the nuptial ties;
While in each form you both united shine;
Fresh honours wait your temples to adorn;
For you glad Ceres fills the flowing horn,
And Heav'n and fate to bless your days combine.

While life gives pleasure, life shall still remain,
Till Death, with gentle hand, shall shut the pleasing scene:
Safe, sable guide to that celestial shore, [no more!
Where pleasure knows no end, and change is fear'd

TO A COQUETTE,

AN ODE.

At length, vain, airy flutt'rer, fly;
Nor vex the public ear and eye
With all this noise and glare:
Thy wiser kindred gnats behold
All shrouded in their parent mould,
Forsake the chilling air.

Of conquest there they safely dream;
Nor gentle breeze, nor transient gleam,

Allures them forth to play:
But thou, alike in frost and flame,
Insatiate of the cruel game,
Still on mankind would'st prey.

Thy conscious charms, thy practis'd arts,
Those adventitious beams that round thee shine,
Reserve for unexperienc'd hearts:
Superior spells despair to conquer mine.

Go, bid the sunshine of thine eyes
Melt rigid winter, warm the skies,
And set the rivers free;
O'er fields immers'd in frost and snow,
Bid flow'rs with smiling verdure grow;
Then hope to soften me.

No, Heav'n and freedom witness bear,
This heart no second frown shall fear,
No second yoke sustain;
Enough of female scorn I know;
Scarce fate could break my chain.

Ye hours, consum'd in hopeless pain,
Ye trees, inscrib'd with many a flaming vow,
Ye echoes, oft invok'd in vain,
Ye moon-light walks, ye tinkling rills, adieu!

Your paint that idle hearts controls;
Your fairy nets for feeble souls,
By partial fancy wrought;
Your syren voice, your tempting air,
Your borrow'd visage falsely fair,
With me avail you nought.

Let ev'ry charm that wakes desire,
Let each insnaring art conspire;
Not all can hurt my rest:
Touch'd by Ithuriel's [1] potent spear,
At once unmask'd the fiends appear,
In native blackness drest.

The speaking glance, the heaving breast,
The cheek with lilies ting'd and rosy dye;
False joys, which ruin all who taste,
How swift they fade in reason's piercing eye!

Seest thou yon taper's vivid ray,
Which emulates the blaze of day,
Diffusing far its light?
Tho' it from blasts shall stand secure,
Time urges on the destin'd hour,
And, lo! it sinks in night.

Such is thy glory, such its date,
Wav'd by the sportive hand of fate,
A while to catch our view:
Now bright to Heav'n the blaze aspires,
Then sudden from our gaze retires,
And yields to wonders new.

Like this poor torch, thy haughty airs,
Thy short-liv'd splendour on a puff depends;
And, soon as fate the stroke prepares,
The flash in dust and nauseous vapours ends.

AN ODE

ON THE REFINEMENTS IN METAPHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY.

False wisdom, fly, with all thy owls [2];
The dust and cobwebs of the schools

[1] See Paradise Lost, book iv, verse 810.

[2] Formerly the bird of Minerva, but by the moderns ascribed to Dullness.

For me have charms no more:
The gross Minerva of our days,
In mighty bulk my learn'd Essays [3]
Reads joyful o'er and o'er.

Led by her hand a length of time,
Thro' sense and nonsense, prose and rhyme,
I beat my painful way;
Long, long, revolv'd the mystic page
Of many a Dutch and German sage,
And hop'd at last for day.

But, as the mole, hid under ground,
Still works more dark as more profound,
So all my toils were vain:
For truth and sense indignant fly,
As far as ocean from the sky,
From all the formal train.

The Stagyrite [4], whose fruitful quill
O'er free-born nature lords it still,
Sustain'd by form and phrase
Of dire portent and solemn sound,
Where meaning seldom can be found,
From me shall gain no praise.

But you, who would be truly wise,
To Nature's light unveil your eyes,
Her gentle call obey;
She leads by no false wand'ring glare,
No voice ambiguous strikes your ear,
To bid you vainly stray.

Not in the gloomy cell recluse,
For noble deeds or gen'rous views,
She bids us watch the night;
Fair Virtue shines, to all display'd,
Nor asks the tardy schoolman's aid,
To teach us what is right.

Pleasure and pain she sets in view,
And which to shun, and which pursue,
Instructs her pupil's heart:
Then, letter'd pride, say, what thy gain,
To mask, with so much fruitless pain,
Thy ignorance with art?

Thy stiff grimace, and awful tone,
An idiot's wonder move alone;
And, spite of all thy rules,
The wise in ev'ry age conclude,
Thy fairest prospects, rightly view'd,
The Paradise of Fools.

The gamester's hope, when doom'd to lose,
The joys of wine, the wanton's vows,
The faithless calm at sea,
The courtier's word, the crowd's applause,
The Jesuit's faith, the sense of laws,
Are not more false than thee.

Blest he! who sees, without surprise,
The various systems fall and rise,
As shifts the fickle gale;
While all their utmost force exert,
To wound the foe's unguarded part,
And all alike prevail.

[3] The author, like others of greater name, had formerly attempted to demonstrate matters of fact à priori.

[4] Aristotle, inventor of syllogisms, as such only mentioned here.

Thus (sacred bards [4] of yore have sung),
High Heav'n with martial clamours rung,
And deeds of mortal wrath;
When cranes and pigmies glory sought,
And in the fields of æther fought,
With mutual wounds and death.

Let Logic's sons, mechanic throng,
Their syllogistic war prolong,
And reason's empire boast:
Inshrin'd in deep congenial gloom,
Eternal wrangling be their doom,
To truth and nature lost!

Amus'd by fancy's fleeting fire,
Let Malebranche [5] still for Truth inquire,
And rack his aching sight:
While the coy goddess wings her way,
To scenes of uncreated day,
Absorb'd in dazzling light.

With firmer step and graver guise,
Whilst Locke [6] in conscious triumph tries
Her dwelling to explore;
Swift she eludes his ardent chace,
A shadow courts his fond embrace,
Which Hobbes [7] caress'd before.

Let Dodwell [8] with the fathers join,
To strip of energy divine
The heav'n-descended soul;
The test of sense let Berkley [9] scorn,
And both on borrow'd pinions borne,
Annihilate the whole.

In academic vales retir'd,
With Plato's love and beauty fir'd,
My steps let candour guide;
By tenets vain unprepossest,
Those lawless tyrants of the breast,
Offspring of zeal and pride!

Or, while thro' Nature's walks I stray,
Would Truth's bright source emit one ray,
And all my soul inflame;
Creation, and her bounteous laws,
Her order fix'd, her glorious cause,
Should be my fav'rite theme.

AN ODE,

TO MRS. R——.

ON THE DEATH OF A PROMISING INFANT.

While, touch'd with all thy tender pain,
The Muses breathe a mournful strain,
O! lift thy languid eye!
O! deign a calm auspicious ear;
The Muse shall yield thee tear for tear,
And mingle sigh with sigh.

Not for the Thracian bard, whose lyre
Could rocks and woods with soul inspire,
By jealous fury slain,
While murm'ring on his trembling tongue
Eurydice imperfect hung,
The nine could more complain.

Ah! say, harmonious sisters, say:
When swift, to pierce the lovely prey,
Fate took its cruel aim;
When languish'd ev'ry tender grace,
Each op'ning bloom that ting'd his face,
And pangs convuls'd his frame:

Say, could no song of melting woe,
Revoke the keen determin'd blow,
That clos'd his sparkling eye?
Thus roses oft, by early doom,
Robb'd of their blush and sweet perfume,
Grow pale, recline, and die.

Pale, pale and cold the beauteous frame!
Nor salient pulse, nor vital flame,
A mother's hopes restore:
In vain keen anguish tears her breast,
By ev'ry tender mark exprest,
He lives, he smiles no more!

Such is the fate of human kind;
The fairest form, the brightest mind,
Can no exemption know:
The mighty mandate of the sky,
"That man when born begins to die,"
Extends to all below.

In vain a mother's pray'rs ascend,
Should nature to her sorrows lend
The native voice of smart;
In vain would plaints their force essay
To hold precarious life one day,
Or Fate's dread hand avert.

Fix'd as the rock that braves the main,
Fix'd as the poles that all sustain,
Its purpose stands secure:
The humble hynd who toils for bread,
The sceptre'd hand, the laurel'd head,
Alike confess its pow'r.

Since time began, the stream of woes
Along its rapid current flows;
Still swells the groan profound;
While age, re-echoing still to age,
Transmits the annals of its rage,
And points the recent wound.

When human hopes sublimest tow'r,
Then, wanton in th' excess of pow'r
The tyrant throws them down;
The orphan early robb'd of aid,
The widow'd wife, the plighted maid,
His sable triumph crown.

At length to life and joy return;
Man was not destin'd still to mourn,
A prey to endless pain:
Heav'n's various hand, the heart to form,
With bliss and anguish, calm and storm,
Diversifies the scene:

[4] See Homer.

[5] He thought the medium, by which sensible perceptions were conveyed to us, was God; in whose essence truth was seen, as in a mirror.

[6] His account of virtue differs not much from that of the leviathan.

[7] The author of the last mentioned piece; who denied the distinction between vice and virtue, and affirmed power and right to be the same.

[8] He attempted to prove the natural mortality of the soul, and quoted the fathers in favour of his opinion.

[9] Author of Dialogues on the Non-existence of Matter.

But hides with care from human eyes,
What bliss beyond this prospect lies;
Lest we, with life oppress,
Should grieve its burden to endure,
And, with excursion premature,
Pursue eternal rest.

From disappointment, grief, and care,
From every pang of sharp despair,
Thy charmer wings his way;
And, while new scenes his bosom fire,
He learns to strike the golden lyre,
And Heav'n resounds his lay.

Lo! where his sacred reliques lie,
Immortal guardians from the sky
Their silver wings display;
Till, bright emerging from the tomb,
They rise to Heav'n, their destin'd home,
And hail eternal day.

AN ODE.

WRITTEN WHEN SICK.

O PRIME of life! O taste of joy!
Whither so early do you fly?
Scarce half your transient sweetness known,
Why are you vanish'd ere full-blown?
The beauteous progeny of spring,
That tinge the zephyr's fragrant wing,
Each tender bloom, each short-liv'd flow'r,
Still flourish till their destin'd hour:
Your winter too, too soon will come,
And chill in death your vernal bloom.
On my wan cheek the colour dies,
Suffus'd and languid roll mine eyes;
Cold horrours thrill each sick'ning vein;
Deep broken sighs my bosom strain;
The salient pulse of health gives o'er,
And life and pleasure are no more.

AN ODE

TO HEALTH.

MOTHER of all human joys,
Rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes;
In whose train, for ever gay,
Smiling Loves and Graces play:
If complaints thy soul can move,
Or music charm, the voice of Love!
Hither, goddess, ere too late,
Turn, and stop impending fate.
Over earth, and sea, and sky,
Bid thy airy heralds fly;
With each balm which Nature yields
From the gardens, groves, and fields,
From each flow'r of varied hue,
From each herb that sips the dew,
From each tree of fragrant bloom,
Bid the gales their wings perfume;
And, around fair Celia's head,
All the mingled incense shed:
Till each living sweetness rise,
Paint her cheeks, and arm her eyes,
Mild as ev'ning's humid ray,
Yet awful as the blaze of day.
Celia if the fates restore,
Love and beauty weep no more:
But if they snatch the lovely prize,
All that's fair in Celia dies.

AN ODE

TO A LITTLE GIRL WHOM I HAD OFFENDED:

WRITTEN AT TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

How long shall I attempt in vain
Thy smiles, my angel, to regain?
I'll kiss your hand, I'll weep, I'll kneel:
Will nought, fair tyrant, reconcile?
That goldfinch, with her painted wings,
Which gayly looks, and sweetly sings;
That, and if aught I have more fine,
All, all my charmer, shall be thine.
When next mamma shall prove severe,
I'll interpose, and save my dear.
Soften, my fair, those angry eyes,
Nor tear thy heart with broken sighs:
Think, while that tender breast they strain,
For thee what anguish I sustain.
Should but thy fair companions view,
How ill that frown becomes thy brow;
With fear and grief in ev'ry eye,
Each would to each, astonish'd, cry,
"Heav'ns! where is all her sweetness flown!
How strange a figure now she's grown!
Run, Nancy, let us run, lest we
Grow pettish, aukward things, as she."
'Tis done, 'tis done; my cherub smiles,
My grief suspends, my fears beguiles:
How the quick pleasure heaves my breast!
Ah! still be kind, and I'll be blest!

TO LESBIA.

TRANSLATED FROM CATULLUS.

THO' sour, loquacious age reprove,
Let us, my Lesbia, live for love:
For, when the short-liv'd suns decline,
They but retire more bright to shine:
But we, when fleeting life is o'er
And light and love can bless no more;
Are ravish'd from each dear delight,
To sleep one long eternal night.
Give me of kisses balmy store,
Ten thousand, and ten thousand more;
Still add ten thousand, doubly sweet;
The dear, dear number still repeat:
And, when the sum so high shall swell,
Scarce thought can reach, or tongue can tell;
Let us on kisses kisses crowd,
Till number sink in multitude;
Lest our full bliss should limits know,
And others, numb'ring, envious grow.

A TRANSLATION

OF AN

OLD SCOTTISH SONG.

Since robb'd of all that charm'd my view,
Of all my soul e'er fancied fair,
Ye smiling native scenes, adieu!
With each delightful object there.

Ye vales, which to the raptur'd eye
Disclos'd the flow'ry pride of May;
Ye circling hills, whose summits high
Blush'd with the morning's earliest ray:

Where, heedless oft how far I stray'd,
And pleas'd my ruin to pursue;
I sing my dear, my cruel maid:
Adieu for ever! ah! adieu!

Ye dear associates of my breast,
Whose hearts with speechless sorrow swell;
And thou, with hoary age oppress,
Dear author of my life, farewel!

For me, alas! thy fruitless tears,
Far, far remote from friends and home,
Shall blast thy venerable years,
And bend thee pining to the tomb.

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt,
From dear relations torn away,
Yet sharper pangs my vitals melt,
To hopeless love a destin'd prey:

While she, as angry Heav'n and main
Deaf to the helpless sailor's pray'r,
Enjoys my soul-consuming pain,
And wantons with my deep despair.

From cursed gold what ills arise!
What horrours life's fair prospect stain!
Friends blast their friends with angry eyes,
And brothers bleed, by brothers slain.

From cursed gold I trace my woe;
Could I this splendid mischief boast,
Nor would my tears unpitied flow,
Nor would my sighs in air be lost.

Ah! when a mother's cruel care
Nurs'd me an infant on the breast,
Had early fate surpris'd me there,
And wrapt me in eternal rest!

Then had this breast ne'er learn'd to beat,
And tremble with unpitied pain;
Nor had a maid's relentless hate,
Been, ev'n in death, deplor'd in vain.

Oft, in the pleasing toils of love,
With ev'ry winning art I try'd
To catch the coyly flutt'ring dove,
With killing eyes and plumy pride:

But, far on nimble pinions borne
From love's warm gales and flow'ry plains,
She sought the northern climes of scorn,
Where ever-freezing winter reigns.

Ah me! had Heav'n and she prov'd kind,
Then full of age, and free from care,
How blest had I my life resign'd,
Where first I breath'd this vital air!

But since no flatt'ring hope remains,
Let me my wretched lot pursue:
Adieu, dear friends, and native scenes,
To all, but grief and love, adieu!

A SONG:

TO THE TUNE OF THE BRAES OF BALLANDYNE.

Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain,
One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain:
So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow:
Rude winds, with compassion, could hear him complain;
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

"How happy," he ery'd, "my moments once flew!
Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view:
These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey;
Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful then they:
Now scenes of distress please only my sight;
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

"Through changes in vain relief I pursue;
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew:
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair;
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air:
But love's ardent fever burns always the same;
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

"But see! the pale Moon all clouded retires;
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
Ah wretch! how can life thus merit thy care, [pair?"
Since length'ning its moments, but lengthens des-

THE RAVISH'D SHEPHERD,

A SONG.

Azure dawn, whose cheerful ray
Bids all Nature's beauties rise,
Were thy glories doubly gay,
What art thou to Chloe's eyes?
Boast no more thy rosy light,
If Chloe smile thee into night.

Gentle Spring, whose kind return
Spreads diffusive pleasure round,
Bids each breast enamour'd burn,
And each flame with bliss be crown'd;
Should my Chloe leave the plain,
Fell winter soon would blast thy reign.

Ev'ry charm, whose high delight
Sense enjoys, or soul admires;
All that ardour can excite,
All excited love requires,
All that Heav'n or Earth call fair,
View Chloe's face, and read it there.

A PASTORAL SONG.

Sandy, the gay, the blooming swain,
Had lang frae love been free;
Lang made ilk heart that fill'd the plain
Dance quick with harmless glee.

As blythsome lambs that scour the green,
His mind was unconstrain'd;
Nae face could ever fix his een,
Nae sang his ear detain'd.

Ah! luckless youth! a short-liv'd joy
Thy cruel fates decree;
Fell tods shall on thy lambkins prey,
And love mair fell on thee.

'Twas e'er the Sun exhal'd the dew,
Ae morn of cheerful May,
Forth Girzy walk'd, the flow'rs to view,
A flow'r mair sweet than they!

Like sunbeams sheen her waving locks;
Her een like stars were bright;
The rose lent blushes to her cheek;
The lily purest white.

Jimp was her waist, like some tall pine
That koeps the woods in awe;
Her limbs like iv'ry columns turn'd,
Her breasts like hills of snaw.

Her robe around her loosely thrown,
Gave to the shepherd's een
What fearless innocence would show;
The rest was all unseen.

He fix'd his look, he sigh'd, he quak'd,
His colour went and came;
Dark grew his een, his ears resound,
His breast was all on flame.

Nae mair yon glen repeats his sang,
He jokes and smiles nae mair;
Unplaited now his cravat hung,
Undrest his chesnut hair.

To him how lang the shortest night!
How dark the brightest day!
Till, with the slow consuming fire,
His life was worn away.

Far, far frae shepherds and their flocks,
Opprest with care, he lean'd;
And, in a mirky, beachen shade,
To hills and dales thus plean'd:

"At length, my wayward heart, return,
Too far, alas! astray:
Say, whence you caught that bitter smart,
Which works me such decay.

"Ay me! 'twas Love, 'twas Girzy's charms,
That first began my woes;
Could he sae saft, or she sae fair,
Prove such relentless foes?

"Fierce winter nips the sweetest flower;
Keen lightning rives the tree;
Bleak mildew taints the fairest crop,
And love has blasted me.

"Sagacious hounds the foxes chase;
The tender lambkins they;
Lambs follow close their mother ewes,
And ewes the blooms of May.

"Sith a' that live, with a' their might,
Some dear delight pursue;
Cease, ruthless maid! to scorn the heart
That only pants for you.

"Alas! for griefs, to her unken'd,
What pity can I gain?
And should she ken, yet love refuse,
Could that redress my pain?

"Come, Death, my wan, my frozen bride,
Ah! close those wearied eyes:
But Death the happy still pursues,
Still from the wretched flies.

"Could wealth avail; what wealth is mine
Her high-born mind to bend?
Her's are those wide delightful plains,
And her's the flocks I tend.

"What tho', whene'er I tun'd my pipe,
Glad fairies heard the sound,
And, clad in freshest April green,
Aft tript the circle round:

"Break, landward clown, thy dinsome reed,
And brag thy skill nae mair:
Can aught that gies na Girzy joy,
Be worth thy lightest care?

"Adieu! ye harmless, sportive flocks!
Who now your lives shall guard?
Adieu! my faithful dog, who oft,
The pleasing vigil shar'd:

"Adieu! ye plains, and light, anes sweet,
Now painful to my view:
Adieu to life; and thou, mair dear,
Who caus'd my death; adieu!"

A PASTORAL

ON THE DEATH OF STELLA.

INSCRIBED TO HER SISTER.

See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
Those cheeks now faded at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes shall roll no more.
POPE.

Now purple ev'ning ting'd the blue serene,
And milder breezes fann'd the verdant plain;
Beneath a blasted oak's portentous shade,
To speak his grief, a pensive swain was laid:
Birds ceas'd to warble at the mournful sound;
The laughing landscape sadden'd all around:
For Stella's fate he breath'd his tuneful moan,
Love, Beauty, Virtue, mourn your darling gone!
O thou! by stronger ties than blood ally'd,
Who dy'd to pleasure, when a sister dy'd [1];
Thou living image of those charms we lost,
Charms which exulting Nature once might boast!
Indulge the plaintive Muse, whose simple strain
Repeats the heart-felt anguish of the swain:
For Stella's fate thus flow'd his tuneful moan,
Love, Beauty, Virtue, mourn your darling gone!
"Are happiness and joy for ever fled,
Nor haunt the twilight grove, nor sunny glade?
Ah! fled for ever from my longing eye,
With Stella born, with Stella too they die:
Die, or with me your brightest image moan;
Love, Beauty, Virtue, mourn your darling gone!
"Sweet to the thirsty tongue the chrystal stream,
To nightly wand'rers sweet the morning beam;
Sweet to the wither'd grass the gentle show'r;
To the fond lover sweet the nuptial hour;
Sweet fragrant gardens to the lab'ring bee,
And lovely Stella once was Heav'n to me:
That Heav'n is faded, and those joys are flown,
Love, Beauty, Virtue, mourn your darling gone!

[1] Mrs. M'Culloch, a lady distinguished for every personal grace and qualification of mind, which could adorn her sex and nature.

"Ah! where is now that form which charm'd my sight?
Ah! where that wisdom, sparkling heav'nly bright?
Ah! where that sweetness like the lays of spring,
When breathe its flow'rs, and all its warblers sing?
Now fade, ye flow'rs, ye warblers, join my moan;
Love, Beauty, Virtue, mourn your darling gone!

"Ah me! tho' winter desolate the field,
Again shall flow'rs their blended odours yield;
Again shall birds the vernal season hail,
And beauty paint, and music charm the vale:
But she no more to bless me shall appear;
No more her angel voice enchant my ear;
No more her angel smile relieve my moan?
Love, Beauty, Virtue, mourn your darling gone!"

He ceas'd; for mighty grief his voice suppress,
Chill'd all his veins, and struggled in his breast;
From his wan cheek the rosy tincture flies;
The lustre languish'd in his closing eyes:
Too soon shall life return, unhappy swain!
If, with returning sense, returns thy pain. [moan;
Hills, woods, and streams, resound the shepherd's
Love, Beauty, Virtue, mourn your darling gone!

A PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO EUANTHE.

Whilst I rehearse unhappy Damon's lays,
At which his fleecy charge forgot to graze,
With drooping heads and griev'd attention, stood,
Nor frisk'd the green, nor sought the neighb'ring flood;
Essential Sweetness! deign with me to stray,
Where yon close shades exclude the heat of day;
Or where yon fountain murmurs soft along,
Mixt with his tears, and vocal to his song;
There hear the sad relation of his fate,
And pity all the pains thy charms create.

Close in th' adjacent shade, conceal'd from view,
I staid, and heard him thus his griefs pursue.

"Awake, my Muse! the soft Sicilian strain;
Mild gleams the purple ev'ning o'er the plain;
Mild fan the breezes, mild the waters flow,
And Heav'n and Earth an equal quiet know;
With ease the shepherds and their flocks are blest,
And ev'ry grief, but mine, consents to rest.

"Awake, my Muse, the soft Sicilian strain;
Sicilian numbers may delude my pain:
The thirsty field, which scorching heat devours,
Is ne'er supply'd, tho' Heav'n descend in show'rs:
From flow'r to flow'r the bee still plies her wing,
Of sweets insatiate, tho' she drain the spring:
Still from those eyes love calls their liquid store,
And, when their currents fail, still thirsts for more.

"Awake, my Muse! the soft Sicilian strain:
Yet why to ruthless storms should I complain?
Deaf storms and death itself complaints may move,
But groans are music to the tyrant Love.
O Love! thy genius and thy force I know,
Thy burning torch, and pestilential bow:
From some fermented tempest of the main,
At once commenc'd thy being, and thy reign;
Nurs'd by fell harpies in some howling wood,
Inur'd to slaughter, and regal'd with blood:
Relentless mischief! at whose dire command,
A mother stain'd with filial blood her hand:
Curst boy! curst mother! which most impious, say,
She who could wound, or he who could betray?

"Awake, my Muse! the soft Sicilian strain: [tain.
From love those sighs I breathe, those plagues sus-
Why did I first Euanthe's charms admire,
Bless the soft smart, and fan the growing fire?
Why, happy still my danger to conceal,
Could I no ruin fear, till sure to feel?
So seeks the swain by night his doubtful way,
Led by th' insidious meteor's fleeting ray;
Still on, attracted by th' illusive beam,
He tempts the faithless marsh, or fatal stream:
Away with scorn the laughing demon flies,
While shades eternal seal the wretch's eyes.

"Awake, my Muse! the soft Sicilian strain;
Ah! can no last, no darling hope remain, [twine,
Round which my soul with all her strength may
And, tho' but flatter'd, call the treasure mine?
Wretch! to the charmer's sphere canst thou ascend,
Or dar'st thou fancy she to thee will bend?
Say, shall the chirping grasshopper assume
The varied accent, and the soaring plume;
Or shall that oak, the tallest of his race,
Stoop to his root, and meet yon shrub's embrace?

"Awake, my Muse! the soft Sicilian strain;
Those pallid cheeks how long shall sorrow stain?
Well I remember, O my soul! too well,
When in the snare of fate I thoughtless fell:
Languid and sick, she sought the distant shade,
Where, led by love or destiny, I stray'd:
There, from the nymphs retir'd, depress'd she lay,
To unremitting pain a smiling prey:
Ev'n then I saw her, as an angel, bright;
I saw, I lov'd, I perish'd at the sight;
I sigh'd, I blush'd, I gaz'd with fix'd surprise,
And all my soul hung raptur'd in my eyes.

"Forbear, my Muse! the soft Sicilian strain;
Which Heav'n bestows, and art refines, in vain:
What tho' the Heav'n-born Muse my temples shade
With wreaths of fame, and bays that never fade?
What tho' the sylvan pow'rs, while I complain,
Attend my flocks, and patronize my strain?
On me my stars, not gifts, but ills bestow,
And all the change I feel, is change of woe.

"But see yon rock projected o'er the main,
Whose giddy prospect turns the gazer's brain:
Object is lost beneath its vast profound,
And deep and hoarse below the surges sound:
Oft, while th' unthinking world is lost in sleep,
My sable genius tempts me to the steep;
In fancy's view bids endless horrours move,
A barren fortune, and a hopeless love,
Life has no charms for me; why longer stay?
I hear the gloomy mandate, and obey.
What! fall the victim of a mean despair,
And crown the triumph of the cruel fair?
No, let me once some conscious merit show,
And tell the world, I can survive my woe.

"Forbear, my Muse! the soft Sicilian strain:
Fool! wretched fool! what frenzy fires thy brain?
See, chok'd with weeds, thy languid flow'rs recline,
Thy sheep unguarded, and unprop'd thy vine.
At length recall'd, to toil thy hands inure,
Or weave the basket, or the fold secure.

"What tho' her cheeks a living blush display,
Pure as the dawn of Heav'n's unclouded day;
Tho' Love from ev'ry glance an arrow wings,
And all the Muses warble, when she sings?

Forbear, my Muse! the soft Sicilian strain;
Some nymph, as fair, a sprightlier note may gain:
There are who know to prize more genuine charms,
Which genius brightens, and which virtue warms:
Forbear, my Muse! the soft Sicilian strain;
Some nymph, as fair, may smile tho' she disdain."

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

THE PLAINTIVE SHEPHERD.

Eheu! quid volui misero mihi? floribus austrum
Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus apros.
VIRG.

COLIN, whose lays the shepherds all admire,
For Phoebe long consum'd with hopeless fire;
Nor durst his tongue the hidden smart convey,
Nor tears the torment of his soul betray:
But to the wildness of the woods he flies,
And vents his grief in unregarded sighs:
Ye conscious woods, who still the sound retain,
Repeat the tuneful sorrows of the swain.

"And must I perish then, ah cruel maid!
To early fate, by love of thee, betray'd?
And can no tender art thy soul subdue,
Me, dying me, with milder eyes to view?
The flow'r that withers in its op'ning bloom,
Robb'd of its charming dyes, and sweet perfume;
The tender lamb that prematurely pines,
And life's untasted joys at once resigns;
For these thy tears in copious tributes flow,
For these thy bosom heaves with tender woe?
And canst thou then with tears their fate survey,
While, blasted by thy coldness, I decay?

"And now the swains each to their cots are fled,
And not a warble echoes thro' the mead;
Now to their folds the panting flocks retreat,
Scorch'd with the summer noon's relentless heat:
From summer's heat the shades a refuge prove;
But what can shield my heart from fiercer love?
All-bounteous Nature taught the fertile field
For all our other ills a balm to yield;
But love, the sharpest pang the soul sustains,
Still cruel love incurable remains.

"Yet, dear destroyer! yet my suff'rings hear:
By love's kind look, and pity's sacred tear,
By the strong griefs that in my bosom roll,
By all the native goodness of thy soul,
Regard my bloom declining to the grave,
And, like eternal Mercy, smile and save.

"What tho' no sounding names my race adorn,
Sustain'd by labour, and obscurely born;
With fairest flow'rs the humble vales are spread,
While endless tempests beat the mountain's head.
What tho' by fate no riches are my share;
Riches are parents of eternal care;
While, in the lowly hut and silent grove,
Content plays smiling with her sister Love.
What tho' no native charms my person grace,
Nor beauty moulds my form, nor paints my face;
The sweetest fruit may often pall the taste,
While sloes and brambles yield a safe repast.

"Ah! prompt to hope, forbear thy fruitless strain;
Th hopes are frantic, and thy lays are vain.
Say, can thy song appease the stormy deep
Or lull th' impetuous hurricane asleep?
Thy numbers then her stedfast soul may move,
And change the purpose of determin'd love.

"Die, Colin, die, nor groan with grief oppress;
Another image triumphs in her breast?
Another soon shall call the fair his own, [crown
And Heav'n and Fate seem pleas'd their vows to
"Arise, Menalcas, with the dawn arise;
For thee thy Phoebe looks with longing eyes;
For thee the shepherds, a delighted throng,
Wake the soft reed, and hymeneel song;
For thee the hasty virgins rob the spring,
And, wrought with care, the nuptial garland bring.
"Arise, Menalcas, with the dawn arise;
Ev'n time for thee with double swiftness flies:
Hours urging hours, with all their speed retire,
To give thy soul whate'er it can desire.
"Yet, when the priest prepares the rites divine,
And when her trembling hand is clasp'd in thine,
Let not thy heart too soon indulge its joys;
But think on him whom thy delight destroys!
Thee too he lov'd; to thee his simple heart,
With easy faith and fondness-breath'd its smart;
So fools their flocks to sanguine wolves resign,
So trust the cunning fox to prune the vine.
Think thou behold'st him from some gaping wound
Effuse his soul, and stain with blood the ground:
Think, while to earth his pale remains they bear,
His friends with shrieking sorrow pierce thine ear:
Or, to some torrent's headlong rage a prey,
Think thou behold'st him floating to the sea.
"But now the Sun declines his radiant head,
And rising hills project a length'ning shade:
Again to browze the green the flocks return,
Again the swains to sport, and I to mourn:
I homeward too must bend my painful way,
Lest old Damoetas sternly chide my stay."

DESIDERIUM LUTETIAE;

FROM BUCHANAN,

AN ALLEGORICAL PASTORAL,

IN WHICH HE REGRETS HIS ABSENCE FROM PARIS,

IMITATED.

WHILE far remote thy swain, dear Chloe! sighs,
Depriv'd the vital sunshine of thine eyes;
Seven summer heats already warm the plains;
In storms and snow the sev'nth bleak winter reigns:
Yet not seven years revolving sad and slow,
Nor summer's heats, nor winter's storms and snow,
Can to my soul the smallest ease procure,
Or free from love and care one tedious hour.
Thee, when from Heav'n descend the dews of morn,
To crop the verdant mead when flocks return;
Thee, when the Sun has compass'd half his way,
And darts around unsufferable day;
Thee, when the ev'ning, o'er the world display'd,
From rising hills projects a length'ning shade;
Thee still I sing, unweary'd of my theme,
Source of my song, and object of my flame!
Ev'n night, in whose dark bosom Nature laid,
Appears one blank, one undistinguish'd shade,
Ev'n night in vain, with all her horrours, tries
To blot thy lovely form from fancy's eyes.
When short-liv'd slumbers, long invok'd, deceive,
To sooth each care, and ev'ry sense suspend,

Full to my sight once more thy charms appear;
Once more my ardent vows salute thine ear;
Once more my anxious soul, awake to bliss,
Feels, hears, detains thee in her close embrace:
In flutt'ring, thrilling, glowing transport lost,
Till sense itself in keen delight is lost. [scene!
From sleep I wake; but, oh! how chang'd the
The charms illusive, and the pleasure vain!
The day returns; but ah! returning day,
When ev'ry grief but mine admits allay,
On these sad eyes its glory darts in vain;
Its light restor'd, restores my soul to pain.
The house I fly, impell'd by wild despair,
As if my griefs could only find me there.
Lost to the world, thro' lonely fields I rove;
Vain wish! to fly from destiny and love!
By wayward frenzy's restless impulse led,
Thro' devious wilds, with heedless course, I tread:
The cave remote, the dusky woods explore,
Where human step was ne'er imprest before:
And, with the native accents of despair,
Fatigue the conscious rocks, and desert air.
Kind Echo, faithful to my plaints alone,
Sighs all my sighs, and groans to ev'ry groan.
The streams, familiar to the voice of woe,
Each mournful sound remurmur as they flow.
Oft on some rock distracted I complain,
Which hangs projected o'er the ruffled main:
Oft view the azure surges as they roll,
And to deaf storms effuse my frantic soul.
"Attend my sorrows, O cerulean tide!
Ye blue-ey'd nymphs that thro' the billows glide,
Oh! waft me gently o'er your rough domain;
Let me at length my darling coast attain:
Or, if my wishes thus too much implore,
Shipwreck'd and gasping let me reach the shore.
While wash'd along the floods I hold my way,
To ev'ry wind and ev'ry wave a prey,
Dear hope and love shall bear my struggling frame,
And unextingush'd keep the vital flame."
Oft to the hast'ning zephyrs have I said:
"You, happy gales! shall fan my lovely maid.
So may no pointed rocks your wings deform;
So may your speedy journey meet no storm.
As soft you whisper round my heav'nly fair,
Play on her breast, or wanton with her hair;
Faithful to love, the tender message bear,
And breathe my endless sorrows in her ear."
How oft rough Eurus have I ask'd in vain!
As with swift wings he brush'd the foamy main:
"Blest wind! who late my distant charmer view'd,
Say, has her soul no other wish pursu'd?
With mutual fire, say, does her bosom glow;
Feels she my wound, and pities she my woe?"
Heedless of all my tears, and all I say,
The winds, with blust'ring fury, wing their way.
A freezing horrour, and a chilling pain,
Shoots thro' my heart, and stagnates ev'ry vein.
No rural pleasures yield my soul relief;
No melting shepherd's pipe consoles my grief:
The choral nymphs, that dancing cheer the plain,
And Fauns, tho' sweet their song, yet sing in vain.
Deaf to the voice of joy, my tortur'd mind
Can only room for love and anguish find:
By these my soul and all its wishes caught,
Can to no other object yield a thought.
Lycisca, skilful with her lyre to move
Each tender wish, and melt the soul to love:
Melaenis too, with ev'ry sweetness crown'd,
By Nature form'd with ev'ry glance to wound:
With emulation both my love pursue,
And both, with winning arts, my passion woo.
The freshest bloom of youth their cheeks display;
Their eyes are arm'd with beauty's keenest ray;
Av'rice itself might count their fleecy store,
(A prize beyond its wish!) and pant no more.
Me oft their dow'rs each gen'rous sire has told,
An hundred playful younglings from the fold,
Each with its dam; their mothers promise more,
And oft, and long, with secret gifts, implore.
Me nor an hundred playful younglings move,
Each with its dam; nor wealth can bribe my love;
Nor all the griefs th' imploring mothers show;
Nor all the secret gifts they would bestow;
Nor all the tender things the nymphs can say;
Nor all the soft desires the nymphs betray.
As winter to the spring in beauty yields,
Languor to health, and rocks to verdant fields;
As the fair virgin's cheek, with rosy dye
Blushing delight, with lightning arm'd her eye,
Beyond her mother's faded form appears,
Mark'd with the wrinkles and the snow of years;
As beauteous Tweed, and wealth-importing Thames
Flow each the envy of their country's streams,
So, loveliest of her sex, my heav'nly maid
Appears, and all their fainter glories fade.
Melaenis, whom love's soft enchantments arm,
Replete with charms, and conscious of each charm,
Oft on the glassy stream, with raptur'd eyes,
Surveys her form in mimic sweetness rise;
Oft, as the waters pleas'd reflect her face,
Adjusts her locks, and heightens ev'ry grace:
Oft thus she tries, with all her tuneful art,
To reach the soft accesses of my heart.
"Unhappy swain, whose wishes fondly stray,
To slow-consuming fruitless fires a prey!
Say, will those sighs and tears for ever flow
In hopeless torment, and determin'd woe?
Our fields, by Nature's bounty blest, as thine,
The mellow apple yield, and purple vine;
Those too thou lov'st; their free enjoyment share,
Nor plant vain tedious hopes, and reap despair."
Me oft Lycisca, in the festive train,
Views as she lightly bounds along the plain:
Straight, with dissembled scorn, away she flies;
Yet still on me obliquely turns her eyes:
While, to the music of her trembling strings,
Amidst the dance sweet warbling, thus she sings:
"No tears the just revenge of Heav'n can move;
Heav'n's just revenge will punish slighted love.
I've seen a huntsman, active as the morn,
Salute her earliest blush with sounding horn;
Pursue the bounding stag with op'ning cries,
And slight the timid hare, his easy prize:
Then, with the setting Sun, his hounds restrain;
Nor bounding stag, nor timid hare obtain.
I've seen the sportsman latent nets display,
To catch the feather'd warblers of the spray;
Despise the finch that flutter'd round in air,
And court the sweeter linnet to his snare:
Yet weary, cold, successless, leave the plain;
Nor painted finch, nor sweeter linnet, gain.
I've seen a youth the polish'd pipe admire,
And scorn the simple reed the swains inspire:
The simple reed yet cheers each tuneful swain;
While still unblest the scorner pines in vain.

Thus righteous Heav'n chastises wanton pride,
And bids intemp'rate insolence subside." [pain,
Thus breathe the am'rous nymphs their fruitless
In ears impervious to the softest strain.
But first with trembling lambs the wolf shall graze;
First hawks with linnets join in social lays;
First shall the tiger's sanguine thirst expire,
And tim'rous fawns the lion fierce admire;
Ere, with her lute Lycisca taught to charm,
This destin'd heart ere soft Melaenis warm.
First shall the finny nation leave the flood,
Shadows the hills, and birds the vocal wood;
The winds shall cease to breathe, the streams to flow;
Ere my desires another object know.
This infant bosom, yet in love untaught,
From Chloe first the pleasing ardour caught:
Chloe shall still its faithful empire claim,
Its first ambition, and its latest aim!
Till ev'ry wish and ev'ry hope be o'er,
And life and love inspire my frame no more.

PHILANTHES:

A

MONODY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS D——Y H——Y;

Occasioned by a series of interesting events which happened at Dumfries on Friday, June 12, 1752, particularly that of her father's death.

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? Præcipe lugubres
Cantus Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum cithara dedit. Horat.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed.—Address to Miss H——y.—General reflections inspir'd by the subject, and previous to it.—The scene opens with a prospect of Mrs. M——n's funeral solemnity: and changes to the untimely fate of a beautiful youth, son to Mr. J——s H——ll, whose early genius, quick progress in learning, and gentle dispositions, inspired his friends, with the highest expectations of his riper attainments.—Transition to the death of Dr. J——s H—— y, physician: his character as such: the general sorrow occasioned by his fate: his character as a friend, as particularly qualified to sooth distress; as a gentleman; as an husband; as a father: his loss considered in all these relations, particularly as sustained by Miss H——y: her tender care of him during his sickness described.—The piece concludes with an *apotheosis, in imitation of Virgil's Daphnis.*

A SWAIN, whose soul the tuneful nine inflame,
As to his western goal the Sun declin'd,
Sung to the *list'ning shades no common theme;*
While the hoarse breathings of the hollow wind,
And deep resounding surge in concert join'd.
Deep was the surge, and deep the plaintive song,
While all the solemn scene in mute attention hung.

Nor thou, fair victim of so just a woe!
Tho' still the pangs of nature swell thy heart;
Disdain the faithful Muse; whose numbers flow
Sacred, alas! to sympathetic smart:
For in thy griefs the Muses claim a part;
'Tis all they can, in social tears to mourn, [urn.
And deck with cypress wreaths thy dear paternal

The swain began, while conscious echoes round
Protract to sadder length his doleful lay.
Roll on, ye streams, in cadence more profound:
Ye humid vapours, veil the face of day:
O'er all the mournful plain
Let night and sorrow reign:
For Pan [1] indignant from his fields retires,
Once haunts of gay delight;
Now every sense they fright, [fires.
Resound with shrieks of woe, and blaze with fun'ral

What tho' the radiant Sun and clement sky
Alternate warmth and show'rs dispense below;
Tho' spring presages to the careful eye,
That autumn copious with her fruits shall glow?
For us in vain her choicest blessings flow:
To ease the bleeding heart, alas! in vain [grain.
Rich swells the purple grape, or waves the golden

What summer-breeze, on swiftest pinions borne,
From fate's relentless hand its prey can save?
What sun in Death's dark regions wake the morn,
Or warm the cold recesses of the grave? [heave
Ah wretched man! whose breast scarce learns to
With kindling life; when, ere thy bud is blown,
Eternal winter breathes, and all its sweets are gone.

Thou all-enlivening flame, intensely bright!
Whose sacred beams illume each wand'ring sphere,
That thro' high Heav'n reflects thy trembling light,
Conducting round this globe the varied year;
As thou pursu'st thy way,
Let this revolving day,
Deep-ting'd with conscious gloom, roll slow along:
In sable pomp array'd,
Let night diffuse her shade, [throng.
Nor sport the cheerless hind, nor chant the vocal

Scarce, from the ardour of the mid-day gleam,
Had languid nature in the cool respir'd;
Scarce, by the margin of the silver stream,
Faint sung the birds in verdant shades retir'd;
Scarce, o'er the thirsty field with sun-shine fir'd,
Had ev'ning gales the sportive wing essay'd,
When sounds of hopeless woe the silent scene invade.

Sophronia, long for ev'ry virtue dear
That grac'd the wife, the mother, or the friend,
Depriv'd of life, now press'd the mournful bier,
In sad procession to the tomb sustain'd.
Ah me! in vain to Heav'n and Earth complain'd
With tender cries her num'rous orphan train;
The tears of wedded love profuse were shed in vain.

For her, was grief on ev'ry face impress'd;
For her, each bosom heav'd with tender sighs:
An husband late with all her virtues bless'd,
And weeping race in sad ideas rise:
For her depress'd and pale,
Your charms, ye Graces, veil,

[1] God of Arcadia, who peculiarly presides over rural life.

Whom to adorn was once your chief delight:
Ye Virtues, all deplore
Your image, now no more,
And Hymen, [2] quench thy torch in tears and endless night.

Nor yet these dismal prospects disappear
When o'er the weeping plain new horrours rise,
And louder accents pierce each frighted ear,
Accents of grief imbitter'd by surprise!
Frantic with woe, at once the tumult flies,
To snatch Adonis wash'd along the stream,
And all th' extended bank re-echoes to his name.

Rang'd on the brink the weeping matrons stand,
The lovely wreck of fortune to survey,
While o'er the flood he wav'd his beauteous hand,
Or in convulsive anguish struggling lay.
By slow degrees they view'd his force decay,
In fruitless efforts to regain the shore:
They view'd and mourn'd his fate: O Heaven! they could no more.

Ye Naiads [3], guardians of the fatal flood,
Was beauty, sweetness, youth, no more your care?
For beauty, sweetness, youth, your pity woo'd,
Pow'rful to charm, if fate could learn to spare.
Stretch'd on cold earth he lies;
While, in his closing eyes,
No more the heav'n-illumin'd lustre shines;
His cheek, once Nature's pride,
With blooming roses dy'd,
To unrelenting fate its op'ning blush resigns.

Dear hapless youth! what felt thy mother's heart,
When in her view thy lifeless form was laid?
Such anguish when the soul and body part,
Such agonizing pangs the frame invade.
"Was there no hand," she cry'd, "my child to aid?
Could Heav'n and Earth unmov'd his fall survey,
Nor from th' insatiate waves redeem their lovely prey?

"Did I for this my tend'rest cares employ,
To nourish and improve thy early bloom?
Are all my rising hopes, my promis'd joy,
Extinct in death's inexorable gloom?
No more shall life those faded charms relume,
Dear rip'ning sweetness! sunk no more to rise!
Thee Nature mourns, like me, with fond maternal eyes.

"Fortune and life, your gifts how insecure!
How fair you promise! but how ill perform!
Like tender fruit they perish premature,
Scorch'd by the beam, or whelm'd beneath the storm.
For thee a fate more kind,
Thy mother's hopes assign'd,
Than thus to sink in early youth deplor'd:
But late thou fled'st my sight,
Thy parent's dear delight!
And art thou to my arms, ah! art thou thus restor'd?"

Severe these ills; yet heavier still impend,
That wound with livelier grief the smarting soul:
As, ere the long-collected storm descend,
Red lightnings flash, and thunder shakes the pole;
Portentous, solemn, loud its murmurs roll:
While from the subject field the trembling hind
Views instant ruin threat the labours of mankind.

For scarce the bitter sigh and deep'ning groan
In fainter cadence died away in air,
When, lo! by fate a deadlier shaft was thrown,
Which open'd ev'ry source of deep despair:
As yet our souls those recent sorrows share,
Swift from th' adjacent field Menalcas flies;
While grief impels his steps, and tears bedew his eyes.

"Weep on," he cry'd, "let tears no measure know;
Hence from those fields let pleasure wing her way:
Ye shades, be hallow'd from this hour to woe:
No more with summer's pride, ye meads, be gay.
Ah! why, with sweetness crown'd,
Should summer smile around?
Philanthes now is number'd with the dead:
Young Health, all drown'd in tears,
A livid paleness wears;
Dim are her radiant eyes, and all her roses fade.

"Him bright Hygeia [4], in life's early dawn,
Thro' Nature's fav'rite walks with transport led,
Thro' woods umbrageous, or the op'ning lawn,
Or where fresh fountains lave the flow'ry mead:
Their summer's treasures to his view display'd
What herbs and flow'rs salubrious juice bestow
Along the lowly vale, or mountain's arduous brow.

"The paralytic nerve his art confess'd,
Quick-panting asthma, and consumption pale:
Corrosive pain he soften'd into rest,
And bade the fever's rage no more prevail.
Unhappy art! decreed at last to fail,
Why linger'd then thy salutary pow'r,
Nor from a life so dear repell'd the destin'd hour?

"Your griefs, O love and friendship, how severe!
When high to Heav'n his soul pursu'd her flight;
Your moving plaints still vibrate on my ear,
Still the sad vision swims before my sight.
O'er all the mournful scene,
Inconsolable pain,
In ev'ry various form, appear'd express'd:
The tear-distilling eye,
The long, deep, broken sigh,
Dissolv'd each tender soul, and heav'd in ev'ry breast.

"Such were their woes; and oh! how just, how due!
What tears could equal such immense distress?
Time, cure of lighter ills, must ours renew,
And years the sense of what we lose increase.
From whom shall now the wretched hope redress?
Religion where a nobler subject find,
So favour'd of the skies, so dear to human kind?

"Fair Friendship, smiling on his natal hour,
The babe selected in her sacred train;
She bade him round diffusive blessings show'r,
And in his bosom fix'd her fav'rite fane,
In glory thence how long, yet how serene,
Her vital influence spreads its cheering rays!
Worth felt the genial beam, and ripen'd in the blaze.

"As lucid streams refresh the smiling plain,
Op'ning the flow'rs that on their borders grow;
As grateful to the herb, descending rain,
That shrunk and wither'd in the solar glow:
So, when his voice was heard,
Affliction disappear'd;

[2] God of marriage. [3] River goddesses. [4] Daughter of Æsculapius, and goddess of health.

Pleasure with ravish'd ears imbib'd the sound;
Grief with its sweetness sooth'd,
Each cloudy feature smooth'd,
And ever-waking care forgot th' eternal wound.

"Such elegance of taste, such graceful ease,
Infus'd by Heav'n, thro' all his manners shone;
In him it seem'd to join whate'er could please,
And plan the full perfection from its own:
He other fields and other swains had known,
Gentle as those of old by Phoebus [5] taught,
When polish'd with his lute, like him they spoke and thought.

"Thus form'd alike to bless, and to be bless'd,
Sich heav'nly graces kindred graces found;
Her gentle turn the same, the same her taste,
With equal worth, and equal candour crown'd:
Long may she search creation's ample round,
The joys of such a friendship to explore;
But, once in him expir'd, to joy she lives no more.

"As Nature to her works supremely kind,
His tender soul with all the parent glow'd,
On all his race, his goodness unconfin'd,
One full exhaustless stream of fondness flow'd;
Pleas'd as each genius rose
New prospects to disclose,
To form the mind, and raise its gen'rous aim;
His thoughts, with virtue warm'd,
At once inspir'd and charm'd; [flame.
His looks, his words, his smiles transfus'd the sacred

"Say ye, whose minds for long revolving years
The joys of sweet society have known,
Whose mutual fondness ev'ry hour endears, [one;
Whose pains, whose pleasures, and whose souls are
O! say, for you can judge, and you alone,
What anguish pierc'd his widow'd consort's heart,
When from her dearer self for ever doom'd to part.

"His children to the scene of death repair,
While more than filial sorrow bathes their eyes;
His smiles indulgent, his paternal care,
In sadly-pleasing recollection rise:
But young Dorinda, with distinguish'd sighs,
Effusing all her soul in soft regret, [father's fate.
Seems, while she mourns his loss, to share a

"Whether the day its wonted course renew'd,
Or midnight vigils wrapt the world in shade,
Her tender task assiduous she pursu'd,
To sooth his anguish, or his wants to aid;
To soften ev'ry pain,
The meaning look explain,
And scan the forming wish 'ere yet express'd:
The dying father smil'd
With fondness on his child, [bless'd.
And when his tongue was mute, his eyes her goodness

"At length, fair mourner! cease thy rising woe:
Its object still surviving seeks the skies,
Where brighter suns in happier climates glow,
And ampler scenes with height'ning charms surprise:
There perfect life thy much lov'd sire enjoys,
The life of gods, exempt from grief and pain,
Where in immortal breasts immortal transports reign.

[5] He was said to polish the swains, when in revenge for forging the bolt which killed his son, he slew the Cyclops, and was doom'd to keep the flocks of Admetus.

"Ye mourning swains, your loud complaints forbear;
Still he, the genius of our green retreat,
Shall with benignant care our labours cheer,
And banish far each shock of adverse fate;
Mild suns and gentle flow'rs on spring shall wait,
His hand with ev'ry fruit shall autumn store:
In Heav'n your patron reigns, ye shepherds weep no more.

"Henceforth his pow'r shall with your lares [6] join,
To bid your cots with peace and pleasure smile;
To bid disease and languor cease to pine,
And fair abundance crown each rural toil:
While birds their lays resume,
And spring her annual bloom,
Let verdant wreaths his sacred tomb adorn;
To him, each rising day
Devout libations pay:
In Heav'n your patron reigns, no more, ye shepherds, mourn."

THE WISH: AN ELEGY.

TO URANIA.

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die. Hor.

Let others travel, with incessant pain,
The wealth of earth and ocean to secure;
Then, with fond hopes, caress the precious bane;
In grandeur abject, and in affluence poor.

But soon, too soon, in fancy's timid eyes,
Wild waves shall roll, and conflagrations spread,
While bright in arms, and of gigantic size,
The fear-form'd robber haunts the thorny bed.

Let me, in dreadless poverty retir'd,
The real joys of life, unenvied, share:
Favour'd by love, and by the Muse inspir'd,
I'll yield to wealth its jealousy and care.

On rising ground, the prospect to command,
Unting'd with smoke, where vernal breezes blow,
In rural neatness let my cottage stand;
Here wave a wood, and there a river flow.

Oft from the neighb'ring hills and pastures round,
Let sheep with tender bleat salute my ear;
Nor fox insidious haunt the guiltless ground,
Nor man pursue the trade of murder near:

Far hence, kind Heav'n! expel the savage train,
Inur'd to blood, and eager to destroy;
Who pointed steel with recent slaughter stain,
And place in groans and death their cruel joy.

Ye pow'rs of social life and tender song!
To you devoted shall my fields remain;
Here undisturb'd the peaceful day prolong,
Nor own a smart but love's delightful pain.

For you, my trees shall wave their leafy shade;
For you, my gardens tinge the lenient air;
For you, be autumn's blushing gifts display'd,
And all that Nature yields of sweet or fair.

But, O! if plaints, which love and grief inspire,
In heav'nly breasts could e'er compassion find,
Grant me, ah! grant my heart's supreme desire,
And teach my dear Urania to be kind.

[6] Domestic gods.

For her, black sadness clouds my brightest day;
For her, in tears the midnight vigils roll;
For her, cold horrours melt my pow'rs away,
And chill the living vigour of my soul.

Beneath her scorn each youthful ardour dies,
Its joys, its wishes, and its hopes, expire;
In vain the fields of science tempt my eyes;
In vain for me the Muses string the lyre.

O! let her oft my humble dwelling grace,
Humble no more, if there she deign to shine;
For Heav'n, unlimited by time or place,
Still waits on god-like worth and charms divine.

Amid the cooling fragrance of the morn,
How sweet with her thro' lonely fields to stray!
Her charms the loveliest landscape shall adorn,
And add new glories to the rising day.

With her, all nature shines in heighten'd bloom;
The silver stream in sweeter music flows;
Odours more rich the fanning gales perfume;
And deeper tinctures paint the spreading rose.

With her, the shades of night their horrours lose,
Its deepest silence charms if she be by;
Her voice the music of the dawn renews,
Its lambent radiance sparkles in her eye.

How sweet, with her, in wisdom's calm recess,
To brighten soft desire with wit refin'd?
Kind Nature's laws with sacred Ashley trace,
And view the fairest features of the mind!

Or borne on Milton's flight, as Heav'n sublime,
View its full blaze in open prospect glow;
Bless the first pair in Eden's happy clime,
Or drop the human tear for endless woe.

And when, in virtue and in peace grown old,
No arts the languid lamp of life restore;
Her let me grasp with hands convuls'd and cold,
Till ev'ry nerve relax'd can hold no more:

Long, long on her my dying eyes suspend,
Till the last beam shall vibrate on my sight;
Then soar where only greater joys attend,
And bear her image to eternal light.

Fond man, ah! whither would thy fancy rove?
'Tis thine to languish in unpitied smart;
'Tis thine, alas! eternal scorn to prove,
Nor feel one gleam of comfort warm thy heart.

But, if my fate this cruel law impose,
Pleas'd, to her will I all my soul resign;
To sink beneath the burden of my woes,
Or sink in death, nor at my fate repine.

Yet when, with woes unmingled and sincere,
To earth's cold womb in silence I descend;
Let her, to grace my obsequies, appear,
And with the weeping throng her sorrows blend.

Ah! no; be all her hours with pleasure crown'd,
And all her soul from ev'ry anguish free:
Should my sad fate that gentle bosom wound,
The joys of Heav'n would be no joys to me.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

AN ELEGY.

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue;
Ev'n he, whose soul, now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays.
Pope's Unfortunate Lady.

While yet I scarce awake from dumb surprise,
And tepid streams profusely bathe my eyes;
While soul-dissolving sighs my bosom strain,
And all my being sinks oppress'd with pain;
Deign you, whose souls, like mine, are form'd to know
The nice poetic sense of bliss and woe;
To these sad accents deign a pitying ear:
Strong be our sorrow, as the cause severe.
O Pope, what tears thy obsequies attend!
Britain a bard deplores, mankind a friend:
For thee, their darling, weep th' Aoniau choir,
Mute the soft voice, unstrung the tuneful lyre:
For thee, the virtuous and the sage shall mourn,
And virgin sorrows bathe thy sacred urn:
One veil of grief o'er Heav'n and Earth be thrown,
And Vice and Envy flaunt in smiles alone.
Erewhile depress'd in abject dust they lay,
Nor with their hideous forms affronted day;
While thy great genius, in their tortur'd sight,
Plac'd Truth and Virtue cloth'd with heav'nly light:
Now pleas'd, to open sunshine they return,
And o'er the fate exult which others mourn.
Ah me! far other thoughts my soul inspire;
Far other accents breathes the plaintive lyre:
Thee, tho' the Muses bless'd with all their art;
And pour'd their sacred raptures on thy heart;
Tho' thy lov'd Virtue, with a mother's pain,
Deplores thy fate, alas! deplores in vain?
Silent and pale thy tuneful frame remains;
Death seals thy sight, and freezes in thy veins:
"Cold is that breast, which warm'd the world before,
And that heav'n-prompted tongue shall charm no more."
Whom next shall Heav'n to share thy honours chuse;
Whom consecrate to virtue and the Muse;
The Muse, by fate's eternal plan design'd,
To light, exalt, and humanize the mind;
To bid kind pity melt, just anger glow;
To kindle joy, or prompt the sighs of woe;
To shake with horrour, rack with tender smart,
And touch the finest springs that move the heart.
Curst he [1]! who, without ecstasy sincere,
The poet's soul effus'd in song can hear:
His aid in vain shall indigence require;
Unmov'd he views his dearest friends expire:
Nature and Nature's God that wretch detest;
Unsought his friendship, and his days unblest:
Hell's mazy frauds deep in his bosom roll,
And all her gloom hangs heavy on his soul.

[1] What we call poetical genius, depends entirely on the quickness of moral feeling: he, therefore, who cannot feel poetry, must either have his affections and internal senses depraved by vice, or be naturally insensible of the pleasures resulting from the exercise of them. But this natural insensibility is almost never so great in any heart, as entirely to hinder the impression of well-painted passion, or natural images connected with it.

As when the Sun begins his eastern way,
To bless the nations with returning day,
Crown'd with unfading splendour, on he flies;
Reveals the world, and kindles all the skies:
The prostrate East the radiant god adore;
So, Pope, we view'd thee, but must view no more.
Thee angels late beheld, with mute surprise,
Glow with their themes, and to their accents rise;
They view'd with wonder thy unbounded aim,
To trace the mazes of th' eternal scheme:
But Heav'n those scenes to human view denies,
Those scenes impervious to celestial eyes:
Whoe'er attempts the path, shall lose his way,
And, wrapt in night, thro' endless errour stray.
In thee what talent shall we most admire;
The critic's judgment, or the poet's fire?
Alike, in both, to glory is thy claim;
Thine Aristotle's taste, and Homer's flame.
Arm'd with impartial satire, when thy Muse
Triumphant Vice with all her rage pursues;
To Hell's dread gloom the monster scours away,
Far from the haunts of men, and scenes of day:
There, curst and cursing, rack'd with raging woe,
Shakes with incessant howls the realms below.
But soon, too soon, the fiend to light shall rise;
Her steps the Earth scarce bound, her head the skies;
Till his red terrours Jove again display,
Assert his laws, and vindicate his sway.
When Ovid's song bewails the Lesbian fair,
Her slighted passion, and intense despair;
By thee improv'd, in each soul-moving line,
Not Ovid's wit, but Sappho's sorrows shine.
When Eloisa mourns her hapless fate,
What heart can cease with all her pangs to beat!
While pointed wit, with flowing numbers grac'd,
Excites the laugh, ev'n in the guilty breast;
The gaudy coxcomb, and the fickle fair,
Shall dread the satire of thy ravish'd hair.
Not the Sicilian [2] breath'd a sweeter song,
While Arethusa, charm'd and list'ning, hung;
From whom each Muse, from her dear seat retir'd,
His flocks protected, and himself inspir'd:
Nor he [3] who sung, while sorrow fill'd the plain,
How Cytherea mourn'd Adonis slain;
Nor Tityrus [4], who, in immortal lays,
Taught Mantua's echoes Galatea's praise.
No more let Mantua boast unrival'd fame;
Thy Windsor now shall equal honours claim:
Eternal fragrance shall each breeze perfume,
And in each grove eternal verdure bloom.
Ye tuneful shepherds, and ye beauteous maids,
From fair Ladona's banks, and Windsor's shades,
Whose souls in transport melted at his song,
Soft as your sighs, and as your wishes strong;
O come! your copious annual tributes bring,
The full luxuriance of the rifled spring;
Strip various Nature of each fairest flow'r,
And on his tomb the gay profusion show'r.
Let long-liv'd pansies here their scents bestow,
The violets languish, and the roses glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips ting'd with beauty's fairest dyes.
Who shall succeed thy worth, O darling swain!
Attempt thy reeds, or emulate thy strain?
Each painted warbler of the vocal grove
Laments thy fate, unmindful of his love:
Thee, thee the breezes, thee the fountains mourn,
And solemn moans responsive rocks return;
Shepherds and flocks protract the doleful sound,
And nought is heard but mingled plaints around.
When first Calliope thy fall survey'd,
Immortal tears her eyes profusely shed;
Her pow'rless hand the tuneful harp resign'd;
The conscious harp her griefs, low-murm'ring, join'd;
Her voice in trembling cadence dy'd away,
And, lost in anguish, all the goddess lay.
Such pangs she felt, when, from the realms of light,
The fates, in Homer, ravish'd her delight:
To thee her sacred hand consign'd his lyre,
And in thy bosom kindled all his fire:
Hence, in our tongue, his glorious labours drest,
Breathe all the god that warm'd their author's breast.
When horrid war informs the sacred page,
And men and gods with mutual wrath engage,
The clash of arms, the trumpet's awful sound,
And groans and clamours shake the mountains round;
The nations rock, Earth's solid bases groan,
And quake Heav'n's arches to th' eternal throne.
When Eolus dilates the lawless wind,
O'er Nature's face to revel unconfin'd,
Bend Heav'n's blue concave, sweep the fruitful plain,
Tear up the forest, and inrage the main;
In horrid native pomp the tempests shine,
Ferment, and roar, and aestuate in each line.
When Sisyphus, with many a weary groan,
Rolls up the hill the still-revolving stone;
The loaded line, like it, seems to recoil;
Strains his bent nerves, and heaves with his full toil:
But, when resulting rapid from its height,
Precipitate the numbers emulate the flight.
As when creative Energy, employ'd,
With various beings fill'd the boundless void;
With deep survey th' omniscient Parent view'd
The mighty fabric, and confess'd it good;
He view'd, exulting with immense delight,
The lovely transcript, as th' idea, bright:
So swell'd the bard [5] with ecstasy divine,
When full and finish'd rose his bright design;
So, from the Elysian bow'rs, he joy'd to see
All his immortal self reviv'd in thee.
While fame enjoys thy consecrated fane,
First of th' inspir'd, with him for ever reign;
With his, each distant age shall rank thy name,
And ev'n reluctant Envy hiss acclaim.
But, ah! blind fate will no distinction know;
Swift down the torrent all alike must flow;
Wit, virtue, learning, are alike its prey;
All, all must tread th' irremeable way.
No more fond wishes in my breast shall roll,
Distend my heart, and kindle all my soul,
To breathe my holiest raptures in thy ear,
And feel thy kindness in returns sincere;
Thy art, I hop'd, should teach the Muse to sing,
Direct her flight, and prune her infant wing;
Now, Muse, be dumb; or let thy song deplore
Thy pleasures blasted, and thy hopes no more.
Tremendous pow'rs! who rule th' eternal state,
Whose voice is thunder, and whose nod is fate;
Did I for empire, second to your own,
Cling round the shrine, and importune the throne?

[2] Theocritus. [3] Bion. [4] Virgil. [5] Homer.

Pray'd I, that fame should bear my name on high,
Thro' nation'd Earth, or all-involving sky?
Woo'd I for me the Sun to toil and shine,
The gem to brighten, or mature the mine?
Tho' deep involv'd in adamantine night,
Ask'd I again to view Heav'n's cheerful light?
Pope's love I sought; that only boon deny'd,
O life! what pleasure canst thou boast beside,
Worth my regard, or equal to my pride?
Thus mourns a tim'rous Muse, unknown to fame,
Thus sheds her sweetest incense on thy name;
Whilst on her lips imperfect accents die,
Tear following tear, and sigh succeeding sigh:
She mourns, nor she alone, with fond regret,
A world, a feeling world, must weep thy fate.
Where polish'd arts and sacred science reign,
Where-e'er the Nine their tuneful presence deign;
There shall thy glory, with unclouded blaze,
Command immortal monuments of praise:
From clime to clime the circling Sun shall view
Its rival splendour still his own pursue.
While the swift torrent from its source descends;
While round this globe Heav'n's ample concave bends;
Whilst all its living lamps their course maintain,
And lead the beauteous year's revolving train;
So long shall men thy Heav'nly song admire,
And Nature's charms and thine at once expire.

ELEGY:

TO THE MEMORY OF

CONSTANTIA[1].

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.———

Virg.

By the pale glimmer of the conscious Moon,
When slumber, on the humid eyes of woe,
Sheds its kind lenitive; what mournful voice
So sadly sweet, on my attentive ear,
Its moving plaint effuses: like the song
Of Philomel, when thro' the vocal air,
Impell'd by deep inconsolable grief,
She breathes her soft, her melancholy strain;
And Nature with religious silence hears?
'Tis she; my wand'ring senses recognize
The well-known charm, and all my list'ning soul
Is expectation. Oh! 'tis that dear voice,
Whose gentle accents charm'd my happier days;
Ere sharp affliction's iron hand had prest
Her vernal youth, and sunk her with the blow.
Tell me, thou heav'nly excellence! whose form
Still rises to my view, whose melting song
For ever echoes on my trembling ear,
Delightful ev'n in misery; O say!
What bright distinguish'd mansion in the sky
Receives thy suff'ring virtue from the storm,
That on thy tender blossom pour'd its rage?
Early, alas! too early didst thou feel
Its most tempestuous fury. From the calm,
The soft serenity of life how led
An unsuspecting victim! Ev'ry blast
Pierc'd to thy inmost soul, amid the waste
Of cruel fortune left to seek thy way
Unsheltered and alone; while to thy groans
No gen'rous ear reclin'd, no friendly roof,
With hospitable umbrage, entertain'd,
Thy drooping sweetness, unmur'd to pain.
That lib'ral hand, which, to the tortur'd sense
Of anguish, comfort's healing balm apply'd,
To Heav'n and Earth extended, vainly now
Implores the consolation once it gave,
Nor suppliant meets redress. That eye benign,
The seat of mercy, which to each distress,
Ev'n by thy foe sustain'd, the gentle tear,
A willing tribute, paid, now fruitless weeps,
Nor gains that pity it so oft bestow'd.
Thou loveliest sacrifice that ever fell
To perfidy and unrelenting hate!
How in the hour of confidence and hope,
When love and expectation to thy heart
Spoke peace, and plac'd felicity in view;
How fled the bright illusion, and at once
Forsook thee plung'd in exquisite despair!
Thy friends; the insects of a summer-gale
That sport and flutter in the mid-day beam
Of gay prosperity, or from the flow'rs,
That in her sunshine bloom, with ardour suck
Sweetness unearn'd; thy temporary friends,
Or blind with headlong fury, or abus'd
By ev'ry gross imposture, or supine,
Lull'd by the songs of ease and pleasure, saw
Thy bitter destiny with cool regard.
Thy wrongs ev'n Nature's voice proclaim'd in vain;
Deaf to her tender importuning call,
And all the father in his soul extinct,
Thy parent sat; while on thy guiltless head
Each various torment, that imbitters life,
Exhausted all their force: and, to insure
Their execrable conquest, black and fell,
Ev'n as her native region, Slander join'd;
And o'er thy virtue, spotless as the wish
Of infant souls, inexorable breath'd
Her pestilential vapour. Hence fair Truth,
Persuasive as the tongue of seraphs, urg'd
Unheard the cause of Innocence; the blush
Of fickle friendship hence forgot to glow.
Meanwhile from these retreats with hapless speed,
By ev'ry hope and ev'ry wish impell'd,
Thy steps explor'd protection. Whence explor'd?
Ah me! from whom, and to what cursed arms
Wert thou betray'd: unfeeling as the rock
Which splits the vessel; while its helpless crew,
With shrieks of horrour, deprecate their fate?
O Earth! O righteous Heav'n! could'st thou behold;
While yet thy patient hand the thunder grasp'd,
Nor hurl'd the flaming vengeance; could'st thou see
The violated vow, the marriage rite
Profan'd, and all the sacred ties, which bind
Or God or man, abandon'd to the scorn
Of vice by long impunity confirm'd?
But thou, perfidious! tremble.———If on high
The hand of justice with impartial scale
Each word, each action poises, and exacts
Severe atonement from th' offending heart;
Oh! what hast thou to dread? what endless pang,

[1] An accomplished but unfortunate young lady, of the city of Edinburgh, having, without the consent of her father, married a gentleman, who carried her to the West Indies, she was there cruelly forsaken by him, and lost her life by a mistaken medicine.

What deep damnation must thy soul endure?
On Earth' twas thine to perpetrate a crime,
From whose grim visage guilt of shameless brow,
Ev'n in its wild career, might shrink appall'd:
'Tis thine to fear hereafter, if not feel,
Plagues that in Hell no precedent can boast.
Ev'n in the silent, safe domestic hour,
Ev'n in the scene of tenderness and peace,
Remorse, more fierce than all the fiends below,
In fancy's ears, shall, with a thousand tongues,
Thunder despair and ruin: all her snakes
Shall rear their speckled crests aloft in air,
With ceaseless horrid hiss; shall brandish quick
Their forky tongues, or roll their kindling eyes
With sanguine, fiery glare. Ev'n while each sense
Glows with the rapture of tumultuous joy,
The tears of injur'd beauty, the complaints
Of truth immaculate, by thee expos'd
To wrongs unnumber'd, shall disturb thy bliss;
Shall freeze thy blood with fear, and to thy sight
Anticipate th' impending wrath of Heav'n.
In sleep, kind pause of being! when the nerve
Of toil unbends, when, from the heart of care,
Retires the sated vulture, when disease
And disappointment quaff Lethean draughts
Of sweet oblivion; from his charge unblest,
Shall speed thy better angel: to thy dreams
Th' infernal gulph shall open, and disclose
Its latent horrours. O'er the burning lake
Of blue sulphureous gleam, the piercing shriek,
The scourge incessant, and the clanking chain,
Shall scare thee ev'n to frenzy. On thy mind
Its fiercest flames shall prey; while from its depth
Some gnashing fury beckons thy approach,
And, thirsty of perdition, waits to plunge
Thy naked soul, ten thousand fathom down,
Amidst the boiling surges. Such their fate,
Whose hearts, indocile, to the sacred lore
Of wisdom, truth, and virtue, banish far
The cry of soft compassion; nor can taste
Beatitude supreme in giving joy!
Thy race, the product of a lawless flame,
Ev'n while thy fond imagination plans
Their future grandeur, in thy mock'd embrace
Shall prematurely perish; or survive
To feel their father's infamy, and curse
The tainted origin from which thy sprung.
For, oh! thy soul no soft compunction knew,
When that fair form, where all the Graces liv'd,
Perfection's brightest triumph, from thy breast,
The sport of milder winds and seas was thrown,
To glow or shiver in the keen extremes
Of ev'ry various climate: when that cheek,
Ting'd with the blush of Heav'n's unfading rose,
Grew pale with pining anguish; when that voice,
By angels turn'd to harmony and love,
Trembled with agony; and, in thine ear,
Utter'd the last extremity of woe.

From foreign bounty she obtain'd that aid
Which friendship, love, humanity, at home,
Deny'd her blasted worth. From foreign hands
Her glowing lips receiv'd the cooling draught,
To sooth the fever's rage. From foreign eyes
The tear, by nature, love and friendship due, [death
Flow'd copious o'er the wreck, whose charms, in
Still blooming, at the hand of ruin smil'd.
Destin'd, alas! in foreign climes to leave
Her pale remains unhonour'd; while the herse
Of wealthy guilt emblazon'd boasts the pride
Of painted heraldry, and sculptur'd stone
Protects or flatters its detested fame.
Vain trappings of mortality! When these
Shall crumble, like the worthless dust they hide;
Then thou, dear spirit! in immortal joy,
Crown'd with intrinsic honours, shalt appear;
And God himself, to list'ning worlds, proclaim
Thy injur'd tenderness, thy faith unstain'd,
Thy mildness long insulted, and thy worth
Severely try'd, and found at last sincere.

But where, oh! where shall art or nature find,
For smarting sorrow's ever recent wound,
Some blest restorative; whose pow'rful charm
May sooth thy friend's regret, within his breast
Suspend the sigh spontaneous, bid the tear,
By sad reflexion prompted, cease to fall?
These, still as moments, days and years revolve
A consecrated off'ring, shall attend
Thy dear idea uneffac'd by time:
Till the pale night of destiny obscure
Life's wasting taper; till each torpid sense
Feel Death's chill hand, and grief complain no more.

A SOLILOQUY:

Occasioned by the author's escape from falling into a deep well, where he must have been irrecoverably lost, if a favourite lap-dog had not, by the sound of its feet upon the board with which the well was covered, warned him of his danger.

> Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
> Cautum est in horas———
>
> Horat.

Where am I!—O eternal Pow'r of Heav'n!
Relieve me; or, amid the silent gloom,
Can danger's cry approach no gen'rous ear
Prompt to redress th' unhappy? O my heart!
What shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Will no kind hand, benevolent as Heav'n,
Save me involv'd in peril and in night!
Erect with horrour stands my bristling hair;
My tongue forgets its motion; strength forsakes
My trembling limbs; my voice, impell'd in vain,
No passage finds; cold, cold as death, my blood,
Keen as the breath of winter, chills each vein.
For on the verge, the awful verge of fate
Scarce fix'd I stand; my [illegible] progressive step
Had plung'd me down unfathomably deep,
To gulphs impervious to the cheerful sun
And fragrant breeze; to that abhorr'd abode,
Where Silence and Oblivion, sisters drear,
With cruel Death confed'rate empire hold,
In desolation and primeval gloom. [horrour,
Ha! what unmans me thus? what, more than
Relaxes ev'ry nerve, untunes my frame,
And chills my inmost soul?—Be still, my heart!
Nor flutt'ring thus, in vain attempt to burst
The barrier firm, by which thou art confin'd.
Resume your functions, limbs! restrain those knees
From smiting thus each other. Rouse, my soul!
Assert thy native dignity, and dare
To brave this king of terrors; to confront
His cloudy brow, and unrelenting frown,
With steady scorn, in conscious triumph bold,
Reason, that beam of uncreated day,

That ray of deity, by God's own breath
Infus'd and kindled, reason will dispel
Those fancy'd terrours: reason will instruct thee,
That death is Heav'n's kind interposing hand,
To snatch thee timely from impending woe;
From aggregated misery, whose pangs
Can find no other period but the grave.
For oh!—while others gaze on Nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams;
Or, with delight ineffable, survey
The Sun, bright image of his parent God;
The seasons; in majestic order, round
This vary'd globe revolving; young-ey'd Spring,
Profuse of life and joy; Summer, adorn'd
With keen effulgence, bright'ning Heav'n and Earth;
Autumn, replete with Nature's various boon,
To bless the toiling hind; and Winter, grand
With rapid storms, convulsing Nature's frame:
Whilst others view Heav'n's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumber'd worlds; and, lost in joy,
Fair order and utility behold;
Or, unfatigu'd, th' amazing chain pursue,
Which, in one vast all-comprehending whole,
Unites th' immense stupendous works of God,
Conjoining part with part, and, thro' the frame,
Diffusing sacred harmony and joy:
To me those fair vicissitudes are lost,
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,
One horrid blank appear; the young-ey'd Spring,
Effulgent Summer, Autumn deck'd in wealth
To bless the toiling hind, and Winter, grand
With rapid storms, revolve in vain for me:
Nor the bright Sun, nor all-embracing arch
Of Heav'n, shall e'er these wretched orbs behold.
O Beauty, Harmony! ye sister train
Of Graces; you, who, in th' admiring eye
Of God your charms display'd, ere yet, transcrib'd,
On Nature's form, your Heav'nly features shone:
Why are you snatch'd for ever from my sight,
Whilst, in your stead, a boundless, waste expanse
Of undistinguish'd horrour covers all?
Wide o'er my prospect rueful darkness breathes
Her inauspicious vapour; in whose shade,
Fear, grief, and anguish, natives of her reign,
In social sadness, gloomy vigils keep:
With them I walk, with them still doom'd to share
Eternal blackness, without hopes of dawn.
Hence oft the hand of ignorance and scorn,
To barb'rous mirth abandon'd, points me out
With idiot grin: the envious eye
Oft, from the noise and glare of prosp'rous life,
On my obscurity diverts its gaze,
Exulting, and, with wanton pride elate,
Felicitates its own superior lot:
Inhuman triumph! Hence the piercing taunt
Of titled insolence inflicted deep.
Hence the warm blush that paints ingenuous shame,
By conscious want inspir'd; th' unpitied pang
Of love and friendship slighted. Hence the tear
Of impotent compassion, when the voice
Of pain, by others felt, quick smites my heart,
And rouses all its tenderness in vain.
All these, and more, on this devoted head,
Have with collected bitterness been pour'd.
Nor end my sorrows here. The sacred fane
Of knowledge, scarce accessible to me,
With heart-consuming anguish I behold;
Knowledge, for which my soul insatiate burns
With ardent thirst. Nor can these useless hands,
Untutor'd in each life-sustaining art,
Nourish this wretched being, and supply
Frail nature's wants, that short cessation know.
Where now, ah! where is that supporting arm [1]
Which to my weak, unequal infant steps
Its kind assistance lent? Ah! where that love,
That strong assiduous tenderness, which watch'd
My wishes yet scarce form'd; and, to my view,
Unimportun'd, like all-indulging Heav'n,
Their objects brought? Ah! where that gentle voice
Which, with instruction, soft as summer dews
Or fleecy snows, descending on my soul,
Distinguish'd ev'ry hour with new delight?
Ah! where that virtue, which, amid the storms,
The mingled horrours of tumultuous life,
Untainted, unsubdu'd, the shock sustain'd?
So firm the oak which, in eternal night,
As deep its root extends, as high to Heav'n
Its top majestic rises: such the smile
Of some benignant angel, from the throne
Of God dispatch'd, embassador of peace;
Who on his look imprest his message bears,
And pleas'd, from Earth averts impending ill.
Alas! no wife thy parting kisses shar'd:
From thy expiring lips no child receiv'd.
Thy last, dear blessing and thy last advice,
Friend, father, benefactor, all at once,
In thee forsook me, an unguarded prey
For ev'ry storm, whose lawless fury roars
Beneath the azure concave of the sky,
To toss, and on my head exhaust its rage.
Dejecting prospect! soon the hapless hour
May come, perhaps this moment it impends,
Which drives me forth to penury and cold;
Naked, and beat by all the storms of Heav'n,
Friendless and guideless to explore my way;
Till on cold earth this poor, unsheltered head
Reclining, vainly from the ruthless blast
Respite I beg, and in the shock expire.
Me miserable! wherefore, O my soul!
Was, on such hard conditions, life desir'd?
One step, one friendly step, without thy guilt,
Had plac'd me safe in that profound recess,
Where, undisturb'd eternal quiet reigns,
And sweet forgetfulness of grief and care.
Why, then, my coward soul! didst thou recoil?
Why shun the final exit of thy woe?
Why shiver at approaching dissolution?
Say why, by Nature's unresisted force,
Is ev'ry being, where volition reigns
And active choice, impell'd to shun their fate,
And dread destruction, as the worst of ills;
Say, why they shrink, why fly, why fight, why risk
Precarious life, to lengthen out its date,
Which, lengthen'd, is, at best, protracted pain?
Say, by what mystic charms, can life allure
Unnumber'd beings, who, beneath me far
Plac'd in th' extensive scale of Nature, want
Those blessings Heav'n accumulates on me?
Blessings superior; tho' the blaze of day
Pours on their sight its soul-refreshing stream,
To me extinct in everlasting shades:
Yet heav'n-taught music, at whose powerful voice,
Corrosive care and anguish, charm'd to peace,

[1] The character here drawn is that of the author's father, whose unforeseen fate had just before happened.

Forsake the heart, and yield it all to joy,
Ne'er sooths their pangs. To their insensate view
Knowledge in vain her fairest treasure spreads.
To them the noblest gift of bounteous Heav'n,
Sweet conversation, whose enliv'ning force
Elates, distends, and, with unfading strength,
Inspires the soul, remains for ever lost:
The sacred sympathy of social hearts,
Benevolence, supreme delight of Heav'n;
Th' extensive wish, which in one wide embrace,
All beings circles, when the swelling soul
Partakes the joys of God; ne'er warms their breasts.
As yet my soul ne'er felt the oppressive weight
Of indigence unaided; swift redress,
Beyond the daring flight of hope, approach'd,
And ev'ry wish of nature amply blest.
Tho', o'er the future series of my fate,
Ill omens seem to brood, and stars malign
To blend their baleful fire: oft, while the Sun
Darts boundless glory thro' th' expanse of Heav'n,
A gloom of congregated vapours rise,
Than night more dreadful in her blackest shroud,
And o'er the face of things incumbent hang,
Portending tempest; till the source of day
Again asserts the empire of the sky,
And, o'er the blotted scene of Nature, throws
A keener splendour. So, perhaps, that care,
Thro' all creation felt, but most by man,
Which hears with kind regard the tender sigh
Of modest want, may dissipate my fears,
And bid my hours a happier flight assume.
Perhaps, enliv'ning hope! perhaps my soul
May drink at wisdom's fountain, and allay
Her unextinguish'd ardour in the stream:
Wisdom, the constant magnet, where each wish,
Set by the hand of Nature, ever points.
Restless and faithful, as th' attractive force
By which all bodies to the centre tend.
What then! because th' indulgent Sire of all
Has, in the plan of things, prescrib'd my sphere;
Because consummate Wisdom thought not fit,
In affluence and pomp, to bid me shine;
Shall I regret my destiny, and curse
That state, by Heav'n's paternal care, design'd
To train me up for scenes, with which compar'd,
These ages, measur'd by the orbs of Heav'n,
In blank annihilation fade away?
For scenes, where, finish'd by the Almighty art,
Beauty and order open to the sight
In vivid glory; where the faintest rays
Out-flash the splendour of our mid-day Sun?
Say, shall the Source of all, who first assign'd
To each constituent of this wond'rous frame
Its proper powers, its place and action due,
With due degrees of weakness, whence results
Concord ineffable; shall he reverse,
Or disconcert the universal scheme,
The gen'ral good, to flatter selfish pride
And blind desire?—Before th' Almighty voice
From non-existence call'd me into life,
What claim had I to being? what to shine
In this high rank of creatures, form'd to climb
The steep ascent of virtue, unrelax'd,
Till infinite perfection crown their toil?
Who conscious of their origin divine,
Eternal order, beauty, truth, and good,
Perceive, like their great Parent, and admire.
Hush! then, my heart, with pious cares suppress
This timid pride and impotence of soul:
Learn now, why all those multitudes, which crowd
This spacious theatre, and gaze on Heav'n,
Invincibly averse to meet their fate,
Avoid each danger: know this sacred truth;
All-perfect Wisdom, on each living soul,
Engrav'd this mandate, "to preserve their frame,
And hold entire the gen'ral orb of being."
Then, with becoming rev'rence let each pow'r,
In deep attention, hear the voice of God;
That awful voice, which, speaking to the soul,
Commands its resignation to his law!
For this, has Heav'n to virtue's glorious stage
Call'd me, and plac'd the garland in my view
The wreath of conquest; basely to desert
The part assign'd me, and, with dastard fear,
From present pain, the cause of future bliss,
To shrink into the bosom of the grave?
How, then, is gratitude's vast debt repaid?
Where all the tender offices of love
Due to fraternal man, in which the heart,
Each blessing it communicates, enjoys?
How then shall I obey the first, great law
Of Nature's legislator, deep imprest
With double sanction; restless fear of death,
And fondness still to breathe this vital air?
Nor is th' injunction hard: who would not sink
A while in tears and sorrow; then emerge
With tenfold lustre; triumph o'er his pain;
And, with unfading glory, shine in Heav'n?
Come then, my little guardian genius! cloth'd
In that familiar form; my Phylax, come!
Let me caress thee, hug thee to my heart,
Which beats with joy of life preserv'd by thee.
Had not thy interposing fondness staid
My blind precipitation, now, ev'n now,
My soul, by Nature's sharpest pangs expell'd,
Had left this frame; had pass'd the dreadful bound,
Which life from death divides; divides this scene
From vast eternity, whose deep'ning shades,
Impervious to the sharpest mortal sight,
Elude our keenest search.—But still I err.
Howe'er thy grateful, undesigning heart,
In ills foreseen, with promptitude might aid;
Yet this, beyond thy utmost reach of thought,
Not ev'n remotely distant could'st thou view.
Secure thy steps the fragile board could press,
Nor feel the least alarm where I had sunk:
Nor could'st thou judge the awful depth below,
Which, from its watry bottom, to receive
My fall, tremendous gaped. Thy utmost skill,
Thy deepest penetration had stopt,
Short of its aim; and in the strong embrace
Of ruin struggling, left me to expire.
No—Heav'n's high Sovereign, provident of all,
Thy passive organs moving, taught thee first
To check my heedless course; and hence I live.
Eternal Providence! whose equal sway
Weighs each event; whose ever-waking care,
Connecting high with low, minute with great,
Attunes the wondrous whole, and bids each part
In one unbroken harmony conspire:
Hail! sacred Source of happiness and life!
Substantial Good, bright intellectual Sun!
To whom my soul, by sympathy innate,
Unweary'd tends; and finds, in thee alone,
Security, enjoyment, and repose.
By thee, O God! by thy paternal arm,
Thro' ev'ry period of my infant state,
Sustain'd I live to yield thee praises due.

O! could my lays, with heav'nly raptures warm,
High as thy throne, re-echo to the songs
Of angels; thence, O! could my pray'r obtain
One beam of inspiration, to inflame
And animate my numbers; Heav'n's full choir,
In loftier strains, th' inspiring God might sing;
Yet not more ardent, more sincere, than mine.
But tho' my voice, beneath the seraph's note,
Must check its feeble accents, low deprest
By dull mortality; to thee, great Soul
Of Heav'n and Earth! to thee my hallow'd strain
Of gratitude and praise shall still ascend.

MISS ——— TO THE AUTHOR.

While friendship's gentle pow'rs my bosom fire,
Damon, accept the lays which you inspire;
My long-neglected Muse thy worth revives,
And gen'rous ardour from thy flame receives.
Domestic troubles long my mind oppress'd,
And made the Muse a stranger to my breast;
Not friendship's softest charms could raise my song,
Till wak'd to life by thy persuasive tongue.
O Damon, could I boast thy wondrous skill,
Were but my genius equal to my will,
Thy praises I unweary'd would proclaim;
And place thee with the brightest sons of fame.
Sure, Damon, 'tis some god thy breast inspires,
And fills thy soul with those celestial fires:
Thy thoughts so just, so noble, so refin'd,
That elegant, that virtuous turn of mind,
May justly claim the praise of all mankind.
Why am I call'd to leave my native plains,
To range on barren hills with rustic swains?
Far from my fellow nymphs, a sprightly throng,
And far, too far from thy harmonious tongue!
Yet still thy praise shall be my fav'rite theme:
Each echo shall resound with Damon's fame,
And ev'ry tree shall bear his much-lov'd name.
O! could I bear thee to Acasto's seat,
To Phœbus and his sons a known retreat;
Acasto, whose great mind and honest soul
No hopes can bias, and no fears control.
He virtue's patron long has firmly stood,
And, in a vicious age, been greatly good.
Oft has Acasto in some fragrant bow'r
Invok'd Urania, and confess'd her pow'r;
As oft the tuneful maid has own'd his lays,
And bless'd his song with well deserved praise.
Were Damon there, to join the tuneful choir,
With all the beauties of his verse and lyre,
His wit would civilize our savage plains,
Polish our country nymphs, and rural swains.
But tho' hard fate deny my fond request,
It cannot tear thy mem'ry from my breast;
No—while life's blood runs warm in ev'ry vein,
For thee a lasting friendship I'll maintain:
And when this busy scene of life is o'er,
Nor Earth retards the soul's excursions more,
I'll joy to meet thee in those happier scenes,
Where unallay'd, immortal pleasure reigns.
There, crown'd with youth unfading, let us stray
Thro' the bright regions of eternal day;
There, of essential happiness secur'd,
With joy we'll tell the pains we once endur'd.
Some pow'r conduct us thro' the glorious road,
And lead us safe to that divine abode,
Where bliss eternal waits the virtuous soul,
And joys on joys in endless circles roll.

1740. Clio.

THE AUTHOR'S ANSWER.

When Clio seem'd forgetful of my pain,
A soft impatience throbb'd in ev'ry vein;
Each tedious hour I thought an age of woe;
So few their pleasures, and their pace so slow:
But, when your moving accents reach'd my ear,
Just, as your taste, and as your heart sincere;
My soul re-echo'd, while the melting strain
Beat in each pulse, and flow'd in ev'ry vein.
Ah! teach my verse, like your's, to be refin'd;
Your force of language, and your strength of mind:
Teach me that winning, soft, persuasive art,
Which ravishes the soul, and charms the heart:
Then ev'ry heighten'd pow'r I will employ
To paint your merit, and express my joy.
Less soft the strains, the numbers less refin'd,
With which great Orpheus polish'd human kind;
Whose magic force could lawless vice reprove,
And teach a world the sweets of social love.
When great Acasto's [1] virtues grac'd your lays,
My soul was lost in the effulgent blaze;
Whose love, like Heav'n, to all mankind extends,
Supplies the indigent, the weak defends;
Pursues the good of all with steady aim;
One bright, unweary'd, unextinguish'd flame.
What transport felt my soul, what keen delight,
When its full blaze of glory met my sight!
But soon, too soon, the happy gleam was o'er;
What joy can reign where Clio is no more?
Ah! hapless me! must yet more woes inspire
The mournful song, and tune the tragic lyre?
The last and greatest of the sable train?
Her Clio's absence must the Muse complain,
From these intrusive thoughts all pleasure flies,
And leaves my soul benighted, like my eyes.
Yet, while absorb'd in thought alone I stray,
On ev'ry sense while silent sorrows prey,
Or from some arbour, conscious of my pain,
While to the sighing breeze I sigh in vain;
May each new moment, fraught with new delight,
Crown your bright day, and bless your silent night:
May height'ning raptures ev'ry sense surprise,
Music your ears, gay prospects charm your eyes:
May all on Earth, and all in Heav'n conspire
To make your pleasures lasting and entire.
'Tis thine alone can sooth my anxious breast,
Secure of bliss, while conscious you are blest.

EPISTLE I.

TO THE SAME. FROM EDINBURGH.

From where bleak north winds chill the frozen skies,
And lov'd Edina's lofty turrets rise,

[1] A gentleman, who then resided in Galloway, distinguished for hospitality, for his inviolable attachment to the interests of his country; and, in short, for all those virtues which adorned his ancestors, and dignify human nature.

Sing heav'nly Muse! to thy lov'd Clio sing;
Tune thy faint voice, and stretch thy drooping wing.
Could I, like Uriel, on some pointed ray,
To your fair distant Eden wing my way,
Outstrip the moments, scorn the swiftest wind,
And leave ev'n wing'd desire to lag behind;
So strong, so swift, I'd fly the port to gain;
The speed of angels should pursue in vain.
Ah! whither, whither would my fancy stray?
Nor hope sustains, nor reason leads the way:
No, let my eyes in scalding sorrows flow,
Vast as my loss, and endless as my woe:
Flow, till the torrent quench this vital flame,
And, with increasing hours, increase the stream.
Yet, Clio, hear, in pity to my smart,
If gentle pity e'er could touch thy heart:
Let but one line suspend my constant care,
Too faint for hope, too lively for despair:
Thee let me still with wonted rapture find
The Muse's patroness, and poet's friend.

EPISTLE II.

TO DORINDA, WITH VENICE PRESERV'D.

If friendship gains not pardon for the Muse,
Immortal Otway, sure, will plead excuse:
For eyes like thine he wrote his moving lays,
Which feel the poet, and which weep his praise.
Whether great Jaffier tender griefs inspires,
Struggling with cruel fate, and high desires;
Or Belvidera's gentler accents flow,
When all her soul she breathes in love and woe:
Drawn from the heart the various passions shine,
And wounded Nature bleeds in ev'ry line.
As when some turtle spies her lovely mate
Pierc'd by the ball, or flutt'ring in the net,
Her little heart just bursting with despair,
She droops her wings, and breathes her soul in air.

EPISTLE III.

TO MISS ANNIE RAE:

WITH THE MANUAL OF EPICTETUS, AND TABLATURE OF CEBES.

Go, happy leaves! to Anna's view disclose
What solid joy from real virtue flows;
When, like the world, self-pois'd, th' exalted soul,
Unshaken, scorns the storms that round her roll;
And, in herself collected, joys to find
Th' untainted image of th' eternal mind.
To bid mankind their end supreme pursue,
On God and Nature fix their wand'ring view;
To teach reluctant passion to obey,
Check'd, or impell'd by reason's awful sway;
From films of errour purge the mental eye,
Till undissembled good in prospect lie;
The soul with heav'n-born virtue to inflame:
Such was the Stoic's and Socratic's aim.
O! could they view from yon immortal scene,
Where beauty, truth and good, unclouded, reign,
Fair hands like thine revolve their labour'd page,
Imbibe their truth, and in their task engage;
With rapture would they hail so fair a sight,
And feel new bliss in Heav'n's supreme delight.

TO MISS D. H. [1]

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER SHE WROTE THE AUTHOR FROM DUMFRIES.

May Heaven's best blessings on thy head descend,
Whose goodness recollects an absent friend;
Brighter and brighter may thy moments roll,
Joy warm thy heart, and virtue tune thy soul;
With length'ning life still happier be thy state,
As by thy worth, distinguish'd by thy fate.
Oh! if my ardent vows successful prove;
If merit charms, if God himself be love;
Of all the lots his bounty e'er assign'd
To bless the best, the noblest of mankind;
For none shall happier constellations shine,
None boast a sphere of ampler bliss than thine.
Few of thy sex, alas! how wond'rous few,
Bestow those kind regards to virtue due:
A humble name, of wealth too small a share,
A form unseemly, or a clownish air;
These casual faults the squeamish fair disgust,
Who to be thought refin'd, become unjust.
Not such Dorinda's more intense survey,
It looks for charms unconscious of decay;
Surface and form pervades with nobler taste,
And views God's image on the heart impress.
O may I ever share thy kind esteem,
In fortune's change, and life's tumultuous dream:
If future hours be ting'd with colours gay,
There let thy friendship mix its heav'nly ray;
O'er all my fate if adverse planets reign,
O let thy gentle pity sooth my pain:
With this one precious good securely blest,
Let chance or fortune regulate the rest.
Since still to me extend thy gen'rous cares,
My study, health, employment, and affairs;
These ever in the same dull channel flow,
A lazy current, uniformly slow.
Thus still from hour to hour, from day to day,
Life's glimm'ring taper languishes away;
A doubtful flame, a dim portentous light,
That wastes, and sickens into endless night.
The modes of dress, the sophist's keen debate,
The various politics of church or state,
A soul like thine will think but trivial news,
Beneath the care of friendship, and the Muse.
In vain I urge dull thought from line to line,
Fancy grows restive to the fond design:
Here let the Muse her weary pinions rest,
Be ever kind, and oh! be ever blest.

TO MISS A. H. ON HER MARRIAGE.

I hate the stiff address, the studied phrase
Of formal compliment, and empty praise,
Where fancy labours to express the heart,
With all the paint, and impotence of art:
But when with merit friendship's charms conspire
To bid my hand resume the votive lyre,
Once more my veins their former raptures know,
And all the Muses in my bosom glow.

[1] The young lady to whom the Monody is inscribed.

O thou, whose soul with every sweetness crown'd,
Diffuses light, and life, and pleasure round;
Whose heart, with ev'ry tender sense endow'd,
Glows, like creative Love, serenely good;
Whose easy manners at one view display
Fancy's quick flash, and reason's steady ray;
While each internal charm, with sweet surprise,
Beams thro' thy form, and lights thy radiant eyes:
Bless'd with those joys, may all thy moments flow,
Which conscious virtue only can bestow:
That soft, eternal sunshine of the mind,
Sweet as thy charms, and as thy soul refin'd.
May Heav'n protect thee with a father's care,
And make thee happy, as it made thee fair.
O may the man now sacred to thy choice,
With all his soul the real blessing prize;
One common end o'er all your views preside,
One wish compel you, and one purpose guide;
Be all your days auspicious, calm, and bright,
One scene of tender, pure, unmix'd delight,
Till time and fate exhaust their endless store,
And Heav'n alone can make your pleasure more.

TO THE REVEREND MR. JAMESON.

Why mourns my friend, what cause shall I assign?
Why smarts that tender, honest soul of thine?
What star, a foe to all that's good and great,
Dares, with malignant influence, dash thy fate?
Why shrinks my heart with fears not understood?
What strange portentous sadness chills my blood?
O! breathe thy latent sorrows in mine ear,
And prompt the starting, sympathetic tear.
As tender mothers, with assiduous view,
Their infant offspring's wand'ring steps pursue,
As, wing'd from Heav'n, celestial guardians wait,
To snatch their fav'rite charge from instant fate:
Friendship thy close attendant shall remain,
Prepar'd to soften, or partake thy pain:
Whether thy form, to pale disease a prey,
Beneath its pressure pants the tedious day;
Or if some tender grief dissolves thy mind,
Each wish extinguish'd, and each hope resign'd:
For thee my spirits shall more languid flow;
For thee, the flame of life suspend its glow;
For thee, this heart with sorrows new shall groan,
And add thy part of anguish to its own.
Whatever scenes thy pensive walk invite,
Thither thy friend shall bend his speedy flight.
Say, shall our social steps together stray
Thro' groves that glimmer with a twilight ray?
Or thro' some boundless solitary plain,
Where Melancholy holds her pensive reign?
Say, thro' embow'ring myrtles shall we rove
Bedew'd with recent tears by hopeless love?
Or, where neglected worth, from men retir'd,
In uncomplaining agony expir'd?
There in the silent cypress shade reclin'd,
Let each in each a faithful sufferer find;
There let our mingling plaints to Heav'n ascend;
There, let our eyes their ceaseless currents blend:
Our mingling plaints shall stop the passing gale,
And each enamour'd echo sigh the tale.
For whilst I speak, ev'n in this mortal hour,
Perhaps relentless Death exerts its pow'r,
Perhaps the shaft already wings its way,
Too surely aim'd, and Barnet [1] falls its prey.
Him Nature, with no common care, design'd,
His form embellish'd, and his soul refin'd;
O! with what ardour did his piercing view,
His soul; with one fond wish, embrac'd mankind:
For them his time, his cares were all employ'd;
Their griefs he felt; their happiness enjoy'd;
His parents now, in bitterness of pain,
Shall ask from Heav'n and Earth their son in vain:
In vain, his friends, with pious gifts shall tell
How gay he blossom'd, and how early fell.
Thro' all his frame a fever's fury reigns,
Consumes his vitals, and inflames his veins,
In tears the salutary arts retreat,
And virtue views with pangs her darling's fate.
Here pause, my friend, and with due candour own
Affliction's cup not mix'd for thee alone;
Others, like thee, its dire contents must drain,
And share their full inheritance of pain.
But, O! may brighter hours thy life attend;
Such as from Heav'n on happy love descend;
Such gleams, as still on conscious virtue shine,
By God and man approv'd, be ever thine.
May reason, arm'd with each persuasive art,
Inspire thy precepts, as she guides thy heart:
Nor let thy soul the smallest portion know
Of all my past distress, or present woe.

AN EPITAPH, ON HIS FATHER.

Here drop, Benevolence, thy sacred tear,
A friend of human kind reposes here:
A man, content himself, and God, to know;
A heart, with every virtue form'd to glow:
Beneath each pressure, uniformly great;
In life untainted, unsurpris'd by fate:
Such, tho' obscur'd by various ills, he shone;
Consol'd his neighbour's woes, and bore his own:
Heav'n saw, and snatch'd from fortune's rage its prey,
To share the triumphs of eternal day.

TO MRS. ANNE BLACKLOCK,

THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER.

WITH A COPY OF THE SCOTCH EDITION OF HIS POEMS.

O thou! who gav'st me first this world t' explore,
Whose frame, for me, a mother's anguish bore;
For me, whose heart its vital current drain'd,
Whose bosom nurs'd me, and whose arms sustain'd,

[1] Mr. Barnet, an Englishman, a dear and intimate friend of our poet. He was a student of physic in the university of Edinburgh; and at the time the above epistle was written lay dangerously ill of a fever, of which he died a few days after, in the bloom of youth, much lamented by all who knew him, but particularly by Mr. Blacklock, who scarce ever mentioned his name without a tear.

What tho' thy son, dependent, weak, and blind,
Deplore his wishes check'd, his hopes confin'd?
Tho' want, impending, cloud each chearless day,
And death with life seem struggling for their prey?
Let this console, if not reward, thy pain,
Unhappy he may live, but not in vain.

PROLOGUE TO OTHELLO:

SPOKEN BY MR. LOVE, AT THE OPENING OF THE PLAY-HOUSE IN DUMFRIES.

Ye souls! by soft humanity inspir'd,
For gen'rous hearts and manners free admir'd;
Where taste and commerce, amicably join'd,
Embellish life, and cultivate the mind:
Without a blush you may support our stage;
No tainted joys shall here your view engage.
To tickle fools with prostituted art,
Debauch the fancy, and corrupt the heart,
Let others stoop; such meanness we despise,
And please with virtuous objects virtuous eyes.
The tender soul what dire convulsions tear,
When whisp'ring villains gain th' incautious ear;
How heav'nly mild, yet how intensely bright,
Fair innocence, tho' clouded, strikes the sight;
What endless plagues from jealous fondness flow,
This night our faithful scenes attempt to show:
No new-born whim, no hasty flash of wit;
But Nature's dictates, by great Shakespeare writ.
Immortal bard! who, with a master hand,
Could all the movements of the soul command;
With pity sooth, with terrour shake her frame;
In love dissolve her, or to rage inflame.
To taste and virtue, Heav'n-descended pair!
While pleas'd we thus devote our art and care;
To crown our ardour, let your fav'ring smile
Reward our hopes, and animate our toil:
So may your eyes no weeping moments know,
But when they share some Desdemona's woe.

PROLOGUE TO HAMLET:

SPOKEN BY MR. LOVE, AT DUMFRIES.

Inspir'd with pleasing hope to entertain,
Once more we offer Shakespeare's heav'nly strain;
While hov'ring round, his laurel'd shade surveys
What eyes shall pour their tribute to his praise;
What hearts with tender pity shall regret
The bitter grief that clouds Ophelia's fate.
Once fair she flourish'd, Nature's joy and pride,
But droop'd and wither'd, when a father dy'd.
Severe extremes of tenderness and woe,
When love and virtue mourn one common blow;
When griefs alternate o'er the bosom reign,
And ev'ry sense, and ev'ry thought is pain!
Here Nature triumph'd, on her throne sublime,
And mock'd each pigmy Muse of later time;
Till Shakespeare touch'd the soul with all her smart,
And stamp'd her living image on the heart.
From his instructive song we deeply feel,
How vainly guilt its horrours would conceal.
Tho' night and silence with the fraud conspire,
To bid the crime from human search retire;
Tho' yet the traitor seem from harm secure,
And fate a while suspend th' avenging hour:
Tho' fortune nurse him with a mother's care,
And deck her pageant in a short-liv'd glare:
In vain he struggles to disguise his smart,
A living plague corrodes his ulcer'd heart;
While ev'ry form of ruin meets his eyes,
And Heav'n's vindictive terrours round him rise.
Such salutary truths their light diffuse,
Where honours due attend the tragic Muse;
Deep by her sacred signature imprest,
They mingle with the soul, and warm the breast.
Hence taught of old, the pious and the sage,
With veneration, patroniz'd the stage.
But, soft! methinks you cry with some surprise,
"How long intend you thus to moralize?"
Our prologue deviates from establish'd rules,
Nor shocks the fair nor calls the critics fools,
'Tis true; but, daily fond of common sense,
We still think spleen to wit has no pretence;
Think impudence is far remote from spirit,
And modesty, tho' awkward, has some merit.

AN EPIGRAM:

TO A GENTLEMAN, WHO ASKED MY SENTIMENTS OF HIM.

Dear Fabius! me if well you know,
You ne'er will take me for your foe;
If right yourself you comprehend,
You ne'er will take me for your friend.

AN EPIGRAM:

ON PUNCH.

Hence! restless care, and low design;
Hence! foreign compliments and wine:
Let gen'rous Britons, brave and free,
Still boast their punch and honesty.
Life is a bumper fill'd by fate,
And we the guests who share the treat;
Where strong, insipid, sharp and sweet,
Each other duly temp'ring meet.
A while with joy the scene is crown'd;
A while the catch and toast go round:
And, when the full carouse is o'er,
Death puffs the lights, and shuts the door.
Say then, physicians of each kind,
Who cure the body, or the mind;
What harm in drinking can there be,
Since punch and life so well agree?

AN EPIGRAM:

ON MARRIAGE.

Young Celia, now a blooming bride,
Sat from her friends apart, and cry'd;
Her faithful Chloe view'd her care,
And thus consol'd the weeping fair:
"Good Heav'n! in tears! for shame! look gay;
Nor cloud with grief your nuptial day.

If brides in tears receive their spouses,
What must the hapless wretch who loses?
Besides, my dear, you know 'tis reason,
That all things have a proper season:
Now, 'tis in marriage a plain case,
That crying holds the second place.
Let vulgar souls in sorrow sink,
Who always act, and never think:
But, to reflecting minds like you,
Marriage can sure have nothing new."

AN EPIGRAM.

ON THE SAME.

Whoever seals the marriage vow,
'Tis well agreed, makes one of two:
But who can tell, save G—d alone,
What numbers may make two of one.

AN EPITAPH,

ON A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

I never bark'd when out of season;
I never bit without a reason;
I ne'er insulted weaker brother;
Nor wrong'd by force nor fraud another.
Though brutes are plac'd a rank below,
Happy for man, could he say so!

THE AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

While in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,
And touch each feature with a trembling hand;
Deign, lovely Self! with art and nature's pride,
To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.
Self is the grand pursuit of half mankind:
How vast a crowd by Self, like me, are blind!
By Self, the fop, in magic colours, shown,
Tho' scorn'd by ev'ry eye, delights his own:
When age and wrinkles seize the conqu'ring maid,
Self, not the glass, reflects the flatt'ring shade:
Then, wonder-working Self! begin the lay;
Thy charms to others, as to me, display.
Straight is my person, but of little size;
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes:
My youthful down is, like my talents, rare;
Politely distant stands each single hair.
My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear;
So smooth, a child may listen without fear;
Not form'd in cadence soft and warbling lays,
To sooth the fair thro' pleasure's wanton ways.
My form so fine, so regular, so new;
My port so manly, and so fresh my hue;
Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing say,
"See, see Memento mori cross the way."
The ravish'd Proserpine at last, we know,
Grew fondly jealous of her sable beau;
But, thanks to Nature! none from me need fly;
One heart the Devil could withstand—so cannot I.
Yet, tho' my person fearless may be seen,
There is some danger in my graceful mien:
For, as some vessel, toss'd by wind and tide,
Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from side to side;
In just vibration thus I always move:
This who can view, and not be forc'd to love?
Hail! charming Self! by whose propitious aid
My form in all its glory stands display'd:
Be present still; with inspiration kind,
Let the same faithful colours paint the mind.
Like all mankind, with vanity I'm bless'd;
Conscious of wit I never yet possess'd.
To strong desires my heart an easy prey,
Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.
This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe;
The next I wonder why I should do so.
Tho' poor, the rich I view with careless eye;
Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lye.
I ne'er, for satire, torture common sense;
Nor show my wit at God's, nor man's expense.
Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown;
Wish well to all, and yet do good to none.
Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;
Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.
Dishonest flames my bosom never fire;
The bad I pity, and the good admire:
Fond of the Muse, to her devote my days,
And scribble—not for pudding, but for praise.
These careless lines if any virgin hears,
Perhaps, in pity to my joyless years,
She may consent a gen'rous flame to own;
And I no longer sigh the nights alone.
But, should the fair, affected, vain or nice,
Scream with the fears inspir'd by frogs or mice;
Cry, "Save us, Heav'n! a spectre, not a man!"
Her hartshorn snatch, or interpose her fan:
If I my tender overture repeat;
O! may my vows her kind reception meet!
May she new graces on my form bestow,
And, with tall honours, dignify my brow![1]

ADVICE

TO THE

LADIES,

A

SATIRE.

Some country-girl, scarce to a curtsey bred,
Would I much rather than Cornelia wed.
Dryden's Juvenal.

PREFACE.

Whether the author's designs were benevolent or ill-natured, in the writing or publication of this piece to the world, it is unnecessary for him to discover; for even though he should, with all imaginable candour, express the motives which influenced him, every one will presume upon the

[1] The manner in which our author has conducted this piece is very remarkable. None but one possessed of Mr. Blacklock's happy temper of mind, would have been so pleasant at his own expence. However, lest the ladies of future ages should think this humorous description real, it may not be improper to tell them, that, if the original had been in the hands of a faithful painter, the picture would by no means have been so ludicrous. *R. H.*

same right of judging as if no such discovery had been made. Permit him therefore only to say, that this satire is neither absolutely personal, nor comprehensive of all. To attack any particular character is no less detraction in verse than in prose; or suppose the intention more good-natured, it is confining those moral lessons to one, which may be applicable to a thousand. To attack any sex or species for qualities inseparable from it, is really to write a satire against Nature. So that the business of one who would assume a character so delicate and unwelcome, is neither to confine himself to individuals, nor attempt to include the whole.

The author thought it proper to convey his sentiments in an epistolary way, that the eye might still be directed to one principal figure. Such characters and passions as could not thus properly be introduced, are brought in by frequent digressions, with as much ease as possible. For this I need only instance the characters of Flavia and Timandra.

The most effectual way either to gain or preserve the attention of readers in satire is, by a delicate and well-preserved irony. This the author has as seldom violated as the subjects he treated, and his own warmth of temper would permit. And thus, under pretence of advising, he exposes to his pupil most of the vices and foibles of the sex; first, in their earliest appearances in the world, then in marriage, as mistresses of a family, as mothers, and the different rules too often observed in dress abroad and at home. This account of our author's plan was thought requisite, lest the reader, when glancing over the poem, might lose himself in it. *A. G.*

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

INSCRIB'D TO MISS ———

Credo pudicitiam, Saturno rege, moratam
In terris, visamque diu.———— Juv.

In Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd Chastity on earth.
Dryden.

O THOU, whom still in vain I must adore,
To Beauty much in debt, to Fortune more;
With wit and taste enough thy faults to hide,
To gild thy folly, and to plume thy pride;
Soon shall my heart, a rebel to thy chain,
Assert its freedom, and thy pow'r disdain.
Yet 'ere kind Fate my liberty restore, [more)
(When twice five hundred pounds can charm no
For thee the Muse shall tune th' instructive lay,
And thro' the maze of life direct thy way:
The Muse, long study'd in her sex's art,
The head designing, and corrupted heart,
For thee shall sing; nor thou too rashly blame
The last faint struggles of a dying flame.

The maid whom Nature with maternal care
Has form'd to scatter ruin ev'ry where,
When first on life her radiant eyes she throws,
Dress, flatt'ry, pleasure, *billet-doux*, and beaus;
Then, conscious of her weakness, let her fly
The tender lisp, the love-illumin'd eye;
Let her alike distrust her strength and art,
And cautious to some maiden aunt impart
The important charge, her honour and her heart.
But soon the first emotions of desire
Shall with simplicity and truth retire;
The conscious tongue, inspir'd by distant views,
Its first alliance with the soul shall lose;
The blood, by candour taught before to glow,
From other motives to the cheeks shall flow;
No more shall looks her sentiments explain,
But ev'ry flexile feature learn to feign.
Then let her issue forth to open light,
In all the blaze of native beauty bright;
Insatiate, conquest let her still pursue,
Secure from harm, and destin'd to undo.
Yet while the first of public toasts she reigns,
While half the nation struggles in her chains,
If not like thee, with fortune's bounty blest,
Let her at last regain the world to rest,
Ere Time his empire o'er her charms assume,
And tinge with fainter hue her native bloom.

In vernal youth, and beauty's gayest prime,
The charming Flavia thus becomes a bride.
For what bless'd youth, O Muse, with truth declare,
Could Fate reserve the conquest of the fair?
To what resistless art, what charms divine,
What soft address, could she her heart resign?
Did youth, good-nature, sense, inflict the wound?
"No—peevish seventy with five thousand pound."
Hail holy ties! by wond'rous charms endear'd,
The paralytic nerve, and hoary beard.
What mighty joys must bless such equal love,
When hand in hand gay Spring and Winter move?
Beneath the specious semblance of a wife
She flaunts a licens'd prostitute for life.
Why all this hurry? Flavia was afraid
Her fame should wither, or her beauty fade.

Favour'd of Heav'n, far happier stars are thine;
Long as thy wish shall thy meridian shine,
In youth or age still certain to command,
And see thy bloom coeval with thy land.

There is a time, to all the sex well known,
When 'tis a wretched thing to be alone; [teems,
When pregnant Night with ghosts and spectres
And sportive fairies prompt tumultuous dreams;
Then, tho' no lover wish thy breast inflame,
Though spotless be thy fancy as thy name,
In solitary fears no longer pine,
But to protecting man thy charms resign.

And now, before the rapture'd swain should cloy
With known embraces, and repeated joy;
Now is the time thy wit, thy pow'rs to strain,
And tease him still some fav'rite boon to gain.
Now with eternal tempest stun his ears,
Now vary all the scene with fits and tears;
Now (pleas'd to view the wretches of pain,
To view thy tyranny new force obtain)
To all his tender arts and soft pursuit
Still be thy tongue inexorably mute.

Nor yet thy plagues to one alone confine,
Portending public ruin comets shine;
Angle for hearts, and when you catch the prey,
Long on the line your foolish captive play.

But should thy fond officious fool be near,
With jealous looks, and with attentive ear;
Should he on ev'ry private hour intrude,
And watch those pleasures he was meant to shroud;
With all thy skill his jealous rage ferment,
The look inviting, and the soft complaint;

With equal favour ev'ry lover bless,
The gentle whisper, and the fond caress;
Till the weak dupe, in every tender sense,
Feels, more than Hell, the torture of suspense.
Then if he dares to murmur at his fate,
Tell *him* with smiles, repentance is too late.
But if, with haughty tone, and lordly pride,
He dictates serious rules thy life to guide;
With weeping eyes, and melting sounds, regret
The destin'd sorrows which on *woman* wait;
To tyrant man subjected during life,
A wretched daughter, and more wretched wife;
Alike unbless'd, whate'er her form inspire,
Licentious ridicule, or low desire;
She pines away a life to bliss unknown;
A slave to ev'ry humour but her own;
While with despotic nod, and watchful gaze,
Her jealous master all her steps surveys:
With strict observe each lover if she treat,
Then all her portion is contempt or hate;
But if more free she spend the cheerful day
Among the witty, innocent, and gay,
From all her hopes domestic pleasure flies,
Suspicion breathes, and lo! her honour dies.
Such cruel stars on woman still attend,
And couldst thou hope their fury to suspend?

Perhaps some lover may thy soul inflame,
For nature in each bosom is the same;
Then, but by slow degrees, his fate decide,
And gratify at once thy love and pride.
For love and pride, beneath each dark disguise,
Heave in your breast, and sparkle in your eyes:
Howe'er your sex in chastity pretend
To hate the lover, but admire the friend,
Desires more warm their natal throne maintain,
Platonic passions only reach the brain.

Though in the cloyster's secret cell immur'd
By bolts, by ev'ry name in Heaven secur'd;
Though in the close seraglio's walls confin'd;
Ev'n there your fancy riots on mankind:
Your persons may be fix'd, your forms recluse
While minds are faithless, and while thoughts are loose.

Should Love at last (whom has not Love subdu'd?)
Full on thy sense some killing form obtrude;
O! then beware, nor with a lavish hand
Too promptly offer, ere thy swain demand.
Our mothers, great in virtues as in crimes,
Disdain'd the venal spirit of our times:
Vice, oft repell'd, their stubborn hearts essay'd;
But if at last their yielding soul she sway'd,
Nor hopes, nor fears, nor int'rest could restrain,
Heav'n charm'd, Hell threaten'd, Av'rice brib'd in vain.

Fools they, and folly's common lot they shar'd,
Instinct their guide, and pleasure their reward:
Their wiser race pursue a happier scheme,
Pleasure their instrument, and wealth their aim;
Nor maid, nor wife, unbrib'd her heart bestows,
Each dart is tipp'd with gold which Cupid throws.

Thus should the dice invite thy vent'rous hand,
Or debts of honour fresh supplies demand;
Should china, monkeys, gems thy heart engage,
The gilded coach, or liv'ry'd equipage;
Half meet, half shun his wish, nor free, nor nice;
Delay the pleasure, to inhance the price.

While Night o'er Heav'n and Earth extends her shade,
And darker female cunning lends its aid,
Then, but with art, thy schemes of pleasure lay,
Lest Argus with his hundred eyes survey:
For gales officious ev'ry whisper bear,
Each room has echoes, and each wall an ear.
Yet Jealousy, oft faun'd with opiate airs,
Her charge abandons, and forgets her cares;
While Love awake exerts his happy pow'r,
And consecrates to joy the fated hour.

That well-concerted plans command success,
Learn from Timandra's fortune, and confess.
The clock strikes ten, in vain Timandra mourns,
Supper is serv'd, no husband yet returns.
"Not yet return'd! Good Heav'n avert my fear;
What unforeseen mischance detains my dear?
Perhaps in some dark alley, by surprise,
Beneath a villain's arm he murder'd lies;
Or by some apoplectic fit deprest,
Perhaps, alas! he seeks eternal rest,
Whilst I an early widow mourn in vain:
Haste! fly, ye slaves, restore my lord again!"
She spoke, she shriek'd aloud, she rung the bell,
Then senseless, lifeless, on the couch she fell.
"Say, Muse; for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor Hell's deep track"; say, what could then ensue?

Lorenzo, touch'd with sympathy divine,
Heard the shrill sound, and recognis'd the sign;
He came, he spoke, and if report say true,
Her life rekindled, and her fears withdrew.
The lover vanish'd, and the tumult past,
The unsuspecting husband came at last;
The spouse with equal joy his transports crown'd,
Nor on her lips were Cassio's kisses found[1].

Let scandal next no slight attention share,
Scandal, the fav'rite science of the fair,
O'er which her fancy broods the summer-day,
And scheming wastes the midnight-taper's ray;
The laugh significant, the biting jest,
The whisper loud, the sentence half suppress,
The seeming pity for another's fame,
To praise with coldness, or with caution blame;
Still shall thy malice by those arts succeed,
And ev'ry hour a reputation bleed.
Thus shall thy words, thy looks, thy silence wound,
And plagues be wafted in each whisper round.
Nor on these topics long let fancy dwell;
In one unite the pedant and the belle:
With learned jargon, ever misapply'd,
Harangue, illustrate, criticise, decide.
For in our days, to gain a sage's name,
We need not plod for sense, but banish shame:
'Tis this which opens every fair-one's eyes,
Religion, sense, and reason to despise;
'Tis thus their thoughts affected freedom boast,
And laugh at God, yet tremble at a ghost.
Truth is the object of each common view,
The gazing crowd her naked beauties woo;
The fair such manners scorn, but, brave and free,
Are damn'd for sacred singularity.

Thee with a mother's name should Fortune grace,
And propagate thy vices in thy race,
Let whim, not reason, all thy conduct guide,
And not the parent, but the rod, preside:
In all thy steps each wide extreme unite,
Capricious tenderness, or groundless spite.
Hence future ages shall with triumph see
Bridewell and Tyburn both enrich'd by thee.
To this our lives their hapless tenour owe,
Ting'd with the poison'd source from whence they flow.

[1] See Othello.

Ah! me, had gracious Heav'n alone consign'd
A prey to burning wrath your worthless kind;
Or had the first fair she, to Hell ally'd,
Creation's sole reproach, curs'd Heav'n and dy'd;
Nor introduc'd in Nature's faultless frame
The wretched heritage of guilt and shame.
Such the maternal pledges you bestow,
Expressive earnests of eternal woe.
Still as a constant curse regard thy home,
Thy pleasure's penance, and thy beauty's tomb;
Now mad with rage, now languishing with spleen,
There still in wretched dishabile be seen:
Long let thy nail its polish'd jet extend,
Around thy neck thy greasy locks descend;
And round thee, mingling in one spicy gale,
Kitchen and nurs'ry all their sweets exhale.
But if in more extensive spheres you move,
With all the glare of dress your form improve;
To aid its pomp let either India join,
Nor once reflect at whose expense you shine;
New airs, new fashions, new complexions try,
While paint and affectation can supply.
For Heav'n and Nature, uniform, and old,
One settled course in each production hold;
But belles, by native genius taught to please,
Correct their Maker's want of taste with ease.
But why this hasty rage, this sudden fright?
I meant to counsel, and you say I bite.
Ah! no; Heav'n knows 'twas far from my intent;
The world's too much a sinner to repent:
By its example taught, I change my view,
And swear the fair are right whate'er they do.

HORACE,

Ode XIII. Book I. Imitated.

CUM TU LYDIA, TELEPHI, &c.

When Celia dwells on Damon's name,
Insatiate of the pleasing theme,
Or in detail admires his charms,
His rosy neck, and waxen arms;
O! then, with fury scarce suppress,
My big heart labours in my breast;
From thought to thought across my soul
Incessant tides of passion roll;
My blood alternate chills and glows,
My wav'ring colour comes and goes;
While down my cheek the silent tear
Too plainly bids my grief appear,
Too plainly shows the latent flame
Whose slow consumption melts my frame.
I burn, when conscious of his sway,
The youth elated I survey,
Presume, with insolence of air
To frown, or dictate to my fair;
Or in the madness of delight,
When to thy arms he wings his flight,
And having snatch'd a rude embrace,
Profanes the softness of that face;
That face which Heav'n itself imbues
With brightest charms and softest hues.
Oh! if my counsels touch thine ear,
(Love's counsels always are sincere)
From his ungovern'd transports fly,
Howe'er his form may please thine eye;
For conflagrations, fierce and strong,
Are fatal still, but never long:
And he who roughly treats the shrine,
Where modest worth and beauty shine,
Forgetful of his former fire,
Will soon no more these charms admire.
How bless'd, how more than bless'd are they
Whom love retains with equal sway;
Whose flame inviolaly bright,
Still burns in its meridian height;
Nor jealous fears, nor cold disdain,
Disturb their peace, nor break their chain:
But, when the hours of life ebb fast,
For each in sighs they breathe their last!

AN ELEGY TO A LADY,

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

O form'n at once to feel and to inspire
The noblest passions of the human breast,
Attend the accent of love's fav'rite lyre,
And let thy soul its moving force attest.

Expressive passion, in each sound convey'd,
Shall all its joy disclose, and all its smart;
Reason to modest tenderness persuade,
Smooth ev'ry thought, and tranquillize the heart.

False is that wisdom, impotent and vain, [sign'd,
Which scorns the sphere by Heav'n to men as-
Which treats love's purest fires with mock disdain,
And, human, soars above the human kind.

Silent the Muse of elegy remain'd,
Her plaints untaught by Nature to renew,
Whilst spurious art delusive sorrows feign'd, [true!
With how much ease distinguish'd from the

Ev'n polish'd Waller mourns the constant scorn
Of Saccharissa, and his fate in vain:
With love his fancy, not his heart is torn;
We praise his wit, but cannot share his pain.

Such force has Nature, so supremely fair,
With charms maternal her productions shine;
The vivid grace and unaffected air,
Proclaim them all her own, and all divine.

Should youthful merit in such strains implore,
Let beauty still vouchsafe a gentle tear.
What can the soul, with passion thrill'd, do more?
The song must prove the sentiment sincere.

Cold cunning ne'er, with animated strain,
To other breasts can warmth unfelt impart:
We see her labour with industrious pain,
And mock the turgid impotence of art.

ODE TO [illegible]NTA.

By fully led from snare to snare
Of bitter grief, suspense, and ca[illegible]
A voluntary prey;
With ev'ry flatt'ring hope resign'd,
Once more myself and peace to find,
From thee I force my way.

Yet with reluctant step and slow,
From all that's dear while thus I go,
Some pity let me claim!
Less smart th' expiring martyr feels,
While racks distend or torturing wheels
Tear his devoted frame.

Nor think, like infants prone to change,
From sordid views or weak revenge,
My resolutions flow:
'Tis God's, 'tis Nature's great behest,
On every living soul impress't,
To seek relief from woe;

Nor yet explore, with curious bent,
What, known, would but thy soul torment,
And all its hopes betray:
When painful truths invade the mind,
Ev'n wisdom wishes to be blind,
And hates th' officious ray.

Ye powers, who cordial and serene,
Protect the dear domestic scene,
To your retreats I fly;
At length by your's and reason's aid,
I may to rest this heart persuade,
And wipe the tearful eye.

There Nature, o'er the heart supreme,
Shall every tender wish reclaim,
Where'er they fondly stray;
There friendship's arms my fall sustain,
When, languid with excess of pain,
My fainting nerves give way.

With cadence soft the flowing stream,
The fawning breeze, the lambent gleam,
Shall join their various power,
To bid each passion's rising tide
In philosophic ease subside,
And sooth my pensive hour.

AN ELEGY.

Inscribed to C—— S—— Esq.

O friend, by ev'ry sympathy endear'd,
Which soul with soul in sacred ties unite;
The hour arrives, so long, so justly fear'd,
Brings all its pangs, and sinks each joy in night.

For now from Heav'n my unavailing pray'r
Toss'd devious, mingles with the sportive gale;
No tender arts can move my cruel fair,
Nor all love's silent eloquence prevail.

Though from my lips no sound unmeaning flows,
Though in each action fondness is exprest,
No kind return shall terminate my woes,
Nor heave th' eternal pressure from my breast.

Too well the weakness of my heart I knew;
Too well love's pow'r my soul had felt before:
Why did I then the pleasing ill pursue,
And tempt the malice of my fate once more?

Conscious how few among the fair succeed,
Who boast no merit but a tender heart,
Why was my soul again to chains decreed,
To unrewarded tears and endless smart?

The siren Hope, my tardy pace to cheer,
In gay presage the short'ning prospect drest,
With art fallacious brought the object near,
And lull'd each rising doubt in fatal rest.

I saw success, or thought at least I saw,
Beck'ning with smiles to animate my speed,
Reason was mute, impress'd with trembling awe,
And mem'ry not one precedent could plead.

How curs'd is he who never learnt to fear
The keenest plagues his cruel stars portend!
Till o'er his head the black'ning clouds appear,
And Heav'n's collected storms at once descend!

What further change of fortune can I wait?
What consummation to the last despair?
She flies, yet shows no pity for my fate;
She sees, yet deigns not in my griefs to share.

Yet the kind heart, where tender passions reign,
Will catch the softness when it first appears;
Explore each symptom of the sufferer's pain,
Sigh all his sighs, and number all his tears.

This tribute from humanity is due; [bestow,
What then, just Heav'ns! what would not love
Yet though the fair insensible I view,
For others' bliss I would not change my woe.

O blind to truth, and to reflection blind,
At length to wisdom and thyself return!
See Science wait thee with demeanour kind,
Whose frown or absence no fond lovers mourn.

Bounteous and free to all who ask her aid,
Her sacred light anticipates their call,
Points out the precipice on which they stray'd,
And with maternal care prevents their fall.

Daughter of God! whose features all express
Th' eternal beauty whence thy being sprung;
I to thy sacred shrine my steps address, [tongue.
And catch each sound from thy Heav'n-prompted

O! take me wholly to thy fond embrace,
Through all my soul thy radiant beams infuse;
Thence every cloud of pleasing errour chase;
Adjust her organs, and enlarge her views.

Hence, ever fixt on virtue and on thee,
No lower wish shall her attention claim,
Till, like her sacred parent, pure and free, [came.
She gain the native Heav'n from whence she

TO JOHN M'LAURIN, Esq.

(NOW LORD DREGHORN, ONE OF THE SENATORS OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE.)

WITH THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

O thou! in whom maturely bright appears
The flame of genius in the dawn of years;
Whom sacred wisdom's awful voice inspires;
Whom Heav'n-born virtue's spotless beauty fires:
Still let these glorious aims engage thy view;
With straining nerves the arduous path pursue;
For this revolve the sacred, ancient page,
The raptur'd poet, and instructive sage:
Nor scorn the efforts of a modern Muse,
Proud to reflect the glories they diffuse.
Then, while with conscious joy exults thy sire [1],
Viewing his son to equal fame aspire,
When the last echoes of my mortal lay,
Shall feebly mix with air, and die away;
Still shall my life beyond the grave extend,
And ages know me for M'Laurin's friend.

[1] The late celebrated Mr. Colin M'Laurin.

EXTEMPORE VERSES,

SPOKEN AT THE DESIRE OF A GENTLEMAN.

Thou, genius of connubial love, attend;
Let silent wonder all thy powers suspend;
Whilst to thy glory I devote my lays,
And pour forth all my grateful heart in praise.
In lifeless strains let vulgar satire tell,
That marriage oft is mixt with Heav'n and Hell,
That conjugal delight is sour'd with spleen,
And peace and war compose the varied scene;
My Muse a truth sublimer can assert,
And sing the triumphs of a mutual heart.
Thrice happy they, who through life's varied tide,
With equal peace and gentler motion glide;
Whom tho' the wave of fortune sinks or swells,
One reason governs, and one wish impels;
Whose emulation is to love the best;
Who feel no bliss, but in each other blest;
Who know no pleasure but the joys they give,
Nor cease to love, but when they cease to live:
If fate these blessings in one lot combine,
Then let th' eternal page record them mine.

TO THE REVEREND MR. SPENCE,

LATE PROFESSOR OF POETRY AT OXFORD.

WRITTEN AT DUMFRIES IN THE YEAR 1759.

To tomes of dull theology confin'd,
(Eternal opiates of the active mind)
Long lay my spirits, lull'd in deep repose,
Incapable alike of verse or prose.
Unmark'd by thought or action, every day
Appear'd, and pass'd in apathy away.
Our friend, the doctor [1], view'd with deep regret,
My sad catastrophé, my lifeless state;
Explor'd each ancient sage, whose labours tell
The force of powerful herb, or magic spell.
Physic in vain its boasted influence try'd;
My stupor incantation's voice defy'd:
No charm could light my fancy's languid flame,
No charm but friendship's voice and Spence's name.
So from the cold embraces of the tomb,
Involv'd in deep impenetrable gloom, [arise
Should Heav'n's great mandate bid some wretch
How would he view the Sun with ravish'd eyes;
Admire each part of Nature's beauteous scene,
And welcome life and happiness again!
Amaz'd the doctor stood, and lost in thought,
Nor could believe the wonder he had wrought;
Till, fir'd at last with sacerdotal pride,
"'Tis mine;—the work is all my own," he cried.
"Henceforth some nobler task my might shall prove,
I mean some lofty mountain to remove,
With woods and fountains bid it wing its way
Thro' yielding air and settle in the sea."
But recollecting whence the virtue flow'd
To which returning life and sense I ow'd,
He snatch'd his pen, and with majestic tone;
"Hence Indolence and Sloth," he cry'd, "be gone;
Me friendship's spirit, Spence's name inspire,
My heart is pregnant, and my soul on fire;
Thought crowds on thought, my brisk ideas flow,
And much I long to tell, and much to know."

[1] Rev. Mr. Jameson.

Thus exorcis'd, to Lethe's dismal shore
Fled Indolence, and sought her haunts of yore,
With all her train forsook the poet's breast,
And left the man completely dispossess'd.
If to your very name, by bounteous Heav'n,
Such blest, restoring influence has been giv'n,
How must your sweet approach, your aspect kind,
Your soul-reviving converse, warm the mind!

TO DR. BEATTIE.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

O, warm'd by inspiration's brightest fire,
For whom the Muses string their fav'rite lyre,
Tho' with superior genius blest, yet deign
A kind reception to my humbler strain.
When florid youth impell'd, and fortune smil'd,
The vocal art my languid hours beguil'd:
Severer studies now my life engage;
Researches dull, that quench poetic rage;
From morn to ev'ning destin'd to explore
Th' verbal critic and the scholiast's lore;
Alas! what beam of heav'nly ardour shines
In musty lexicons and school divines?
Yet to the darling object of my heart,
A short, but pleasing retrospect I dart;
Revolve the labours of the tuneful quire,
And what I cannot imitate, admire.
O could my thoughts with all thy spirit glow;
As thine harmonious, could my accents flow;
Then, with approving ear, might'st thou attend,
Nor in a Blacklock blush to own a friend.

TO THE REV. DR. OGILVIE.

I decus, i, nostrum, melioribus utere fatis.
Virgil.

Dear to the Muses and their tuneful train,
Whom, long pursu'd, I scarce at last regain;
Why should'st thou wonder, if, when life declines,
His antiquated lyre thy friend resigns.
Haply, when youth elate with native force,
Or emulation fires the generous horse,
He bounds, he springs, each nerve elastic strains,
And if not victor, some distinction gains;
But should the careless master of the steed,
Cherish no more his mettle, or his speed,
Indignantly he shuns all future strife,
And wastes in indolent regret his life.
Such were his efforts, such his cold reward,
Whom once thy partial tongue pronounc'd a bard;
Excursive, on the gentle gales of spring,
He rov'd, whilst favour imp'd his timid wing:
Exhausted genius now no more inspires,
But mourns abortive hopes and faded fires; [grac'd,
The short-liv'd wreath, which once his temples
Fades at the sickly breath of squeamish taste;
Whilst darker days his fainting flames immure
In cheerless gloom and winter premature.
But thou, my friend, whom higher omens lead,
Bold to achieve, and mighty to succeed,
For whom fresh laurels, in eternal bloom,
Impregnate heav'n and Earth with rich perfume;

Pursue thy destin'd course, assert thy fame;
Ev'n Providence shall vindicate thy claim;
Ev'n Nature's wreck, resounding thro' thy lays,
Shall in it's final crash proclaim thy praise.

TO A FRIEND,

OF WHOSE HEALTH AND SUCCESS THE AUTHOR HAD HEARD, AFTER A LONG ABSENCE.

Thou dearest of friends to my heart ever known,
Whose enjoyments and sufferings have still been my own,
Since early we met in susceptible youth,
When glowing for virtue, and toiling for truth;
To God one petition, with steady regard,
With ardour incessant, my spirit preferr'd,
Thy life to protract, and thy blessings augment,
Now my wish is obtain'd, and my bosom content.
You ask, by what means I my livelihood gain,
And how my long conflict with fortune maintain?
The question is kind, yet I cannot tell why,
'Tis hard for a spirit like mine to reply.
If a friend with a friend must be free and sincere,
My vesture is simple and sober my cheer;
But tho' few my resources, and vacant my purse,
One comfort is left me, things cannot be worse.
'Tis vain to repine, as philosophers say,
So I take what is offer'd, and live as I may;
To my wants, still returning, adapt my supplies,
And find in my hope what my fortune denies.
To the powerful and great had I keenly apply'd,
Had I toil'd for their pleasures, or flatter'd their pride,
In splendour and wealth I perhaps might have flam'd,
For learning, for virtue, for ev'ry thing far'd.
The gamester, th' informer, the quack, and the smuggler,
The Bully, the player, the mimic, the juggler,
The dispenser of libels, the teller of fortunes,
And others of equal respect and importance,
Find high reputation and ample subsistence,
Whilst craving necessity stands at a distance.
But who could determine, in soundness of brain,
By priesthood, or poetry, life to sustain?
Our Maker to serve, or our souls to improve,
Are tasks self-rewarded, and labours of love.
Such with hunger and thirst are deservedly paid,
'Tis glorious to starve by so noble a trade:
'Tis guilt and ambition for priests to pretend
Their fame to advance, and their fortune amend;
Their fame and their fortune, by pious mankind,
Are such trifles esteem'd as no mortal should mind.
Nor less by the world is the Heav'n-gifted bard,
In his visions abandon'd to find his reward.
Can sensations of wretchedness ever invade
That breast which Apollo his temple has made?
On the top of Parnassus his hermitage lies;
And who can repine, when so near to the skies?
For him sweet ambrosia spontaneously grows;
For him Agannippe spontaneously flows.
Tho' the bev'rage be cool, and ethereal the diet,
Fine souls, thus regal'd, should be happy and quiet.
But I, who substantial nutrition require,
Would rather the Muses should feed than inspire.
And whilst lofty Pindus my fancy explores,
To Earth the wild fugitive hunger restores.
Yet lest what I mean be obscurely express'd,
No call is unanswer'd, no wish unredress'd:
But other resources supplied what was wanting, [ing.
Less barren employments than preaching or chant-
For thee, whom I glory to claim as my friend,
May stars more propitious thy labours attend;
On Earth be thy prospect still smiling and bright,
And thy portion hereafter immortal delight.

THE GENEALOGY OF NONSENSE.

When long and careful scrutiny in vain,
I search'd th' obscure recesses of my brain;
The Muses oft, with mournful voice I woo'd,
To find a plea for silence if they could.
But thro' my search not one excuse appear'd,
And not a Muse would answer if she heard.
Thus I remain'd in anxious, sad suspense,
Despairing aid from reason or from sense,
Till from a pow'r, of late well known to fame,
Tho' not invok'd, the wish'd solution came.
Now night incumbent shaded half the ball,
Silence assum'd her empire over all,
While on my eyes imperfect slumbers spread
Their downy wings, and hover'd round my head;
But still internal sense awake remain'd,
And still its first solicitude retain'd;
When, lo! with slow descent, obscurely bright,
Yet cloth'd in darkness visible, not light,
A form, high tow'ring to the distant skies,
In mimic grandeur, stood before my eyes:
As after storms waves faintly lash the shore,
As hollow winds in rocky caverns roar, [ear,
Such were the sounds which pierc'd my trembling
And chill'd my soul with more than common fear.
Thus spoke the pow'r:—"From yon extended void,
Where Jove's creating hand was ne'er employ'd,
Where soft with hard, and heavy mix'd with light,
And heat with cold, maintain eternal fight;
Where end the realms of order, form, and day;
Where Night and Chaos hold primeval sway;
Their first, their ever-darling offspring view,
Who comes thy wonted calmness to renew.
Ere yet the mountains rear'd their heads on high,
Ere yet the radiant Sun illum'd the sky,
Ere swelling hills, or humble vales were seen,
Or woods the prospect cheer'd with waving green;
Ere Nature was, my wond'rous birth I date,
More old than Chance, Necessity, or Fate;
Ere yet the Muses touch'd the vocal lyre,
My reverend mother and tumultuous sire
Beheld my wond'rous birth with vast amaze,
And Discord's boundless empire roar'd my praise.
"In me, whate'er by Nature is disjoin'd,
All opposite extremes involv'd you find:
Born to retain, by Fate's eternal doom,
My sire's confusion, and my mother's gloom.
Where'er extend the realms of letter'd pride,
With uncontroll'd dominion I preside;
Thro' its deep gloom I dart the doubtful ray,
And teach the learned idiots where to stray:
The labouring chymist, and profound divine,
Err, not seduc'd by Reason's light, but mine.
From me alone these boast the wond'rous skill
To make a myst'ry, more mysterious still;

While those pursue by science, not their own,
The universal cure, and philosophic stone.
Thus, when the leaden pedant courts my aid,
To cover ignorance with learning's shade,
To swell the folio to a proper size,
And throw the clouds of art o'er Nature's eyes,
My soporific pow'r the sages own;
Hence by the sacred name of Dulness known:
But if mercurial scribblers pant for fame,
Those I inspire, and Nonsense is my name.
Sustain'd by me, thy Muse first took her flight,
I circumscrib'd its limits and its height;
By me she sinks, by me she soars along;
I rule her silence, and I prompt her song."
My doubts resolv'd, the goddess wing'd her flight
Dissolv'd in air, and mix'd with formless night.
Much more the Muse, reluctant, must suppress,
For all the pow'r of time and fate confess;
Too soft her accents, and too weak her pray'r,
For time or fate, or cruel *posts* to hear.

ODE, ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Ye nymphs and swains, whom love inspires
With all his pure and faithful fires,
Hither with joyful steps repair;
You who his tenderest transports share!
For lo! in beauty's gayest pride,
Summer expands her bosom wide;
The Sun no more in clouds inshrin'd,
Darts all his glories unconfin'd;
The feather'd choir from every spray
Salute Melissa's natal day.

Hither ye nymphs and shepherds haste,
Each with a flow'ry chaplet grac'd,
With transport while the shades resound,
And Nature spreads her charms around;
While ev'ry breeze exhales perfumes,
And Bion his mute pipe resumes;
With Bion long disus'd to play,
Salute Melissa's natal day.

For Bion long deplor'd his pain
Thro' woods and devious wilds in vain;
At last impell'd by deep despair,
The swain preferr'd his ardent pray'r;
His ardent pray'r Melissa heard,
And every latent sorrow cheer'd,
His days with social rapture blest,
And sooth'd each anxious care to rest.
Tune, shepherds, tune the festive lay,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

With Nature's incense to the skies
Let all your fervid wishes rise,
That Heav'n and Earth may join to shed
Their choicest blessings on her head;
That years protracted, as they flow,
May pleasures more sublime bestow;
While by succeeding years matur'd,
The happiest still may be the last;
And thus each circling Sun display,
A more auspicious natal day.

ODE TO AURORA.

ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Of Time and Nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd Morn,
Emerge, in purest dress array'd,
And chase from Heav'n night's envious shade,
That I once more may, pleas'd, survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.
Of Time and Nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd Morn:
In order at the eastern gate
The Hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst Zephyr, on his balmy wings,
Mild Nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.
But as thou leav'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth, and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffus'd around th' expanded skies,
Till cloth'd with beams serenely bright,
All Heav'n's vast concave flames with light;
So, when, thro' life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye:
Tho' less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Bless'd with her rays, tho' robb'd of thine.

TO DR. EVANS.

Dear Doctor, as it is most fit,
Your accusation I admit
In all its force, nor rack my brain,
By quirks and subterfuges vain,
To throw my conduct into shade,
And thus your just rebuke evade.
But, since convicted now I stand,
And wait correction from your hand,
Be merciful as thou art strong,
And recognise the power of song.
For, while in accents deep and hoarse,
She breathes contrition and remorse,
The Muse's penitential strain,
For pardon cannot sue in vain.
But, let me, with profound respect,
A sad mistake of your's correct.
When once th' Aonian maids discover
Some favour for a youthful lover,
You think their passion still as keen
For him at sixty as sixteen.
Alas the sex you little know,
Their ruling passion is a beau.
The wrinkl'd brow, the extinguish'd eye,
From female hearts never gain a sigh.
The brilliant glance, the cheek vermil,
Th' elastic nerve, the enchanting smile,
These, only these, can hearts confine
Of ladies human, or divine.
No mind, immortal tho' it be,
From life's vicissitudes is free.
The man who labours to acquit
Himself in perfection human wit,

Will find he undertakes a task
That proves what his opponents ask;
And feel, to his eternal cost,
His own attempts refute his boast.
Forc'd by experience and sensation,
I make this humble declaration:
For should my pride my words restrain,
These lays would show the fact too plain.
Cloth'd in a lion's skin, the ass
At first might for a lion pass;
But when the stupid creature bray'd,
His real self he soon betray'd,
And every stick and every stone
Were us'd, to show him he was known.
Thus batter'd by sarcastic sneers,
I shut my mouth and hide my ears;
Bless'd, if unhurt I may elude
The observation of the crowd.
Yet spite of all the ills that prey
On ebbing life from day to day,
It warm'd my veins with youthful fire,
And rais'd my heart a cubit higher,
To hear your own kind words express
Your competition and success.
So, when portentous symptoms threat
Your patients with impending fate,
At your approach may they recede,
And sickness lift its drooping head;
While health and joy your nod obey,
And fly where'er you point their way.
One great achievement still remains,
One triumph, worthy of your pains;
Could you the thefts of Time restore,
And make me what I was of yore,
In spite of Fortune's utmost spleen,
Which bards oft feel to intervene,
I might, perhaps, as friend with friend,
At Shrewsbury some evenings spend;
There, in abuse that meant no harm,
Assert the soul of humour warm;
And laugh at those whose lives provoke
The satire we effuse in joke.
And, now, perhaps, you wish to know,
With your old friends, how matters go;
What state of health they still enjoy
And how their various hours employ?
But this detail more glibly flows
In easy style and humble prose;
And, with more patience, will be heard,
To my Melissa when transferr'd.
If faults acknowledg'd be forgiven,
And all our former odds made even,
Pray write me soon, to let me see
How much superior you can be
To doctors in divinity,
Meanwhile, believe me still sincere,
Whatever guise my conduct wear,
And still with friendship, no less fervent,
Your most obedient, humble servant.

TO MR. DALZEL,

PROFESSOR OF GREEK IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

Ye fairy fields, where youthful fancy stray'd,
Ye landscapes vested in eternal green,
Chase my reluctant absence to upbraid,
Each joy I lose, when you no more are seen.
The raptur'd heart, th' enthusiastic eye,
The bright conception darting through the mind
From my remotest hopes how far they fly,
And leave a gloomy solitude behind!

Ethereal people of each glowing scene,
Which meditation pictur'd in my sight,
Of ever beauteous and celestial mien:
Why sink you thus amid the shades of night?

No more the harp shall Polyhymnia tune,
No warbling flute Euterpe's breath inspire,
Ah! why for ever silent, why so soon
Should every Muse forbear to strike the lyre?

To me a faded form e'en Nature wears;
Its vivid colours every flow'r resigns,
The blasted lawns no tint of verdure cheers,
Shorn of his beams the Sun more faintly shines.

Age, hood-wink'd Age, exterminates the whole,
She o'er the prospect night and horrour spreads;
Her endless winter intercepts the soul,
From limpid fountains and enchanted meads.

O come, Dalzel [1], whose comprehensive view,
Whate'er the Muse exhibits, can survey,
The flying phantom teach me to pursue,
Direct my course, and animate my lay.

Yet from th' ungrateful bosom of the tomb
Should Jason's magic wife emerge once more,
Nor thou, nor she, my genius could relume;
Nor thou, nor she, the flame of youth restore.

TO DR. DOWNMAN,

IN LONDON.

To the fond Muse, who sings of rural joys,
Involv'd in politics, and smoke and noise,
Her Scotian sister gratulation sends,
Pleas'd that her taste, not on her place depends.
For oft contagions in the city breeze,
Hovering unseen, unfelt, the fancy seize:
Surrounding objects catch the roving eye,
And tastes with situations oft comply.
There party-passion wears the form of truth,
Pleasure in virtue's mask seduces youth,
Still handing round the sweet Circean bowl,
To warp the judgment, and pervert the soul.
Ye early plans, and wishes, then adieu,
We seek not what is fair, but what is new;
Each former prepossession leaves the heart,
And Nature yields to meretricious art.
Oh! if in Heav'n some chosen curse remain,
Nor thunders roll, nor lightnings flash in vain,
Curs'd be the wretch who cities first design'd,
To blast each native worth of human kind.
When first Astrea saw their structures rise,
Fir'd with indignant rage, she sought the skies.
Th' ingenuous wish, that in one wide embrace
Clasp'd Nature's frame, and glow'd for all her race,
Fair Hospitality, in blessing blest,
Primeval Candor, of translucent breast,
With horrour shuddering at the baneful sight,
Retir'd, the vow'd companions of her flight:

[1] This gentleman delivered a course of critical lectures on poetry, which did honour to the seminary in which he is engaged, and to the country where he lives.

Then from her bosom Hell disgorg'd her train,
The lust of pleasure, and the thirst of gain,
Then Pride luxurious rear'd her crest on high,
Deceit then forg'd the name, and cogg'd the die,
Then lawless tyrants from the throne decreed
Virtue to toil, and Innocence to bleed.
In heart a tiger, tho' in looks a child,
Assassination stabb'd his friend, and smil'd;
While Perjury, with unaverted eye,
Invok'd the god of truth, to seal a lie.
O conscious Peace! to few indulg'd by fate,
When shall I find once more thy dear retreat?
When shall my steps the guiltless scenes explore,
Where Virtue's smiles the age of gold restore?
Where Charity to all her arms extends,
And as she numbers faces, numbers friends?
Where unaffected Sympathy appears
In cordial smiles, or undissembled tears?
Where Innocence and Mirth, the farmer's wealth,
Walk hand and hand with Exercise and Health?
Nor when the setting Sun withdraws his ray,
And labour closes with the closing day,
Would I, with haughty insolence, avoid
The scenes where simple Nature is enjoy'd;
But pleas'd, in frolic, or discourse engage
With sportive youth, or hospitable age,
Exert my talents to amuse the throng
In wond'rous legend, or in rural song.
Thus, by no wish for alteration seiz'd,
My neighbours pleasing, with my neighbours pleas'd,
Exempt from each excess of bliss or woe,
My setting hours should uniformly flow,
Till Nature to the dust these limbs consign'd,
Leaving a short, but well-earn'd fame behind.
For thee, whom Nature and the Muse inspire
With taste refin'd, and elegant desire,
'Tis thine, where'er thou mov'st, thy bliss to find,
Drawn from the native treasures of thy mind;
To brighten life with love or friendship's ray,
Or through the Muse's land in raptures stray.
Oh! may thy soul her fav'rite objects gain,
And not a wish aspire to Heav'n in vain!
Full on thy latest hours may genius shine,
And each domestic happiness be thine!

TO THE SAME.

Yes, 'tis resolv'd, in Nature's spite,
Nay more, resolv'd in rhyme to write:
Tho' to my chamber's walls confin'd
By beating rains, and roaring wind,
Tho' low'ring, as the wintry sky,
Involv'd in spleen my spirits lie,
Tho' cold, as hyperborean snows,
No feeble ray of genius glows,
To friendship tribute let me pay,
And gratitude's behests obey.
Whilst man in this precarious station
Of struggle and of fluctuation,
Protracts his being, is it strange
That humour, genius, wit should change?
The mind which most of force inherits,
Must feel vicissitude of spirits;
And happiest they, who least depress
Of life's bad bargain make the best.
Thus, tho' my song he can't commend,
Th' attempt will please my gentle friend;
For he of life's uncertain round
The cloudy and serene hath found.
Cheering, as summer's balmy showers,
To thirsty herbs and languid flowers,
Your late epistle reach'd my ear,
And fill'd my heart with joy sincere.
Before my eyes in prospect plain
Appear'd the consecrated fane.
Where Friendship's holy presence shines,
And grief disarms, and bliss refines.
Long may the beauteous fabric rise,
Unite all hearts and charm all eyes,
Above contingency and time,
Stable as Earth, as Heav'n sublime!
And while its more than solar light
Thro' Nature's frame flows piercing bright,
May we thro' life's ambiguous maze
Imbibe its most auspicious rays;
View unimpair'd its sweet existence,
By length of years, or local distance
And while our hearts revolve the pase,
Still feel its warmest moments last!
With each kind wish which friendship knows,
For you Melissa's bosom glows.
Her heart capacious and sincere,
Where those once priz'd must still be dear,
Tho' long of silence she complains,
For Thespia all her love retains.
Now, whether prose your fancy please,
The style of elegance and ease,
Or whether strains so debonair,
As might from anguish charm despair,
To us at least a pittance deal,
Who long to see your hand and seal.

TO MELISSA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1790.

Dear, welcome sharer of my breast,
Of friends the kindest and the best,
What numbers shall the Muse employ,
To speak my gratitude and joy?
Twice ten times has the circling year,
And oft'ner, finish'd its career,
Since first in Hymen's sacred bands,
With mingl'd hearts we join'd our hands.
Auspicious hour! from whence I date
The brightest colours of my fate;
From whence felicity alone,
To my dejected heart was known.
For then, my days from woe to screen,
Thy watchful tenderness was seen;
Nor did its kind attentions miss
To heighten and improve my bliss.
Oft have I felt its pleasing power
Delude the solitary hour;
Oft has it charm'd the cruel smart,
When pain and anguish rack'd my heart.
Thus may our days which yet remain,
Be free from bitterness and pain!
So limpid streams still purer grow,
For ever bright'ning as they flow.
When Death must come, for come it will,
And I Heav'n's purposes fulfil,
When heart with heart, and soul with soul
Mingling, I reach life's utmost goal,

When Nature's debt this frame shall pay,
And earth receive my mortal clay;
Not unconcern'd shalt thou behold
My ashes mingling with the mould;
But drop a tear and heave a sigh,
Yet hope to meet me in the sky;
When, life's continual suff'rings o'er,
We joyful meet, to part no more.

ON DR. BLACKLOCK'S BIRTH-DAY [1].

BY MRS. BLACKLOCK.

Propitious day! to me for ever dear;
Oh! may'st thou still return from year to year,
Replete with choicest blessings Heav'n can send,
And guard from ev'ry harm my dearest friend.
May we together tread life's various maze,
In strictest virtue, and in grateful praise
To thee, kind Providence, who hast ordain'd
One for the other sympathetic friend.
And when life's current in our veins grows cold,
Let each the other to their breast enfold
Their other dearer self; with age opprest,
Then, gracious God, receive us both to rest.

FROM

DR. DOWNMAN TO MRS. BLACKLOCK.

OCCASIONED BY A COPY OF VERSES SHE ADDRESSED TO HER HUSBAND [2].

As round Parnassus on a day
Melissa idly chanc'd to stray,
She gather'd from its native bed,
As there it grew, a rose-bud red.
Mean time Calliopé came by,
And Hymen, with obsequious eye,
Watching her looks, gallantly trod;
Fair was the Muse, and bright the god.
The mortal, at th' unwonted sight
Was struck with dread, as well she might.
When thus the queen; "How, could'st thou dare,
Without my passport, venture here?
That rose-bud cast upon the plain,
And seek thy pristine shades again."
But Hymen thus the Muse bespoke;
"Oh! goddess dear, thine ire revoke!
For, if I err not, on my life,
This wanderer is our Blacklock's wife."
At which she smiling milder grew,
For him of yore full well she knew.
Then Hymen thus address'd the dame;
"She pardons, tho' she still must blame.
But take the rose-bud in your hand,
And say, you bring, at my command,
That present from Parnassus' grove,
A grateful flower of married love."

FROM

DR. DOWNMAN TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

Edina's walls can Fancy see,
And not, my Blacklock, think on thee?
Ere I that gentle name forget,
This flesh must pay great Nature's debt.
Hail! worthiest of the sons of men,
Not that the Muses held thy pen,
And plac'd before thy mental sight
Each hue of intellectual light:
But that a gen'rous soul is thine,
Richer by far than Plutus' mine;
With utmost niceness fram'd to feel
Another's woe, another's weal;
Where friendship heap'd up all her store,
That glorious treasure of the poor,
To grovelling vanity unknown,
Not to be purchas'd by a throne;
Where patience, resignation's child,
Misfortune of her power beguil'd;
Where love her purple cestus bound,
Where a retirement virtue found,
Contentment a perpetual treat,
And honour a delightful seat;
Religion could with pleasure feast,
And met no bigot, tho' a priest.

[1] These verses, the only verses ever attempted by Mrs. Blacklock, are to be considered, not as a specimen of a poetical genius, which she never pretended to possess, but as an expression of her affection for her husband, and her veneration for that amiable disposition, and that divine gift of poetry, with which he was so eminently blessed. Editor.

[2] See the preceding.

THE

POEMS

OF

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.

THE

LIFE OF RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

RICHARD CAMBRIDGE was born in London, Feb. 14, 1717, of ancestors belonging to the county of Gloucester. His father, who was a younger brother, had been bred to business as a Turkey merchant, and died in London not long after the birth of his son, the care of whom then devolved on his mother and his maternal uncle Thomas Owen, esq. who adopted him as his future representative. He was sent to Eton school, where quickness of parts supplied the place of diligence, and although he was averse to the routine of stated tasks, he stored his mind with classical knowledge, and amused it by an eager perusal of works addressed to the imagination. He became early attached to the best English poets, and to those miscellaneous writers who delineate human life and character. A taste likewise for the beauties of rural nature began to display itself at this period, which he afterwards exemplified at his seat in Gloucestershire, and that at Twickenham.

In 1734, he entered as a gentleman commoner of St. John's College, Oxford, and, without wishing to be thought a laborious scholar, omitted no opportunity of improving his mind in such studies as were suitable to his age and future prospects. His first, or one of his first poetical effusions was on the Marriage of the Prince of Wales, which was published with the other verses composed at Oxford on the same occasion. In 1737, he became a member of Lincoln's Inn, where he found many men of wit and congenial habits, but as he had formerly declined taking a degree at Oxford, he had now as little inclination to pursue the steps that lead to the bar, and in 1741, in his twenty-fourth year, he married Miss Trenchard, the second daughter of George Trenchard, esq. of Woolverton in Dorsetshire, a lady who contributed to his happiness for upwards of half a century, and by whom he had a family equally amiable and affectionate. She died Sept. 5, 1806, having survived her husband four years.

He now settled at his family seat of Whitminster in Gloucestershire, for seven or eight years, where his life, though easy and independent, was never idle or useless. While he continued to cultivate polite literature, his more active hours were employed in heightening the beauties of the scenery around his seat; for this purpose he made the little river Stroud navigable for some distance, and not only constructed boats for

pleasure or carriage, but introduced some ingenious improvements in that branch of naval architecture, which were approved by the most competent judges. In one of these boats or barges, he had the honour to receive the prince and princess of Wales, and other distinguished visitors, who were delighted with the elegance of his taste, and the novelty and utility of his various plans. For the sports of the field he had little relish; not, however, from a motive of tenderness, for he practised the bow and arrow, and we read, but with no great pleasure, that "the head of a duck, swimming in the river, was a favourite mark, which he seldom missed." As he ever endeavoured to unite knowledge with amusement, he studied the history of archery, and became a connoisseur in its weapons as used by modern and ancient nations. The collection he formed while this pursuit occupied his attention, he afterwards sent to sir Ashton Lever's museum.

During his residence at Whitminster, he wrote his most celebrated poem, The Scribleriad. The design he imparted to some of his particular friends, and communicated his progress from time to time. He had naturally a rich fund of humour, which he could restrain within the bounds of delicacy, or expand to the burlesque, as his subject required, and the topics which he introduced had evidently been the result of a course of multifarious reading. But such was his diffidence in his own powers, or in the sincerity of his friends who praised his labours, that he laid his poem aside for many years after it was completed, until he could ascertain, by their impatience, that they consulted his reputation in advising him to publish it.

In consequence of the death of his uncle (in 1748) to whom he was heir, he added the name of Owen to his own. He now took a house in London, but after about two years residence, finding the air of London disagree with himself and with Mrs. Cambridge, he purchased a villa at Twickenham, immediately opposite Richmond hill. He quitted at the same time his seat in Gloucestershire, and with it all desire of farther change, for he resided at Twickenham during the remainder of his very long life. How much he improved this villa, cannot now be remembered by many: two generations have admired it only in its improved state. His mode of living has been affectionately yet justly described by his biographer. He was at once hospitable and economical, accessible and yet retired. By his knowledge and manners he was fitted to the highest company, yet although his circle was extensive, he soon learned to select his associates, and visiting became a pleasing relief, instead of a perpetual interruption.

The same year in which he commenced his establishment at Twickenham, he became known to the public, as the author of the Scribleriad, which was published in 1751. Some of his lesser poems succeeded. The Dialogue between a Member of Parliament and his Servant, in 1752; The Intruder, in 1754; and The Fakeer, in 1756. About the same time he appeared as a writer in The World, to which he contributed twenty-one papers, which are unquestionably among the best in that collection. Lord Chesterfield, who knew and respected him, drew the following character in one of his own excellent papers.

"Cantabrigius drinks nothing but water, and rides more miles in a year than the keenest sportsman: the former keeps his head clear, the latter his body in health: it is not from himself that he runs, but to his acquaintance, a synonimous term for his

friends. Internally safe he seeks no sanctuary from himself, no intoxication for his mind. His penetration makes him discover and divert himself with the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expose with the truest ridicule, though always without personal offence. Cheerful abroad because happy at home, and thus happy because virtuous [1]."

On the commencement of the war with France in 1756, in the events of which he appears to have taken a more lively interest than could have been expected from a man of his retired disposition, he was induced to undertake a History of the Rise and Progress of the British Power in India, in order to enlighten the public mind in the nature and importance of that acquisition. At first he intended that this work should be on a very large scale; but as recent events demanded such information as could be immediately procured, and promised to be useful, he produced his History of the War upon the Coast of Coromandel, which was published in 1761. He then resumed his original design, and obtained permission from the East India Company to inspect such of their papers as might be requisite. "He had also a promise of Mr. Orme's papers, but that gentleman happening to return from India at this juncture, with an intention to publish himself the history which afterwards appeared, Mr. Cambridge considered that his own work would now be in a great measure superfluous, and therefore relinquished the further prosecution of his plan [2]." What he had published, however, was considered as an important memoir of the period it embraced, and as a fair and correct statement of the French proceedings in India; and it served to introduce him more into the study of India affairs, in which he ever afterwards delighted. It led him also to an intimate acquaintance with lord Clive, general Carnac, Mr. Scrafton, major Pearson, Mr. Varelst, general Caliaud, Mr. Hastings, and others, who had gained distinguished reputation by their services in the East.

Mr. Cambridge survived the publication of this work above forty years, but appeared no more before the public as an author. Many of the smaller pieces now added to his works, were written as amusements for his friends, and circulated only in private. The long remainder of his life passed in the enjoyment of all that elegant and polished society could yield. Most of the friendships of his youth were those of his advanced age, and they were contracted with such men as are not often found within the reach of a stationary individual. At Eton, he became acquainted with Bryant, Gray, West, Walpole, Dr. Barnard, and Dr. Cooke; at Lincoln's Inn, he found Mr. Henry Bathurst, afterwards lord chancellor, the hon. Charles Yorke, Mr. Wray, and Mr. Edwards. To these he afterwards added lord Anson, Dr. Atwell, bishop Benson, sir Charles Williams, Mr. Henry Fox, Mr. William Whitehead, Villiers lord Clarendon, lord Granville, lord Lyttelton, Mr. Grenville, lord Chesterfield, Mr. Pitt, lord Bath, lord Egremont, Soame Jenyns, lord Hardwicke, admiral Boscawen, lord Barrington, James Harris, Andrew Stone, bishop Egerton, lord Camelford, Welbore Ellis, lord North, Garrick, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Porteus, now bishop of London, and the

"[1] This character stands at the close of a paper written to expose the folly and ill effects of hard drinking: and lord Chesterfield names my father, who was a water drinker, as a living example of one, who did not require the exhilirating aid of wine to enliven his wit or increase his vivacity." *Life* of Mr. Cambridge, by his Son, prefixed to his works, p. 44. *C.*

[2] Life, ubi supra.

illustrious navigators Byron, Wallis, Carteret, Phipps, Cook, and Vancouver. In the company of these, some of whom were long his neighbours at Twickenham, he delighted to increase his knowledge by an interchange of sentiments on topics of literature and common life. His conversation was enriched by various reading, and embellished by wit of the most delicate and unobtrusive kind. His temper made him universally beloved. It was uniformly cheerful, mild, and benevolent.

The conclusion of his life is thus related by his biographer. "He was considerably advanced in his eighty-third year before he was sensible, to any considerable degree, of the infirmities of age: but a difficulty of hearing, which had for some time gradually increased, now rendered conversation troublesome and frequently disappointing to him. Against this evil, his books, for which his relish was not abated, had hitherto furnished an easy and acceptable resource; but, unfortunately, his sight also became so imperfect, that there were few books he could read with comfort to himself. His general health, however, remained the same, and his natural good spirits and cheerfulness of temper experienced no alteration. Having still the free use of his limbs, he continued to take his usual exercise, and to follow his customary habits of life, accepting of such amusement as conversation would afford, from those friends who had the kindness to adapt their voices to his prevailing infirmity: and that he still retained a lively concern in all those great and interesting events which were then taking place in Europe, may be seen in some of his latest productions. But as his deafness increased, he felt himself grow daily more unfit for the society of any but his own family, into whose care and protection he resigned himself with the most affectionate and endearing confidence, receiving those attentions which it was the first pleasure of his children to pay him, not as a debt due to a fond and indulgent parent, but as a free and voluntary tribute of their affection. In the contemplation of these tokens of esteem and love, he seemed to experience a constant and unabating pleasure, which supplied, in no small degree, the want of other interesting ideas.

"It is well known, that among the many painful and humiliating effects that attend the decline of life, and follow from a partial decay of the mental powers, we have often to lament the change it produces in the heart and affections: but from every consequence of this sort, my father was most happily exempt. This I allow myself to say upon the authority of the medical gentleman [3] of considerable eminence, by whose skill and friendly attentions he was assisted through the progressive stages of his slow decline; and who has repeatedly assured me, that, in the whole course of his extensive practice, he had never seen a similar instance of equanimity and undeviating sweetness of temper.

"During this gradual increase of feebleness, and with the discouraging prospect of still greater suffering, which he saw before him, his exemplary patience and constant care to spare the feelings of his family were eminently conspicuous: nor did the distressing infirmities, inseparably attendant on extreme debility, ever produce a murmur of complaint, or even a hasty or unguarded expression. It is somewhat singular, and may be regarded as a proof of an unusually strong frame, that no symptom of disease took place: all the organs of life continued to execute their respective functions, until nature, being wholly exhausted, he expired without a sigh, on the 17th of September, 1802, leaving a widow, two sons, and a daughter."

[3] "David Dundass, esq. of Richmond."

It appears from the whole of his son's very interesting narrative, that few men have enjoyed a life of the same duration so little interrupted by vexation or calamity. His fortune, if not relatively great, was rendered ample by judicious management, and as he had been highly favoured by Providence in his person and in his family, he felt the importance of those blessings with the gratitude of a Christian. Such information as the following, so honourable to the subject of it, and to him who relates it, ought not to be suppressed.

"At an early age he attentively examined the evidences of Christianity, and was fully satisfied of its truth. His was, in the truest sense, the religion of the heart; and he always felt that a constant conformity to its precepts was the strongest and best proof he could give of the sincerity of his faith. Of its prescribed forms and exterior duties, he was no less a strict observer: whatever were his engagements, he constantly passed his Sundays at home with his family, at the head of whom he never failed to attend the public service of the day, until prevented by a bodily infirmity, for some years before his death; but he still continued his practice of reading prayers to them every evening: a usage of more than sixty years: these were taken from our liturgy, of which he was a great admirer.

"When no longer able to partake of the communion at church, he continued to receive it at home, on the festivals and other suitable occasions, to the latest period, and his manner of joining in this service, furnished an edifying example of the happy influence of a mind void of offence towards God and man.

"His devotional exercises were always expressed in so solemn a manner, and with such unaffected piety, as showed that his lips spoke the language of his heart; but his impressive tone of voice, when offering prayer and thanksgiving, marked that to be the branch of worship most suited to his feelings: and in conformity with this sentiment, he frequently remarked, that 'in our petitions we are liable to be misled, both as to their object and motive; but in expressing our thanksgivings to the Deity, we can never err, the least favoured among us having received sufficient tokens of the bounty of Providence, to excite emotions of the sincerest gratitude.'

"This principle of piety led him also to bear afflictions in the most exemplary manner. Whatever trials or deprivations he experienced through life, he always met with fortitude, and his demeanour under the losses which he was ordained to suffer in his own family, was such, that those only who saw him near, and knew how sacred he held the duty of submission to the Divine Will, and the self command this produced, could form any idea how poignantly they were felt."—

Of his literary character, his son has formed a just estimate, when he says, that he is to be regarded rather as an elegant than a profound scholar. Yet where he chose to apply, his knowledge was far from being superficial, and if he had not at an early period of life indulged the prospect of filling the station of a retired country gentleman, it is probable that he might have made a distinguished figure in any of the learned professions. It is certain that the ablest works on every subject have been produced, with very few exceptions, by men who have been scholars by profession, to whom reputation was necessary as well as ornamental, and who could not expect to rise but in proportion to the abilities they discovered. Mr. Cambridge, without being insensible to the value of fame, had yet none of the worst perils of authorship to

encounter. As a writer he was better known to the world, but he could not have been more highly respected by his friends.

About a year after his death his son, the rev. George Owen Cambridge, published a splendid edition of all his works (except his History of the War) to which he prefixed an account of his Life and Writings. To this very interesting narrative, the present sketch is indebted for all that is valuable in it; but from what is here borrowed the reader can have but a feeble conception of a composition which does so much honour to the moral and literary reputation of the father, and to the filial piety and chastened affection of the son.

The Scribleriad, which entitles Mr. Cambridge to a place in this collection, is one of those poems that, with great merits, yet make their way very slowly in the world. It was received so coolly, on the publication of the first two parts, that he found it necessary to write a preface to the second and complete edition, explaining his design.

He had some reason to apprehend that it had been mistaken, and that the poem was in danger of being neglected. In this preface, he lays down certain rules for the mock heroic, by which, if his own production be tried, it must be confessed he has executed all that he intended, with spirit and taste. As an imitator of the true heroic, he is in general faithful, and his parodies on the ancients show that he had studied their writings with somewhat different from the ardour of an admirer of poetry, or the acuteness of a critical linguist. But it may be doubted whether the rules he wishes to establish are sufficiently comprehensive, whether he has not been too faithful to his models, and whether a greater and more original portion of the burlesque would not have conferred more popularity on his performance.

His preference of Don Quixote, as a true mock heroic, is less a matter of dispute. In all the attributes of that species of composition, it is unquestionably superior to any attempt ever made, and probably will ever remain without a rival, for what subject can the wit of man devise so happily adapted to the intention of the writer? Its great excellence, too, appears from its continuing to please every class of readers, although the folly ridiculed no longer exists, and can with some difficulty be supposed to have ever existed. But Cervantes is in nothing so superior, as in the delineation of his hero, who throughout the whole narrative creates a powerful interest in his favour, and who excites ridicule and compassion in such nice proportions as never to be undeserving of sympathy, or overpowered by contempt.

Mr. Cambridge was not so fortunate in a hero. He was content to take up Scriblerus, where Pope and Swift, or rather Arbuthnot, left him; a motley, ideal being, without an exemplar, combining, in one individual, all that is found ridiculous in forgotten volumes, or among the pretenders to science and the believers of absurdities. Mr. Cambridge's hero, therefore, without any qualities to secure our esteem, is an antiquary, a pedant, an alchymist, and what seldom is found among such characters, a poet. In conducting him through a series of adventures, upon the plan sketched by the triumvirate above mentioned, it is with great difficulty that he is able to avoid the errour they fell into, either of inventing nonsense for the sake of laughing at it, or of glancing their ridicule at the enthusiasm of useful research, and the ardour of real science, and justifiable curiosity.

False science, like every thing else that is false, may be a legitimate object of ridi-

cule, but to distinguish true from false science is not the business of a single decision, but the result of the experience of ages. By the illiterate all remarkable improvements are at once condemned as impossible and therefore absurd. By the learned all remarkable improvements are effected by supposing them possible. There is a speculation in science as well as in commerce, and he who has hazarded much and lost much, does not thereby prove that his design was fundamentally wrong.

Mr. Cambridge had too much sense and too much learning to follow the steps of his predecessors in the history of Scriblerus; but yet it may be presumed that his poem was unsuccessful with the public at large, either from its making sport of what had ceased to engage the attention of philosophers, or from its treating popular superstitions and historical credulity in a vein of ridicule, too delicate for common readers.

The composition of the Scribleriad is in general so regular, spirited and poetical, that we cannot but wish the author had chosen a subject of more permanent interest. Many striking passages may be pointed out to justify this wish, and perhaps there are few descriptions so happily imagined as the approach of the army of rebusses and acrostics. The versification is elegant, and the epithets chosen with singular propriety. The events, although without much connexion, all add something to the character of the hero; and the conversations most gravely ironical, while they remind us of the serious epics, are never unnecessarily protracted.

It is to be regretted, and perhaps it may be mentioned as another hindrance to the popularity of the Scribleriad, that the author determined to avoid moral reflections,—reflections which he could have easily furnished. His periodical papers exhibit a happy union of wit and sentiment, and few men were better acquainted with local manners, and the humours and whims of interest and passion. If such reflections arise naturally from the subject, they are surely not only useful, but lead to many of the most striking beauties of imagery. No zealous admirer of the flights of imagination is unwilling to be sometimes relieved by those reflections which recal his judgment. In the ardour of youth, poets are too apt to undervalue reason, but in advanced age they more readily admit its alliance with genius. Let it also be remembered how much Hudibras, the first of all English mock heroics, owes to the frequency of those reflexions and maxims, which, having become proverbial, serve to perpetuate the fame of their author.—The Scribleriad, however, will ever be considered by impartial judges, with whom popularity is not an indispensable qualification, as a poem that does honour to the taste and imagination of Mr. Cambridge, and as deserving a place with the most favourite attempts of the satirical muse.

Of the lesser pieces in this collection, the Dialogue between a Member of Parliament and his Servant, The Fakeer, and The Intruder are to be distinguished for sprightliness of wit, and felicity of diction. Public degeneracy, impertinence, and superstitious cunning are no where more elegantly satirized. These have been repeatedly printed in Dodsley's and other collections. His other occasional pieces discover the same observation of human conduct and manners, keen and shrewd, and expressed in easy and polished verse.

POEMS

OF

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES:

PUBLISHED AMONG

THE OXFORD CONGRATULATORY VERSES,

1736.

FAST by the banks of Isis silver-stream'd,
In those sweet vales (who knows not those sweet vales?)
From whence are kenn'd Oxonia's tow'rs far-fam'd,
Whilom I walk'd to catch the noon-tide gales:
The murm'ring stream, so gently gliding on,
And awful solitude, did thought inspire;
Verseless myself I conn'd not blithsom song;
No lute had I, nor harp, nor tuneful lyre;
Thoughtful, adown I laid me by the stream,
That thought brought with it sleep, sleep brought with it a dream.

The scene erst fair to fairer still did yield,
Such scenes did never waking eye behold;
Nor Enna was so gay, nor Tempe's field,
Nor yet Elysium's fabled meads of old.
In admiration lost, I raptur'd gaz'd,
When, to the sound of dulcet symphonies,
A dome, by heav'nly workmanship uprais'd,
Forth like a vapour from the earth did rise;
No brick nor marble did compose the wall,
Transparent 'twas throughout, for it was crystal all.

Forthwith two folding-doors disclosing wide
Discover'd to the eye a gorgeous throne,
A venerable pers'nage on each side;
Majestic this, that soft and beauteous shone:
Upheld by turtles sat this happy pair,
Eternal Peace and Loves did sport around;
Flutt'ring above did Hymen joyous bear
The links in which their mutual hearts were bound,
Betok'ning long they'd worn this easy chain,
Betok'ning thus they'd long, O! very long remain.

On either side the throne a glorious band
Of pers'nages were rang'd: in the first place
And nearest to the king, did Wisdom stand,
And Honour, unacquainted to the base;
Next Justice, never known to err though blind;
Vengeance and Clemency on either side;
And Pow'r, his eyes on Justice still inclin'd;
And Peace, spurning Ambition, Death, and Pride:
Well is, I ween, the king who's thus upheld, [wield.
Well is the land whose sceptre such a king doth

Nor did there on the other side, I ween,
Forms though more soft, less heav'nly appear;
Conjugal Love and Concord still were seen,
Becoming Meekness and Submission near;
Next Truth, a window in her naked breast,
Modesty and Prudence ever judging right,
Piety, adding lustre to the rest,
And heav'n-born Charity appear'd in sight:
Blest is the maid whose paths these virtues guide,
Happy! thrice happy he possess'd of such a bride!

While on this venerable pair I gaz'd
Enter'd a band of youth, joyous and gay,
One 'bove the rest most worthy to be prais'd,
Who follow'd still where virtue led the way;
Oft-times he tow'rd the waters cast his eye,
Which big with hope and expectation seem'd,
Nor long ere he a vessel did descry, [stemm'd,
Which fraught with all his wishes tow'rd him
An heav'nly maiden on the deck was plac'd,
With ev'ry virtue blest, with ev'ry beauty grac'd.

White were her robes; which so divinely shin'd
As snow and gold together had been wove,
Expressive emblem of the purest mind,
Expressive emblem of the chastest love;
Alternate on the damsel and the youth
A band of loves pour'd most propitious darts,
Which tipt with pleasure, constancy, and truth,
Found free admission to their inmost hearts;
Swift flew the youth, with eager haste convey'd,
To his own happy shore, the much-lov'd, loving maid.

And now advance in hospitable guise
The royal pair; with welcome salutation
They greet the maid; joy sparkles in her eyes,
Promise of future blessings on the nation:
Nor now did Hymen unemploy'd appear,
Their hearts in chains of adamant he bound,
Loud shouts of mirth and joy invade the ear,
Each echo pleas'd repeats the blithsom sound;
I, sleeping as I lay, in rapture cry'd
"Long live the happy prince! long live the beauteous bride!"

In flowing robes and squared caps advance,
Pallas their guide, her ever-favour'd band;
As they approach they join in mystic dance,
Large scrolls of paper waving in their hand;
Nearer they come, I heard them sweetly sing,
But louder now approach the peals of joy;
The gladsom sounds which from each quarter ring,
Dispel my slumbers, and my trance destroy,
Waking, I heard the shouts on ev'ry side
Proclaim Augusta fair the happy Frederic's bride!

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES,

WRITTEN AT

WHITMINSTER,

FROM 1742 TO 1750.

LEARNING:

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

DICK AND NED,

(THE AUTHOR, AND DR. EDWARD BARNARD, AFTERWARDS PROVOST OF ETON.)

THE day was sullen, bleak, and wet,
When Dick and Ned together met
To waste it in a friendly chat,
And much they talk'd of this and that;
Till many a question wisely stated,
And many a knotty point debated,
From topic still to topic turning,
They fall at length on books and learning:
Then each with eagerness displays
His eloquence, to give them praise.
Far in their eulogy they lanch,
And scan them o'er in ev'ry branch;
Thus, th' excellencies making known
Of learning, slyly show their own.
Here Dick (who often takes a pride
To argue on the weaker side)
Cries, "Softly, Ned, this talk of learning
May hold with men in books discerning;
Who boast of what they call a taste,
But for all else we run too fast;
For lay but prejudice aside,
And let the cause be fairly try'd,
What is the worth of any thing,
But for the happiness 'twill bring?
And that, none ever would dispute,
Is only found in the pursuit;
For if you once run down your game,
You frustrate and destroy your aim:
He, without doubt, pray mark me, Ned,
Has most to read, who least has read;
And him we needs must happiest find,
Whose greatest pleasure is behind."—
Ned, who was now 'twixt sleep and wake,
Stirr'd by this argument to speak,
Full aptly cry'd, "With half an eye
Your far-fetcht sophistry I spy;
Which, ne'er so subtlely disputed,
By two plain words shall be confuted:
To give your reasoning due digestion,
I first affirm you beg the question.
Learning's a game, which, who attains,
A great and worthy pleasure gains;
Not light and transient like the chase,
But stable with unfading grace.
There are, indeed, who are so idle,
They leave all emprise in the middle;
Nor for reflection, read or comment,
But just to kill the present moment:
These hunt romances, tales, and hist'ries,
As men pursue a common mistress,
Who when once caught but moves their loathing,
And well if she's not worse than nothing;
But those of steady, serious life,
Know there 's no pleasure like a wife;
And such the wise true learning find
A lasting help-mate to their mind."—
"Good sir," quoth Dick, and made a leg,
"I say 'tis you the question beg.
Your similies of wife and mistress
Will serve your argument to distress.
If knowledge never was attain'd,
Which sages always have maintain'd,
Then knowledge cannot be a wife;
And you yourself conclude the strife.
You no less fallacy advance
'Gainst tales, and fables, and romance;
For I shall prove t'ye in the sequel,
That reading of all kinds is equal;
And none can serve a better end,
Than cheerfully our time to spend.
Nor is 't of moment, gay, or serious,
But, as the readers minds are various,
Each please himself. You contradict
Philosophers of every sect,
Unless with them you will maintain
All human learning to be vain.
This, Socrates affirm'd of old,
And this our wisest moderns hold.
Therefore, if you have prov'd romances,
And such like, vain and idle fancies,
They've said the same of all the knowledge
I'th' sage and philosophic college."—
Ned was by this a little nettled:
Quoth he, "This thing shall soon be settled;
With your own arguments disputed,
And you with your own weapons routed.
You hold the pleasure to consist
In the pursuit; this must exist
For ever, you have eke maintain'd,
Asserting knowledge can't be gain'd;
By this you fairly overthrow
Your first position; for, if so,
How can it ever be agreed
Who least has read has most to read?
If ten miles upwards you could run,
Would you be nearer to the Sun?

Or daily from the sea should drink,
Say would you ever find it shrink?
Men most delighted are, the fact is,
As they more skilful grow by practice;
This true in all we have concern in,
Much more is found to hold in learning.
Who various sciences has read,
Has made a store-house of his head;
And with him ever bears within
A large and plenteous magazine,
Whence he's secure to draw at leisure
All sorts of precious hoarded treasure:
Rich in ideas, ne'er shall he
A prey become to poverty;
And roaming free, his active mind
Can ne'er be fetter'd or confin'd;
Nor of dull solitude complain,
His thoughts, a cheerful social train:
For books of the superior kind
With just ideas fill the mind,
Nourish its growing youth, confirm
Its manhood, prop its age infirm:
Learning, our ev'ry step attends,
The best of pilots and of friends;
Assists our various ills to bear,
In fortunes adverse waves to steer;
How best in calmer hours to sail,
And how improve the prosp'rous gale."—
"Alas!" quoth Dick, "mere puff and froth this is,
Which you advance for your hypothesis:
At best a well-laid theory;
No substance or reality;
Nor found with practice to agree.
Your scheme would be more true and ample,
If well supported by example.
But these all make against your system,
And therefore wisely you suppress 'em;
Not all your books can raise the mind
Above the weakness of mankind.
Zeno, of stoic reading vain,
Affirm'd there was no harm in pain.
Pyrrho would vaunt (but then he'd lie)
Indifference or to live or die.
Carneades oft spent his breath
T'inspire the bold contempt of death;
And once his wisdom did affect
So far to ape the stoic sect,
He thought he felt an inclination
To die, because it was the fashion.
Hearing Antipater (a wise one!)
Had kill'd himself by drinking poison,
He cries, resolv'd to do the same,
'Give me'——but what, forbears to name;
Then, baulking his expecting friends,
In mere mull'd wine this poison ends.
Not all his learning and wise reading,
Could Zeno's pupil keep from heeding
The rig'rous twinges of the stone,
Or but suppress one single groan;
Forc'd to own pain at length an evil,
And give his doctrine to the devil.
Thus these philosophers and leaders
Of various sects (profoundest readers)
From all their books could ne'er attain,
Death to contemn, or smile at pain;
And much less reap'd they joy or pleasure,
Their volumes yielding no such treasure."—
Ned, who now heartily was vext,
Began to stickle for his text;

"Fairly," quoth he, "examples cite,
We soon shall set this matter right;
But those you bring, tho' slyly pickt out,
And with all art and cunning trickt out,
'Tis plain to see you falsely vent 'em,
And speciously mispresent 'em.
Tho' Dionysius did wince,
His master ne'er was known to flinch;
His other pupil, Posidonius,
Alone would prove your scheme erroneous.
When Pompey, who on purpose came
So far to hear this sage declaim,
Finding him on his sick bed laid,
And with severest pains assay'd,
Would fain have gone without his errant;
The steady stoic would not hear on't;
Began, and bravely held it out,
Amidst the torments of the gout;
Nor could avail th' acutest pang,
To stop or discompose th' harangue.
Could Epictetus, with such bravery,
Or Æsop, bear their painful slavery;
Unless by learning's hand supported,
And that relief which books afforded;
Whilst all their votaries have taught
That freedom dwells but in the thought.
Hence did Philoxenus desire
From the rich banquet to retire;
Chose rather back to gaol be hurried,
Than there with royal dulness worried:
His thoughts expatiating free
And undisturb'd with poetry,
Made bread and water more delicious
Than choicest feasts of Dionysius;
Proving no pain or thraldom worse is
Than slavishly to hear bad verses."—
Quoth Dick, "'Tis difficult to know
The truth of facts so long ago.
Writers enhance their hero's glory,
The better to set off their story;
And throw a varnish and a gloss over
Th' acts of their favourite philosopher.
You, of Philoxenus, advance
Mere folly, pride, and arrogance;
His reading made him no great winner,
That lost so foolishly his dinner.
Which is the wiser part d'ye think,
T'approve, and smile, and eat, and drink;
Or sourly criticisms mutter,
And quarrel with your bread and butter?
But if we find from books arise
This squeamish taste, more nice than wise,
'Tis happier sure, and wiser yet,
Ne'er to have learnt the alphabet:
Yet tho' I scruple not to grant
'Twas learning made him arrogant,
I still must strenuously maintain
Indifference to death or pain
Proceeds from natural disposition,
More than from bookish acquisition.
Examples of your suff'ring sages
We find not five in fifteen ages.
Such volunteers in pain abound,
In parts where books were never found.
To prove my words, if 'tis your hap
T' have pictures in't, consult your map;
There, Ned, a Brahmin may you see
Ty'd by the heels to post or tree;

From whence he reaches downward to make
A fire to roast his breast and stomach;
And this he ne'er abates or puts out,
Tho' it should burn his very guts out!
Yet this from learning can't proceed,
For none of these can write or read.
Nor is the next a man of letters,
Who's gall'd by those enormous fetters;
Nor yet is he a better scholar,
Who groans beneath that iron collar.
Dan Prior's Muse a case records,
And sweetly too, so take his words:
At Tonquin, if a prince should dye,
(As Jesuits write, who never lye,)
The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who serv'd him most and lov'd him best,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find,
In each degree, one half so kind.
But why on European ground
Is no such instance to be found?
Say, does our learning or our reading
Fall so far short of Tonquin breeding?
But, as I said before, a case,
So far remov'd by time and place,
Is seldom faithfully related,
Or, in most points, exaggerated.
Let us by modern facts be try'd,
And not our ears, but eyes decide.
Consider but your nearest neighbour,
Mark well his ceaseless toil and labour;
Or fellow students at the college,
Who drudge both night and day for knowledge;
Are they for ten years poring better
Than if they'd never known a letter?
This thumbs philosophers that teach
To be content is to be rich;
And finds, he thinks, with greatest rapture,
These riches grow with ev'ry chapter;
But sound his heart, you'll find it heaving
To college rents and future living.
This reads the stoics, and from them
Learns all misfortunes to contemn;
But a bare nose, or finger's bleeding,
Shall countervail his ten years reading.
Do not most men more selfish grow,
And more reserv'd, the more they know?
And when they come to study less,
To promote others happiness,
They must, 'tis by experience shown,
Of consequence impair their own.
When Umbrio, fixt upon the skies
In absence, turns his musing eyes,
And never condescends t' afford,
But in a learn'd dispute, a word;
Can I persuade myself, that he
Is happier than his company?
Were it not better for a while
To lay his wisdom by, and smile,
And join with them to laugh and chat,
Altho' he cannot tell at what?
Yet he'll indulge these sullen fits,
And keep his mirth for brother wits:
Then let us follow him to these,
And see if he be more at ease.
No; soon again his pleasure fails,
He frowns, he yawns, he bites his nails;
And shows by discontented looks,
He wants to leave 'em for his books.
Pursue him to his country seat;
Is there his happiness complete?
With endless volumes fill'd, the room
Must needs dispel that sullen gloom:
In vain. Ere he an hour has sat,
Disliking this, and tir'd with that,
Some modern book augments his spleen,
Which th' ancients can't take off again.
Impatient from himself to fly,
Shall he the field amusements try?
No; those a philosophic mind
Too barren pleasures needs must find.
Then shall he try his hours to spend
In chat with neighbouring country friend?
Lo! there his joys as vainly plac'd;
One knowledge wants, and one a taste,
This too reserv'd, that too affected,
Envy'd by this, by that suspected:
Poor Umbrio meets, at ev'ry turning,
Some sad reverse intail'd on learning;
And, tir'd o' th' country, back amain
Drives to be tir'd of town again.
Observe again, th' unletter'd brow
No frowns contract, no wrinkles plow;
See Bubo's front serenely sleek;
Chagrin ne'er wastes Aphronius' cheek;
Simplicius with eternal smile;
And Dullman ever found tranquil;
Prig with self-approbation blest;
While nought disturbs Asello's rest."—
Quoth Ned, "I can no longer bear
Such overt falsities to hear;
Of arguments there is no end,
When with a sophist you contend;
Thy proofs all falsely are asserted,
Or else most wilfully perverted:
In this, as well as other countries,
Men drown and hang themselves upon trees;
Or, too displeas'd with this to bear it,
Leap into t' other world from garret.
Yet none in grave discourse, e'er thought
Such fit examples to be brought;
'Cause these from madness must proceed,
And those from poverty and need.
The sages I produced, ne'er sought
Their end or pain: their volumes taught
Neither to hasten death nor shun it,
But with indifference look upon it;
Nor ills to court nor yet to fear,
Whate'er fate gave resign'd to bear:
From whence I proved beyond dispute,
That learning bears the choicest fruit;
And plenteous harvests ever yields
To those who duly till her fields.
But you deny the truth, averring
Her soil not only cold but barren;
And the spontaneous idle weed
The cultivated crop t' exceed.
Now turn we to your happy clan,
And their delights and pleasures scan;
See them returning from the field,
Their joys are o'er; the fox is kill'd;
How shall they pass the tedious night,
Till sport return with morning light?
From whence procure them recreation,
Nor sought from books or conversation?

The bottle, lo! their sole resort,
Oppressive though they drown in port;
Or, with dear dice or cards beguile,
And shield them from themselves awhile.
Our gallants now to town repair;
What endless pleasures wait 'em there;
One half the day in sleep is past,
They study how the rest to waste;
Till drum or playhouse shall invite
To crown with happiness the night.
The dress, the valet, and the glass;
Help two long irksome hours to pass;
The dinner serves them to complain
Of taverns, waiters, cooks, champaign.
With joy they hear the hoyse is full:
The play begins; 'tis grave, 'tis dull.
And two more hours their cruel fate
Ordains their happiness must wait.
Their patience now the drum rewards
With whispers, wax-lights, bows, and cards.
Now, while at whist they take their seat,
Go ask them, are their joys complete!
Or wait they for some favourite vice;
Their girl, their bottle, or their dice?
Say, would you for a pattern chuse
Dullman, whose passion is the news?
Ne'er could the freedom of his mind
In prison'd volumes be confin'd;
In looser sheets is all his lore,
Free as the sybil's leaves of yore.
He ne'er could on one science fix,
So fell perforce on politics;
In these he can descant as well
As any modern Machiavel:
Here little progress will enable
T' attack the deepest at the table.
Great is, I grant you, his delight,
When reading a retreat or fight,
Or sally or surprise, by the French meant
To storm the enemies entrenchment:
Or ships engaging with the Spaniard;
Or loss of mast by storm, or mainyard;
Or cargo sunk, or crew all drownded [1];
Or spurious babe in Wapping found dead.
Or how the stubborn Dutch go on slow;
Or robb'ry on Blackheath or Hounslow.
But should they e'er restrain the press,
How great were Dullman's dire distress;
And should all Europe be at peace,
His pleasure totally must cease.
Let us from these now turn our eyes
Upon the man that's learn'd and wise:
You see him, from his early youth,
Taught the pursuits of heav'nly truth:
In ev'ry season, ev'ry place,
He follows still the pleasing chase;
The nearer to the glorious prize,
It shines the brighter in his eyes:
And not alone in books is found,
But ev'ry object all around.
He not the least of these disdains,
Or finds ungrateful to his pains,
But like the bee, from ev'ry flower
And ev'ry weed, with artful power
Collects alone the choicest juice,
And lays in store for future use.
Thus all things to improvement turning,
Still grows his pleasure with his learning."

[1] So Dullman spells it.

SOCIETY;

ADDRESSED TO HENRY BERKLEY, ESQ.

This poem was intended to delineate the character of Mr. Berkley, but being unfinished at the time of his death, the author never could prevail upon himself to complete it.

Society! Our being's noblest end!
To thee, with claims unequal all pretend:
From angels or the heav'n-instructed man,
To the wild Tartar's unconnected clan:
From the vast elephant, or savage bear,
To abject reptiles, and those insects spare
That wing invisibly the crowded air.
Select are thy delights serene thy joys;
How falsely sought in numbers and in noise!
Too sober for th' ambitious or the vain;
Too delicate for folly's tasteless train.
These, while they seek thee in the tents of shame,
Bring foul dishonour on thy sacred name,
Who think to find thee in the harlot's bow'r,
Or loud with wassel in the midnight hour.
Misjudge not then the philosophic mind,
Deaf to thy call, to thy endearments blind:
Since not thyself the wise, retir'd, disclaim,
But that vain phantom which usurps thy name.
Is there a man whom conscious worth inspires;
Whom wisdom touches with her faintest fires;
Whose nicer sense could brook the drunkard's cries,
The gamester glorious in his shameful prize;
The dull recital of the sportsman hear,
Or bigot roar of noisy faction bear?
O! should my soul her choicest wish declare,
And form to bounteous Heav'n her ardent prayer,
Nor numerous vassals that obsequious wait
In servile crowds, to swell the pomp of state;
Nor wealth nor pow'r, nor would she fame require,
One perfect friend should bound her full desire;
Learn'd though polite, though noble free from pride,
Virtue his guard, and honour be his guide:
Not so severely rigid to restrain
Mirth's genial friends, and laughter's jocund train;
But free to speak with temper or with fire
What Pallas dictates, or the nine inspire;
Let no attainment seem too great an height
For his aspiring mind's ambitious flight:
No useful arts, tho' vulgar or minute,
Beneath his pains, unworthy his pursuit.
May zeal direct those pains to noblest ends,
Zeal for his God, his country, and his friends;
Exalted genius animate his soul,
And sense, the stable basis of the whole.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

TOBACCO;

A TALE.

ADDRESSED TO J. H. BROWNE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THE "PIPE OF TOBACCO, IN IMITATION OF SIX SEVERAL AUTHORS."

The folks of old were not so nice
But that they'd ask and take advice.
'Twas then the Phythian's prudent voice
Directed Tully in his choice.

Consult your genius, said the maid;
No more; the humble youth obey'd.
This rule so short, so just, so plain,
Our lively moderns all disdain;
And scorn to have their flights control'd
By any Pythians new or old;
Nor ask what may their genius fit,
But all, forsooth, must aim at wit.
When first that fragrant leaf came o'er
To bless our barren northern shore,
Which your immortal verses raise,
A rival to the poet's bays,
A squire of Sussex gave command
To plant it in his marshy land:
His anxious friends and neighbours join
To drive him from this strange design.—
"Tobacco," says a skilful farmer,
"Requires a dryer clime and warmer;
The wat'ry coldness of your soil
Will frustrate all the planter's toil;
Yet not ungrateful shall the clay
With beans a plenteous crop repay."—
"Let peasant hinds," replies the squire,
"Whose grov'ling souls can rise no higher,
Drudge on, content with piddling gain
From vulgar means, and common grain;
But I will make this northern isle
With India's boasted harvest smile,
And show how needless 'tis to roam
For what we may produce at home."—
He said, and wide as his command,
Tobacco filled the hungry land;
The restive marl obstructs the shoot,
And checks the plant, and kills the root.
Yearly his project he repeated,
Yearly he saw his hopes defeated,
Till all, at length, his fate deplore,
And find him begging at their door.
Thus may'st thou see, discerning Browne,
A sauntering crowd infest the town;
Whom providential Nature made
To thrive in physic, law, or trade.
What she directs, perverse they quit,
And strive to force spontaneous wit;
Mispend their time, misplace their toil,
To cultivate a barren soil;
And find no art or force can breed,
What in your garden grows a *weed*.

ARCHIMAGE;

A POEM, WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENCER,

AND DESCRIPTIVE OF THE AUTHOR AND FOUR OF HIS BOAT'S CREW.

A BEAUTEOUS maid [1] was walking on the plaine,
Nigh where Sabrina rolls her yellow tyde,
(Who now uplifts her fretted waves amaine,
And now serenely doth like Thamis glyde;)
Her palfrey to a distant tree was tied;
Delighted with the stream, of nought afraid,
She walk'd; a dwarf attended on her side,
Who bore a shield, on which there was displayd
Alofte on azure field a deadlie Trenchant [2] blade.

Happie the knight, yea happiest he the knight,
By fates ordain'd that envied shield to beare,
The dearest gift of honour'd lady bright,
To whom she worthy deems that pledge to weare,
His sure protection in the doubtful warre;
And ever shall such good the gifte attend,
That whoso beareth it shall nothing feare,
But on his lady's virtues still depend,
Trusting in her his saint, his patronesse and friend.

Her loosely walking on the lonely shore
Espied Archimage [3] that wizard vile;
And now the subtile fiend had got his lore;
For whilom oft, with many an artful wile,
And soothing words full fraught with hidden guile
Her virtuous wisdom did the mage assail;
Nath'less unmoved remain'd she all the while,
Ne would give ear to his false glozing tale,
So that in no wise he against her mote prevail.

Forthy to overt force now turns his mind,
And impious ravishment the ruffian fell;
For equal he to lawless force inclin'd,
Or secret working of the magic spell,
And every mystic charme he knew full well:
Als could he from the vaste and hoarie deep
Summon th' obedient sonnes of night and Hell,
As if th' infernal keys himself did keep;
Ne e'er in mischief's tasks allow his eye-lids sleep.

Forthwith two hellish imps he calls amaine,
Ycleped Giant Strength and Lawless Might;
Each to array he turns his working braine
In garb and semblance fair of gentle knight;
So with a two-edged weapon he mote fight.
Thereto he Courtesie the one did call,
The other counterfeit Persuasion hight;
So if to naught his specious arts did fall,
By ruffian force he mote be sure to work her thrall.

And now the bold enchaunter caus'd be brought,
Of strange and curious worke, a rich machine [4];
Which by his skille right cunninglie was wrought,
So that it's paragonne mote not be seen;
(Full powerful is the magic art, I weene.)
Ne drawn by dragons was this sumptuous carre,
Ne by dread lions on the level greene,
Ne yet by yoked swans along the air;
As wizards oft, we read, convey the ravish'd fair.

But with his wond'rous and all-powerful breath,
And the bare motion of his felon hond,[5]
To whate'er parts he lists he travelleth,
And flies with ease to many a distant lond;
For of his prey he now possess'd doth stand.
Als his behests four wizards [6] sage obey,
Each waving in his hand a powerful wand [7];
Mightie themselves; but mightier he then they;
Ne mote they his commands at any time gainsay.

In the first rank a wily mage [8] did sit,
Long vers'd in fraud, and exercised in ill;
Ne scrupled e'er t' employ his wicked wit,
His master's dev'lish mandates to fulfille;

[1] Miss Trenchard, afterwards married to Jocelyn Pickard, esq.

[2] The crest of the Trenchard family.
[3] The author.
[4] His double boat.
[5] Guiding the helm.
[6] The boat's crew.
[7] The oar.
[8] A servant of the author.

And with malicious spite he turned stille [woe;
'Gainst elfinne knights, and wrought them mickle
Als wou'd the blood of holy beadsmen [9] spille,
Whose hairy scalps he hanged in a row
Around his cave; sad sight to Christian eyes I trow!

These would he with a deadlie engine fell
Harrow and claw, his foul heart to aggrate,
And wreak his malice, strange it is to tell,
On object senseless and inanimate;
As though it were his living foeman's pate.
Als wou'd he rub a magic ointment eft
O'er heads of luckless knights, such was his hate;
Which of their curled tresses them bereft, [left,
That nought but naked scorne and baldness vile was

Next sate a monstrous and mishapen wight [10],
His nether parts unseemlie to beholde;
All from his waiste discovering to the sight
A fishe's tail, with many a circling folde,
Which from the sea he mote not long withholde;
Als in his hideous and Cyclopean front [11]
One single eye-ball (ghastlie feature!) roll'd,
Which fill'd with horrour whoso look't upon't,
And sea and land alike were this foule wizard's wont.

But chiefe frequented he rough Neptune's reign,
Where with his dread inchaunments cast about,
He'd call the fishe up from the wat'ry plain,
Shad, salmon, turbot, sturgeon, sole and trout;
Ne 'scap'd the smaller frie, ne larger rout;
But all who in his magic circles caught,
Ne great ne small mote ever thence get out;
Such power alasse! have fell inchaunters got,
Ne aught can them resist, ne can escape them aught.

Yet not for appetite or hunger keen,
Or for the end of luscious luxurie,
Did he thus labour day and night, I ween;
And those delicious creatures doom to die,
But barely to aggrate his cruelties.
For aye such joy in mischief would he take,
That oft he 'd run and flounce and wade and flie
Like goose unwieldie or like waddling drake,
And thus pursue his prey still flound'ring through the lake.

Ne would he e'er exchange these 'steemed cates
For life-supporting bread, or wholesome food,
Ne fill his body ere with strength'ning meats,
But ev'ry thing eschewing that is good,
Nought ate or drank which mote not evil brood;
Hot and rebellious liquors were his meal,
Which caus'd foul workings in his fev'rish blood;
'Bove all things else he wassel prâz'd and ale;
For Tritonne, when in drinke, begotte him on a whale.

The next a foul and filthy wizard [12] was;
His skin like hydes of leather did appear:
A griezlie beard grew matted o'er his face;
Hard wax distilled from his eyes so blear,
And on his back grew stiffe and brieslie hair;
'Which like th' enraged porcupine he'd dart
Gainst skinne of such as him provoked ere;
And ever glad to do them shame and smart,
Left them all slash'd and gored and pink'd in every part.

From noblest auncestors his birth he 'd boast,
E'en from the mightie Crispin's royal bed;
Tho' he in fortune's ruder waves was tost,
And by the potent Archimage was led;
Nay once by mightier force imprisonned [13],
Altho' himself a great inchaunter was;
Untill released, thro' grace and bountihed
Of good and gentle knight of Crispin's race,
Form barres of hardest steel, and walles of triple brasse.

Yet by superior force not overmatch'd,
Well knew he how to deal the secret spell;
Thereto the steps of wand'ring knights he watch'd,
And with smooth words decoy'd them to his cell [14];
Where in a chair enchaunted, strange to tell,
The knights he placed; when thrusting all amaine
I' the stocks [15] their tender feet, the traytor fell
Leaves them, regardless of their bitter paine;
There may they weep and wail, and storm and rave in vaine.

Next the most dread magician [16] of the crew,
Save the all-powerfull Archimage alone,
Of strange and hideous forme, and sable hue,
Fire from his mouthe and livid eye-balls shone,
Would melt harde flints and most obdurate stone.
Thick clouds of smoke still issued from his nose,
Which he in danger hath about him throwne;
His iron nailes the length of fingers rose,
Ne brasse, ne hardest steele, mote his sharpe teeth oppose.

He was to weet a craftie subtile mage,
Great Vulcan's sonne, and from his sire full well
Had learn'd the winds rude force and mightier rage
Of fire, which oft he'd fetch with many a spell,
And bold Promethean arts, from lowest Hell [17].
In a vaste cave did this inchaunter wonne,
Full of things foul to see and sadde to tell;
With many a rotten sculle and bleached bone,
And many a mangled lymb was the dread pavement strowne.

Als on the portals of his friendless gate
He fixed has, and hanged up on highe
The boastfull tokens of his vengefull hate,
And spoils of his lamented victorie,
Extorting tears from every tender eye;
When luckless knights by him dismounted are,
He straightway to the helpless steed doth flie;
Soon from his tender foot the sole doth teare,
And home the mournful trophie of his conquest beare.

Nor so he lets escape the haplesse steede,
But daie by daie doth racke him more and more;
Now strikes his tender necke till it doth bleede,
And his sleek skyn becomes all cover'd o'er
With the foule stains of bloode and clotted gore;
Als with hotte pyncers dothe he seare his tongue,
And with sharpe nails his feet he pricketh sore;
Which makes him frette, as tho' by gadflie stunge,
Whilst his gall'd hoofe still smarts, in magic circle wrunge.

[9] He shaved a clergyman then resident in the family, and dress'd his wigs.
[10] A fisherman. [11] He had lost an eye.
[12] A shoemaker.
[13] Had been arrested for debt. [14] His shop.
[15] Ready-made shoes.
[16] A blacksmith and farrier.
[17] His forge.

Als hath the wizard with paternal art [18],
And massie beams of ir'n, a castle wrought,
So surelie firme and barr'd in ev'ry part,
That never thence, I ween, escaped aught;
With many a knight and woeful squire was fraught
This dolorous dungeon sad, who thither came
By magic touch, and vile inchauntments brought
Of harpies fell, who take their obscene name [19]
Deriv'd from loathed part of scorne, and public shame.

Whilom the wretche against his master dar'd
In bold rebellion lift his traitor hand,
And for his steeds his treas'nous charms prepar'd;
But Archimage his purpose had foresceanu'd,
And him in terrour to that lawless band
Condemned aye to sweat and toil amain;
Now in the waves, now on the burning sand,
From scorching flames to the chill wave again;
Thus aye him tort'ring with varietie of pain.

Such was this dev'lish and unholie crew;
But far above them all was Archimage;
More artful tricks and subtile wyles he knew;
More high, more potent, more rever'd, more sage;
Ne one like him could read the magic page:
Ne could the powers of all combin'd avail
'Gainst his bare breath: so potent was it's rage,
That oft with that alone he would assail [fail.
The greatest deeds, nor ere in ought was known to

Als was he balde behind, and polled o'er,
And once escap'd none caught him e'er, I trowe:
One single lock [20] of hair he has before,
Such whilom on Time's aged fronte dothe grow;
(For he like Time ranne ever to and fro,
Following the bente of his impetuous minde)
This must you catch, ere he beginne to go,
For if once gone he flieth like the winde,
Ne ere abateth speed, ne looketh ere behinde.

Erst by his charmes a wond'rous bow [21] he brought
Ev'n from the distante coasts of utmost Inde;
With dread and powerful magic was it wrought;
And feather'd arrows, swifter than the winde,
Which never erred from the marke design'd:
These as the tim'rous fowl from far descrie,
(Sore dread, I ween, to all the feather'd kinde)
Dismay'd, dispers'd, and cowring low, they flie,
Tho' oft transfix'd their lives they leave ith' loftie skie.

Nature to him her dark breast doth disclose,
His pierceant eye looks thro' the shades of night;
And all beneath the earth and sea he knows,
Ne ought is hidden from his searching sight:
Eft rare and secret things he brings to light;
And Earth's deep womb ransacking with his art,
An house [22] hath built with various beauties dight,
(Not found, I ween, in ev'ry common mart,)
Gold glitters all around, and shines in ev'ry part.

Als on the confines of his drear domaine
A loftie tower [23] rears it's tremendous height;
From off whose goodlie battlements are seen
Extensive scenes of wonder and delight:
But in a gulph [24] are her foundations pight;
Which, tho' conceal'd with verdure fair, doth gape,
Unseen, both night and day, for living wight:
And ill betide that caitiffe, whose mishappe
Dothe lead him to the pitte, whence he can ne'er escape.

So wills that darke and sable-stoled mage,
Who in those walles his art dothe exercise;
Ne ought with him availeth sexe or age;
Ne hoary elde, ne tender infant's cries
Can melt his iron heart in any wise:
Als by his power and virtue magicalle,
A wond'rous yoke about their neckes he ties,
Which eft their tender skinnes doth frette and galle, [thralle.
All silkenne as it seems, with sore and endlesse

So surelie firme he ties this Gordian knotte,
As ev'n exceeds his own art to untie;
And so ill-suited deals to each their lotte,
Using his wicked arts so wantonlie,
His cruel sport doth cause great miserie:
Each ill-pair'd couple tugge the magic chaine,
And their reluctant neckes together plie,
And still for freedom praie and strive amaine;
He sits and laughs to scorne their labour, all in vaine.

AN

APOLOGY FOR WRITING VERSE;

ADDRESSED

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES YORKE.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1745.)

THO' all the censuring world upbraid,
That thus I ply this idle trade,
That, strangely singular, I leave
What they call useful, great, or grave,
To follow Phoebus and the Muses;
Yet you, my Charles, could find excuses,
And back your reasons with example,
To make th' apology more ample:
Or, if the bard should bring a fit one,
Found or in ancient Greece or Britain,
With pleasure wou'd the tale attend,
That serves to vindicate your friend.
A case I'll send you from a book [1],
A case in point, tho' not in Coke.——
When Philip's warlike preparations
Spread terrour round the neighbouring nations,
All prompted by their sev'ral fears,
Provide their bucklers, swords, and spears;
Obedient to the mason's call,
They roll the stones and raise the wall,
And work as patriot ardour fired 'em;
The very women too bestir'd 'em;
For Corinth's lusty dames we 're told
Were mettled combatants of old:
Mean while Diogenes alone
At ease surveys the busy town,
And stalks with philosophic pace,
Contemplating each earnest face;

---

[18] He assisted in building Glo'ster jail.
[19] Bum bailiff.
[20] He wore a toupee of his own hair, comb'd over his wig.
[21] Alluding to his expert use of the bow and arrow.
[22] A grotto, ornamented with mundic, spars, &c.
[23] The parish church, situated near his house.
[24] The church-yard.
[1] Rabelais, prologue to book 3d.

At length the cynic grasp'd his club,
And fell inwardike mood to drub
That peaceful domicil his tub;
As if he meant t'avenge the quarrel
Of Greece on th' outside of his barrel;
Or humble Philip's pride by jerking
The sides of sympathetic firkin.
And now the sage began to roll
His passive vessel like a bowl;
When thus a stander-by, "Pray neighbour,
Why dost thou thy poor tub belabour?
Why thus mispend thy time and wit
But to torment thyself and it?"—
"And art thou at this busy season
At loss to find th' apparent reason?"
The sage replies: "sure you might chide well,
If I alone should now stand idle;
When all with me embark'd together,
This dark suspicious low'ring weather,
Are striving hard to keep afloat
The common weal, our leaky boat:
While at the pump or oar they tug hard,
Shall I appear the only sluggard?
What tho' my talents not avail
To guide the helm or hand the sail,
Yet shall it ne'er be said, that I
Thro' sloth or indolence lay by."—
He said, and straight resum'd his task,
And bounc'd and thwack'd the trundling cask.
Thus I, who midst this restless crowd
Capricious Nature has allow'd
Such parts and talents, as might serve
To help some wretched wit to starve,
With pleasure see my busy friends,
Earnest alike for various ends;
While these the means of peace prepare;
These arming 'gainst the chance of war;
Alike all anxious for their fate,
And lab'ring to preserve the state.
Yet I, t' amuse the vacant hour,
Careless of honours, wealth, or power,
Civic or military fame;
Nor hoping praise nor fearing shame,
Still ply like him my idle game.

TO

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ES2.

(IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE TO THE AUTHOR, INSERTED IN HIS LIFE.)

Cease, Whitehead, to lavish on others the fame
Which you better deserve, and unenvied may claim:
The Muses, your bankers, all honour your hand,
When you draw for a rhyme, you're paid on demand,
All in specie, all gold, current coin of the land.
On my poor shallow bank the call scarce is begun,
Ere my Muse pays in silver to ward off the run.
What demon possess'd me, when first for my crimes
I sat down to blot paper with dissonant rhymes!
Storms blacken'd and thunder affrighted the night:
The raven and screech owl forbad me to write.
Had I never engag'd in this idle employ,
My heart vacant of care, and o'erflowing with joy,
I had laught at all those, who to business are martyrs,
Like a resident canon or captain in quarters;
Dissolving in indolence, thoughtlessly gay,
I had slept all the night, and done nothing all day;
Contented from drum to assembly to dance,
As invited by card, situation, or chance;
Bow'd, saunter'd, and gap'd, a mere man of the town;
And ask'd others their health, and not injur'd my own.
But e'er since the first moment this phrenzy possest
And disturb'd with wild vapours the calm of my breast;
Day [1] and night have I toil'd, like a slave in the mines,
Retouching, transposing, new moulding my lines.
Then, how nauseously sounds the addition of poet,
What pain to be markt, and how aukward to know it!
Oft he hears, when he 's stuck in the midst of a croud,
Some whisper his name, some repeat it aloud,
Or stare in his face to examine each feature,
For a poet to them is a strange kind of creature.
Fops, belles, beaux-esprits flock round him and court all
His acquaintance to visit,—his friendship no mortal.
Wits sneer, the fools laugh, friends as usual *must* blame;
Cardelio condemns, in the midst of his game:
The learn'd shake their heads, the unletter'd abuse,
The dull rogues thank their God they're not plagu'd with a Muse.
—My ambition is chill'd with this dreadful review,
And I bid all poetic delusions adieu.

TO

LORD BATHURST.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

LIB. 2. ODE 15.

Already your extensive down
O'er all the neighb'ring land has grown,
And laid whole forests waste:
And now we see th' encroaching lake
Almost as large a compass take:
And all to found a taste.
Misguided emulation now
The fertile empire of the plough
To barren show devotes;
Or vainly strives some marsh to drain,
To counterfeit thy wholesome plain,
Or richest meadow floats.

JAM pauca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent: undique latiùs
Extenta visentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu: platanusque cœlebs
Evincet ulmos: tum violaria, et
Myrtus, et omnis copia nariun,

[1] The reader will see, that this is an ironical allusion to that part of Mr. Whitehead's epistle, where he describes the remarkable facility with which the author always composed.

Now flow'rs dispos'd in various groupes,
Dislodge those honours of your soups,
The tasteful rich legumes:
And, rais'd in mounts, or sunk in wells,
From artless tufts, or labour'd shells,
Dispense their strong perfumes.

How would your friend sir Godfrey [1] fret!
And Pope, in plaintive strains, regret
The days of his queen Anne?
Before you sunk the first ha-ha;
And ruling all by forest-law,
This wasting taste began.

The monarch, worthy Britain's crown,
Sought not in private fields renown:
And none by her example,
Did castles for their porter rear,
A Chinese pagode for their deer,
Or for their horse a temple.

The turf her humble subjects made
Their lowly seat, beneath the shade
Of beeches, oaks, or birches:
And to their pious queen they gave
Whate'er their patriot thrift could save,
For building fifty churches.

Spargent olivetis odorem
Fertilibus domino priori.
Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos
Excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli
Præscriptum, et intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterumque normâ.
Privatus illis census erat brevis, c
Commune magnum: nulla decempedis
Metata privatis opacam
Porticus excipiebat Arcton.
Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem
Leges sinebant; oppida publico
Sumptu jubentes, et deorum
Templa novo decorare saxo.

THE

DANGER OF WRITING VERSE;

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A YOUNG POET AND HIS FRIEND.

ADDRESSED TO

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, KNT.

Occasioned by his satirical Ode upon Mr Hussey's Marriage with the Dutchess of Manchester; which gave so much personal Offence.

Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico
Victorem; neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio. Hor. Od. iii.

---

c

FRIEND.

THE man at whose birth Melpomene smil'd,
Who fancies forsooth he 's Apollo's own child,

[1] Sir Godfrey Kneller.

In the country indulges an indolent ease, [peace.
And will make neither sportsman nor justice of

POET.

Will our poet succeed any better in town?
Is he likely to rise by the sword or the gown?

FRIEND.

Lackaday, sir, the Muse has so addled his pate,
That he finds himself fit for no post in the state.

POET.

But Horace, your friend, though his sons you abuse,
Shows the dignity, value, or charms of the Muse:

FRIEND.

'Tis true, sir, but there he has chose to conceal,
What I, for the sake of young bards, shall reveal:
Then know, this profession but tends to expose
To the fear of your friends, the revenge of your foes.
Will the man, by your verses once injur'd, forgive,
Tho' the cause of his pain shou'd no longer survive?
All your friends tho' unhurt, you observe, are perplext [next
With a jealous concern, lest their turn should be

POET.

But, good sir, what need that the bard must abuse?
Let him sport with an innocent pastoral Muse:

FRIEND.

I grant, and the world will allow there's no need;
You may chuse what you'll write, but they'll chuse what they read; [matter
And, dear ignorant friend, to make short of the
There's nothing will please 'em but personal satire:
Nor fancy the world will e'er call for your rhymes,
Unless they believe 'em a touch on the times;
Of this truth artful Pope may an instance afford,
Who nam'd his late work from the year of our Lord.
This Horace confest: for that poet divine,
Who at first wrote his odes to his mistress and wine,
Soon with character fill'd the satyrical page,
And adapted his Muse to the taste of the age.
But satire's a thing, that 'tis dang'rous to deal in,
For tho' many want taste, yet there's none but has feeling.
This duly consider'd, the poet disclaim,
Nor let Horace inveigle your fancy with fame;
For the reason why he can unenvied divert us,
Is because we are sure he 's unable to hurt us;
His characters touch not the moderns; and no man
Sees himself or his nation expos'd in a Roman:
Yet were he alive, I should think it, tho' loth,
My duty to give this advice to you both.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

LORD DUCIE AND HIS HORSE.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1748.)

DUCIE.

O THE dull lazy dog, how untimely he fails,
When in view we've the prince and the princess of Wales!
Is this a fit time, you ungrateful, to flinch?

HORSE.

You may whip me and spur me; I'll not stir an inch.

I wish I'd been Cambridge's, then I had seen
Hay and oats for my dinner and tasted a bean,
Which your Pythagorie decrees have forbid;
And that makes me so faint, I 'ant fit to be rid.

DUCIE.

I'll convince you how foolish the outcry which you make;
What signify oats if you're rid of your stomach?
Without scruple, I grant, when extravagant Vesie [1]
Gave his horse hay and oats, you were justly uneasy.
But with Cambridge's horses 'tis quite a new case;
They are trying to make you displeas'd with your place;
'Tis the way of all servants; but pray, do they say
How many long miles they are rid in a day?
How oft the poor devils are gallopt to Villiers?
I'll warrant they often have envied my thillers [2].
Did you e'er know me out when pronouncing the doom
Prophetic of Cambridge's annual groom?
Now if he kills a groom once a twelvemonth, or more,
Of horses at least he must kill half a score.
He cares little for 'em, and feels no more pain,
If in harvest it pours down whole buckets of rain;
While I and my servants are toiling all day,
In the heat of the sun to roast you your hay.
With his good friend the World on the water he goes,
And calls off his hands to his barges and shows.
But you want to change for his place, you 're so cunning;
Did he ever build you a stable to run in?
Have you seen in his fields such a house as your own,
With one pillar of brick and another of stone?
No, no, sir, he builds you your buildings of taste:
And so all his fortune is running to waste.
Am I ever profuse in wigs, waistcoats, or coats,
In castles or porticos, bridges or boats?

HORSE.

What's all this to me, if I never eat oats?

THE AUTHOR TO THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

IM. HOR. EPIS. 20.

Well then, for all that I have said,
You keep your eyes on Tully's head [3].
Has pride with such impatience fill'd you,
You pine till Dodsley clothe and gild you;
As foppish minors court their taylor,
And hate their guardian as their jailer.
'Tis so, you an't content, you say
With Barnard, Whitehead, Yorke, and Wray.
No more you'll visit squeamish wits,
So often in their absent fits:
No more be read alone to Browne;
But go at once upon the town.
Go then, you'll never think me wise,
Till wits begin to criticise,
And doom you to the trunks or pies.
Or, if it happens for a while,
Your novelty should make 'em smile,
Soon will you think of my advice,
When the cloy'd reader grows so nice:
For something new he throws you by,
Where you o'erwhelm'd forgot must lye;
Where daily pamphlets shall confound you,
And Night Thoughts ever growing round you.
But while their favour you maintain,
(For 'tis as short liv'd as 'tis vain)
Thus much of me you may declare,
That tho' I live in country air,
And with a snug retirement blest,
Yet oft, impatient of my nest,
I spread my broad and ample wing
And in the midst of action spring.
A great admirer of great men,
And much by them admir'd again.
My body light, my figure slim,
My mind dispos'd to mirth and whim;
Then on my family hold forth,
Less fam'd for quality than worth.
But let not all these points divert you
From speaking largely of my virtue.
Should any one desire to hear a
Precise description of your era,
Tell 'em that you was on the anvil,
When Bath came into pow'r with Granville.
When they came in you were about,
And not quite done when they went out [4].

VERTUMNUM Janumque, liber, spectare videris:
Scilicet ut prostes Sosiorum pumice mundus.
Odisti claves, et grata sigilla pudico:
Paucis ostendi gemis, et communia laudas,
Non ita nutritus: fuge quò descendere gestis:
Non erit emisso reditus tibi. Quid miser egi?
Quid volui? dices, ubi quis te læserit: et scis
In breve te cogi, plenus cùm languet amator.
Quod si non odio peccantis desipit augur,
Carus eris Romæ, donec te deserat ætas.
Contrectatus ubi manibus sordescere vulgi
Cœperis; aut tineas pasces taciturnus inertes;
Aut fugies Uticam; aut vinctus mittêris Ilerdam.
Ridebit monitor non exauditus, ut ille,
Qui malè parentem in rupes protrusit asellum
Iratus: Quis enim invitum servare laboret?
Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
Occupet extremis in vicis balba senectus.
Cum tibi Sol tepidus plures admoverit aures;
Me libertino natum patre, et in tenui re
Majores pennas nido extendisse loqueris:
Ut quantum generi demas, virtutibus addas,
Me primis urbis belli placuisse domique;
Corporis exigui, præcanum, solibus aptum,
Irasci celerem, tamen ut placabilis essem.
Forte meum si quis te percunctabitur ævum;
Me quater undenos sciat implevisse Decembres;
Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.

[1] Lord Ducie's steward.
[2] The horse that goes between the shafts.
[3] The head of Cicero over Mr. Dodsley's door.
[4] Their administration lasted only three days.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD,

AN

HEROIC POEM:

IN

SIX BOOKS.

PREFACE.

THOUGH an author persuades himself that his work will fully explain itself to all who read it with attention, and have the patience to observe how some parts reflect light on others, and all conduce to illustrate the whole; yet I have not the vanity to flatter myself that the generality of readers will give that attention to a poet on his first appearance in print, which is absolutely necessary for the thorough understanding this poem. Therefore I have yielded to the instances of some, who advise me to publish a few prefatory lines for the satisfaction of those who read rather for amusement, than for the critical consideration of such compositions.

Let us first consider the true idea of a work of this nature.

A mock-heroic poem should, in as many respects as possible, imitate the true heroic. The more particulars it copies from them, the more perfect it will be. By the same rule it should admit as few things as possible, which are not of the cast and colour of the ancient heroic poems. The more of these it admits, the more imperfect will it be. It should, throughout, be serious, because the originals are serious; therefore the author should never be seen to laugh, but constantly wear that grave irony which Cervantes only has inviolably preserved. An author may be very deficient in the observation of these rules, and yet he may write a very pleasing, though it cannot be called a perfect mock-heroic poem. It will please many readers, though it have no other support than here and there a parody of some known passages of an esteemed author.

The Athenians were so fond of parody, that they eagerly applauded it, without examining with what propriety or connection it was introduced. Aristophanes shows no sort of regard to either in his ridicule of Euripides; but brings in the characters as well as verses of his tragedies, in many of his plays, though they have no connection with the plot of the play, nor any relation to the scene in which they are introduced. This love of parody is accounted for by an excellent French critic, from a certain malignity in mankind, which prompts them to laugh at what they most esteem, thinking they, in some measure, repay themselves for that involuntary tribute which is exacted from them by merit.

I shall be very much misunderstood if it be thought that I desire to detract from the abundant merit of the Lutrin, Dispensary, Rape of the Lock, and Dunciad. They have each a thousand beauties which I do not pretend to; but I have always thought that they did not come up to the true idea of a mock-heroic poem.

I take for granted, nobody believes that the primary design of either of these poets was to write a mock-heroic.

Boileau being struck with the absurd disputes of certain contending ecclesiastics, resolved to make them the subject of his ridicule; and afterwards pitched upon the imitation of the heroic as a vehicle for his satire. The comic humour of Garth was strongly excited by the factious divisions in his own profession, and would probably have vented itself in prose, but that the admired performance of Boileau invited his imitation. And Pope wrote his first essay of this kind to put an end, by ridicule, to a quarrel between two families; and his second from a just indignation against his libellers, and not from any formed design to write a true mock-heroic poem. When first I read these poems, I perceived that they had all some great defect, and though the more I read them the stronger I felt this defect, and always conceived that something might be written more perfect in this kind, yet I never discovered what it was until I came to know that Don Quixote was a work which would give as much satisfaction in a critical examination as most of the compositions of the ancients. I then found that *propriety* was the fundamental excellence of that work. That all the marvellous was reconcileable to probability, as the author led his hero into that species of absurdity only, which it was natural for an imagination, heated with the continual reading of books of chivalry, to fall into. That the want of attention to this, was the fundamental defect of these poems. For with what *propriety* do churchmen, physicians, beaux and belles, or booksellers, address themselves to the Heathen gods, offer sacrifices, consult oracles, or talk the language of Homer and the heroes of antiquity? With the same *impropriety* do these authors frequently leave their subject, and the very colour of the heroic, to describe some modern character, introduce personal satire or epigrammatic wit. The poems I admire, and in many places for their very faults: and the authors I vindicate, as the attempt of the mock-heroic was only their secondary view.

Whoever examines Swift's Battle of the Books, will give it the preference in this particular; for he will find throughout that little piece, no one episode or allusion introduced for its own sake, but every part will appear consistent with, and written only to strengthen and support, the whole.

The imitation of the ancients was my chief, and at that time, only design, as appears from what I have said above. These thoughts, together with the remembrance of the classics, were fresh in my mind, when Pope first published the Memoirs of Scriblerus; an admirable design, undertaken by many of the greatest wits of the last age, but dropt in the very beginning; and the little we have is executed very unequally. Yet, such as it was, it furnished me with an hint for a subject, and principally with an hero, who having the manners of the ancients industriously inculcated from his cradle by the enthusiasm of his father, must always with propriety think, act, and speak like them. I considered that taking up a character which had been already explained, would be a great advantage in an epic poem, which as it should always hasten into the midst of things, would not admit of such an explanation of a new character in the beginning

of it, as is, without any offence to the nature of that work, at large described in the first chapter of Don Quixote; and makes the whole first canto of Hudibras. I had also the satisfaction of complying with a fundamental rule of Horace, who is too sound a critic to deliver with importance an advice which he had not proved to be of moment.

Difficile est proprie communia dicere: tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.

New subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better chuse a well-known theme,
Than trust to an invention of your own.
Roscommon.

In the lines immediately following he cautions against a servile imitation, which I had no reason to fear, as I undertook to continue their design by taking up Scriblerus where they left him, and consequently cannot interfere with any one action which they have described: and I have taken care, in order to keep it still more separate from theirs, to make no allusions to the Memoirs, of any consequence, but merely such as give a handle to quote them in the notes, and thereby, as it were accidentally, refer the reader to them, (for when I printed the first book, I had no thought of writing this preface) as I chose rather that he should get an idea of this enthusiastic character from a work already printed, than to repeat the description and clog my book with it. So that, but for these reasons, which I do not think of any great force, I might as well have had a new character of my own invention, with a new name: but what advantage would have resulted from that? and what objection to the character and name of Scriblerus? Do not all these idle travels, all these frivolous investigations and useless pursuits end in scribbling, to the unreasonable increase of that wordy lumber, which provokes the humourous Fajardo to cry out, "O! Jupiter, if thou hast any compassion for poor mortals, send us, once in a century, an army of Goths and Vandals to redress the calamity of this inundation of authors." May we not suppose that these books, so formidable in their bulk and number, must strike a damp on all beginners in literature, who supposing that a man cannot be styled a scholar till he has laboured through all those volumes, choose rather to decline all pretensions to that name, than to enter upon so serious an engagement? Is it not therefore, in some degree, laudable to endeavour to stop the progress of this evil, and by showing the vanity and uselessness of many studies, reduce them to a less formidable appearance, and invite our youth to application, by letting them see that a less degree of it than they apprehend, judiciously directed, and a very few books indeed, well recommended, will give them all the real information which they are to expect from human science.

This naturally leads me to speak of my design. I have already said that my original view was to write a mock-heroic poem; but I should have thought my time most triflingly employed, had I set out with that intention only. But I no longer hesitated, when I found that I could, consistently with the character of my hero and manners of the poem, comprehend the whole compass of false science, without omitting any thing that could possibly be brought into action. As the press has groaned more of late with the wranglings of theologians and metaphysicians than any other kind of writing, the omission of them may appear a defect, but it would have been extremely injudicious to have attempted any thing so little of the colour of heroic poetry. This will appear from the slight touches upon the quibbles in law and casuistry, towards the end of the sixth book, which have so little of the epic cast, that I fear they are distinguishable to a fault: yet I let them stand, being willing to fill the measure of absurdity, and omit nothing that can possibly have a place to complete the plan.

Having considered the nature of the poem, and the design or moral intention of it, I come next to the character of the hero. In this I had an advantage which I had not in the two former. I mean a perfect model to copy by, and the steps of a great master to tread in, who frequently walks on the brink of improbability, yet you can never discover that his head turns, or his foot slides.

Such a guide is Cervantes: and from diligently studying him we learn, that things, at first sight most apparently improbable, may be reconciled to belief by the circumstances of time, place, and accidents: by which the marvellous, so excellent in all kinds of fiction, particularly the poetical, may be produced without giving into the romantic. This gives a ludicrous fiction, founded on the character of an enthusist, an advantage over the serious epic: for there the marvellous never appears without a most glaring offence to truth; whereas in the former, the reader is as much astonished as at the most incredible falsity, till he has time to reflect on the heated imagination of the hero, which reconciles all to probability. Numberless instances of this will occur to the reader of Don Quixote. I will illustrate it with one from the Scribleriad.

Credulity is one strong characteristic of our hero; therefore, without using any of the arts above-mentioned, I send him at once to search for the Petrified City. A story which meets with universal belief among the Africans, and I could instance several Europeans whose faith in this particular has cost them some pains and expense. This, therefore, is straining no point. But Albertus, who is one that loves a joke (for that is the obvious meaning of Momus in Albertus's shape) advises him to consult a natural fool. He readily complies. Thus far his behaviour has nothing extraordinary, being influenced by the custom of the country. For however ridiculous such conduct may seem here, at Cairo it was only insanire solennia, to be as mad as they: for there every body holds these naturals in veneration, and catches what drops from their mouths with equal enthusiasm. But he must not only venerate, he must have a satisfactory answer and direction for his future life from a madman. This can only be produced by self-delusion, for an ideot cannot be taught to act in confederacy. The self-delusion is not difficult, but the timing it exactly at the consultation is a nicety. For this purpose Scriblerus is made to pass a restless night without sleep, then to weary himself by searching for his prophet a whole day, then to be stunned with a blow (which at the same time serves to characterise the idiot in the love of mischief natural to such) and moreover to be stupified by drinking opium unawares; the known effects of which upon a brain already full of a favourite project, which

we may suppose his adviser Albertus took care to prepare him with, will account for the manner in which he relates this adventure to his friends. I cite this as an instance of reconciling the marvellous to probability by the circumspection and art of the author. I shall now mention some other methods I have taken of introducing this great requisite in heroic poetry. It is a known maxim that a man hazards his character of veracity more by telling improbable truths than probable lies; which proves that such improbable truths do always appear the marvellous to those who have not been used to think on the subject.

Doubtless the rowing under water appears so strongly the marvellous, that upon first view it will be thought impossible. Yet this has certainly been executed, and nothing is more easy to perform for a small space of time. Therefore not the impracticability but the uselessness of the invention is the object of ridicule.

Another method of introducing the marvellous is by reserving for the end of the book the most consummate absurdities of enthusiastic faith, then, by an artful rapidity of description, to hurry on the reader, and make his imagination keep company with the credulous zealots, and then at once to conclude unexpectedly, leaving the impression of the marvellous strong on the mind without those circumstances which, in the first mentioned case, at the same time that they reconcile it to probability, greatly weaken the force and effect of it.

The commentators on Homer apologise for the glaring falsehoods which Ulysses relates, by showing they are told to the Phæacians, a credulous people: Scriblerus tells his to pilgrims, the most ready of all men to swallow lies. Therefore all the marvellous in his narration is doubly accounted for, by the love of hearing it in them, and the love of telling it so strongly the characteristic of the hero.

I engage with more cheerfulness to explain the character of my hero, because I would not have it so much misunderstood, as it must be by those who take their idea of it from the Memoirs. I was always surprised that Mr. Pope should make his Scriblerus so complicated a character as he represents him in the last chapter of the Memoirs, attributing to him things quite incompatible. Nay, such is his lust of loading this character, that he declares Gulliver's Travels to be the travels of Scriblerus; and this without any other pretence than that Swift had once designed to write the travels of Scriblerus. What reasons induced him to change this work of humour to a particular gratification of his spleen, it is not to the present purpose to make known: but this is certain, that when he made so total an alteration in his design, he took care not to give one feature of Scriblerus to his Gulliver.

Let us therefore forget all impressions made on us by the two last chapters of the Memoirs, and examine what his character is in the Scribleriad. If we trace him book by book, we shall find him, in the first, an enthusiastic admirer of the ancients, desirous to imitate their heroes in action, and their writers in sentiment; and in this his extravagance does not exceed that of Pomponius Laetus [1], Belurger, and many others. He there appears in the light of an antiquary, as is shown by the collection which composes the pile. Next of a pedant, by his speech on the food of different nations, wherein he prides himself in showing what Pope calls

——all such reading as was never read.

The same character still appears in his speeches on dreams, and on oracles. After this he is seen in no other throughout the whole work than that of an alchymist.

For three whole books he is a mere spectator and admirer of the follies of others. In the second, his rashness and injudicious curiosity are set forth in his voyage to see an earthquake: but when he arrives at the Poetic Land, it appears to be so little to his taste that he flies from it immediately. In the next country he comes to, he shows no genius himself for the arts of the place, of which he contents himself to be an humble admirer. He projects nothing mechanical, and only presides over such games as his companions had learned from the queen. Thus are various absurd arts introduced, necessary to the completion of the plan, without either clogging the hero's character, or losing sight of him during the whole action. And thus it is evident that Scriblerus appears only as an antiquary, pedant, and alchymist. The two first characters are almost inseparable, and the last cannot be said to be incompatible with them.

Before I leave the character of the hero, I must make one remark. The exordium of the Scribleriad proposes only to lead an hero, whose curiosity has already carried him into many perilous adventures, through new attempts equally difficult and hazardous. The reader will from hence conclude that here is a very defective imitation of an heroic plan. That both the Iliad and Odyssey have one great design in view: and that Virgil's correct muse proposes at first the Trojans settling in Italy, and before the work is advanced three hundred lines, introduces Jupiter giving a solemn promise of their success. But this will be found a necessary omission in the exordium, and there will appear no such defect in the plan, in which a most important event is brought to pass, no less than the planting a considerable colony of antiquaries, who are as effectually founded as if Jupiter had granted them a charter in the first book. And it must be observed, that by bringing this about indirectly and unexpectedly, there is avoided a great impropriety. For it being the peculiar character of Scriblerus and all his associates, to devise for themselves schemes altogether fruitless and impracticable, it would be the utmost breach of consistency to let them succeed in any thing they had proposed.

yet such was his infatuation to the ancient Romans, that he changed his name from Peter to Pomponius, renounced the Christian religion, paid divine honours to Romulus, affected other pagan ceremonies, &c. &c. &c. 'Romanæ autem vetustatis tantus erat admirator, ut cum e salario discipulorum agellum & domunculum in Quirinali sibi parasset in ea natalem urbis coleret & Romulum. Idem quoties marmor aliquod effoderetur ex urbis ruinis illacrymabatur, ac causam rogatus, addebat, Admonitu meliorum temporum ploro. Vossius de Historicis Latinis.

[1] Pomponius Laetus lived in the 15th century, he was a great scholar, and esteemed historian,

Here I suppose some critics will cry out, "Why then is he made to succeed in the art of making gold? This fundamental maxim of showing all the hero's pursuits vain and fruitless is overthrown by the successful ending of the poem." To such I can only recommend to reconsider the end of the poem, and by laying several passages together to observe how they explain one another. It is first to be noted that the lead is not said to have obtained any other property of gold than colour, which is very far from a fundamental alteration. The zealous alchymists, and not the poet, insinuate that the work is accomplished. At the same time Scriblerus cuts the throat of a cow and undertakes to bring her to life again, so that you have nothing but the bare word of one opinionated visionary for the latter, which you know to be impossible, and that of several such as himself for the former, which may be proved by demonstration to be so. Does this look like success? Supposing it had that appearance, is it not all destroyed by his last speech, wherein he discovers a presentiment that their hopes will be defeated by two great vices: their own folly and impiety in giving the honour of this success to a mortal, and paying him divine rites, which at the same time raises in him a vice (vanity) which he has been particularly warned against as destructive of his success.

The singular propriety which attends this plan of having an hero whose manners are conformable to the manners of the poem, made me cautious how I introduced any character who might not think and talk in the same strain: I considered yet farther, that as the work for the most part was a criticism upon false and useless philosophy, it would be a propriety to use similes and allusions taken from the absurd or trifling parts of natural history and philosophy. And as I endeavoured to reject every thing that was not consonant with this design, so I thought it would tend to the perfection of the work to bring in every thing that was. The observation of these two rules has, I fear, two very bad effects. It excludes some things, that might have been entertaining, and it admits some that are not so: and this is the reason why I said above that I admire some of our mock-heroics for their very faults.

Such ornaments as were not foreign to my design I have introduced as often as I found a place for them. Of this kind are such particulars in art or nature as are not commonly known. Thus I have taken an occasion, in describing the Cave of Rumour, to give an exact representation of the famous latomiæ, and of a no less surprising phenomenon in nature, by giving the Surinam toad for one of the prizes. I have also observed a strict accuracy in the description of any thing philosophical or mechanical: "Thus the account of the Plica Polonica in the 3d Book, and the artificial wings in the 4th, are both taken from the Philosophical Transactions."

It would have seemed pedantic as well as tedious to have been too minutely accurate in some particulars. One instance may serve to show how I have in general avoided it. The minarets of Cairo differ from the general shape of the minarets, and are difficult to describe, as not being of a mathematical figure; therefore, though they are the Minarets I speak of in the text, I chose in the note to describe the more general form.

It may be proper to add a few hints for such readers as are not very conversant with burlesque writings. In the versification they will find now and then a mock dignity and solemnity affected, the emptiness of which may be past over undiscovered by an hasty reader, but will appear to a very slight examination. There is not a more impertinent fault in modern poetry than the frequency of moral reflections, which are generally delivered in metaphor, a figure used with so little accuracy, that you seldom find an author carry it through six lines without changing it more than once, and that in a much more glaring way than I have done in those lines which are written on purpose to ridicule these moral reflections and change of metaphor. I mean the apostrophe in the 3d B. line 290. This is endeavoured to be explained in note on l. 201 of B. 4. as far as could be done, without the breach of that irony which is observed as strictly in the notes as in the text, and which is the cause of the demand for this preface. To such as are little acquainted with irony, I must recommend to remember that they are to expect it frequently, and may often be misled by it if they are off their guard. They will find this figure strongest in the following notes. 2 B. 2. line 123. B. 3. line 11. 25. 37. 103. B. 4. line 68. 181. 189. 201. 239.

By irony is generally understood the saying one thing and meaning another. Then how shall it be known whether a burlesque writer means the thing he says, or the contrary? This is only to be found by attention and a comparison of passages. Let us endeavour to see this by an instance. Scriblerus is promised the grand elixir, it is frequently insinuated that he is to possess this secret of transmuting metals and prolonging life, and the work concludes without explaining directly that he is disappointed in his expectations. But will it not appear that these expectations are ironically given, when we find all preceding ones to have been so? For of all the many prophecies delivered to him, the only one fulfilled is that of his being reduced to a state of beggary in his pursuit of alchymy,

The goose and goslings will seem more vulgar

[2] This is intended as a censure on those who pay an undistinguishing veneration to great names, and persuade themselves to admire weak and idle passages in their favourite author, which they would treat with the utmost contempt if they found them any where else. The satire is levelled against these learned men, as they are called, and not against Plato, whom I would gladly vindicate from the imputation of the romantic, by supposing the passage written in compliance to the popular religion.

Some old commentators on Virgil, whose notion Ruæus rejects, have imagined that the laurel which grew over the altar in the 2. B. of the Æneid was an artificial tree, whose body, branches and leaves were gold; with fruits of precious stones. This notion however shows that such artificial trees were exhibited at their sacrifices and religious mysteries, and whatever made a part of the scenery in the mysteries was always transplanted by the writers into their Elysium.

to the unlearned than to the learned reader, and so must the wig in the first book, to all who do not know that these are written with the view of imitating two passages in Virgil. Thus there are also many lines which must appear very strange to those who do not recollect such passages of the ancients as they allude to.

The goose and goslings are, in imitation of Virgil, called

——— a strange portent.

Scriblerus, B. VI. asks the name of a town which it is evident he knew, a thing very common in Homer.

Thus Scriblerus,

——— Ah! seek not now to know
A series of unutterable woe,

in imitation of these lines of Pope's Homer,

Prepare then, said Telemachus, to know
A tale from falshood free, not free from woe.

when there is not much woe in either of their tales.

To complete the design of mock gravity, the author and editors are represented full as great enthusiasts as the hero; therefore, as all things are supposed to appear to them in the same light as they do to him, there are several things which they could not explain without laying aside their assumed character. An instance of this may serve to explain a passage which cannot be understood, but by those who have seen the desserts at fashionable entertainments, at which there are generally mixed with the real fruit, several fruits made of sugar paste, and coloured to a very near resemblance; in each of these are enclosed two French verses, importing some quaint conceit on love. This could not be told in the notes, because, as the author has supposed it to be a real nut, the editors should not discover it to be artificial.

The having written so much in assumed characters, made it, in a manner, necessary for me to write something in my own, to which I shall not scruple to put my name, as I flatter myself I have shown throughout my book, that the follies of mankind provoke my laughter and not my spleen; and so long as they have this effect on me, I cannot have any great quarrel against them. It may plainly be perceived, that I have industriously kept clear of much strong satire which naturally presented itself in a work of this nature, and particularly of personal reflections.

Quod vitium procul abfore Chartis,
Atque animo prius, ut si quid promittere de me
Possum aliud, vere promitto. Horace.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE poet, in proposing his subject, discovers Saturn, or Time, to be an enemy to his hero. Then briefly touching the cause of his enmity, hastens into the midst of things, and presents Scriblerus with his associates traversing the vast deserts of Africa, in quest of the Petrified City. Saturn, perceiving he has now an opportunity of consummate revenge, by depriving the hero of his life, and, what is far more dear to him, his fame; prevails on Æolus to raise, by a whirlwind, a storm of sand over his head, and to bury him and his companions at once in oblivion. Scriblerus's speech; he discovers the utmost magnanimity; and scorning so base a death, by an unparalleled presence of mind, erects a structure of all his rarities, and setting fire to it, prepares to throw himself amidst the flames. The god, taking the sacrifice of so large a collection as a full submission, consents to spare his life; but to frustrate his present expectations, directs the cloud of dust to fall on the Petrified City, which is thereby buried. Scriblerus, unable to survive the loss of his treasures, is prevented from prosecuting his design of burning himself by a miracle, wrought by the interposition of the god Momus. After a fruitless search of six days more, his companions press him to return. Scriblerus's speech to them: he persists in his resolution of continuing the search, till he is dissuaded from it by Albertus, who relates to him a fictitious dream. Scriblerus pronounces an eulogy on prophetic dreams. He recounts his own dream; and laments the scarcity and uncertainty of all other modern oracles. Albertus advises him to consult a Morosoph, whom he describes.

THE much-enduring man, whose curious soul
Bore him, with ceaseless toil, from pole to pole,
Insatiate, endless knowledge to obtain,
Thro' woes by land, thro' dangers on the main,
New woes, new dangers destin'd to engage,
By wrathful Saturn's unrelenting rage,
I sing. Calliope, the cause relate,
Whence sprung the jealous god's immortal hate.
Long had his scythe, with unresisted sway,
Spread wide his conquests: all around him lay
The boastful victims that proclaim'd him great,
And earth-born splendour perish'd at his feet;
When, like the Titans, the Scriblerian line
Oppos'd, with mortal arms, his pow'r divine;
From dark oblivion snatch'd the mould'ring spoil,
Work'd as he work'd, and baffled force with toil.
Hence first the god's severe resentment flow'd [1],
Till ripen'd vengeance in his bosom glow'd.
Scriblerus now had left the fruitful Nile:
(At once the nurse and parent of the soil [2].)
Say, goddess, say, what urgent cause demands
His dang'rous travel o'er the pathless sands.

[1] The wrath of Saturn against Scriblerus and his allies, is here declared to have the same foundation with his resentment recorded in the following epigram:

Pox on't, quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forgot, you learn.

[2] The ancients believed all that part of Egypt which is called Delta, to have been, originally, a bog; and that the soil was made (as it is now fertilised) by the inundations of the Nile.

In one dread night, a petrifying blast [3],
Portentous, o'er astonish'd Afric past;
Whose fury, spent on one devoted town,
Transform'd the whole, with Gorgon force, to stone.
Each softer substance, in that direful hour,
Ev'n life, confess'd the cold petrific pow'r.
While yet she plies the dance, the buxom maid
Feels the chill pangs her stiffen'd limbs invade:
Thro' the warm veins of boiling youth they spread,
And fix the bridegroom in the genial bed.
Big with this scene, which all his soul possess'd,
Nine days Scriblerus trod the dreary waste.
When Saturn thus: "Behold, this hour demands
The long-stor'd vengeance from my tardy hands.
How oft have Mars and Vulcan swept away
The pride of nations in one wrathful day?
Inferior pow'rs! shall I, their elder, bear
With this rebellious race a ling'ring war?
Or, by one vig'rous and decisive blow,
At once their triumphs and their hopes o'erthrow?"
Now, fixt in wrath, the sounding vault he gains
Where Æolus his airy sway maintains.
When thus: "Dread monarch of this drear abode,
Hear my request, assist a suppliant god.
If, by my friendly aid, the mould'ring tow'r
Totters, at length, a victim to thy pow'r:
If e'er my influence to thy force was join'd,
O! calm the pangs of my long-suff'ring mind.
Torn from my arms, a daring traitor bears
The labours of a thousand anxious years.
Loaded with these, his sacrilegious bands,
From eldest Egypt, trace the Libyan sands.
Haste, then, the friendly office to perform:
Call all thy winds, and swell th' impetuous storm.
Roll the dry desert o'er yon impious host,
Till, with their hopes, their memory be lost."
So spake the god. Th' aërial king comply'd,
And, with his sceptre, struck the mountain's side.
Loud thunders the rent rock; and from within,
Out rush, resistless, with impetuous din,
The hoarse rude winds; and sweeping o'er the land,
In circling eddies whirl'th' uplifted sand.
The dusty clouds in curling volumes rise,
And the loose mountain seems to threat the skies.
Th' astonish'd band behold, with ghastly fear,
Their fleeting grave suspended in the air [4].
Thus they unmanly, while the dauntless chief
Betray'd no passion but indignant grief;
Which thus broke forth: "How bless'd the man whose name [5]
From glorious death assumes its brightest fame.

O! had kind fate ordain'd me to expire,
Like great Empedocles in Etna's fire [6]!
Had I partook immortal Pliny's doom [7];
(Had fam'd Vesuvio's ashes been my tomb:)
Or shar'd the fate of yon portentous town,
And stood, my own sad monument, a stone;
Wide o'er the world my spreading fame had rung,
By ev'ry Muse in ev'ry region sung.
'A shameful fate now hides my hapless head,
'Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead [8].'
Yet—for I scorn the base ignoble death,
Nor will I to vile dust resign my breath,
—Be something done, worthy each moment past,
And O! not unbecoming of the last.
Let the brave phenix my example be,
(That phenix, now alas! I ne'er must see)
His pile magnific the great thought inspire,
And my choice treasures light the glorious pyre.
Then will I rise amid the circling flame,
In death a rival to Calanus' fame [9].
No more shall Greece or Rome their heroes boast,
But all their pride in envy shall be lost."
He said. His friends in pyral order laid
Six ample coffins of the royal dead:
The tree which bears imperial Pharoah's name [10],
By age uninjur'd form'd their lasting frame.
On these, two mighty crocodiles were plac'd;
O'er which an huge unmeasur'd skin was cast;
This spoil the hippopotamus bestow'd:
Scarce four stout youths support the pond'rous load.
On the broad skin the sage with pious pains
Dispos'd the six great monarchs dear remains;
Sesostris, Pheron, and his virtuous dame [11],
Cheops, Psammetichus, immortal name!
And Cleopatra's all-accomplish'd frame.
This done, two camels from the troop he slays,
And the pil'd fat around the mummie lays.
Next, ravish'd from the sacred catacomb [12],
He draws the ibis from his conic tomb.

[3] See Biographia Britannica, under the article Digby, page 1711. See also Shaw's Travels, last edition, artic. Ras. Sem.

[Mr. Cambridge, by means of Dr. Pocock, interrogated three African ambassadors, who all concurred in the firm belief of a petrified city.] E.

—— Pars plurima terræ
Tollitur, & numquam resoluto vertice pendet.
Lucan. l. 9.

The whirling dust, like waves in eddies wrought,
Rising aloft, to the mid-heav'n is caught;
There hangs a sullen cloud; nor falls again;
Nor breaks like gentle vapours into rain, &c.
Rowe.

[5] See the speeches of Ulysses and Æneas.
Odyss. B. v. Æneid, B. i.

[6] —— Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem, frigidus Etnam
Insiluit.—— Horace.

[7] The death of Pliny, the natural historian, is finely described by his nephew, Pliny the younger, in his epistle to Tacitus. Jam navibus cinis incidebat, jam pumice & fracti igne lapides. . . . Gubernatori ut retro flecteret, monenti fortes, inquit, fortuna juvat. . . . Deinde flammæ flammarumque prænuncius, ordor sulphuris, alios in fugam vertunt excitant illum. . . . Concidit crassiore caligine spiritu obstructo. Lib. vi. Epist. 16.

[8] Two lines from the speech of Ulysses in Pope's Odyssey, B. v. l. 401.

[9] Calanus, the Indian philosopher, was so much beloved by Alexander, that he honoured his death with a funeral pomp, worthy his own magnificence: he drew out his army, and ordered perfumes to be thrown on the pile, where Calanus placed himself richly clothed, and did not stir, nor show any sign of pain, when the flames encompassed him.

[10] This tree is by some called Pharoah's fig, by others sycamore, from συκος. The wood is so remarkably durable, that many coffins, which are undoubtedly upwards of 2000 years old, are to be seen at this day without any sign of rottenness.

[11] See Herodotus.

[12] One of the catacombs was entirely set apart for the sepulchre of the ibis. They were called the holy

Fossils he plac'd and gawdy shells around;
The shield, his cradle once, the structure crown'd[13].
High on the corners of the ample base
Egyptian sculpture claims an honour'd place.
Here bold Osiris' awful form appears:
Great Isis there the hallow'd sistrum bears.
Harpocrates, the worship of the wise:
And proud Canopus, conscious of the prize[14],
The vanquish'd rival of his pow'r defies.
The structure now complete, the anxious chief
Brings forth the dry papyrus' sacred leaf:
A sigh from his unwilling bosom broke;
Then thus, collected in himself, he spoke:
"Illustrious souls of Munster and of Greece![15]
Tho' here at once my hopes and suff'rings cease;
Nor shall I, like my ancestors at home,
My country polish with the labour'd tome;
Nor by my travel (as the Samian sage
Enlighten'd Greece) instruct the present age;
Revive the long-lost arts of ancient war,
The deathful scorpion, and the scythe-girt car;
Or share, with Numa, civic fame, and found
Old Plato's patriot laws on modern ground:
These deep-laid schemes tho' Saturn's wrath o'er-
(His anger rising as my honours grow) [throw,
Virtue shall yet her sure reward receive,
And one great deed my dying fame retrieve."
Then, thrice invoking each auspicious name,
Thro' the light reed he spreads the wasting flame;
The melted gums, in fragrant volumes rise,
And waft a various incense to the skies;
The unctuous fuel feeds the greedy fire,
And one bright flame enwraps the blazing pyre.
Joy touch'd the victor god's relenting mind,
Who thus address'd the monarch of the wind:
"To thee, indulgent deity, I owe
This full submission of the stubborn foe.
See what vast tribute one important hour
Brings to my throne, and subjects to my pow'r.
Enough. This ample sacrifice alone
The thefts and crimes of ages shall atone.
Yet tho' I deign his abject life to spare,
Think not the wretch my further grace shall share.
Nor shall his rebel soul, insulting, boast
Successful toils where armies have been lost.—
O'er the proud town, his vain pursuit, shall fall
Yon hov'ring mass, and hide her long-sought wall;
That no remembrance, but an empty name,
Be left to vindicate her doubtful fame[16]."

He said. Already the tumultuous band,
With prompt obedience, hear their king's command,
Forbear the conflict, and to Eurus yield
The long-contested honours of the field.
Sudden the loaded atmosphere was clear'd,
The glad horizon and bright day appear'd.
Freed from the horrours of impending fate,
Each raptur'd friend salutes his resc'u'd mate:
But not such transports touch'd Scriblerus' breast,
His glorious purpose all his soul possess'd.
In vain to deprecate the rash design,
With tears his friends their fond entreaties join.
"Alas!" he cries, "what boots it now to live?
Since I my perish'd treasures must survive.
Cut from my hopes, by this devouring fire,
While yet I may, O! let me mount the pyre.
Again should wild tornados bring despair,
When hov'ring death shall threaten from the air,
This pile consum'd, remains there ought to save
My body from an ignominious grave?
Let vulgar souls for doubtful life contend;
Be mine the boast of an heroic end."
This Momus heard; and, from Olympus' height,
To distant Libya wing'd his rapid flight.
Sudden he joins the rash Scriblerus' side,
While good Albertus' form the god belied[17].
Instant, behold! the guardian pow'r commands
A spark to issue from the blazing brands;
Which fell, directed, on the sage's head,
And sudden flames around his temples spread.
The subtle god the destin'd moment watch'd
Swift from his head the hairy texture snatch'd,
And, unperceiv'd, amidst the crowd's amaze,
A soaring rocket in the cawl conveys.
The latent fraud, portentous, cuts the air,
And bears, thro' distant skies, the blazing hair[18].
When thus the god, in sage Albertus' voice:
"Behold this wond'rous omen, and rejoice.

birds, and had in great veneration. Being supposed to destroy the winged serpents in their way to Egypt, (meeting them in the desert,) which would otherwise have infested the land. They were embalmed in earthen vessels of a conic figure.

[13] See Mem. of Scriblerus.

[14] The worshippers of fire boasted that their god was able to destroy the idols of all other nations. A subtle priest obtained the prize for Canopus by this stratagem. He filled his divinity with water, and stopped with wax several small holes which he had bored in him. The wax soon melted, and gave passage to the water, which extinguished the flames.

[15] Scriblerus's father was of Munster. See Memoirs of Scriblerus, the beginning.

[16] Some critics have thought our author here uses the same art for which Eustathius so greatly commends Homer in his prophecy of the Phæacians; where he says,

——mound on mound,
Shall bury these proud tow'rs beneath the ground.
Odyss. l. 8.

The poet, says he, invents this fiction, to prevent posterity from searching after this island of the Phæacians, and to preserve his story from detection of falsification; and after the same manner as he introduces Neptune and the rivers of Troy, bearing away the wall which the Greeks had raised as a fortification before the navy. But our poet wanteth no such art, there being many at this day ready to assert the truth of the catastrophe of that unfortunate city, which Dr. Shaw has in vain attempted to discredit in the Appendix to his Travels.

[17] He was son to Albertus mentioned in the Memoirs, and consequently first cousin to Scriblerus; see the character of the father: "Albertus was a discreet man, sober in his opinions, clear of pedantry, and knowing enough both in books and in the world, to preserve a due regard for whatever was useful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: if he had not always the authority, he had at least the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies." Mem. Scrib. chap. vi.

[18] In the same manner Anchises [En. B. ii.] is prevented from perishing in the flames of Troy, by

Lo! great Scriblerus, what the fates unfold!
At length convinc'd, thy rash attempt with-hold.
The gods declare that thy illustrious head
Such effluent glory shall around thee shed,
As, wide dispensing its eternal rays,
Shall fill th' enlighten'd nations with amaze."
The yielding chief observes the heav'n-mark'd road,
Accepts the omen, and obeys the god.
Six anxious days they trace the dreary plains
With fruitless search; so Saturn's wrath ordains.
His murm'ring friends the scant provision mourn,
And urge th' unwilling hero to return.
But stern resentment fires his glowing breast;
While thus his wrath th' indignant sage express'd.
"O dastard slaves, from glory's field to fly [19],
And basely tremble ere the danger's nigh!
Can you, full-feasted, mutter discontent,
Ignobly faint ere half your stores are spent?
Return, unworthy of the gen'rous toil,
Back to the sluggish borders of the Nile.
Faithful Albertus shall alone partake
Those dear-bought honours which your fears forsake:
Cowards, reflect on Cato's steadier host [20],
Unmov'd and dauntless on this dreary coast;
Like them, in all our travel, have we found
Asps in the well, or serpents in the ground!
Have we th' invading basilisk to fear?
Or winged poisons darting through the air?
Yet not these perils shook their firmer souls;
While your resolves a distant fear controls:
Damp with the prospect of a future dearth,
Nor dare ye trust the all-sustaining earth.
"Nigh to these plains, a nation seek their food [21],
High in the branches of the lofty wood;
From the green boughs they crop the recent sprout,
And feed luxurious on the tender shoot.
"Southward the hard Rhizophagi prepare [22],
With marshy roots, their coarse yet wholesome fare.
From slimy Nile the rank unsav'ry reed,
A pounded mass, in artless loaves they knead:
And in the sun-beams bake the bulbous bread.
"The fierce Bisaltæ milk the nursing mare [23],
Mix her rich blood, and swill the luscious fare:
And the foul cynocephalis sustains,
With her drain'd udder, the Medimnian swains.
"Strange to relate! near fam'd Hydaspes' flood,
For their support they rear the pois'nous brood;
The viper, toad, and scorpion, are their food [24].
"Nay, ev'n in these uncultivated plains,
The swarming locust feeds the hungry swains [25].
Far-length'ning fires extend along the coast,
And intercept the close-embattled host.
Firm and compact, the troops in deep array,
Urg'd from behind, pursue their deathful way.
The swains with salt their future feast prepare,
And one boon hour supplies the wasting year.
"And doubt we now our journey to extend,
While yet our beasts beneath their burthens bend?
Whose flesh alone might all our wants supply,
And give not only life, but luxury.
Faint with the distant chase, the Tartar drains
Reviving cordials from his courser's veins!
The hungry trav'ller in the dreary waste
From the slain camel shares a rich repast:
While parch'd with thirst, he hails the plenteous well,
Found in the stomach's deep capacious cell:
Ev'n their tough skins an hard support might yield;
And soldiers oft have eat the stubborn shield [26]."
Thus far the sage. When viewing all around
Their wearied eyes in sleep's soft fetters bound,
Stretch'd on the sand, he leaves the slumb'ring crew,
Himself indignant to his tent withdrew.
Rous'd with the dawn, the good Albertus bent
His careful footsteps to the sage's tent.
Earnest he seem'd, with meditated art,
Some deep important counsel to impart.
When thus: "This night when sleep had clos'd mine eyes,
I saw a band of glorious forms arise:
The great Albertus, author of my line,
And all that boast affinity to thine:

Et lac concretum cum sanguine potat equino.
Virg. Georg. lib. iii. lin. 461.

——— When for drink and food.
They mix their cruddled milk with horse's blood.
Dryden.

[21] The prince of Cambay's daily food
Is asp, and basilisk, and toad;
Which makes him have so strong a breath,
Each night he stinks a queen to death.
Hudibras.

[25] Diodorus relates many particulars of these Acridophagi, l. iii. c. 29. Dr. Shaw, speaking of these locusts in his Travels, page 257, says, "Those which I saw were much bigger than our grasshoppers. It was surprising to observe, that no sooner were any of them hatched, than they collected themselves into a body of about two hundred yards square; which, marching forward, climbed over trees and houses, and eat up every plant in their way. The inhabitants, placing in a row great quantities of heath, stubble, &c. set them on fire upon the approach of the locusts. But all this was to no purpose, for the fires were quickly put out by infinite swarms succeeding one another: whilst the front seemed regardless of danger, and the rear pressed on so close, that a retreat was impossible."

[26] Postremo ad id ventum inopiæ est, ut lora detractasque scutis pelles, mandere conarentur. Liv. lib. xxiii.

a meteorous appearance which they observe directing its passage towards Mount Ida.

Signantemque vias ———

Their first discovery of this omen, is from the head of Ascanius.

Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iüli
Fundere lumen apex.

[19] In this speech the hero discovers a most amazing greatness of soul, joined with wonderful art. Cæsar in a parallel case, told his fearful soldiers, he would march accompanied only with his tenth legion: and Alexander, with less art, though more rashness, said, he would go alone, Solus ire perseverabo, ite reduces domos. Ite, deserto rege, ovantes. Ego hic a vobis desperatæ victoriæ, aut honestæ morti, locum inveniam. Q. Curt. ix. 2.

[20] Lucan. l. ix.

[21] This nation, called the Ulophagi, is described by Diodorus Siculus, l. iii. c. 24.

[22] Diodorus Siculus, l. iii. c. 23.

[23] Bisaltæ quo more solent acerque Gelonus
Cum fugit in Rhodopen, atque in deserta Getarum,

The princely Scaligers, illustrious name [27] !
Scribonus [28], and profound Bombastus [29], came;
When thus thy sire: O ! foremost to attend
The glorious labours of thy daring friend,
Be thine the task the unwelcome news to bear:
Friendship can smooth the front of rude despair.
Yet ever must my son despair to see
Yon city, buried by the god's decree:
Mountains of sand her loftiest turrets hide,
And swell the loaded plain on ev'ry side;
As vain thy search for Heraclea's grave [30],
Or Sodom sunk beneath th' Asphaltic wave."
He said. I listen'd further yet to hear,
When warlike sounds alarm'd my startled ear.
I saw impetuous Scaliger advance:
The rest around him form'd the Pyrrhic dance:
They clash their javelins, ring their clanging shields,
Till sleep unwilling to the tumult yields.
Thus he, dissembling. The fond chief replies, [gone,
(While filial raptures in his soul arise,)
" Well may'st thou grieve the glorious vision
Tho' much, alas! th' indulgent shades have shown.
O let me still, on this revolving day,
A grateful tribute to their mem'ry pay:
And to the genius of the horny gate [31],
Whose friendly pow'r reveals our certain fate.
" Oft, by abstruse mysterious types, are told
Those shadow'd truths instructive dreams unfold.
' When Media's sleeping monarch saw the maid
A wond'rous deluge o'er his empire spread;
How plain that emblem pointed him the place
From whence should issue his severe disgrace!

" Olympia's pregnant womb when Philip seal'd [32],
The mystic dream young Ammon's soul reveal'd.
Stamp'd on the wax the victor lion show'd
The warlike genius of the embryo god.
" Thus has a figur'd omen, dark, and deep,
To me been painted by the pow'rs of sleep.
The fav'rite bird of Pallas I beheld
Search, with unwearied wing, the new-reap'd field:
Fatigued, at length, a lurking mouse he spies,
And eager, to the long-sought quarry flies;
Thither, by chance, the reaper bent his way,
And, with a wheat sheaf, whelm'd the trembling prey.
Th' Athenian bird his frustrate labour mourn'd,
Flew from my sight, but soon again return'd,
When, wond'rous to relate, he thus began,
(An owl in figure, but in voice a man [33];)
' I come, no vulgar vision of the night,
The gods direct my emblematic flight,
In my sage form thy rev'rend self appears:
Thy vain pursuit the vanish'd mouse declares.'
This said, the feather'd omen seeks the skies;
And, instant, downy sleep forsook my eyes.
I deem'd the phantom by the god [34] design'd,
To shake the steady purpose of my mind.
Now have thy words my vain suspicion eas'd,
Confirm'd my soul, and ev'ry doubt appeas'd.
But whither next the Heav'n taught course to steer [35],
Nor omens point, nor friendly shades declare.
And now, alas! in these unhallow'd days [36],
No learned priest the sacrifice displays:

[27] Julius Cæsar Scaliger was a most famous critic, poet, physician, and philosopher, who was much admired in the sixteenth century: he was born in Italy, brought up in Germany, and afterwards lived in France till his death. He descended from the princes De la Scala, who were lords of Verona, and of divers other places in Italy.

[28] Cornelius Scribonius, called also Grapheus, but his name in the language of his country, was Schryver, was born at Alost, in Flanders, in 1482. He made an abridgment of the History of Olaus Magnus, of the northern nations. He was remarkable for his knowledge in antiquities.

[29] Paracelsus Bombastus.

[30] The late discovery of Heraclea here laid down as impossible, and the inestimable treasures daily brought from thence, must doubtless animate the curious, and teach them this useful and important lesson: That nothing is to be despaired of by a true virtuoso.

[31] Sunt geminæ somni portæ: quarum altera fertur
Cornea: quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris.
Virg. lib. vi.
Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn:
Of polish'd iv'ry this, that of transparent horn:
True visions thro' transparent horn arise;
Thro' polish'd iv'ry pass deluding lyes.
Dryden.
Suetonius represents Augustus as a great observer both of his own and other people's dreams; and, that he most frequently directed his actions pursuant to their admonitions. That during the spring, his dreams were fearful, extravagant, and vain; the rest of the year, less frequent, but the visions he then saw, more to be depended on. Suet. in vitâ Augusti.

[32] "Philip of Macedon, sometime after he was married, dreamed that he sealed up his wife's belly with a seal, whose impression, as he fancied, was the figure of a lion. Some interpreted this as a warning to Philip to look narrowly to his wife; but Aristander of Telmessus, considering how unusual it was to seal up any thing that was empty, assured him, that the queen was with child of a boy, who would one day prove as stout and courageous as a lion." Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

[33] See Odyss. B. xix. l. 641.
In form an eagle, but in voice a man.

[34] Saturn.

[35] The German critics have totally misunderstood this passage, in imagining that Scriblerus should be here at a loss for a subject worthy his curiosity. It is his religion only that makes him thus doubtful, being unwilling to engage in any fresh enterprise without some sign from Heaven to approve, or oracle to direct the undertaking. This will be manifest on the perusal of the poem, whereby it will appear, that he has been already given to expect an oracle in this very country.
——— To Egypt's sacred coast repair,
There shall a surer oracle declare
Thy destin'd course B. 4.
What else should prevent his prosecuting the original intention of a voyage to Jamaica to see an earthquake? See the beginning of his Narration, B. ii. And also Mem. of Scrib.

[36] Thus Lucan himself complains, lib. v. Pharsal.
——— Non ullo sæcula dono
Nostra carent majore deûm quam Delphica sedes
Quod siluit.
Of all the wants with which this age is curst,
The Delphic silence surely is the worst.
Rowe's Lucan.

Inspects the victim with prophetic eyes,
Or reads the vagrant lessons of the skies:
Nor sacred oracles afford their aid;
Dumb is the Pythian and Cumæan maid.
O! had we liv'd in that auspicious age,
When roam'd the Trojan chief and Grecian sage,
Some friendly Helenus we then had found,
Or Anius, skill'd each omen to expound.
Perhaps to Hell's dark mansions we had gone,
And fam'd Tiresias had our fortunes shown.
Now nought remains our dubious course to guide,
Since the Virgilian lots in vain were try'd [37].
Then say, my friend, what counsel canst thou find,
To fix the purpose of my wav'ring mind?"
Albertus then: "Alas! too just thy grief!
O might my heart suggest the wish'd relief!"
"The sage Mahometans have ever paid [38]
Distinguished honours to the fool and mad:
And wisely they. For oft, when reason wings
Her flight, superior to terrestrial things,
The thoughts beyond the starry mansions rove,
Blest with the converse of the gods above [39];
And thence to mortals' less exalted sense,
Instructive truths, oracular, dispense [40].

[37] This is a species of modern divination, performed by opening the works of Virgil, and remarking the lines which shall be covered with your thumb, the instant the leaves are open'd; which, if they can be interpreted, in any respect to relate to you, are accounted prophetic. King Charles the First is said to have tryed this method of learning his fate, and to have found the oracle but too certain. We have subjoined the lines, (and the English as it is printed in Dryden's Miscellanies, Vol. 6,) notwithstanding, we do not give credit to the account, for that we believe if the Sortes Virgilianæ would have given, to any one, a prospect of their future fate, our hero, Martinus Scriblerus, would not have had reason to complain, as he doth, of having consulted them in vain.

King. CHARLES's.

At bello audacis populi vexatus & armis
Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iüli,
Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum
Funera; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur;
Sed cadat ante diem; mediâque inhumatus arenâ.
Virg. lib. 4. l. 615.

But vex'd with rebels, and a stubborn race,
His country banish'd, and his sons' embrace,
Some foreign prince for fruitless succours try,
And see his friends ingloriously die.
Nor, when he shall to faithless terms submit,
His throne enjoy, nor comfortable light;
But, immature, a shameful death receive,
And on the ground th' unbury'd body leave.

[38] "The Mahometans have a certain veneration for fools and mad people, as thinking them actuated by a divine spirit, and look on them as a sort of saints. They call them here (speaking of Cairo) Shieks. Some of these go about their cities entirely naked; and in Cairo they have a large mosque, with buildings adjoining, and great revenues to maintain such persons." Description of the East. Vol. i. p. 193.

[39] —— Fruiturque deorum
Colloquio —— Virg.

[40] Furor iste quem divinum vocatis, ut quæ sapiens non videat, ea videat insanus, & is qui humanos sensus amiserit, divinos assecutus sit. Cicero de Divinatione, lib. ii. c. 34.

At Cairo sojourns a phrenetic sage,
Inspir'd with all this theomantic rage.
I mark'd where'er the Morosoph [41] appear'd,
(By crowds surrounded, and by all rever'd,)
How young and old, virgins and matrons kiss'd
The footsteps of the blest gymnosophist [42].
The eager bride [43] touch'd each propitious part
That best prolific virtue might impart.
Whilst on the sacred raptures of his tongue
The list'ning multitudes astonish'd, hung.
Then haste we back to Cairo, I advise,
And let the fool give counsel to the wise."
An hope-born smile the chief's assent express'd,
And drove despair, sad inmate, from his breast.
Fir'd with the wish'd return, the wearied band
With shouts of joy receive the glad command:
Already slighting the diminish'd toil
Of scorching Sirius, and the faithless soil.

[41] This word, so admirably expressive of that species of wisdom described in the foregoing lines, was coined by Rabelais. See his Works, book iii. chap. 46.

[42] The gymnosophists were Indian philosophers, who went naked; from whence their name.

[43] According to Thevenot, the touch of these santos was sovereign in case of barrenness in women. But we have chosen to transcribe the account from the Description of the East. "I saw in Rosetto two of those naked saints, who are commonly natural fools, and are had in great veneration in Egypt: one was a lusty, elderly man; the other a youth about eighteen years old. As the latter went along the street, I observed the people kissed his hand. I was also told, that on Fridays, when the women go to the burial-places, they frequently sit at the entrance of them; and that they not only kiss their hands, but show them the same respect that was paid to a certain heathen idol, and seem to expect the same kind of advantage from it. I myself saw one of these saints sitting at a mosque door in the high road, without the gates of Cairo, with a woman on each side of him, at the same time the caravan was going to Mecca, and a multitude of people passing by, who are so accustomed to such sights, that they took no notice of it." Vol. i. page 14.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

The second book leads the imagination, at once, from the barren desert to the most fruitful spot in the world, the ancient Arsinoe, now Faiume. Here Scriblerus meets a company of pilgrims, formerly his father's friends, who desire him to relate his whole adventures to them. He begins his narration. Gives an account of his waiting

three years in vain at Naples to see the eruption of Vesuvius. Purposes, going to Jamaica in hopes of seeing an earthquake. Sails with his friends, is driven by contrary winds below the Cape of Good Hope. Arrives at a most delightful country; which is described: but suddenly flies from it, moved by a fatal misinterpretation of an Oracle. Scriblerus, continuing his narration, describes a wonderful coast, the surprising appearance of which strikes a damp on his companions. Deidemon and Thaumastes are chosen by lot to reconnoitre the country. At their return, they give a very imperfect account of their adventures, being stupified by excessive fear. Scriblerus sets out alone on a farther discovery.

And now, ten days in tedious travel past,
At length they quit th' inhospitable waste.
As Zembla's sons, benighted half the year,
Exult when first the cheering rays appear,
From the deep gloom when long-lost scenes arise,
And earth and gayer Heav'n salute their eyes:
Such joys diffus'd Arsinoe's fertile plain [1],
Such rapture seiz'd the late dejected train.
From the tall hills, with transport they command
The vast extent of that wide-water'd land:
Where the same course sev'n copious rivers take,
And, Mœris, fill thy deep capacious lake.
They leave the spacious lab'rinth's ruin'd state,
And, cheerful, enter proud Faiume's gate:
When, lo! to meet them came a solemn band,
The pilgrim's staff each bearing in his hand;
Their hats with scallops grac'd; the Flemish green [2],
In numerous crosses, on their robes was seen.
Who thus: "Hail, great Scriblerus, nor disdain
A friendly welcome to this reverend train.
By adverse fates and ceaseless tempests tost
From sad Judea's desolated coast,
To Alexandria's port our course we steer'd,
And there the hallow'd footsteps we rever'd
Of princes, prelates, saints, and martyrs dead,
Who greatly triumph'd, or who bravely bled.
There first with joy we heard thy spreading fame;
And thence to welcome thy return we came.
But, generous sage, sincere and free declare [3],
Are you, of manly growth, Scriblerus' heir?
For sure his features in your look appear,
And in the son the father we revere." [tongue [4],
"Oft have I heard from my chaste mother's
That from the great Cornelius' loins I sprung,

[1] The country round the ancient Arsinoe (where now stands Faiume,) is described by Strabo to have been the most beautiful spot in all Egypt.

[2] The pilgrims wore scallops in their hats, and distinguished their several nations by the colours of the crosses which they wore on their habits.

[3] But gen'rous youth, sincere and free declare,
Are you of manly growth, his royal heir?
For sure Ulysses in your look appears.....
To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
On female truth assenting faith relies;
Thus manifest of right, I build my claim,
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame.
Pope's Odyss. Book I.

[4] This speech discovers several admirable qualities in our hero. His scrupulous regard for truth, in not positively affirming a thing for certain, wherein there was a possibility of his being mistaken. His dutiful affection and filial piety in giving credit to his mother in an affair of which he could not be so well informed as from her own mouth. Lastly, his judgment in chusing for an example the answer of the good Telemachus in the Odyss. B. 1. to the same question.

Μήτηρ μέν σ' ἐμὶ φησι τε ἴμμεναι, αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
Οὐκ οἶδ', ἐ γαρ πως φὶς ἰὸν γόνον αὐτὸς ἀνίγνω.

The whole passage is thus translated by Hobbes:

But say, are you indeed, that are so grown,
His son? your heads and eyes are like (I mark),
For we were well to one another known,
But 'twas before he did to Troy embark
With other princes of the Argive youth,
But never saw him since. That I'm his son
(Said he) my mother says. But who in truth
Knoweth who 'twas that got him? I think none.

It may not be alien to the office of a true critic to observe, that when Aristophanes was called upon to prove his right to the freedom of Athens, he quoted these lines: Μήτηρ μὲν τιμὲ φησι, &c. His judges were pleased with the application, and admitted him a citizen.

The sage replies: but O! what mortal knows
Th' undoubted sire to whom his birth he owes?
O! might I now, tho' born of meaner race,
With him the mazy paths of wisdom trace,
With him unfold the metaphysic store,
And science, thro' each dark recess, explore—
But fate pronounc'd th' irrevocable doom,
And death has sunk him in the silent tomb.
Behold me now, deserted and forlorn,
The sport of fortune and her abject scorn:
Weary'd with woes, and old in travel grown,—
Still flatt'ring hope reserv'd yon wond'rous town—
Thither we journey'd; but the gods ordain
Our search successless and our labour vain."
Then they: "With sympathetic grief we moan
Thy fate, alas! so sad, so like our own.
Yet say, Scriblerus, since thy daring soul,
Superior still to fortune's vain control,
Has many a glorious enterprise achiev'd,
New arts invented and lost arts retriev'd;
Say, shall thy friends thy various labours hear,
And thy sage conduct glad their longing ear?"
Scriblerus then: "Ah! seek not now to know
A series of unutterable woe.
For, lo! to Thetis' bed the god of day,
Thro' western skies, precipitates his way.
Give we to feast and sleep the peaceful night—
To distant Cairo, with the morning light,
Our course we speed: but if so great desire
To hear our fates your friendly breasts inspire,
As on the peaceful bosom of the Nile,
We sail, the tedious passage to beguile,
Your fond request, tho' hard, shall be obey'd,
And every debt to sacred friendship paid."
Soon as the sun th' enlightened vault ascends,
Th' impatient chief embarks his ready friends.
Now all in silence eyed the godlike man,
Who thus with tears th' eventful tale began.
"From native Albion, a selected band,
We spread the sail and reach th' Ausonian strand:
The sacred flame, which Pliny's breast inspir'd,
Urg'd our resolves, and every bosom fir'd:

But our dull stars, th' expected boon delay,
And three slow years steal unimprov'd away.
Tho' heaving fire Vesuvio's womb distends,
No bursting deluge o'er the plain descends.
—O! curst impatience! O severe disgrace;
Scarce had we left, unwilling left, the place,
When forth the flames, with wild explosion, broke,
The lab'ring mountain to its basis shook:
A molten deluge cover'd all the ground,
And ashes fill'd the hemisphere around,
" Unmov'd, tho' baffled, we renew our toil,
And seek, Jamaica [5], thy unstable soil,
Where mountains rock, where yawning caverns roar,
And bellowing gulphs sulphureous torrents pour [6];
Majestic scene! whose awful glories fire
Our drooping souls, and kindle new desire.
With prosp'rous gales, we reach Madeira's height,
And load delicious wines, a welcome freight.
Thence, o'er the bosom of the boundless sea,
Twice ten days blest pursue th' unruffled way;
When lo! deep clouds, with sable horrours rise,
And, low'ring, menace from the western skies;
Impetuous winds old ocean's face deform,
The vessel drives before the swelling storm;
Six long tempestuous weeks, by Corus [7] tost,
And borne far distant from the wish'd for coast,
Now as beneath the sultry line we run,
We bear unshaded the meridian Sun.
Now far beyond the tropic as we stray,
Mourn the weak influence of th' obliquer ray.
Twice had the changeful Moon full orb'd her light
Display'd; twice yielded to the shades of night;
When lo! at once the boist'rous winds subside,
At once abates the restless rolling tide.
Soft Zephyr rising o'er the wat'ry plain,
Fans with his gentle wing the level main;
When now Aurora, with auspicious light,
Reveals a beauteous harbour to the sight.
" Bewitching scenes [8] encompass us around,
And the whole region seems enchanted ground.
Gold buds and branches on the radiant trees,
And melting music floats on ev'ry breeze.
From flowers, unfading thro' the varied year,
Incense and ambergris perfume the air;
Eternal verdure clothes the cloud-topt hills,
In tuneful measure fall the tinkling rills;
Rubies and em'ralds [9] load the teeming groves,
Where vocal phenixes record their loves.

The boars their sides in crystal fountains lave,
The painted panther swims the briny wave.
In myrtle groves the wanton dolphins play;
While sea-calves o'er th' enamelled meadows stray.
Around our ships the warbling mermaids glide,
And with their music sooth the swelling tide.
" Th' enchanting scene my ravish'd crew possest,
And calentures had seiz'd on every breast:
This I perceiv'd, and sudden gave command
To drive the vessel on the oozy strand.
Ere yet they touch'd the shore, the impatient crew
O'er the high decks with heedless rapture flew;
And wand'ring onward, with amazement, found
A well-spread table on the verdant ground.
On beds of fragrant roses we recline,
And quaff full bowls of unexhausted wine.
Indulge with various meats unsated taste,
And, thoughtless, revel in the rich repast.
When issuing from the woods on either hand,
In martial guise advanc'd a num'rous band [10].
In martial guise they march'd: ill-judging fear
Misdeem'd the pomp inhospitable war,
Unmindful of Ascanius' harmless train [11],
And bloodless battles on Sicilia's plain.
Hence my rash hand, by fatal fury led,
Drew show'rs of woes on each devoted head.

[5] " It has been my good fortune to have seen all the grand phenomena of nature, except an earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now I impatiently expect a passage to Jamaica, for that benefit." Memoirs of Scriblerus.

[6] In Don Antonio Ulloa's account of a voyage lately made by some Spaniards who went to measure a degree of the Earth (in which is a very curious description of earthquakes) we are told, that for some days before any great eruption, noises are heard resembling the lowing of cattle, and the discharge of artillery.

[7] The N. W. Wind.

[8] See Spectator, No. 63; and also 58, 59, 60, in which papers acrostics, anagrams, lipogrammatists, &c. &c. are described and treated of at large by Mr. Addison.

[9] The description of this country bears so near a resemblance to that given by Socrates in the Phædo of Plato, that we doubt not but the learned reader will find a great pleasure in the comparison: ἐν δὲ ταύτῃ ὕσα τοιαύτη ἀνάλογον τὰ φυόμενα φύεσθαι, δένδρα τε, καὶ ἄνθη καὶ τοὺς καρπούς. καὶ αὖ τὰ ὄρη ὡσαύτως καὶ τοὺς λίθους ἔχειν ἀπὸ τοῦ αὐτοῦ λόγου τήν τε τελειότητα καὶ τὴν διαφάνειαν καὶ τὰ χρώματα καλλίω. ὧν καὶ τὰ ἐνθάδε λιθίδια ἴσμεν τιμᾶσθαι τὰ ἀγαπώμενα, μαρμάρια, σάρδιά τε καὶ ἰάσπιδας, καὶ σμαράγδους, καὶ πάντα τὰ τοιαῦτα. Phæd. § 59.

[10] We learn from the author's description of these islanders, that they were very fond of pageantry and show. They entirely addicted themselves to the study and profession of poetry in all its branches. Though we may observe that every individual ranged himself in his particular class, and never acted out of his own sphere. That on all solemn occasions the several orders distinguished themselves by their habits, and the symbols which they bore: and their disposition and attitudes in the procession emblematically represented that species of poetry which they particularly professed, and from which they derived their name. As, a writer of acrostics was called an Acrostic, of anagrams an Anagram, and the like. Somewhat in this manner were all the ancient poets represented for the entertainment of Leo the tenth, as we find them described by Strada in his Prolusions.

[11] Scriblerus here taxes himself with his heedlessness in not recollecting that famous description of Ascanius's mock army in the 5th B. of Virgil. This forgetfulness is the more surprising, because he could not but know how fond all nations have been of this kind of pageantry, by which some at this day represent their manufactures, and others even the mysteries of their religion.

Hunc morem cursus, atq; hæc certamina primus
Ascanius, longam muris cum cingeret Albam,
Retullit, & priscos docuit celebrare Latinos:
Albani docuere suos, tum maxima porro
Accepit Roma —— Æn. 5.

" Firm and compact in three fair columns wove,
O'er the smooth plain, the bold Acrostics [12] move;
High o'er the rest the tow'ring leaders rise
With limbs gigantic and superior size.
They lead the van, unmov'd in the career,
And Bout-rimeès bring up the lagging rear.
" Not thus the looser Chronograms prepare,
Careless their troops, undisciplin'd to war;
With ranks irregular, confus'd they stand,
The chieftains mingling with the vulgar band.
" But with still more disorder'd march, advance
(Nor march it seem'd, but wild fantastic dance)
The uncouth Anagrams, distorted train,
Shifting, in double mazes, o'er the plain.
" From different nations next the Centos [13] crowd;
With borrow'd, patcht, and motley ensigns proud.
Not for the fame of warlike deeds they toil,
But their sole end the plunder and the spoil.
" Next, an uncertain and ambiguous train [14]
Now forward march, then countermarch again.
The van now first in order, duly leads,
And now the rear the changeful squadron heads.

[12] ——— chuse for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land;
There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise.
Dryden's Mac Flecno.

[13] A cento primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry it denotes a work wholly composed of verses, or passages promiscuously taken from other authors: (only disposed in a new form or order) so as to compose a new work and a new meaning. Ausonius has laid down the rules to be observed in composing centos. The pieces, he says, may be taken either from the same poet, or from several; and the verses may be either taken entire, or divided in two; one half to be connected with another half taken elsewhere: but two verses are never to be taken together. Agreeable to these rules, he has made a pleasant nuptial cento from Virgil. Opusculum (says he) de inconnexis unum de alieno nostrum.

The empress Eudoxia wrote the Life of Jesus Christ in centos, taken in this manner from Homer. Proba Falconia did the like from Virgil. The same did Alex. Ross and Stephen de Pleurre, from whom we cite the following adoration of the magi.

Tum reges ----------
7 Æ. 98 Externi veniunt+
quæ cuiq; est copia læti 5 Æ. 100.
11 Æ. 333 Munera portantes+
molles sua tura sabæi. 1 G. 57.
3 Æ. 464 Dona dehinc auro gravia+
myrrhaque madentes, 12 Æ. 100.
9 Æ. 659 Agnovere deum regem+
regumque parentem 6 Æ. 548.
1 G. 418 Mutavere vias+
perfectis ordine votis 10 Æ. 548

[14] Reciprocal verses (called also retrogade and recurrents) give the same words whether read backwards or forwards,

Signa te signa temere me tangis et angis.

The amphisbæna is a serpent said to have two heads, one at each end, and to go indifferently with either end foremost.

The amphisbæna double arm'd appears,
At either end a threat'ning head she rears.
Row's Lucan, B. 9.

Thus onward, Amphisbæna springs to meet
Her foe; nor turns her in the quick retreat.
" To join these squadrons, o'er the champaign came
A num'rous race of no ignoble name;
The mighty Crambo leads th' intrepid van:
The rest a forward loud industrious clan.
Riddle, and Rebus, Riddle's dearest son;
And false Conundrum, and insidious Pun;
Fustian, who scarcely deigns to tread the ground;
And Rondeau, wheeling in repeated round.
Here the Rhopalics [15] in a wedge are drawn,
There the proud Macaronians [16] scour the lawn.
Here fugitive and vagrant o'er the green,
The wanton Lipogrammatist is seen.
There Quibble and Antithesis appear,
With Doggrel-rhymes and Echos in the rear.
" On their fair standards, by the wind display'd,
Eggs, altars, wings, pipes, axes [17] were pourtray'd.
" Alarm'd and all-suspended with the sight,
Nor yet determin'd to retire or fight,
A wond'rous omen from directing fate,
Fix'd our resolves, and urg'd our quick retreat.
" As on the ground, reclin'd, Thammastes lay,
Fill'd with the feasting of the genial day;
(Uncertain if some godhead sway'd his mind,
Or mov'd by chance) he broke the walnut's rind:
Fear and amazement seiz'd his shuddering soul,
When for the nut, he found a scribbled scroll.
He trac'd the characters with secret dread;
Then thus aloud the mystic verse read.
' In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly,
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die' [18].
" Silent awhile and thoughtful we remain,
At length the verse unanimous explain;
That where no triumphs on the conquest wait,
Ev'n virtue's self and honour bids retreat,
So Jove declares, so wills eternal fate.

[15] Rhopalic verses begin with a monosyllable, and continue in words, growing gradually longer to the last, which must be the longest of all.

Rem regem regimen regionem religionem.

They had their name from ῥοπαλον, a club, which like them begins with a slender tip, and grows bigger and bigger to the head. Hence our author draws them up with great propriety, in the military form of a wedge.

[16] The macaronian is a kind of burlesque poetry, consisting of a jumble of words of different languages, with words of the vulgar tongue latinized, and latin words modernized. This verse has employed the pens of many French and Italian writers. We have seen three or four long poems of this kind by our own countrymen.

Et dabo fee simple, si monstras love's sq retty dimple,
Gownos, silkcotos, kirtellos, & peticotos,
Buskos & soccos, stomacheros, cambrica smockos.
Ignoramus.

With these we may venture to rank some late published lines written by the ingenious Dr. Swift to a schoolmaster of his acquaintance.

Dic heris agro at an da quarto finale.
Puta ringat ure nos an da stringat ure tale.

[17] The foregoing comments have so crowded the notes, that we shall refer the reader to the Spectator, No. 58, where he will find this line very fully explained by Mr. Addison.

[18] Two lines from Waller.

With eager zeal, we hoist the spreading sails,
And, from the deck, invoke the tardy gales.
When now the shore the fancy'd armies reach,
And form their mimic legions on the beach.
Insulting shouts the deafen'd sense invade,
Sarcasms and scoffing taunts our fears upbraid.
" I catch my bow, (the same which Aster bore
'Gainst the rash monarch on Thessalia's shore [19]),
The string with meditated vengeance drew,
And pierc'd a leader of th' aerostic crew.
The giant scoffer falls consign'd to death [20],
And thus, prophetic, sung his parting breath:
'C oward and slave, ne'er shalt thou reap the fruit
O f thy long labours and severe pursuit.
W ith sorrow shalt thou leave thy suff'ring crew,
A venging justice shall their steps pursue,
R ude draughts of iron shall they drink at need,
D rink, and deplore thy rash inhuman deed.'
" These threats denouncing, in the dust he rolls:
Cold thrilling fear invades our troubled souls.
Prostrate, we supplicate all-ruling Jove,
Th' impending curse, relenting, to remove.
With sad reluctance leave th' enchanting plain;
And anxious plow the hoarse-resounding main.
" Nine tedious days a doubtful course we steer;
The tenth, bold rocks and tow'ring cliffs appear.
The least, as Atlas tall, o'erlook'd the strand:
Nor shapeless they, but shap'd by Nature's hand.
Some like smooth cones aspiring to the skies,
Others aloft in spiral volumes rise.
These seem vast cannon planted on the shore,
Well-turn'd and hollow'd with cylindric bore.
Here columns or tall obelisks appear;
There a vast globe or polish'd hemisphere.
Tow'ring on high proud battlements are seen:
And saliant bastions bear a warlike mien. [bear?
" What breast, unmov'd, the dreadful sight could
What eye behold it unappall'd with fear!
I strove their drooping courage to awake,
And thus, with animating accents, spake:
" 'See, dear companions, what the gods have giv'n,
And praise th' indulgence of propitious Heav'n.
How great the scene, where'er we turn our eyes!
The prospects various all, yet all surprise.

[19] During the siege of Methone, Philip of Macedon lost his right eye by an arrow. Aster of Amphipolis having offered his service as an extraordinary marksman, who could take a bird down flying, Well, said Philip, when I wage war with starlings I will employ you. The man was so nettled with this answer, that he threw himself into the town, and shot an arrow at him, with this inscription on it, " At Philip's right eye." No wonder so great a curiosity as the bow of such an excellent archer should be perserved in the Scriblerian family.

[20] The death and prophecy of the Acrostic bear a wonderful resemblance to Æneas's encounter with the harpies, and curse of Celæno, in the 3d Book of Virgil:

Non ante datam cingetis mœnibus urbem,
Quam vos dira fames nostræque injuria cædis
Ambesas subigat malis absumere mensas.

Know that ere the promis'd walls you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot for this misdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.
Dryd.

Ply well your oars to gain th' auspicious land;
And raise a grateful altar on the strand,
Then let some chief, by lot decreed, explore
The latent glories of this wond'rous shore.'
" Thus I, dissembling; but pale fear possest
Each livid cheek, and chill'd each manly breast.
Fresh in their mind th' Acrostic's threats they dread,
And curse, denounc'd on their devoted head.
Still I persist, and urge the hard command:
With slow reluctant steps, they press the sand.
In equal parts I straight divide the crew:
Then in the urn the lots inscrib'd I threw,
And shook the hallow'd vase, till chance decreed
The sage Deidemon for the hardy deed:
And join'd the brave Thaumastes to his side,
By social love and like pursuits ally'd.
" Sheath'd in bright arms, o'er the suspected plain,
Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.
In vain th' enliv'ning banquet's charms we try,
In vain the mirth-inspiring goblet ply,
Dread and despair each rising joy controul;
And horrour, brooding o'er the sparkling bowl.
Nor less in vain we seek the balm of sleep,
For still the wretched painful vigils keep.
Then first, my friends, I own, this manly breast
Damp wav'ring doubt, fear's harbinger, confest.
When, all-propitious to my rapture'd eyes,
I saw Priapus' awful form arise [21];
And thus the god: ' Dispel this causeless dread;
For know, an hospitable land ye tread.
What tho' the chiefs report a dreadful tale,
Fearless do thou the glorious task assail.
Nor war, nor hostile perils shalt thou prove:
But the soft blandishments of proffer'd love.
Myself the powerful passion will impart
To the fond queen, and melt her yielding heart:
Thy manly limbs with heighten'd charms I'll grace,
And breathe resistless beauties o'er thy face:
As artful sages give the modern stone
Time's honour'd stains, and glories not its own [22];
The canker'd coin with verdegris incrust,
Or grace the polish'd bronze with reverend rust.
With confidence proceed, my ready pow'r
Shall never fail thee in th' important hour.'
" He said, and vanish'd at th' approach of morn:
When, lo! the chiefs with downcast look return.
Aghast, with speechless tongue and bristling hair,
Deidemon stood; an emblem of despair.
Scarce could Thaumastes o'er his fears prevail:
Who thus, at length, brought out the broken tale.

[21] The Scribleri have always testified the utmost reverence for this god, as appears from their having been industrious to preserve every line that has been written to his honour. They have made a considerable collection of small poems, which they have named from their tutelary deity, and have been no less assiduous in exhibiting his statues and pictures. This naturally accounts for the great zeal with which the god promises his patronage to our hero.

[22] ——— Lætos oculis afflarat honore
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum, pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.
Virg. L. I.

And breath'd a youthful vigour on his face:
Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold.
Dryden.

" 'We went, Scriblerus--(such was thy command[23])
Thro' yon lone rocks to view this wond'rous land—
Long had we roam'd—sudden a noise we heard
Of mighty wings—and saw a monst'rous bird.
I grasp'd my jav'lin, startled at th' alarm,
But sage Deidemon stopt my desp'rate arm.
Oh, well restrain'd! for, by its nearer flight,
An human face[24], conspicuous to the sight,
And human limbs appear'd.—With wild amaze,
Astonish'd at the dire portent, we gaze,
And meditate return—when, from the flood,
(For near a spacious river's bank we stood)
A bark emergent rose; with oars well-tim'd[25],
Cut the smooth wave, and o'er the surface skim'd.

[23] See the speech of Eurylochus, and the following adventures. Odyss. B. 10.

[24] Bishop Wilkins was strongly bent on bringing the art of flying to perfection. He mentions it in most of his works. After having enumerated the several methods proposed, he says, " Tis the more obvious and common opinion, that this may be effected by wings fastened immediately to the body, this coming nearest to the imitation of nature. 'Tis related of a certain English monk, called Elmerus, about the Confessor's time, that he did by such wings fly from a tower above a furlong; and so another from St. Mark's steeple in Venice; another at Norinberg; and Busbequius speaks of a Turk in Constantinople, who attempted something this way." Dædalus, Ch. 7.

In another work (That the Moon may be a World) he reasons on the probability of reaching the Moon by the help of this art. He computes it to be 180 days journey; endeavours to solve the difficulties which may arise from want of diet and lodging. See his arguments at large, Prop. 15.

" The art of flying hath been in all ages attempted, particularly in the times of Friar Bacon, who affirms it to be possible, and that he knew a person who had actually tried it with good success. And even now there are not wanting some in England, who, by experiment, have proved themselves able to do it. The Sieur Besnier, a smith of Sable, hath invented an engine for flying," Philosoph. Transact. vol. i. page 499, 500, with a cut of the engine, plate 5.

[25] Cornel. Drebell made a vessel for James I. to be rowed under water with twelve rowers: It was tried on the Thames. Bishop Wilkins, after solving all the difficulties that might be objected to this submarine navigation, enumerates the advantages of it.

" 1. 'Tis private; a man may go to any coast in the world invisible, without being discovered or prevented in his journey.

" 2. 'Tis safe; from the uncertainty of tides, and the violence of tempests, which do never move the sea above five or six paces deep; from pirates and robbers, which do so infest other voyages; from ice and great frosts, which do so much endanger the passages towards the poles.

" 3. It may be of very great advantage against a navy of enemies, who by this means may be undermined in the waters and blown up.

" 4. It may be of special use for the relief of any place that is besieged by water, to convey into it invisible supplies; and so likewise for the surprizal of any place that is accessible by water.

Then sunk again, but still her course pursu'd,
Clear was the stream, and all beneath we view'd.
" 'Swift we retire, with oft-retorted eye,
Lest magic charms o'ertake us as we fly.
Long unpursued we run, at length retreat
Where an arch'd rock affords a welcome seat.
Cheerful we enter, but within behold
A serpent shape with many a jointed fold[26].
Each friendly pow'r invoking to my aid,
The sleeping form, intrepid, I invade.
Direct my falchion on the monster's hide,
And in the midst his bloodless frame divide[27].
But soon, repentant, my rash deed deplore,
For lo! two foes vindictive on the floor;
Both rear the horned head, and both assail
With the sharp terrours of the pois'nous tail.
Again our trenchant blades aloft we heave,
Dauntless again the sever'd bodies cleave,
And triumph in the deed. Alas! how blind,
How fond, how prone to err, the human mind!
How vain our joy! for, (such the will of fate)
Our conquests still new enemies create.
Again th' unequal combat we renew,
Again, surpris'd, increase the reptile crew.
And now a numerous fry o'erspread the ground,
By slaughter rais'd, and fertile from the wound[28].
" 'O! for that warning voice which Cadmus heard[29],
When from the glebe his growing foes appear'd!

" 5. It may be of unspeakable benefit for submarine experiments and discoveries. Several colonies may thus inhabit, having their children bred up without the knowledge of land, who could not chuse but be amazed with strange conceits upon the discovery of this upper world." Wilkins's Mathematical Magic, Book II. Chap. 5.

[26] The account of this monster bears a very near resemblance to the description of the hydra, which has so much employed the pens of the ancients; and also to the polypus, so celebrated by the moderns.

[27] It must be acknowledged that upon cutting, not the least effusion of blood or ichor can be perceived, even by the best microscope.
Natural History of the Polype.

[28] Vulneribus fœcunda suis.
Ovid's Desc. of the Hydra.
Hanc ego ramosam, natis e cæde colubris,
Crescentemque malo domui.

Art thou proportion'd to the hydra's length,
Who from his wounds, receiv'd augmented strength?
He rais'd an hundred hissing heads in air,
When one I lopt, up sprung a deadly pair.
By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter strong.
Gay.

————Hydra secto corpore firmior
Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem. Hor.

[29] The poet in this and the three following lines, alludes to two passages in Ovid's Met. In B. 3. Cadmus sows the dragon's teeth, which immediately produce a crop of armed men, one of whom warns Cadmus (who was preparing to attack them) to desist, and they fought it out among themselves till they destroyed each other. Jason's adventure in the 7th Book exactly resembles this, excepting that the new-raised regiment was determined to attack him, upon which he threw a stone, enchanted by Medea, among them, which created dissentions,

Or the strong charms of Colchis' pow'rful maid [30],
In like distress the valiant Jason's aid!
"'A while retreating we maintain the fight,'
Then quit th' enchanted cave with sudden flight:
And cheer'd, th' auspicious land-marks to review,
Thro' the known path, our glad return pursue.'
"He ended, trembling: straight I grasp'd my sword [31],
And bade them follow. At the dreadful word,
Fear and confusion ev'ry breast invade;
All join the desp'rate purpose to dissuade;
But chief Thaumastes.—'Hence; ignoble slave,'
Stern I reply, 'whose fears infect the brave.
You, heroes once, inglorious, here remain,
Aw'd by his words, a dastard, abject train.
Alone I triumph, if my arms succeed,
Or perish single in the hardy deed.'
Indignant thus, confiding in the god,
O'er the drear plain, with haughty steps I strode."

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

A priestess of Rumour relates to Scriblerus the history of the queen of the country. He is struck with the beauties of an elegant temple, which he describes, as also the queen's magnificent entry and her personal endowments. He makes himself known to her. She professes her regard for his family and for his own merits, to which she is no stranger: after which she invites him to a partnership of her bed and throne. Scriblerus consults with Albertus, and is advised by him to accede to her proposal of marriage: Saturn endeavours to deter him from it by fearful dreams and omens: notwithstanding which the marriage is celebrated, but the consummation prevented by the flight of two owls, which, added to the foregoing portents, intimidate the hero to that degree, that he resolves to fly from his beloved queen. Her reproaches and entreaties prevail on him to return, but not till her unhappy impatience has impelled her to give herself a desperate wound, upon which Saturn cuts her fatal hair and she dies.

"Haply I stray'd, where midst the cavern'd cells
Of vocal cliffs, fantastic Echo dwells.
My way through serpent windings I pursu'd [1],
Which deep within the hollow'd rocks were hew'd.
The walls, inclining with an inward slope,
End in a narrow groove and join at top.
From side to side reverberate, they bear
The quick vibrations of the trembling air;
Hence weakest sounds the vaulted cavern shake,
And whispers deaf'ning on the senses break.
The cave of Rumour. O'er a spacious vent [2],
With head reclin'd, her list'ning priestess bent.
(The Pythian thus imbib'd th' inspiring steam;
Thus gave Trophonius the prophetic dream.)
Swift from her seat, at my approach, she sprung,
And thus she spake with more than mortal tongue.
"'Thrice welcome, wand'rer, to this happy land,
The work and glory of its sov'reign's hand.
Our queen, with kind compassion, all receives [3],
But the first honours to the stranger gives:
Herself a stranger once, tho' here she reigns:
A distant exile from her native plains.
Northward as far beyond the torrid zone,
Her husband held an indisputed throne.
Till restless faction [4], big with murd'rous strife,
Depriv'd th' unguarded monarch of his life,
Dread and despair the drooping queen affright:
Grief wastes the day, and ghastly dreams the night.
Before her eyes her husband stood confest;
Rear'd his pale face, and bar'd his bleeding breast.

produced a civil war, and delivered the hero from his enemies.

[30] *Medea.*

[31] See the behaviour of Ulysses. Odyss. B. 10.

[1] This is an exact representation of the present state of the Latomiæ near Syracuse, the cave where Dyonysius the tyrant of Sicily is said to have kept his state prisoners: which we have seen thus described.

"*It is at this instant*, as entire as when it was first made, and still retains that surprising power of reverberating sounds. It is a large cavern cut horizontally into a rock 72 feet high, 27 broad, and 219 in depth. The entrance is of the shape of an ass's ear, and the inside somewhat of the form of the letter S. On the top of the cave there is a groove, which runs from one end to the other, and has a communication with a small room at the top of the entrance, now inaccessible by reason of the height and steepness of the rock. This is imagined to have been a guard-room where the tyrant used to place a centinel, who, by hearing every the least whisper of the prisoners within, made his report accordingly to his masters. We fired a pistol in it, which made a noise like thunder; when one of us went to the end, and there fetched his breath, he was heard very distinctly by those without; and when a letter was unfolded as gently as possible, it seemed as if somebody had flapped a sheet of paper close to your ear."

[2] It is evident from the testimony of many ancient authors, that at Delphi and all other oracles, divine inspiration was conveyed through certain vents, over which the prophetess leaned her head and sometimes sat. Fontenelle has adopted the strange conceit of Van Dale, who supposes that the persons who went into Trophonius's cave were dosed with the fume and smoke of certain drugs, which caused extravagant dreams. But this idle imagination is wisely refuted by an anonymous author in his answer to Fontenelle's Hist. of Oracles: who, whether we consider his learning or his faith, justly deserves a place in the Scriblerian archives.

[3] Virg. Æn. B. 1.

[4] Most critics are of opinion, that the following lines allude to the factions of the virtuosi which arose in England when the Newtonian philosophy, introducing a cautious diffidence, tamely circumcribed the enterprising flights of genius, and absolutely banished the nobler inventions of the preceding age.

At length advis'd her flight, but first reveal'd
Where all his choicest treasures lay conceal'd.
A chosen band the sacred stores convey
O'er the rude waves; a woman leads the way.
This isle she chose, her growing empire's seat;
Here she enjoys an undisturb'd retreat:
Here, where no pitchy keels pollute the sea [5],
Nor restless commerce ploughs the wat'ry way.'
The priestess thus my longing bosom fir'd—
I left the tale unfinish'd and retir'd.

" Soon I descry'd where, near a cypress wood,
A dome, upheld by stately columns, stood:
Where brass and variegated marbles join [6]
Their mingled beams to grace the splendid shrine.
Here glitt'ring ores their native charms unfold;
There yellow mundic shines like burnish'd gold [7].
Sulphurs and marcasites their beams display [8],
And lucid crystals rival Titan's ray.
Rang'd as a cornice, various fossils stand,
The mimic sport of Nature's wanton hand.
Mitre and turban-forms the work adorn,
Triton's huge trump, and Ammon's boasted horn [9].
Here fibrous plants with many a branching vein [10],
And there the curious texture of the brain [11].
But how, O! how shall fancy's pow'r recall
The forms that breath'd along the pictur'd wall!
Where, in mosaic wrought, the shells surpass
The pencil'd canvass or the sculptur'd brass.
Dearest to Nature first are seen a race
Who bear the marks of her peculiar grace.
Here griffons, harpies, dragons mix in flight,
Here wild Chimera rears her triple height.
In glowing colours mighty Geryon stands,
And bold Briareus wields his hundred hands.

" While thus my soul these empty shades possest,
What sudden pangs invade my heedless breast!
When, in blest shells of liveliest hue pourtray'd,
I saw fair Lindamira's form display'd [12]:
I started at the sight: adown my cheek
The swelling tears, in rapid torrents break:
Then thus: ' What region in the world but knows [13]
My hapless passion and illustrious woes?
Lo! as in life, the dear sad object stands,
And makes my suff'rings known in distant lands'—

When sudden, ent'ring at the lofty gate,
The queen herself approach'd in solemn state.
Her head th' inextricable plica [14] grac'd:
Whose folds descending, veil'd her beauteous waist.
Then length'ning downwards, form'd a regal train,
And swept, with awful majesty, the plain.
On her fair front a goodly horn she bore:
But nor the crown or gay tiara wore.
Frequent and thick, o'er all her limbs were seen [15]
Th' elongated papillæ of the skin.
Graceful excrescence of resplendent horn,
Like the shagg'd velvet, or the new-reap'd corn.
Never but once beheld I, till that hour,
Such finish'd charms. I gaze and I adore.
She mounts the throne, and hearing ev'ry cause,
Directs her judgment by great Nature's laws.
Where nice distinction doubtful claims divides [16],
Duly she weighs, impartial she decides.
To her the vegetable kingdom owes
A sure protection from invading foes,
Who oft the sprouting coral strive to gain,
And earth-born mandrake, from its rightful reign.

" Now solemn heralds led me to the throne,
And bade my nation and my name make known.
Thus, to the monarch, I my speech address:
' O! foremost still to succour the distrest,
From northern isles, from a far distant strand,
By adverse winds, I tread this pleasing land.
Behold Scriblerus, no ignoble name [17]; [fame.)
(Earth sounds my wisdom, and high Heav'n my

[5] We must be so ingenuous as to confess, that our author has borrowed this panegyric from a celebrated spanish poet.

[6] This taste has lately been introduced in England. They ornament chimney-pieces, &c. with many different sorts of marble, and cover the joints with thin plates of polished brass.

[7] Mundic is a brown glittering substance, found in great quantities in the tin-mines.

[8] Marcasite of copper is about the bigness of an apple, brown without, yellow and crystalline within, brilliant and shining.

[9] A shell called the buccinum. The cornu Ammonis, is a fossil shaped like a ram's horn.

[10] A large submarine weed, whose fibres resemble a curious net-work.

[11] The brainstone, so called, from the resemblance its surface bears to the human brain.

[12] See Memoirs of Scriblerus.

Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis.
Virg. B. I.

[13] Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?
Virg. B. I.

[14] A matting together of hair, commonly called the plica Polonica, because it is epidemical in Poland, and rarely found elsewhere. The hair, so platted together, grows to a surprising length, which is not to be prevented, by reason that it is mortal to cut it, a great effusion of blood always ensuing. See it described Philosoph. Transact. Vol. 6. Part 3. Chap. 3.

[15] There was a very extraordinary person in London, in the year 1743, who, during his residence there, was visited by most of the nobility and gentry, virtuosi and philosophers of that metropolis. His skin (excepting only his face and the palms of his hands) was entirely grown over with an horny excrescence, called by the naturalists the elongation of the papillæ. Each particular excrescence was about the size of a small barley straw, they lay close together, and made an even surface, exactly like the surface of plush or velvet. They were of different lengths in different parts of his body. Stroking your hand down his leg or arm, they rattled like the return of a hard brush, but louder, as they were of a much harder consistence than the stiffest hair.

[16] The principal contests which have divided the virtuosi of all ages, and which daily arise, are from the difficulty of deciding in what class subjects of middle qualities shall be ranged. Thus some affirm a spunge to be an animal; others a vegetable; while others contend that it is inanimate.

[17] So far is our hero from vain-glory, which some critics have ignorantly accused him of, that he is here so humble he does not even venture to speak his own words, but delivers himself in those of his great example, Ulysses. Odyss. B. 9.

Behold Ulysses, no ignoble name;
Earth sounds my wisdom, and high Heav'n my fame.

Now a sad fugitive, and tempest-tost,
Driv'n with confusion, from each neighbour coast,
O! grant the refuge of thy friendly shores:
Supply with bounteous hand our wasted stores:
Else rashly we attempt th' unmeasur'd way,
And death awaits us on the barren sea.'

"Elate with pleasure, stagger'd with surprise,
So wills the mindful god, the queen replies [18],
'Are you the great Scriblerus, dear to fame [19],
Who, from high Pliny trac'd, your lineage claim?
The same whom learned Barthius' daughter bore
To fam'd Cornelius on the British shore?
I lov'd old Gaspar; greatly lov'd thy sire;
Nor less thy virtues, courteous guest, admire.
Accept that name; and, if thou not disdain,
Friend to my soul and partner of my reign.'

"Then I. 'Ah! cease, too gen'rous, to o'erpow'r
Thine humblest slave with all thy bounty's store.
Such godlike blessings from so fair a hand,
Eternal praise and gratitude demand.
While on earth's surface fruits and flowrets blow [20]
And fossils vegetate in beds below,
In coral polypes haunt, in snow the bear,
Whales sport in seas, and eels in vinegar,
While bright volcanos spout eternal flame,
So long shall last the glories of thy name.'

"I said,—the gracious monarch instant sends
The wish'd refection to my dubious friends:
But from their longing arms their chief detains,
And strives to bind with love's resistless chains.
At her desire the series I relate
Of my long wand'ring and disast'rous fate.
Deep sunk my suff'rings in her yielding heart,
Transpierc'd with love's inevitable dart,
And fix'd as some impal'd and helpless fly [21],
Who bleeds a victim to the optician's eye,
Before his glass spins in repeated round,
And strives to flutter from the deadly wound:
Firm and unmov'd the speculative sage
Eyes the vain efforts of its insect rage.

[18] See Book 2. line 288.

[19] Tuno ille Æneas quem Dardanio Anchisæ
Alma Venus peperit Phrygii Simoentis ad undas?
Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?
The same Æneas whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchises on th' Iæan shore?
Dryd.

For the genealogy of Scriblerus here mentioned, see Memoirs of Scriblerus, the beginning.

[20] In freta dum fluvii, &c. Virg. B. 1.
While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of Heav'n the radiant Sun,
While trees the mountain tops with shade supply,
Your honour, name, and praise shall never die.
Dryd.

[21] Uritur in felix Dido totaque vagatur
Urbe furens qualis conjectâ cerva sagitta, &c.
. . . . . hæret lateri lethalis arundo.
Virg. Æn. L. 4.
So when the watchful shepherd from the blind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind;
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn and seeks the silent floods.
With fruitless care: for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.

"Soon as the morn dispens'd her earliest ray,
Straight to the shore I urg'd my speedy way.
Dissolv'd in tears my anxious friends I found,
The untouch'd cates neglected on the ground.
As when some ass [22] (hir'd haply to repair
The riot-wasted rake or love-sick fair)
From her fond young, the tedious morning strays,
Driv'n thro' some pop'lous city's crowded ways;
Her absence, pent in dismal cots, they mourn:
But wild with rapture, at her blest return,
They leap, they bound, their braying fills the plain,
And the glad hills repeat the harmonious strain.
So round me prest, now rescued from despair,
Th' exulting crew, my fortunes I declare.
The welcome stores they to the bark convey,
Then cheerful follow where I lead the way.

"Soon as we reach'd the dome, the queen invites
To the spread feast and hospitable rites.
Again she asks to hear the moving tale,
Again big tears her melting heart reveal.

"Now all to rest retire: but sleep denies,
His balmy blessings to my anxious eyes.
Long ere the Sun had left his eastern goal,
Thus to Albertus I disclose my soul. [queen [23],

"'Seest thou, with eyes like mine, this matchless
Her rare endowments, her majestic mien?
With ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace is join'd,
And as her form, prodigious is her mind.
What gen'rous proffers has her bounty made,
Of half her throne and half her blissful bed!
Yes, I confess, since Lindamira's love,
No other charms, like these my breast could move:
The same their merits, my desire the same:
I feel rekindling all my former flame.
Were I not bound by ev'ry sacred vow,
Never again at Hymen's shrine to bow,
Perhaps her peerless beauties might controul
The weak resolves of my unstable soul.—' [shook,

"While my rack'd breast these struggling tumults
Thus on my speech the kind Albertus broke:
'Say, will you still a joyless wanderer rove,
And never taste the soft delights of love?
Nor in your offspring [24] glad th' astonish'd Earth,
The happy parent of a wond'rous birth?
And sure no less shall grace your nuptial bed,
For can aught vulgar from the queen proceed?'
Wisely, I grant, you shunn'd the weak alarms
Of common beauty and quotidian charms [25];
But O! imprudent, should you now disclaim
A pleasing passion and auspicious flame.

[22] As from fresh pastures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng,
With leaps and bounds, their late imprison'd young,
Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me press'd, exulting at my sight, &c.
Ulysses's account of his return to his friends from Circe's court. Odyss. B. 10.

[23] See Dido's first speech, and her sister's answer, Virg. Æn. B. 4.

[24] Nec dulces natos, Veneris neque præmia noris?
Virg. B. 4.

[25] Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum.
Terence Eunuch.

With mutual warmth, her proffer'd love receive,
And taste the joys her heavenly beauties give."
While thus his pleasing counsel he addrest,
Alas! too grateful to my love-sick breast!
Sudden aloud the good Albertus sneez'd[26]:
I yield, and follow, with the omen pleas'd.
"The monarch now her learned treasures shows,
And pleas'd each mystic science to disclose,
Illustrates by what powers huge vessels glide,
Conceal'd beneath the surface of the tide.
How, by her arts, her subjects learn to rise
On silken wings, and cut the liquid skies,
Or, to the winds, in cars of lightest cane,
Spread the broad sail, and swiftly skim the plain[27].
Much I applaud, for much I all admire.
Thus mutual pleasures fan our growing fire.
"As when in vinegar[28], at distance plac'd,
To join two self-mov'd astroites haste;
Our heaving hearts, with fond impatience, move,
And pant for contact, with attractive love.
"Nor can our eager passion brook delay,
We, for our spousals, name th' ensuing day.
"How shall my tongue the sad reverse of fate,
And terrours of the dreadful night relate?
Oft rose fair Lindamira's frowning shade:
My purpose oft with boding voice forbade.

So Julia menac'd round her Pompey's bed,
Ere Cæsar conquer'd, and Pharsalia bled.
With her, my swarthy rival[29] blasts my sight,
And casts a blacker horrour on the night.
Th' assembled lawyers next (tremendous band)
Rose to my view, and all my soul unman'd.
But chief, O! chief! the queen herself oppress,
And, with dire om'nous action, chill'd my breast.
Stern she approach'd, and, with contemptuous look,
The horn opprobrious from her forehead took
And fix'd on mine: when, sudden o'er my head,
Portentous growth! luxuriant antlers spread.
Wide and more wide the teeming branches shoot,
And ceaseless suckers issue from the root.
Such ghastly visions waste the dismal night:
I rose, dejected, with the morning light.
The Sun I sought: behind a murky cloud,
Shorn of his beams, he dimly frown'd in blood,
And now, already at my gate was seen
An early herald from th' impatient queen.
Dissembling, I suppress the rising tear,
And strive th' unsprosp'rous moments to defer.
In vain: already at the altar stands
Th' officious priest to join our hapless hands.
Oh sad effects of too neglectful haste!
No hymeneal rights[30] our nuptials grac'd.
No hallow'd priest the festal victim slew,
And the curs'd gall behind the altar threw.
Nor did the slaves the flaming torches bear,
Nor burn the axle of the bridal car;
With flow'rs or woolly fillets deck the door,
Or figs, the type of future plenty, pour;
Nor wild asparagus at once imply'd
The courtship and possession of the bride;
No sportive songsters hail'd the genial time,
Chanting the fescennine licentious rhyme.
Nor did the bride the solemn barley bear,
Nor with the spear divide her flowing hair,
Or yellow veil of mystic purport wear.
No matron's voice her eager steps forbad
The sacred threshold of the porch to tread.
No decent zone secur'd her looser waist,
But ev'ry rite was lost in shameless haste!
Hymen his sacred influence withdraws,
And sees, with anger, his neglected laws.

[26] She spoke. Telemachus then sneez'd aloud;
Constrain'd his nostril echo'd thro' the crowd.
The smiling queen the happy omen bless:
So may these impious fall, by fate opprest.
Odyss. B. 17.

Xenophon having ended a speech to his soldiers with these words viz. "We have many reasons to hope for preservation." They were scarce uttered, when a certain soldier sneezed; the whole army took the omen, and at once paid adoration to the gods. Then Xenophon, resuming his discourse, proceeded "Since, my fellow soldiers, at the mention of our preservation, Jupiter has sent this omen." &c.

[27] . . . . . Sericana, when Chineses drive
With sails and wind, their cany waggons light.
Milton, B. 3.

Bishop Wilkins was much pleased with the contrivance of a sailing carriage. "What can be more delightful, says he, or better husbandry, than to make use of the wind (which costs nothing, and eats nothing) instead of horses? That such chariots are commonly used in the champaign plains of China, is frequently affirmed by divers credible authors. Boterus mentions, that they have been tried also in Spain, though with what success he doth not specify. But above all other experiments to this purpose, that sailing chariot at Shevelling in Holland, is more eminently remarkable; it was made by the direction of Stephinus, and is celebrated by many authors. Walchius affirms it to be of so great a swiftness for its motion, and yet of so great a capacity for its burden, that it did far exceed the speed of any ship, though we should suppose it to be carried in the open sea with never so prosperous a wind. That eminent inquisitive man Peireskius, having travelled to Shevelling for the sight and experience of this chariot, affirms that it went 42 miles in two hours." Math. Magic. B. 2. ch. 2.

[28] The small astroites or star-stones, when immersed in vinegar, will move till they touch each other.

[29] The black prince of Monomotapa. Memoirs of Scriblerus.

[30] Thus Lucan, Book 2, represents Cato receiving Marcia without any marriage ceremonies.

Festa coronato non pendent limine serta.
L. 354, et infra.
No garlands gay the cheerful portal crown'd,
Nor woolly fillets wove the posts around;
No genial bed with rich embroidery grac'd,
On iv'ry steps in lofty state was plac'd;
No hymeneal torch preceding shone,
No matron put the tow'ry frontlet on,
Nor bade her feet the sacred threshold shun.
No yellow veil was loosely thrown, to hide
The rising blushes of the trembling bride:
No glitt'ring zone her flowing garments bound,
No sparkling gems her neck encompass'd round;
No silken scarf, nor decent winding lawn
Was o'er her naked arms and shoulders drawn;
No Sabine mirth provokes the bridegroom's ears,
Nor sprightly wit the glad assembly cheers.
Rowe's Lucan, B. 2. l. 54.

Soon as within the sacred fane I came,
Sudden, extinguish'd, sunk the hallow'd flame.
Ghosts howling, sadden the long isle's dark gloom,
And sweats of blood distil from ev'ry tomb.
" To wait a more propitious hour, I move;
But she o'er-rules my fears with eager love.
Th' obedient priests dispatch with trembling haste,
Thence move, with pomp, to grace the nuptial feast.
The bride, transported, smiles with open soul,
Gay from the feast, and wanton from the bowl;
To her lov'd grot, with fond desire, invites,
There to consummate Hymen's blissful rites.
" Deep in the dark recesses of the wood
A cave obscur'd with gloomy laurels stood.
Ivy, within, the verdant roof o'erspread
With pendant foliage, a luxuriant shade!
The ruin'd walls the monarch's hand adorns [urns.
With mould'ring stones, rough moss, and broken
O'er these, with studied negligence, she spreads
Strange roots, gay garlands, and fantastic weeds.
Rough unhewn steps lead to the dark retreat,
And a vast mat presents an ample seat.
" This grot she destin'd for the nuptial night,
Sacred to love and conscious of delight.
Unstable state of wretched human kind!
Faithless as seas, and fickle as the wind:
The gentlest blast may nip our blooming joy:
The slightest wave our baseless bliss destroy.
Our fleeting pleasure no duration knows,
But ebbs, ere well we can perceive it flows.
" Now, happiest pair, we reach the auspicious bow'r,
Big with the transports of the genial hour;
When lo! two owls, who, with the like design,
Retir'd, in silence, to the secret shrine;
Rush forth, with loud complainings, from the cave,
And, with sad sighs, their loves unfinish'd leave [31].
Saturn, to thwart my rising joys intent,
The boding augury, terrific, sent;
He, with foul dreams, my trembling bosom chill'd
And all my soul with deadly horrour fill'd.
Hence, at the last portent, with wild affright,
From the fond queen I wing my speedy flight.
And, urg'd with shame, not knowing how to bear
Her just reproach for my dishonest fear,
Straight to the ready crew I give the word,
And summon all with swiftest speed on board.
" Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed [32]:
When to the shore by fatal fury led,
The monarch hastes; the parting bark she view'd,
And thus, with scoffs, my coward flight pursu'd.
" ' Unmanly traitor, whom nor honour awes [33],
Nor sacred gratitude's eternal laws;

[31] And there consummatate their unfinish'd loves.
Dryden's Turtles.

[32] In the life of Virgil, prefixed to Mr. Dryden's translation, we have the following remark: " We may observe, on this occasion, it is an art peculiar to Virgil, to intimate the event by some preceding accident. He hardly ever describes the rising of the Sun but with some circumstance which fore-signifies the fortune of the day. For instance, when Æneas leaves Africa and queen Dido, he thus describes the fatal morning:

Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile.

And for the remark we stand indebted to the curious pencil of Pollio.

[33] See Dido's speeches, Virg. B. 4.

Vaunt not thyself from great Scriblerus sprung;
Thy coward soul belies thy boastful tongue.
Thee not the learned Barthius' daughter bore,
Bred 'midst the rocks of Scotia's barren shore [34],
The lifeless offspring of her blasted trees,
Nurs'd, as brought forth, amidst thy kindred geese [35].
Ah, whither do my various passions rove?
Still must I censure whom I still must love?
How could'st thou, cruel, from thy consort run,
The sacred rites of Hymen but begun?
Scorn'd and neglected leave the nuptial bed,
And all the mighty debt of love unpaid?
Oh! had you but bestow'd one fond embrace,
Ere yet you fled from this once valued face;
Perhaps I had not then despair'd to see
Some young Scriblerus, heav'nly fair, like thee.
If fate, reluctant to complete my joy,
Denied the blessing of a sprightly boy,
Some embrio semblance of thy form divine [36],
At least had floated in the glassy shrine.
Fond flatt'ring hope possession had supply'd,
Nor had you left me so forlorn a bride.
Fir'd at that sacred name, again contest
The jarring passions in my bleeding breast.
The friendless vagrant, not content to save,
Rare arts I taught, and choicest presents gave;
Not ev'n ourself with-held, but fondly led
The coward boaster to my bridal bed—
Now signs are seen [37]—now Saturn omens sends—
And visions bode, and augury portends—

[34] Nec tibi diva parens ---------- Sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.
Virg. L. 4.

[35] These geese are frequent in the western isles of Scotland, and commonly known by the name of barnacles, which word our great philosopher derives from be-arn a child, and aac an oak, Saxon. The legend of them informs us that they grow out of rotten trees by the bill, as fruit by its stalk.

As barnacles turn Solan geese
In th' islands of the Orcades.
Hudibras.

[36] Saltum in qua mihi do te suscepta fuisset
Ante fugam soboles: si quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Æneas, qui te tantum ore referrat,
Non equidem omnino capta aut deserta viderer.
Virg. L. 4.

Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight;
Some young Æneas to supply your place,
Whose features might express his father's face:
I should not then complain to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left.
Dryd.

[37] The breaks in this speech bear a near resemblance to the interrupted sense which is the striking merit of that admired speech of Dido.

——— Ejectum littore egenum
Excepi, et regni demens in parte locavi ———
Heu furiis incensa feror —— nunc augur Apollo
Nunc Lyciæ sortes. ——— nunc, &c.
Virg. B. 4.

'Tis surprising that Mr. Dryden should so little feel the force of these breaks, as to foist in a con-

Such cares, forfooth, disturb the peaceful fowl,
And to distress poor lovers flies the owl [38].
If ere futurity by signs was known,
To me some omen had thy baseness shown;
Victims had wanted [39] ev'ry nobler part,
And, to denote thee truly, chief the heart.'
" Her rueful moanings my compassion move,
And to my breast recall affrighted love.
I feel his dictates o'er my fears prevail,
And call to change our course and shift the sail.
But oh! I scarce had giv'n the tardy word,
Ere her rash hand her bleeding bosom gor'd.
Shock'd at the dreadful sight, ply ev'ry oar,
Eager, I cry, and instant make the shore—
Rous'd by my well-known voice, again revive
Her drooping spirits, and she strives to live.
When lo! vindictive Saturn reach'd the strand,
And seiz'd the plica with relentless hand.
Then wav'd aloft his glitt'ring scythe in air,
And cropt, for ever cropt, the fatal hair [40].
A deathful slumber clos'd her beauteous eyes:
And her freed soul regain'd her native skies."

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

The Queen appearing to Scriblerus, as he lies in a swoon, informs him that all his misfortunes are owing to the murder of the Acrostic, for whose death he must make atonement, and celebrate games to his memory. The hero returns to the violated island, and submissively sues for peace. Then follow the games. Scriblerus establishes a lasting friendship with the islanders, and retires loaded with presents. He pursues his course up the Red Sea, and travels over the desert to Cairo. He briefly touches his journey from thence in quest of the petrified city, and concludes his affliction for the loss of his treasures. The pilgrims condoling with him thereon, are interrupted by an omen which they interpret in his favour; and praying for his success, and presenting him with the most valuable of their treasures, they depart.

" My shudd'ring frame, unnerv'd with horrour, sunk
Extended on the deck a lifeless trunk.
My soul uncumber'd with corporeal ties,
At large thro' fancy's boundless empire flies.
Full in my sight the queen's lov'd form appears,
Awakes reflexion, and renews my tears.
But soon her voice my rising griefs forbad,
And thus began the visionary shade.
" ' I come not fondly to upbraid, but show
The fatal origin of all thy woe,
And to direct its cure. From one rash deed,
Th' Acrostic's murder, all thy woes proceed.
Then seek with speed the violated coast;
With sacrifice appease his injur'd ghost.
Games and lustrations must avert thy doom,
And rites exequial grace his honour'd tomb.
Yet, ere from hence the parting sail you spread,
Be one sad office to my mem'ry paid.
" ' In yon lone grove's remotest corner stands
A structure, rais'd by these ill fated hands.
Huge intermingling fibrous roots, dispos'd
With curious art, a pyramid compos'd.
Bones lin'd the walls, in rustic order plac'd:
The gloomy roof the smoke of tapers grac'd:
Skulls grinn'd around, and ashes lay beneath:
The bow'r of Contemplation and of Death.
Here as I sat and moan'd my widow'd love
With tears, my hapless hands asbestus [1] wove,
And form'd a shroud. To this my corse intrust,
And save my ashes from the vulgar dust:

---

neotive sentence, where Virgil has visibly intended the transition should be most abrupt.

I rave, I rave, a god's command he pleads,
And makes Heav'n accessary to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now, &c.

[38] Nothing is more natural than for a person thoroughly exasperated to fly out in sallies of sarcastic wit. Of this kind is that celebrated speech of Dido.

Scilicet is superis labor est: ea cura quietos
Sollicitat ———
I sequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.
Spero equidem mediis, &c.

[39] Cæsar. What say the augurs?
Messenger. They would not have you to stir forth to day:
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cæsar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to day for fear.
Julius Cæsar, Act. 2.

[40] See the death of Dido, Virg. B. 4. the end. To cut the plica Polonica is certain death. See p. 262. N. 14.

[1] Asbestus is a mineral substance of a whitish silver colour, and a woolly texture, consisting of small threads or longitudinal fibres, endued with the wonderful property of resisting fire, and remaining unconsumed in the most intense heat. The industry of mankind has found a method of working this mineral, and employing it in divers manufactures, chiefly cloth and paper.

This kind of linen cloth was highly esteemed by the ancients, and then better known, and more common than among us.

Pliny l. 18. cap. 1. says, he himself had seen napkins thereof, which being taken foul from the table, after a feast, were thrown into the fire, and by that means were better scoured than if they had been washed in water: but its principal use, according to Pliny, was for the making of shrouds for royal funerals, to wrap up the corpse, so as the ashes might be preserved distinct from that of the wood whereof the funeral pile was composed: and the princes of Tartary, according to the accounts in the Philosophical Transactions, still use it at this day in burning their dead.

A handkerchief or pattern of this linen was presented to the Royal Society, a foot long, and half a foot broad. This gave two proofs of its resisting fire; though in both experiments it lost above three drams in its weight.

While quick-consuming flames at once devour
My poor remains, and death-devoted bower.
With marble then the pyramid replace;
And let my bones inurn'd the summit grace.'
With sighs she ended [2]. Thrice in vain I strove
To clasp the fleeting object of my love.
She flies my grasp unfelt, as shadows pass,
Or hands protruded from the concave glass [3].

" Obedient to the visionary fair,
Her obsequies employ our pious care.
The pile consum'd, with marble we replace,
And with her bones inurn'd the summit grace.
Then naked run, in frantic courses, round,[crown'd.
Th' anointed tomb [4] with flow'rs and chaplets
Such mystic rites to great Pelides' shade,
On Xanthus' banks, Æmathia's hero paid.

" With prosp'rous winds we sail. The joyful crew
Transported hail the wish'd-for shores in view.
Straight we select a venerable band;
The peaceful olive waves in every hand.
Onward they march, and to the chiefs explain
Our deep contrition for th' Acrostic slain:
And sue for peace. The bards accept our love
With mutual zeal, and to the temple move
To ratify their vows. An awful shrine!
Sacred to Phœbus [5]; where at once combine
Whate'er of splendour, beauty, grace, or art,
The most exalted fancy can impart.
Nor yields this pile to that celestial fane,
The work of Vulcan in th' etherial plain [6].

" Within the dome, in lofty niches stood
Six statues carv'd of cedar's odorous wood [7].
The sacred band great Triphiodorus [8] leads;
High o'er the baffled alphabet he treads.

Next him th' intrepid Chœrilus [9] appears;
His boastful hand the royal bounty bears.
Elate with ancient praise, old Bavius sits:
There Leoninus [10], first of modern wits.
On the proud elephant, in triumph, thron'd,
Querno [11], with Rome's imperial laurel crown'd,
Shakes his anointed head, in act to speak,
While tears of joy run trickling down his cheek.
The next, a lofty poetess was seen;
Beauteous her face, majestic was her mien.
Severe reward of pride! that lovely form
No more thy transmigrated soul shall warm;
Chang'd to a bird, for ever doom'd to fly
With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pye [12].

" Soon as I tread the temple's sacred floor,
The laurel shakes, the hollow caverns roar:
Bedew'd with sweat [13], each awful image stood
And big round drops fell from the hallow'd wood.
The vulgar tremble, and would quit the fane,
But the skill'd seer pronounc'd their terrours vain.
'No threaten'd ills these boding signs portend:
The great Scriblerus comes, your dearest friend.
A copious subject for your labour'd song,
To tire each hand, and weary ev'ry tongue:
Th' extensive theme his glorious deeds afford,
Shall sweat six well-breath'd poets to record.'
He said: and bade them ply the genial feast.
Thence, sated, all retire to needful rest.

" Soon as Aurora's beams disperse the gloom,
The pious crowd surround th' Acrostic's tomb:
With solemn pomp begin the rites divine,
Pouring the tepid milk and sparkling wine,
And consecrated flour—when, round the grave,
Strange to relate, the ground was seen to heave.
A batten'd mole arises midst the heaps [14]
Of crumbled earth, and to the viands creeps:

[2] Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum;
Ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.
Virg. Æn. B. 2.
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung;
And thrice deceiv'd on vain embraces hung;
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.
Dryden.

[3] This phenomenon (which is the greatest of all deceptions in optics) is well known to those who have seen the concave mirror. If a man moves his hand towards the focus of the glass, the reflected image will appear to come out and touch it, and the shadow of the fingers intermix and play with the real fingers.

[4] " Alexander when he visited Troy, honoured the heroes who were buried there; especially Achilles, whose tomb he anointed, and, with his friends, as the ancient custom was, ran naked about his sepulchre, and crowned it with garlands." Plutarch's Life of Alex.

[5] See Dunciad, B. 4. Note on Phœbus.

[6] Described by Ovid, B. 2.
Regia solis erat sublimibus alta columnis
Clara micante auro, flammasque imitante pyropo, &c.

[7] See the description of Latinus's palace and the six statues. Virg. Æn. B. 7.

[8] " Triphiodorus the lipogrammatist composed an odyssey, or epic poem, on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of 24 books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which was called Alpha (as lucus a non lucendo) because there was not an Alpha in it. His second book was inscribed Beta, for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole twenty-four letters in their turns, and showed them one after another, that he could do his business without them." Spectator, No. 59.

[9] Gratus Alexandro Regi magno fuit ille Chœrilus----------
Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.

[10] Author of the Leonine or rhyming verse.
Trajicit. I, verbis virtutem illude superbus.
Virg. lib. 9. l. 634.
is a proof that Virgil admired this sort of verse, notwithstanding the following false assertion of Mr. Dryden in the preface to his translation.
" Virgil had them in such abhorrence, that he would rather make a false syntax than such a verse as this of Ovid."
Vir precor uxori, frater succurre sorori.

[11] See the note on B. 2. line 11th of the Dunciad.

[12] A line taken from Dryden's Virgil, B. 7. in the transformation of Picus.

[13] " Among other prodigies that preceded the march of Alexander's army towards Persia, the image of Orpheus at Libethra, made of cypress wood, was seen to sweat in great abundance, to the discouragement of many; but Aristander told him, that far from presaging any ill to him, it signified he should perform things so important and glorious, as should make the poets and musicians of future ages labour and sweat to describe and celebrate them." Plutarch.

[14] See Virg. l. 5. Where the serpent comes from the tomb of Anchises.

Around he strays, the rich libation sips,
And tastes the sacred flour with harmless lips.
Thus fed with holy food, the wond'rous guest
Within the hollow tomb retires to rest [15].
" Then I: ' Suspect no more, thrice honour'd train,
Our vows rejected, or lustration vain.
See the familiar of th' industrious dead,
Propitious omen, on our off'rings fed!
Or shall we deem him genius of the place [16],
By Phœbus sent our festal pomp to grace?
" ' Yon sloping hill's umbrageous side commands
The spacious ocean and the level sands:
The living marble there shall yield a seat,
While solemn games [17] the hallowed rites compleat.
Thither the prizes bring ordain'd to grace
The rapid victor in th' aërial race.'
" Before the rest an ox majestic stalks:
Six monstrous legs support him as he walks.
On his bold front he rolls three glaring eyes,
And twice ten vulgar oxen was his price [18].
Deidemon next conducted to the shore
A female captive valued but at four [19].
To her, Machaon, all thy arts were known,
To strain the bandage, or replace the bone.
" My swelling heart unable to restrain,
I rose, and thus addrest the list'ning train.
' Behold yon matchless beast ordain'd to grace [20],
The rapid victor in th' aërial race.
None from ourself that prize should bear away;
But not for triumph is this mournful day.
Far other thoughts my sorrowing hours employ,
And sad contrition holds the place of joy.

[15] Two lines from Dryden's Virgil.

[16] Incertus geniumne loci famulumne parentis
Esse putet? Virg. B. 5.
Scriblerus's conjecture will be found to be highly judicious, when we consider that industry is the characteristic of these islanders in common with this animal. This is allowed them by Mr. Pope in the following line:
Pains, study, learning, are their just pretence.

[17] See Iliad, B. 23. Odyss. B. 8. Æn. B. 5. Statius Thebaid, B. 6.

[18] Though the image of an ox was stampt on some of the earliest coins, it is the opinion of the most accurate critics, that, in Homer's time, or at least in the times he wrote of, the course of exchange was carried on by real oxen, brass, iron, or slaves; but the specific value of things denominated always by oxen; which being less variable in worth than accidental lumps of unwrought metal, or slaves, which might differ in sex, age, or capacity, were supposed to keep the nearest to a standard. This opinion is confirmed by some lines at the end of the 7th book of the Iliad.

[19] This line is taken from Pope's Iliad, B. 23.
A massy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice six oxen its reputed price:
And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
A female captive valued but at four.

[20] See the speech of Achilles, Iliad. 23.
Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
To the brave rulers of the racing steed;
Prizes which none beside our self could gain,
Should our immortal coursers take the plain;
But this no time our vigour to display.
Nor suit with them the games of this sad day.
Pope.

Let brisker youths their active nerves prepare,
Fit their light silken wings, and skim the buxom air.
Mov'd by my words, two youths of equal fire
Spring from the croud, and to the prize aspire.
The one a German of distinguish'd fame:
His rival from projecting Britain came.
They spread their wings, and with a rising bound
Swift at the word together quit the ground.
The Briton's rapid flight outstrips the wind:
The lab'ring German urges close behind.
As some light bark, pursu'd by ships of force,
Stretches each sail to swell her swifter course,
The nimble Briton from his rival flies,
And soars on bolder pinions to the skies.
Sudden the string, which bound his plumage, broke:
His naked arms in yielding air he shook:
His naked arms no more support his weight:
But fail him sinking from his airy height.
Yet as he falls, so chance or fate decreed,
His rival near him urg'd his winged speed,
Not unobserv'd, (despair suggests a thought)
Fast by the foot the heedless youth he caught,
And drew th' insulting victor to the ground:
While rocks and woods with loud applause resound.
" Then I: ' Behold yon matchless youth compell'd
By fortune, not superior skill, to yield
His juster glories in the well flown field.
But not unhonour'd shall he halt away,
Or giftless mourn this unauspicious day.
Yon damsel, for the present, suits not ill:
For much, alas! he wants her ablest skill;
And to his tent, ere morning, shall be brought,
A statue of resplendent metals wrought;
Where Icarus his silver wings expands,
And boasts the labour of his father's hands [21].'
Now for those chiefs who cut their calmer way
Beneath the boist'rous surface of the sea [22],
From the tall bark the rich rewards are borne:
And first was seen great Ammon's twisted horn,
By nature's hand exprest in massive stone:
Twice six stout porters with the burthen groan.
Rich Surinam [23] produc'd the second prize;
A toad prolific, of enormous size.

[21] Some critics have asserted, that this statue could not be the work of Dædalus; and for proof of their assertion, bring the lines of Virgil, which we shall subjoin, though we think them of no weight against the known veracity of our author.
——— Tu quoq; magnam [tres.
Partem opere in tanto; sineret dolor, Icare, habe-
Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro;
Bis patriæ cecidere manus. ———
Virg. Lib. 6. l. 30.
Here hapless Icarus had found his part;
Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold; [mould.
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming
Dryden.

[22] See note on submarine navig. B. 2. [p. 260.]

[23] The Surinam toad produces its young out of its back in their perfect shape, after having been hatched from eggs contained in certain cells within the skin.

Mr. Bradley, in his Works of Nature, p. 126, says, he has observed this creature in three different states. In the first, the pores of the back were all closed, excepting thee or four, which began to be forced open by the eggs lodged in cells below them.

High on her pregnant back her young are born;
(Her pregnant back with frequent labour torn)
Thro' her burst skin they force their painful way,
And issue a portentous birth, to day.
To grace the third, a flowing robe was brought:
Of spider's web the curious texture wrought [24].
" First, great Agrippa to the prize pretends:
From learn'd Cornelius' lineage he descends.
His skilful hand the speedy Mermaid guides
Safe from tempestuous winds and thwarting tides.
Next, long-inur'd beneath the waves to dwell [25],
The two descendants of the great Drebell.

In the second state, all the pores in the skin of the back were so much opened that he could plainly discern the points of the eggs within them. And in the third, (which he gives a picture of) young ones were perfectly formed in all the cells of the back.

[24] In the year 1710, M. Bon discovered the art of making silk of the webs of spiders, for an account of which we refer the reader to a dissertation on the subject published by him. Mr. Reaumur has objected difficulties to this manufacture, which are printed in the memoirs of the academy. He suggests that the natural ferocity of these animals renders them unfit to be bred and kept together. But this difficulty will vanish, when we find upon calculation that so small a number as 663,552 only are required to make a whole pound of the silk.

[25] Mr. Boyle tells us he received an account of the success of this experiment from an excellent mathematician, who was informed of it by one who was in the vessel at the time of trial. He then proceeds to the method of purifying the air. "Having had the curiosity and opportunity to make particular inquiries among the relations of Drebell, and especially of an ingenious physician that married his daughter, concerning the grounds upon which he conceived it feasible to make men unaccustomed to continue so long under water without suffocation, or (as the lately-mentioned person that went in the vessel affirms) without inconvenience; I was answered, that Drebell conceived that it was not the whole body of the air, but a certain quintessence (as chymists speak) or spirituous part of it, that makes it fit for respiration, which being spent, the remaining grosser body, or carcase, (if I may so call it) of the air, is unable to cherish the vital flame residing in the heart. So that for aught I could gather, besides the mechanical contrivance of the vessel, he had a chymical liquor, which he accounted the chief secret of the submarine navigation. For when from time to time he perceived that the finer and purer part of the air was consumed or over-clogged by the respiration and steams of those that went in his ship, he would, by unstopping a vessel full of this liquor, speedily restore to the troubled air such a proportion of vital parts as would make it again for a good while fit for respiration, whether by dissipating or precipitating the grosser exhalations, or by some other intelligible way, I must not now stay to examine; contenting myself to add, that having had the opportunity to do some service to those of his relations that were most intimate with him, and having made it my business to learn what this strange liquor might be, they constantly affirmed that Drebell would never disclose the liquor unto any, nor so much as tell the matter whereof he had made it to above one person, who himself assured me what it was." Boyle's Works, Vol. I. p. 69.

One guides the Crocodile's stupendous size;
Six banks of oars, in six degrees, arise [26]:
The other in the lighter Hydra flies.
" Far in the sea a grove of coral stood,
The waves o'ershadowing with a branching wood.
To this, their destin'd goal, they urge their flight,
And, at the stated signal, sink from sight;
Their oars now move with wide-expanded sweep,
And now return contracted thro' the deep.
The Hydra leads: Drebell, elate of soul,
His rival eyes, regardless of the goal:
With fond assurance deems the prize his own;
And oft in thought he weighs the pond'rous stone.
" O justest picture of the human mind [27],
Rash tho' unknowing, confident tho' blind.
Plung'd in the depths of errour, we decree:
Boldly we judge of what we dimly see;
And, too impatient for Truth's sober pace,
We follow light-wing'd Hope's delusive chace.
Some air-drawn phantom leads our eyes astray,
Blind to the nearer rocks which choke our dang'rous way.
" Thus wrapt in thought, the chief incautious drove
His vessel's side against th' entangling grove.
The branching coral snapt th' extended oars,
And the rash youth his vanish'd hopes deplores.
And now the wretch beholds, with jealous eyes,
The Mermaid next advancing for the prize.
Fraternal love a treach'rous thought inspires,
He loads his engines with the Grecian fires [28]:

[26] We hope from henceforward, the citation of this verse will be allowed a sufficient answer to all seamen and mechanics, who deny that the ancients used many oars one above another, and pretend to dispute on a subject of this nature with those, who have studied coins, bas-reliefs, and the ancient poets, with the taste and spirit of true vertuosi.

[27] These eight lines, and the apostrophe occasioned by the hero's disappointment in the third book, are distinguishably in the taste of the most admired reflections of some of our favourite authors. They are, indeed, of a more modern cast (as well in sentiment and expression, as in the use of metaphor) than any thing we meet with in this whole work; therefore we hope they will give great satisfaction to those, who blame it for adhering too closely to an imitation of the ancients.

[28] So called because it was invented by the Grecks about the year 660, as is observed by Petavius, on the authority of Nicetas, Theophanes Cedrenus, &c.

It is composed of sulphur, naptha, pitch, gum, and bitumen; and is only extinguishable by vinegar, mixed with sand and wine; or with raw hides. The inventor, according to Petavius, was an engineer of Heliopolis in Syria, named Callinicus, who first applied it in the sea-fight commanded by Constantine Pogonates against the Saracens, near Cyzicus in the Hellespont, and with such effect, that he burnt the whole fleet therewith, wherein were thirty thousand men.

But others will have it of a much elder date, and hold Marcus Graecchus the inventor; which opinion is supported by several passages, both in the Greek and Roman writers, which show it to have been an-

And, as the rival barge triumphant past,
Against her sides the fierce bitumen cast.
Wide rage the fires. The crew with hasty care,
The raw bull-hides and vinegar prepare
To damp the flames, and quit the needful oar:
Swift flies the well-row'd Crocodile before,
Sweeps circling round the grove and makes the shore.
Now, her defrauded honours to regain,
The Mermaid plies her oars, but plies in vain,
Too well the fraudful brother's arts prevail;
Applauding shouts her conqu'ring rival hail.
At length the young Drebellides returns,
Tho' half her oars the crippled Hydra mourns.
As when the hungry crab [29] in India's main,
Whose body two unequal legs sustain,
Intent some oyster's op'ning shell to spoil,
Moves to the gaping prey with awkward toil;
His larger claw, with treach'rous pebbles load,
Drives him obliquely sideling from the road;
The Hydra thus, impell'd by partial force,
Steer'd thro' the waves her lame and tardy course.
" Once more, I thus bespoke th' attentive train;
' Advance the skilful marksmen on the plain,
Who with the air's comprest elastic force,
From wind-guns speed the bullet's rapid course.
High on the summit of yon lofty hill,
The milk-white courser by the sculptor's skill [30],
Vast as the Trojan horse, conspicuous stands,
And speaks the labour of no vulgar hands.
Who smite the steed shall share one gen'ral prize,
This radiant store of matchless butterflies.
But he whose happier ball with nicer aim
Shall strike the flank, the victor's glory claim;
For, on the flank, Laocoon's furious dart
Pierc'd the vast structure of Epeus' art [31].
Be his reward this valued volume, fraught
With all the stores of Wor'ster's pregnant thought [32].'
" I said: and in the hallow'd helmet threw
The lots inscrib'd; the first Deidemon drew.
His well-aimed engine he directs with care,
And instant frees the close-imprison'd air.
Th' unerring ball pursu'd its rapid course,
And smote, with furious stroke, the sacred horse.
By strong repulsion, thence return'd, again
Roll'd back and lay, conspicuous, on the plain [33].
The rest, by turns, succeed their art to try,
And wing the pond'rous metal thro' the sky:
With like amaze the prodigy repeat,
And find the fatal bullet at their feet.

ciently used by both those nations in the wars. See Scaliger against Cardan.

Constantine's successors used it on divers occasions with equal advantage as himself; and what is remarkable enough is, that they were so happy as to keep the secret of the composition to themselves; so that no other nation knew it in the year 960.

[29] This species of crabs is very frequent in the West Indies, and there called the fidler, because in its progress the smaller claw has a motion not unlike that of a fidler's arm, and the larger claw is supposed to resemble the fiddle. He is remarkable for procuring his food by the following stratagem: when he finds an oyster or muscle with its shell open, he places a little stone, which he carries in his larger claw, in such a manner as to prevent the shell from closing, then inserting the small claw, he therewith picks out the meat.

Virgil, on the like occasion, has introduced a simile of a wounded serpent, which, if it be not equal to this of our author, we may venture to say it is not the fault of the poet, but of the times; and we shall not scruple to present it to the reader, as we believe it to be as good a simile as ever was wrote before the discovery of the West Indies.

Qualis sæpe viæ deprensus in aggere serpens,
Ærea quem obliquum rota transiit, aut gravis ictu
Seminecem liquit saxo lacerumque viator:
Nequicquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus,
Parte ferox, ardensque oculis, & sibila colla
Arduus attollens; pars vulnere clauda retentat
Nexantem nodos, seq; in sua membra plicantem.
Tali remigio navis se tarda movebat.
Virg. Æn. L. 5.

[30] Such representations on the sides of hills are not uncommon. Alexander designed to have his image represented on a mountain, with a city in one hand, and a river in the other. But the most frequent have been those of horses.

We have a remarkable *description* of one by a learned antiquary, in "a *letter* to Dr. *Mead*, concerning some antiquities in Berkshire, particularly showing, that the white horse; which gives name to the vale, is a monument, &c. &c.

" Our horse is formed on the side of a steep hill. His dimensions are extended over an acre of ground, or thereabouts.

" The horse at first view, is enough to raise the admiration of every curious spectator, being designed in so master-like a manner, that it may defy the painter's skill to give a more exact description of that animal.

" The neighbouring inhabitants have a custom of scouring the horse, as they call it; at which time a solemn festival is celebrated, and manlike games with prizes exhibited.

" If ever the genius of king Alfred exerted itself, (and it never failed him in his greatest exigences) it did remarkably upon the account of this trophy.

" Though he had not the opportunity of raising, like other conquerors, a stupendous monument of brass or marble, yet he has shown an admirable contrivance, in erecting one magnificent enough, though simple in its design; executed too with little labour and no expense, that may hereafter vie with the pyramids for duration, and perhaps exist when these shall be no more." Page 24.

[31] The trojan horse was built by Epeus.

——— et ipse ille doli fabricator Epeus.
Virg. B. 2.

[32] The Marquis of Worcester's century of inventions.

[33] There is a wonderful similitude between this prodigy, and that which befel Adrastus, as recorded by Statius.

Campum emensa brevi, fatalis ab arbore tacta,
Horrendum visu, per quas modo fugerat, auras,
Venit arundo retro; versumque a fine tenorem
Pertulit, at notæ juxta ruit ora pharetræ.
Multa duces errore serunt. Hi nubila et altos
Occurrisse notos. Adverso roboris ictu
Tela repulsa alii, penitus latet exitus ingens,
Monstratumque nefas: uni remeabile bellum;
Et tristes domino spondebat arundo recursus.
Thebaid, L. 6. the end.

" Mov'd by the impulse of some power divine,
I now resolve the solemn games to join.
When lo! a stranger omen greets our eyes,
And fills the gazer's soul with new surprise;
As thro' the air I drove the whizzing lead,
An ambient flame around the metal spread [34];
Such and so bright yon argent circles glow [35],
Which ceaseless round the orb of Saturn flow;
High o'er the rock, metereous, it flies,
Borne unextinguish'd to the lofty skies.
" Then thus the bards explain the great portent:
'To thee, Scriblerus, is this omen sent;
By this unerring sign the Gods decree
Peaceful return to all thy friends: to thee,
Successive scenes of wonder to explore
In realms far distant from thy native shore.'
Fix'd and suspended for a while I stand:
At length approaching the prophetic band,
Perplex'd, I spake: within my dubious soul,
Hope and distrust, by turns, tumultuous roll.
" 'Blest be the seer whose hallow'd tongue imparts
These sounds of comfort to our dubious hearts;
Yet tho' each omen point a prosp'rous end,
Still o'er our heads th' Acrostic's threats impend:
O! teach us by what sacrifice or pray'r
T' avert the curse, or bravely how to bear:
And, if so far thy science reach, relate
What distant realms my future toil await.'
The seer replies: 'Suffice it that you know
(For Saturn's wrath forbids the rest to show) [37]
A prosp'rous end to all your woes decreed;
Then, spight of boding prophecies, proceed.
Such threats, nor fear to meet, nor wish to shun,
Perhaps the menace of an empty pun [38].
Well has thy care appeas'd th' Acrostic's soul;
No doubt remains thy purpose to controul;
With speed to Egypt's sacred coast repair;
There shall a surer oracle declare
Thy future course; yet ere thou hence depart,
Receive these tokens of a friendly heart.'
He said, and twelve resplendent axes brought [39];
Twelve choice enigmas on the steel were wrought.
A shepherd's pipe, whose each decreasing line
Resounds the honours of the tuneful Nine.
Then march six bards, who, studious to rehearse
Our deathless labours in Pindaric verse,
Bear them, inscrib'd on six expanded wings,
And each, in turn, th' unequal measure sings.
" Then joining hands, ere yet I thence withdrew,
In words like these I paid my last adieu;
' May Phœbus ever bless this peaceful land;
To endless time your letter'd altars stand:
Still may your groves their radiant fruits unfold;
Still bloom with sparkling gems and burnish'd gold:
May music flow from ev'ry Naiad's urn,
And echoing rocks the melting sounds return.
Nor critic pow'rs invade this blest retreat,
To bruise your flow'rets with their hostile feet' [40].
" And now confirm'd our vows of mutual love;
From the gay coast, with mournful steps, we move.
" Six tedious weeks we spread the swelling sails,
And drive at large before the southern gales.
When from Arabia's spicy borders, spring
The eastern breezes, and with od'rous wing,
Fanning the wanton air, around dispense
A grateful fragrance to the ravish'd sense.
The Erythræan sea before us lay
Our destin'd course: a far-extended bay.
In twice ten days, the inmost coast we reach,
And land our treasures on the spacious beach.
To camels now consign the precious load,
And toil, intrepid, thro' the pathless road:
The fifteenth sultry morn's auspicious light
Reveal'd great Cairo's minarets [41] to sight.
From thence we journey'd o'er the desert plain:
There all my treasures, solace of my pain,
Sav'd through a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain,
Perish'd at once. This stroke no boding sign [42]
Foretold: nor did the dire Acrostic join
Amidst his ruthless curses: this surpast
All other woes: the greatest and the last."
Abrupt the hero ends the wond'rous tale;
While tears in torrents o'er his words prevail.
When, rushing from the sky, the bird of Jove
A team of twenty ducks before him drove:
With trembling wing, beneath the flood they shoot,
The whelming waves elude his vain pursuit.
Ruffled with rage, th' indignant tyrant glows:
'Till from the stream a pamper'd goose arose.
Eager to her he wings his deathful way.
And his strong talons seize the goodly prey.
With friendly joys thus spake the pious train:
" Not hard this mystic omen to explain
As yon proud bird indignant grief exprest [43],
With wild disorder'd flight and ruffled crest,

[34] See Virg. Æn. B. 5. the arrow of Acestes.

[35] By some late observations made by Mr. Short, with a reflecting telescope whose focal length is 12 feet, it appears that Saturn's ring is divided into two unequal parts by a dark list (which may be seen by telescopes of less power) and that the outward and lesser part is again subdivided by other smaller lists, into several (apparently concentric) rings.

[37] ——— farique vetat Saturnia Juno.
Virg. L. 3.

[38] Nec tu mensuram morsus horresce futuros:
Fata viam invenient. Æn. B. 3.

[39] See Spectator, No. 58.

[40] Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces.
Shakespear's Henry IV. beginning,

[41] The minaret is a sort of steeple in the form of a column, ending towards the top in a cone. A little before it begins to take its conic figure, it is surrounded by a gallery.

[42] Nec vates Helenus, cum multo horrenda moneret
Hos mihi prædixit luctus, non dira Celæno.
Virg. L. 3.
My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost;
Ease of my cares, and solace of my pain,
Sav'd through a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain.
The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greatest and the worst conceal'd:
And dire Celæno, whose foreboding skill
Denounc'd all else, was silent of this ill.
Dryden.

[43] As thus the plumy sovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd thro' the wide etherial way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;
So shall thy godlike father, toss'd in vain
Thro' all the dangers of the boundless main
Arrive ———.
Pope's Odyss. B. 15.

Or wheeling thro' the wide etherial way,
Or vainly hov'ring o'er his vanish'd prey;
Now rais'd on sounding pinions seeks the skies,
At length successful in a nobler prize:
So shall thou meet thy rich reward at last,
And lose in present joys thy suff'rings past.
But O! for us what promised boon remains,
What gleam of hope for all our endless pains?
With these bare feet, in vain, yon hallow'd ground
Whole years we trod: no precious relic found:
No blest remains of better days could trace
'Midst impious Ottoman's usurping race;
Where barb'rous rage the sainted forms devours,
Foe to the chizzel's consecrating pow'rs.
While listless drones the pontiff's chair degrade,
And zeal no more awakens the crusade."

They said, and from the bark a plenteous store
Of strong asphaltos to the hero bore [44].
And twelve fair apples beauteous to behold [45],
Whose rind refulgent vies with burnish'd gold.
But, for the fruit, a nauseous pulp is found,
Or ashes fill the vain delusive round.

These gifts the chief receives with grateful hand,
And to proud Cairo leads the wearied band.
He venerates the soldan's ruin'd state [46]
And burns to find the prophet of his fate.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

ARGUMENT.

Scriblerus, having consulted the Morosoph, relates to his friends the result of his inquiry. That he must leave them to go in search of the philosopher's stone, which is promised him. That they must return to England and found a society, of which he is to be visitor; and being assured, by possession of the stone, of longevity, if not immortality, he promises to visit the society every century. After a variety of hardships which our hero undergoes in twelve months travel from Genoa, where his friends leave him, he arrives at a grove near Munster in Germany. In this city, after several fruitless attempts to transmute lead into gold, the alchymists agree to postpone the farther trial of their art to the next day, hoping it might be more auspicious, as being the first day of April, the birth-day of that successful alchymist Basilius Valentinus. That night Plutus appears to the hero, and directs him to the fatal root which is to procure the transmutation of metals and prolongation of life. Inspired with gratitude and devotion, Scriblerus sacrifices a goose and thirty goslins, which engage him in a sharp conflict with a revengeful warden, whom at length he vanquishes, and, with a moderation singular in a conqueror, leaves, to pursue his journey to Munster.

All night, the sleepless sage impatient lay,
Big with the fortunes of the following day.
Soon as the wish'd-for morn with purple streaks
Th' horizon's utmost bound, Scriblerus seeks
The raptur'd seer. A long successless day
Thro' every street he takes his tiresome way.
The night approach'd: when seated on the ground,
Alone, the pensive Morosoph he found [1].
A woolly sheepskin veil'd his rev'rend head:
Thence lengthen'd downwards and beneath him spread.
(Thus, near Albunea's hallow'd fount, repos'd [2]
On fleecy skins, the priest of Faunus doz'd)
But all before, his sacred body bare,
Ill-brook'd the rigour of th' inclement air.
A deep capacious bowl, replete with store
Of potent opium in his hand he bore [3].
So fam'd Theangelis with hallow'd rage [4]
Fills the swoll'n bosom of the Persian mage.
The scratching-stick with which the seer subdu'd [5]
The tingling tumults of his boiling blood,

[44] A brittle, black, bituminous substance, resembling pitch. It is chiefly found swimming on the surface of the Dead Sea. When melted it sends forth a strong sulphureous smell, extremely offensive.

[45] "We went on to Jericho, through places where grew sundry sorts of trees, some whereof were full of ripe fruit: some of our company, taken with their beauty, plucked a few of them, and found nothing in them but dry ashes, and a sort of wet or moist embers." Baumgarten's Travels.

—— "Apples, which appear very lovely to the eye, but being cut up, prove mere naught, being nothing else but a heap of nauseous matter." Gordon's Geograph. Grammar; of Palestine.

Sir John Maundevile describing the borders of the Dead Sea, says: "And there besyden growen trees that beren fulle faire apples, and faire of colour to beholde; but whoso brekethe hem, or cutte-the hem in two, he schalle fynde within hem coles and cyndres."

[46] Cairo was anciently possest by the Mamalukes, and governed by their soldans.

[1] See Note on B. 1. line 367.

[2] ——— lucoque sub altâ
Consulit Albuneâ ———
——— Cæsarum ovium sub nocte silenti
Pellibus incubuit stratis, somnosque petivit.

[3] By reason of the prohibition of wine and other spirituous liquors, opium is generally used throughout the Turkish empire. When taken in proper quantities, it raises the spirits and greatly enlivens; but the Turks know no more moderation in that, than we in our liquors, and seldom leave their cordial till they are intoxicated and stupified. They are held in derision by those who venture to transgress the law and drink wine, being called by the opprobrious name Teriachi, or opium-sots.

[4] Theangelis in Libano Syriæ, Dicte Cretæ montibus & Babylona & Susis Persidis nascitur, quâ potâ Magi divinent. Plin. L. 4. cap. 17.

[5] When the Nile first begins to rise, drinking the turbid waters occasions an heat in the blood, which throws out a sort of rash, attended with continual itchings. The people of fashion carry, at this time, a scratching-stick. This is a piece of wood, one

Seem'd, as he whirl'd it, the Chaldean rod [6],
Or thyrsus, symbol of the Lybian god.
Scriblerus now approach'd with rev'rence low,
The seer observ'd; and dealt a furious blow
Full on his head: whose force impetuous stunn'd
Th' unwary sage, and fell'd him to the ground.
Frantic awhile with ideot grin he gaz'd;
At length the hero from the earth he rais'd:
Then to his lips convey'd the balmy draught;
The senseless chief the slumb'rous potion quaft.
His heavy eyes the slumb'rous potion clos'd,
Ere yet his tongue his various doubts propos'd [7].
Wrapt in th' embrace of sleep, he past the night,
And rising, joyful, with the morning light,
His friends he sought, impatient to relate
Their glories promis'd by propitious fate.
Eager alike his dear companions ran
To meet their chief; Scriblerus thus began.

"Hear, blest associates of my various pains,
What rich reward to crown our toil remains.
Last night, so Jove ordain'd, alone I found
The heav'n-taught prophet seated on the ground.
An hallow'd rage already had possest [8]
His raptured soul, and heav'd his swelling breast.
High on his head uprose the bristling hair:
His turgid eye-balls roll'd an hideous glare;
With chatt'ring teeth, the working foam he churn'd,
And thrice the solid earth, impatient, spurn'd;
Then, wildly starting, danc'd with frantic bounds,
Whirling his rapid head in giddy rounds:
He wav'd th' Edonian thyrsus in his hand,
And look'd a priest of Bacchus' furious band.
"In admiration lost, awhile I wait
Till the first efforts of his rage abate:
When by his arm the thyrsus urg'd around,
Full on my temples gave this goary wound.
Prostrate I lay. At length the pitying sage,
Calm'd and recover'd from his holy rage,
With friendly steps advancing, seiz'd my hand,
Cheer'd with his voice and raised me from the sand;
Then with nepenthes crown'd a mantling bowl [9],
Whose sov'reign charms restored my drooping soul.

Thus Helen mix'd the mirth-inspiring draught;
From these rich shores the virtuous drugs she brought [10].
My spirits soon reviving in my breast,
I thus the hallow'd morosoph addrest:
"'Illustrious seer, whose all-enlightened eyes
Dart thro' the distant regions of the skies;
To thee an earnest suppliant am I come,
To hear thy dictates and inquire my doom.'
"The raptured seer his rev'rend tresses shakes,
Then, fill'd with sacred inspiration, speaks.
"'Heav'n-favour'd sage, to whom the fates allow
Those secrets wrapt from vulgar minds, to know.
Hear with a grateful and attentive heart,
The precepts which thy kinder stars impart.
"'First, in obedience to their high decree,
Again embarking on a length of sea,
Fair Genoa seek: there quit thy mournful friends,
But learn what fortune their return attends.
I see, I see them spread their swelling sails:
Some fav'ring pow'r supplies the friendly gales.
I see fair Albion's tow'ring cliffs arise,
While to the wish'd-for port the vessel flies.
Now, now, behold, their hopes successful crown'd,
With wisest laws an infant state they found——
See how her sons with gen'rous ardour strive,
Bid ev'ry long-lost Gothic art revive.
Each British science studiously explore:
Their dress, their buildings, and their coins restore.
"'Be these your arts. Proceed, illustrious race,
And yon fair isle with ancient glories grace.
Let others view with astronomic eyes [11],
Yon lucid vagrants in the peopled skies:

side of which is in the form of a pine-apple, with the same kind of indentures to give it a little roughness. It is fixed to a long handle.

[6] Not only the Chaldeans used rods for divination, but almost every nation, which has pretended to that science, has practised the same method. Herodotus mentions it as a custom of the Alani: and Tacitus of the old Germans. Ezekiel speaks of it, and Hosea reproaches the Jews as being infected with the like superstition. "My people ask councii at their stocks, and their staff declareth unto them." Chap. iv. ver. 12.

[7] This adventure of our hero bears a very near resemblance to the narration given by Don Quixote (Part 2, B. 6. chap. 23.) of what befel him in the cave of Montesinos.

[8] See the Sybil in Virgil, B. 6. the prophetess in Lucan, B. 5. &c. &c.

[9] Milton mentions this nepenthes in his masque of Comus:

"Not that nepenthes which the wife of Thone
In Ægypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power as this to stir up joy,
To life so friendly.

Diodorus writes, "that in Egypt there lived women who boasted of certain potions, which not only made the unfortunate forget all their calamities, but drove away the most violent sallies of grief or anger."

Eusebius directly affirms, "that even in his time, the women of Diospolis were able to calm the rage of grief or anger by certain potions. Now whether this be truth or fiction, it fully vindicates Homer, since a poet may make use of a prevailing, though false, opinion."

"But that there may be something more than fiction in this, is very probable, since the Egyptians were so notoriously skilled in physic; and particularly, since this very Thon, or Thonis, or Thoon, is reported by the ancients to have been the inventor of physic among the Egyptians. The description of this nepenthes agrees admirably with what we know of the qualities and effects of opium." Note on Pope's Odyss. B. 4.

[10] These drugs so friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who sway'd the sceptre, where prolific Nile
With various simples clothes the fatt'ned soil.
Pope's Odyss. B. 4.

[11] Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra.
Let others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar, describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
Dryden's Virgil, B. 6.

Let them the habitable dome design,
Taught by Vitruvius, or old Euclid's line;
Carve the rough block, inform the lumpish mass,
Give canvas life, and mould the breathing brass;
With storied emblems stamp th' historic coin;
The painter's skill and poet's fancy join:
Be yours the task, industrious, to recal
The lost inscription to the ruin'd wall;
Each Celtic character explain; or show
How Britons ate a thousand years ago:
On laws of jousts and tournaments declaim,
Or shine the rivals of the herald's fame.
But chief the Saxon wisdom be your care [12],
Preserve their idols, and their fanes repair;
The cold devotion of the moderns warm
With Friga's fair hermaphroditic form [13]:
And may their deep mythology be shown
By Seater's wheel and Thor's tremendous throne.'

"Thus far the sage by sacred raptures borne,
Reveals the fame of ages yet unborn.
He paused and fix'd his eyes as tho' he view'd
Those glories present, then his speech renew'd:

"'Such honour crowns thy dear companions' fates;
Superior far thy glorious self awaits.
The grand elixir art thou doom'd to know [14]:
But first must roam a mendicant in show [15];
Naked and pennyless thro' distant lands,
And eat thy bread the alms of stranger hands.
The rugged Alps must those bare feet assail,
Froz'n on the hill, or swelt'ring in the vale;
Scorn and contempt thy painful lot remain,
Till Munster's venerable walls thou gain.
Munster the destin'd period of thy woe:
There, on a lake, white as the new-fall'n snow,
A goose, majestic, o'er the waves shall ride [16],
And thirty milk-white goslins by her side.

[12] By wisdom here the author means theology, using the word in the sense of lord Bacon, in his Wisdom of the Ancients.

[13] Verstegan, in his antiquities, gives the representation of Friga the hermaphrodite, Seater with his wheel, and Thor the thunderer, the only idol who sits on a throne; with a sufficient account of this mythology.

[14] The ancient Egyptians had the art of extracting an elixir from gems and precious stones, which, on account of its subtility and perfection, they called Heaven; it is also called the philosopher's stone (being drawn from precious stones,) aquavitæ, vegetable seed of nature, solar soul, &c. Kircher Œd. Egypt. The chymists give it the power of making gold, and curing all diseases.

[15] But first must roam a mendicant in show
Naked and pennyless . . . . . .
Froz'n on the hill, and swelt'ring in the vale,
Scorn and contempt thy painful lot, &c.

The author undoubtedly means all this in the literal sense: but query if he does not also hint at the difficulties of alchymy, in the figurative sense of these toils and hardships.

[16] Littoreis ingens inventa sub ilicibus sus
Triginta capitum fœtus enixa jacebit:
Alba solo recubans, Albi circum ubera nati.
Virg. lib. 3. l. 390.

Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompast round,
The dam and offspring white as falling snow.
Dryden.

Nigh to the borders of the silver flood,
Sacred to Plutus, stands a lofty wood,
Beneath its shadowing branches, grows a flow'r [17]
Whose root the god endues with wondrous pow'r;
Not the famed moly which great Hermes bore [18]
To sage Ulysses on th' Ææan shore;
Nor that restorative the Tartar boasts [19],
Nor all the growth of Arab's blissful coasts,
Nor balsams which from northern trees transpire,
Tho' six successive months th' etherial fire [20]
With constant rays the balmy juice sublime,
Can match this offspring of the German clime.
What tho' no radiant metal grace the rind,
No golden branches crackle to the wind [21];
What tho' it seem (so Plutus has decreed)
To vulgar eyes, a despicable weed:
Yet from this herb, a thousand virtues flow;
This pow'rful antidote for every woe.
Nor meagre sickness, nor consuming care [22],
Shall waste thy vigour with intestine war.
Tho' age thy wither'd front with wrinkles plough,
And blanch the hoary honours of thy brow;
Tho' sanguine gamesters bett against thy life,
Thou unconcern'd shalt hear the wagering strife [23].

[17] See Virg. l. 6. The golden bough.

[18] Odyss. B. 10. Ovid. Metam. B. 14.

[19] The gin-seng; one of the principal curiosities of China, called also, by the Chinese, the pure spirit of the earth, the plant that gives immortality. By the Tartars, orhota, the first of plants. The virtues ascribed to this plant are hardly credible. Many volumes have been written by their physicians, to set them forth. One of the missionaries witnesses, that being himself so fatigued, that he could hardly sit on the horse, a mandarin gave him one of these; upon eating half of it, in an hour's time he was not, in the least, sensible of any weariness. That since, he had often made use of it with the same success. Du Halde's Hist. of China.

[20] The continual action of the Sun, for six months succesively on the firs in high northern latitudes, gives them a much greater portion of the etherial fire, and consequently much more sovereign virtues than the productions of southern climes.

[21] ——sic leni crepitabat bractea vento.
Virg. B. 6.

[22] All travellers who have seen and conversed with any of the true adepts, assure us, that they always appear with an healthy countenance and great cheerfulness of spirits. This is attributed to the use of their excellent medicine, which gives them at once health and affluence; and also, to that philosophy of mind which is previously necessary for the attainment of the secret.

[23] Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack.
Addison.

This polite practice of laying wagers on lives, is grown so common here, that there is scarce a person of distinction in this nation, who does not become the subject of a bett, as soon as ever any grey hairs are discovered on him. The description of this fashionable amusement makes so admirable a conclusion to that excellent poem, The Modern Fine Gentleman, that we cannot forbear inserting it.

From this inestimable root calcined,
The great hermetic secret shalt thou find;
On baser ores the pow'rful ashes strow;
And purest gold shall from the furnace flow.
If fav'ring Plutus, bounteous pow'r, ordain [24]
That thou, Scriblerus, the high prize obtain,
A sudden radiance of celestial light
Shall guide thy footsteps, and direct thy sight:
But if the god the precious gift with-hold
Averse, nor deem thee worthy of the gold,
Fruitless and vain thy weary search is made:
The plant lies buried in eternal shade.
E'er thou swerve from rigid virtue's path [25],
Expect the vengeful god's severest wrath.
The spot its virtue shall retain no more:
Like Midas thou the useless gift deplore,
Let humble thoughts thy vanity control,
And meekness temper thine elated soul.
" 'Pride rears her giant form aloft and treads [26]
Injurious o'er the cow'ring gazers' heads.

——Lays wagers on his own and others lives:
Fights fathers, uncles, grandmothers, and wives.
Till Death at length, indignant to be made
The daily subject of his sport and trade,
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes;
And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.

[24] ——namque ipse volens facilisque sequetur
Si te fata vocant, aliter non viribus ullis
Vincere, nec duro poteris convellere ferro.
Virg. B. 6.

[25] It is universally agreed, that the great secret can only be obtained by men of exemplary life. This is continually inculcated in Jonson's Alchymist, and at last the failure in the work is ascribed to sir Epicure Mammon's failure in continency. He is warned against avarice, and charity is recommended to him by Subtle in the 2d act.

SURLY.

Why, I have heard, he must be homo frugi,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

MAMMON.

That makes it, sir, he is so. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it.

SUBTLE.

. . . . . Son, I doubt
You are covetous . . . . . .
Take heed, you do not cause the blessing to leave you
With your ungovern'd haste. I should be sorry
To see my labours, now e'en at perfection,
Not prosper, which in all my ends
Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
To pious uses, and dear charity,
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
And to your own particular lusts employ
So great and catholic a bliss, be sure
A curse will follow, yea and overtake
Your subtle and most secret way.

[26] ὑ γὰρ ἵπ' ὄδυ.
Πάντα[λ]ὰ ἀλλ' ἄρα ἤγε καὶ' ἀνδρῶν κράατα βαίνει
Βλάπ[τ]ων' ἀνθρώπους. Iliad. γ. li. 92.

By pride obnoxious, jealousy and hate [27]
Shall drive thee skulking from each envious state.
But lowly charity's unheeded pace
Nor envy spies, nor can suspicion trace.
Then chief be heaven-born charity thy care,
Nor pass one hour without a grateful pray'r.'
Thus far the seer, when sleep's resistless god
Shook o'er my eye-lids his Lethæan rod.
At morn I wak'd, astonish'd and alone [28],
For ah! the prophet from my side was gone."

[27] All who are possest of this admirable secret are obliged to conceal it by the most private life, and to *live without the least show of expense*; by reason that a splendid appearance, without an apparent fund to support it, would subject them to the inquisition of every state they should happen to reside in. For they must either acquire their wealth by this means, or worse; if they lie under the suspicion of the latter, a well regulated community will think it their duty to call them to account; if of the former, the policy of the state will not suffer a private person to enjoy the benefit of their protection, without a participation of the secret, for the use of the public. Flamel being accused of embezzling the finances, and of mismanagement and extortion, owned fairly, that he was master of the secret, and by that means accounted for the estate of 500,000 pistoles, which he had amassed. But others who have stood more in fear of the torture, have never appeared with any degree of magnificence; nor resided any length of time in one place, lest their preserving the same florid complexion for a length of years might cause the admiration of their neighbours, and the discovery of their art. For these reasons they are continually shifting from place to place; and but that a wise man is a citizen of the world, and that the adage, Omne solum forti patria est, exempts them from the reproach, they would be vagabonds and outcasts of the earth. From this prudent and cautious conduct of theirs, we do not hear of any one who was ever likely to be detected, except Sig. Gualdi at Venice, and that by a very extraordinary accident: one day showing a picture to a connoisseur which he told him was his own, the connoisseur declared he was positive it was Titian's hand: "But how can that be, Sig. Gualdi?" says he. "There is your face as old as you appear to be at this instant; and yet Titian has been dead above fourscore years." The visit ended somewhat abruptly. The connoisseur, full of astonishment, came again next morning to re-examine the tints; but Sig. Gualdi was decamped. This story is told at large in a most ingenious and entertaining book, not long since published, called Hermippus Redivivus, which we cannot but recommend to the reader for its own merit, and now, particularly, as being the most agreeable way of acquainting him with several chymical anecdotes and stories very useful for the better understanding the remaining part of this work.

[28] The known effect of opium is, that it supplies the mind with a continual presentation of pleasing images. It most naturally operates by awakening those ideas with which the mind is already strongly possessed; tho' full as frequently it raises entirely new ones. It is no wonder that our hero's warm imagination should be worked up by this drug to a belief, that the delirium caused by it was a real

Thus to his gladden'd friends the chief relates
The tale prophetic of their future fates.
Elate with hope a vessel they prepare
And load the needful stores with zealous care.
With prosp'rous gales they cut the liquid way,
And moor secure in Genoa's destin'd bay.
There, drown'd in tears, and dumb with friendly grief,
His sad companions leave their mournful chief;
Yet as the hero bids his last adieu,
He vows, ere long, their growing schemes to view,
And, each revolving cent'ry; to repeat
His solemn visit to their foster state.
" Tho' Portugal her lost Sebastian mourn [29],
And weary Heav'n in vain for his return:
On surer prophecies you build your faith;
Nor part I hence to exile or to death,
Like Regulus amidst th' oppösing fears
Of friends, of kindred, and the senate's tears;
Nor like Lycurgus, in his country's cause,
His life devoting to enforce his laws.
Nor shall your chief a baffled wretch return,
An outcast loaded with reproach and scorn;
But rich in glories, honour'd, and adored,
And more than mortal, to your arms restored."
He said, and pensive prest the sounding shore,
While the waves foam beneath their brushing oar.
Twelve tedious months, with painful steps and slow [30],
Thro' a long series of opprobrious woe,
Naked and penniless, in unknown lands,
He ate his bitter bread, the alms of strangers hands.
But now, with lighter wings the moments fly,
And bring the period of his labours nigh.
In Munster's walls, assiduous fate prepares,
With endless honours to reward his cares.
Munster, which gave th' illustrious father birth,
Shall now be conscious of the filial worth.
In this, his future glory's destin'd scene,
The great adepts in Hermes' art convene,
Who boast, with vain fallacious science bold [31],
To change each baser ore to purest gold.
But ne'er will righteous Heav'n its gifts impart
To the corrupted and ungrateful heart,
Where lawless lust and wild ambition reign,
And pride and base insatiate thirst of gain.
Hence, all in vain, they bring their boasted stone,
In vain their powders on the mass are thrown.
Their weak attempts the juster fates oppose,
And unmatured, unchang'd the metal flows.
Then one advancing, who possest alone,
A fluid extract from th' all-pow'rful stone,
Three fatal drops amid the furnace spills:
The liquid mass a sudden vapour fills,
By quick dilation; and with dreadful sound,
Exploded, drives the glowing metal round.
The fearful omen all the fabric shook,
When thus the race of great Bombastus spoke [32]
" Oh! why, my friends, for this divine essay [33]
Why have you chose this unauspicious day?
'Twere wiser sure your trials to postpone
Till the last eve of frowning Mars be gone [34].
Your cares suspended till the rising dawn,
By prosp'rous Venus usher'd o'er the lawn,
Shall sure succeed: for on that sacred morn
Was great Basilius Valentinus born [35].
With solemn rites invoke his learned shade,
So may his genius your projection aid."
Thus far the sage, when loud applauses rung
In glad assent, from each approving tongue,
To feastful mirth they dedicate the night,
And hail the morning with the solemn rite.
That night, so fate decreed, Scriblerus gains
The sacred grove on Munster's neighb'ring plains.
There stretcht at ease, his wearied limbs he laid,
And slept unconscious of the friendly shade.
Lo! ere the morn dispensed her earliest light,
Great Plutus' form, conspicuous to the sight,
Before him stood, and thus his speech addrest:
" Thrice happy sage, by fav'ring fortune blest,
On this auspicious morn [36] th' unwearied Sun
His annual course around the globe has run,

conversation; when we see Don Quixote by the mere force of a heated imagination, without the assistance of any opiate, fall asleep in the cave of Montesinos, and relate as actually seen by him, what the warmth of his fancy suggested to him only in a dream.

[29] Sebastian, king of Portugal, a man of great courage and zeal for religion, landed at Tangier in the year 1575, with an army consisting of the flower of Portugal, and gave battle to the Moors, in which he was totally defeated. Diligent search was made after his body, but it could not be found in the field of battle. The Portuguese have continually expected his return ever since; and even at this day are not without hopes of seeing him again on the throne. Vasconcellos, in his history of Portugal, gives an account of his appearance at Venice in 1595, and afterwards suffering great indignities from the Spaniards.

[30] See note 15 of this book.

[31] Here it is declared, that science is deceitful and insufficient, that human means will avail nothing to the perfection of the great work; that it can only be procured by the strictest purity of manners, and the most fervent devotion.

[32] Paracelsus Bombastus succeeded so surprisingly with his chymical medicines, that he endeavoured to bring the slow effects of the Galenical practice entirely into disrepute; and was so elated with the success of his art, as to boast that he could keep a man alive by his medicines for many ages.

[33] This speech of the descendant of Paracelsus, very much resembles that of Antinous after the fruitless attempt to bend Ulysses's bow.

. . . . . That no man draws
The wondrous bow, attend another cause.
Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day
Which thoughtless we in games would waste away.
Till the next dawn this ill-timed strife forego,
And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.
Now bid the seer approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine.
So end our night: before the day shall spring,
The choicest off'rings let Melanthus bring.
Let then to Phœbus' name the fatted thighs
Feed the rich smokes, high-curling to the skies.
So shall the patron of these acts bestow
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.
Pope's Odyss. B. 21.

[34] The months of March and April were by Romulus consecrated to Mars and Venus, and named from them.

[35] Basilius Valentinus was born on the first of April.

Since parting from thy friends on Genoa's sands,
Thou trod'st with toilsome steps a length of barren lands.
Arise, and thro' the grove pursue thy way:
Observe the course of yon propitious ray:
That splendid guide shall lead thee to the flow'r
Whose root alone can boast th' aurific power.
But, lest thou doubt, or think the promise vain,
Soon as Aurora glads th' enlighten'd plain,
A goose majestic o'er the lake shall ride,
And thirty milk-white goslins by her side [37].
" 'Be thy chief care with sacrifice t' assuage,
And humble off'rings, injur'd Saturn's rage.
Nor less due honours to my pow'r belong,
Selected victims and a grateful song.
That god am I, [38] whose universal sway
All nations own, and willing all obey,
Tho' not from Heav'n I boast my honour'd birth,
Yet ever dearest to the sons of Earth."
He said, and disappear'd; when from the ground,
The hero starting, cast his eyes around.
Lo! all-propitious to his raptured sight,
An ignis-fatuus, with portentous light,
From the dank earth exhaled, began to move,
His course directing thro' the dusky grove.
With zeal the sage revered th' auspicious ray,
And toil'd intrepid thro' the thorny way.
At length the vapour stopt. With eager eyes,
Awhile he view'd, then seized the matchless prize.
The matchless prize its conscious leaves expands,
Springs to the fated touch and meets his hands.
And now the rosy morn began to dawn:
He quits the grove and issues on the lawn;
When wond'rous to relate! a strange portent [39]
Gives fresh assurance of the wish'd event.
He sees the stately goose in swan-like pride [40]
The silver lake with oary feet divide;
And thirty milk-white goslins by her side.
Inspir'd with grateful zeal he hastes to seize
The goodly prey, and to the gods decrees.
When lo! the dying victims' plaints alarm
The mournful shores and reach the neighb'ring farm;
Their well-known voice the startled Sylvia hears,
And flies, impell'd by sad prophetic fears.
This flock [41] the virgin cherish'd with her care,
With pens protected from the evening air;

Each morning from her hand they ate their food,
Then sought their cackling kindred on the flood;
There bathing all the day, at night they came
To their known lodgings, and their country dame.
Now all alarm'd, she hastes to their relief:
But oh! what language can express her grief,
When she, like wretched Niobe, beheld
Her hopes all welt'ring on th' ensanguin'd field!
Yet soon her sorrow yields to nobler rage,
And furious she attacks th' astonish'd sage.
Frequent and thick her desperate blows she deals;
Beneath her arm the stagger'd champion reels.
Again the maiden lifts her vengeful hands,
But now prepared the bold Scriblerus stands;
With watchful eyes he wards the threaten'd blow;
And strives to grapple with his active foe.
Artful she baffles his superior might,
And doubtful holds the fortune of the fight.
So fought the Thracian Amazons of old,
While ting'd with virgin blood Thermodon roll'd.
Such and so brave was great Alcides seen,
When dauntless he engag'd the maiden queen.
The bold virago her dread arm extends;
Full on his cheek the weighty blow descends.
Crush'd with the stroke, his shatter'd jaws resound;
And his loose teeth fall frequent to the ground.
Firm and unmoved the hero keeps the field,
And bold with passive valour, scorns to yield:
At length observing her defenceless waist,
Th' unguarded virgin in his arms embraced;
His griping arms her struggling limbs confine,
And on the plain the heroine falls supine.
Scriblerus following, the fall'n maiden prest,
And prostrate lay, victorious on her breast.
Thus sage Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn'd the strength of Ajax on the ground [42]:
He shook the yielding earth, an helpless load,
The victor chief his giant limbs bestrode.
Thus as he lay, the sage triumphant spoke:
" Behold how fate, by one decisive stroke,
To me the laurels of the day ordains;
To thee subjection and opprobrious chains;
To thee the laws of combat to fulfil,
The vanquish'd yielding to the victor's will.
Thus was the chaste Hippolyte compell'd
To the proud foe [43] her virgin charms to yield.
And thus each stoutest Amazonian dame,
Resign'd her beauties to the conqu'ror's flame.
" Yet not my heart these vanities inspire,
Nor sensual burns my breast with lawless fire,
Or knows my chaster soul a thought so base,
To force thee helpless to a lewd embrace.

He waited at his master's board for food,
Then sought his savage kindred in the wood;
Where grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings and his country dame.
Dryden.

[36] By this accuracy of the poet, we learn the very day on which Scriblerus and his friends both set out on their respective designs, viz. the first of April. An accuracy observable only in the best poets, vide Virgil. B. 5. l. 46.
Annuus exactis completur mensibus orbis . . . . .
Haud equidem sine mente reor, sine numine Divum.

[37] See note 16 of this book.

[38] Ego sum pleno quem flumine cernis——
Cæruleus Tibris, cœlo gratissimus amnis.

[39] Thus Virgil, L. 8.
Ecce autem subitum atque oculis mirabile monstrum:
Candida per sylvam, &c.

[40] See note 16 of this book.

[41] This resembles the description of the stag which causes the scuffle in the 7th B. of Virgil.
Their sister Sylvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare,
To hang his budding horns.

[42] Ajax, in the games wrestling with Ulysses, lifts him from the ground.
. . . . . that time Ulysses found
The strength t' evade, and where the nerves combine,
His ancle strook: the giant fell supine:
Ulysses following, on his bosom lies;
Shouts of applause run rattling thro' the skies.
Pope's Odyssey.

[43] Theseus.

Not thus the sage his great pursuit attains [44]:
But endless travel, and incessant pains,
Severest abstinence from ev'ry joy,
Must all his thoughts engage, and all his hours employ.
"Then rise a spotless virgin from my arms,
And bear unrifled hence thy maiden charms [45]."
Thus, gracious, the self-conquer'd conqu'ror spoke,
And by the hand the trembling maiden took.
Her soul possest, at once, with grief and rage
She flies, regardless of th' assiduous sage,
Springs from his grasp, and seeks the thickest grove,
Like sullen Dido from her faithless love.
The borders of the lucid lake he seeks,
And hastes to cleanse his blood-polluted cheeks.
Now Phœbus, o'er the lofty mountain's height,
Pours on fair Munster's tow'rs his golden light.
Scriblerus hails the birth-place of his sire,
And joy and filial love his soul inspire.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Scriblerus meets with the son of Faustus the alchymist, who invites him to his house. Faustus explains to him the cause of their festival, and relates the history of Basilius Valentinus. The alchymists are again baffled in their attempt to transmute the lead. Scriblerus desires to make a trial; is refused on account of his mean appearance, but discovering his name and family, is admitted with honour to the furnace. He soon obtains a colour, which success is received with universal applause. They contend who shall pay him the greatest respect, and eagerly embrace the proposal of Bossius to beatify him. The hero, by a presentiment, is aware of the accidents that may happen at this important crisis, and advises to postpone the honours designed him 'til the great work be fully accomplished, lest vanity which already begins to possess his mind, should stop the progress of it, and perhaps entirely disappoint their expectations. His speech is interrupted by their enthusiastic zeal, and they immediately proceed to beatification. And now the poet having conducted Scriblerus through a series of adventures, with success beyond the expectation of a mortal, concludes his poem with the apotheosis of his hero.

THUS, wrapt in thought, the hero trod the plain,
When, sudden, rushing from the hills amain,
A youthful sportsman flies with rapid pace,
And, o'er the lawn, pursues his insect chase.
A waistcoat of the thinnest silk he wore,
And in his hand, of slightest texture, bore
A curious net, whose meshes light and rare
Scarce shone distinguish'd from th' unbodied air.
And now the plain's remotest verge he treads,
Now nigh the sage the chase his footsteps leads;
Now in his slender toils he holds the prey,
And joyful to Scriblerus bends his way.
"Stranger, contemplate well, with earnest eyes,"
Eager he calls, "this paragon of flies.
Observe him o'er; and tell if thou hast seen,
Or on the trees, or on the level green,
His pregnant mate; the precious insect show,
And claim whate'er my bounty can bestow."
"O! youth," the sage replies, "nor have I seen [1]
Or on the trees, or on the level green,
The pregnant consort of your beauteous game.
Nor aught, tho' needy, from your bounty claim.
Yet oh! vouchsafe one hospitable boon,
Declare the name of yon majestic town,
And point the way." "To Munster's proud abode,"
The youth replies, "companion of the road
Myself thy steps will guide. Be thou my guest:
For sure some secret pow'r informs my breast
Thou draw'st thy lineage from no vulgar race,
And thro' thy rags a godlike mien I trace.
From far-fam'd ancestors my birth I claim,
A glorious lineage! Faustus is my name.
My great exploits th' Aurelian sages show [2],
Their walls resplendent with my labours glow.
Propitious Hermes to my sire imparts
The greatest, noblest of all human arts.
Obedient Vulcan owns his high commands [3],
Nor changeful Proteus can elude his hands [4]."

[44] Subtle, the alchymist, when he finds Sir Epicure Mammon with Doll Common, cries out:

. . . . . No marvel
If I found check in our great work within,
When such affairs as these were managing.

MAM.—Why, have you so?

SUB.—It has stood still this half hour. This 'll retard
The work a month at least. MAM. Why, if it do,
What remedy? but think it not good father;
Our purposes were honest. SUB. As they were
So the reward will prove.

FACE *enters.*

O, sir, we are defeated! all the works
Are flown in fumo: ev'ry glass is burst, &c. &c.
Alch. Act 4.

[45] When a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told Mr. Dryden, in raillery against the continency of his principal character, "If I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan:" "That may be," answered the bard, with a very grave face; "but give me leave to tell you, sir, you are no hero."

[1] Nulla tuarum audita mihi neque visa sororum:
Virg. l. 1.

[2] A butterfly in one of its states is called an aurelia, which name, for its sound, was chosen to distinguish the society of butterfly catchers at Munster.

[3] Fire is the great instrument by which the chymists perform all their operations. Chymists are called philosophers by fire. Boerhaave.

[4] This line will best be explained by first reciting the following lines of Milton:

That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, tho' by their powerful art they bind

He said: his words the hero's breast inflame;
But chief, O Faustus, thy auspicious name,
Sure presage of success [5]. With streaming eyes,
His joys dissembling, thus the sage replies.
"Thrice bounteous youth, my grateful thanks receive,
'Tis all, alas! that poverty can give.
Once happier days were mine; and not the least
In Hermes' art, was known your wretched guest;
And O! were now some chymic task assign'd,
The god would still support th' industrious mind;
To temper lute, the never-dying flame
To tend, assiduous as the vestal dame.
With muffled face corroding fumes to dare,
Nor pounded poison's subtlest atoms fear.
Not undeserving would I eat my bread [6],
An idle loit'rer on your bounty fed."

Scriblerus thus disguised his promised fate,
And now they reach great Faustus' friendly gate.
When thus the courteous youth his sire address'd:
"Disdain not to receive this stranger guest,
Tho' mean the garb which wraps the man of woe,
Tho' thus he roam a mendicant in show.
Oft, like the Sun behind some dusky cloud,
Is learning known her radiant head to shroud
In tatter'd robes; and frequent have we seen
Ev'n wit, affecting a neglected mien,
In rags like these, all specious pomp abjured,
Chuse to reside; his glory unobscured [7]."

Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound,
In various shapes, old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd thro' a limbec to his naked form.

Lord Bacon, in his explanation of the heathen Mythology, by him entitled The Wisdom of the Ancients, informs us that by Proteus is signified matter. He is called up from the sea, because the operations and dispensations of matter are chiefly exercised in liquid bodies. If, says he, any expert minister of nature (meaning a chymist) shall encounter matter by main force, vexing and urging her with intent to reduce her to nothing; she changes and turns herself into various forms and shapes of things, till at length she comes to a period, and betakes herself to her former being.
See Wisd. Ant. Proteus.

[5] The ancients always looked upon the first thing they met, when about any enterprise, as an omen. Thus Virg. Quatuor hic, primum omen equos. To meet a man with a good name was reckoned fortunate, and a great encouragement to an adventure. A lucky name was esteemed a blessing to the person that bore it; and several have therefore adopted them. From hence the doctrine of onomomancy prevailed. Plato earnestly recommends the choice of happy names: and the Pythagoreans taught expressly, that the minds, actions, and successes of men, were greatly influenced by their names. Thus the proverb: Bonum nomen bonum omen. In lustranda colonia ab eo qui eam deduceret, & cum imperator exercitum, censor populum lustrant bonis nominibus, qui hostias ducerent, eligebantur. Quod idem in delectu consules observant, ut primus miles fiat bono nomine. Cicero de Divin. lib. 1.

[6] Thus Ulysses in the same disguise, desires to be employed in some menial office, and professes his skill in kindling a fire, broiling a steak, or frothing a cup of drink. Odyssey, B. 15.

[7] A line from Milton's Paradise Lost.

"Stranger," the sire replies, "in happy hour
Thou com'st, directed by some fav'ring pow'r.
Propitious Venus sped thee on thy way
To share the triumphs of this glorious day
Sacred to science and to festal mirth,
The day which gave the great Basilius birth.
Free and unquestion'd enter, and prepare
The due libation and the solemn prayer.
Or if thy curious bosom burn to hear
Why thus Basilius' mem'ry we revere;
Or why to his distinguish'd shade belong
The hallow'd victim and the votive song,
Attend. To this illustrious sage were known [8]
The long-sought virtues of the wond'rous stone,
Potent the fleeting spirit to restore,
Or to pure gold convert the baser ore.
Thus had th' adept prolong'd his niggard span,
Thus had he liv'd immortal, tho' a man.
But wayward Fortune takes a spleenful joy
The wisest schemes of mortals to destroy.
"The sage, long wasted with consuming cares,
His body bending with a weight of years,
When now he felt the tyrant hand of death,
Thus to his son address'd his latest breath:
"'With painful watching and incessant pray'r,
Nine tedious months I labour'd to prepare
The precious drops this chrystal vase contains,
The rich reward of all my wasting pains.
Now mark, my son, and with attentive ear,
The virtues of our great elixir hear.
"'When hast'ning age the call of fate obeys,
When the soul sickens, and the sense decays,
When all the weaken'd organs lose their tone,
The nerves relax'd, th' elastic vigour gone,
When ev'n the life-blood stagnates in my heart,
Soon as thou seest my latest breath depart,
Within my lips the sacred med'cine pour;
The draught vivific shall my soul restore;
Course thro' the veins, the springs of life renew,
And ev'ry nerve with active force endue.
So may your pious gratitude bestow
On me the life which to your sire you owe;
And when thy soul obeys the call of fate,
To thee the precious gift will I repeat.
Thus may we oft renew the mutual boon,
Thus lose the names of father and of son.'
"He said, and sunk to death. Th' unduteous boy,
Drunk with delusive hopes of worldly joy,
And still mistrustful of his sire's control,
Checks ev'ry thought of duty in his soul.
To common earth commits the lifeless corse,
Nor hears great nature's call, or feels remorse.
"And now he hastes new pleasures to explore;
Some new expense to vent his endless store.
From vice to vice, with tasteless ardour roves,
And cloy'd, ere night rejects his morning loves.
"A son he had; Renatus was he nam'd:
Transmitted vice his genuine birth proclaim'd.
No generous passion warm'd his brutal breast,
But basest av'rice all his soul possest.
Suspicion, which in vicious minds supplies
Bright wisdom's post, and points the jealous eyes,
Directs the sire his sordid soul to scan,
Who, thus prepared, his artful speech began.

[8] This history of Basilius Valentinus, introduced here in the manner of the story of Cacus, in the 8th book of Virgil, is related in the Spectator, No. 426.

" 'Thou know'st, my son, thy grandsire's virtues claim
An ample tribute from the voice of fame.
And oft have I confest this plenteous tide
Of endless treasure by his art supply'd.
Yet one important secret still remains;
One blest attainment of his pious pains.
" ' 'Twas on an hallow'd and auspicious hour,
When thus, inspired by strange prophetic pow'r,
The great Basilius spake:
' Behold the yellow lion shall go forth [9],
A potent monarch from the frozen North:
The swift-wing'd eagle from his claws shall fly,
The griffon shall but see his face and die [10]:
The crow, cameleon, and the dragon's blood,
Mixt with the virgin's milk shall be his food;
The salamander shall his rule obey:
And all the sons of Earth shall own his sway.'
" ' Thus he by figurative signs exprest [11]
The truths that roll'd tumultuous in his breast,
With pray'r and fasting then the holy man
The sacred heav'n-directed work began.
Nine months within the womb of time it lay;
At length began its glories to display.
" 'Then spake the lab'ring sage: 'My son, attend;
Learn thy conception, and thy wond'rous end.
On that auspicious ever-honour'd morn
Wast thou conceiv'd, on which thy sire was born.
The Sun himself presided at thy birth [12];
Nor shall thy body turn to common earth.
The sacred influence of his virtuous ray
Exalts thine essence, and sublimes thy clay [13].
Thy body thus prepar'd, these drops shall save
From foul corruption and the loathsome grave;
Th' elixir swallow'd ere thy corse be cold,
Shall all thy limbs convert to purest gold.'
Basilius thus his wond'rous art display'd,
And to my hands the precious drops convey'd.
Then, when in death, a recent corse, I lie,
Be thine the pow'rful med'cine to apply.'
" Renatus heard the tale with secret joy,
And thus, with frequent tears, reply'd the boy:
" ' Obedient, I receive thy great commands;
Yet think not, that, with sacrilegious hands,
Thy son shall e'er thy dear remains abuse,
Or prostitute thy limbs to common use.
But in the consecrated fane bestow'd,
Adore at once the statue and the god:
Before thy shrine perpetual incense burn,
And filial duty to devotion turn.'
" Thus while he spake, he views his father's height
With rapture, and compute's his future weight.
The limbs he measures with desiring eyes,
Impatient to transmute the bulky prize.
Nor long laments the promis'd boon delay'd,
But soon with joy the breathless corse survey'd.
Then, big with hope, the potent med'cine brought,
And the rich drops pour'd, trembling, down his throat.
Already the rich drops their virtues prove;
And half the dose impell'd the limbs to move.
Up-rose the body, with a sudden bound,
And dash'd the shiver'd chrystal on the ground.

[9] There is a great resemblance between this rapture of Basilius, and the famous prophecy of Paracelsus, published by Glauber, in his prosperity of Germany, where may be seen his explanation of it.

" Now follows the most potent lion and monarch of the North; to whom none in the world may be compared, nor did ever any excel him in glory and power"——" A yellow lion shall come out of the North, which shall be a persecutor of the eagle, and at length its conqueror."

[10] Though Glauber's explanation be intelligible only to an adept, yet we may see, that by the fight of the lion and eagle he means the digestion of two bodies in a chymical process, which produce a third, which is called a griffon, being part lion and part eagle.

[11] The Arabians, who first treated of alchymy, delivered their precepts in hieroglyphics, and figurative expressions. This practice has been continued ever since.

The expositor of Ripley's Hermetico-poetical works, says,

" Our books are full of obscurity, and philosophers write horrid metaphors and riddles to those who are not upon a sure bottom, and do not discern the subject matter of our secrets; which being known, the rest is not so hard." 'We will subjoin his exposition on the following line:

For kind unto kind hath appetitive inclination.

——" We join kind with kind, for nature is mended and retained with its own nature: for this cause is our king wedded to the water-bearer's daughter; of which water-bearer I told you that his body, his pitcher, and the water in it, are all one; and his daughter was the queen which arose out of the water; in which was seen a lamp burning. Wonder not at it, that a queen should spring out of a water-bearer's loins: for the king is also his son, and he is greater than both. The king enjoys more riches than his father; but the father hath the key of a closet, in which is wealth enough for all in the kingdom, to make every subject as rich as the king; but the dispose of this wealth the king only is to have; yet can he not have it in his possession till he marry his sister, which is the water of the pitcher invisible. This his sister, is also his mother and his father; for it is one with water-bearer, the water and the pitcher, as is said. By reason of his consanguinity, the king embraceth his sister very desirously, and she by his embraces appears a queen, and then the water-bearer, and his water and pitcher vanish, and the king and queen remain alone; at length both king and queen are drowned after the immoderate use of venery, violent sweating and weeping, which sweat and tears make one sea, in which swim two fishes without flesh and bones, which after resolve and make one broth, which is called water permanent.

" Thus have I somewhat metaphorically decyphered our true principles, yet so plainly as that you may with diligence understand the meaning," &c. &c. &c.

[12] The chymists, from a supposed analogy, denominate their metals from the planets, and gold is by them called Sol. Therefore Renatus's father urges this assertion to deceive him, as not doubting but he is sufficiently skilled in judicial astrology, to interpret so extraordinary a piece of fortune in the manner he would have him.

[13] Exalt and sublime are chymical terms, which both import refining.

Th' elixir lost, the corse returns to dust,
Great is our ruler; all his ways are just."
Thus holy Faustus ends the wond'rous tale,
And all the great Basilius' fate bewail,
Cursing his race, degenerate: then repair,
Regardful of the day, to fervent pray'r.
Scriblerus now a crucible provides,
And spreads the glowing heat around it's sides.
Then, placed within, the fatal root calcines:
And soon his hospitable friends rejoins.
Unwitting Faustus to his guest declares
What great designs employ their present cares.
Then leads him where in solemn order sato
Th' assembled sages of th' hermetic state.
Up rose the learned Paracelsus' heir,
And, pious, first preferr'd his solemn pray'r.
When thus: "My friends, on this auspicious day,
Let each with confidence his art essay.
Nor shall your last attempt your art control,
For sure some pow'r prophetic tells my soul,
That long ere Hesper's radiant lamp shall glow,
Yon mass impure in genuine gold will flow."
He said: and straitway to the furnace past,
And on the molten lead his powders cast.
No change, alas! their fancied pow'rs impart,
The boaster mourns his ineffectual art.
Again, in turn, advance the learned train
Their art to try; they try their art in vain.
When thus Scriblerus to the chiefs address
The secret thoughts long-lab'ring in his breast:
"Ye great adepts, thrice-honour'd sages, hear,
And chief O! Faustus, lend a fav'ring ear.
And O! forgive that 'till this destin'd hour,
Th' unutter'd secret in my breast I bore.
Great Plutus, patron of th' hermetic art,
To me has deign'd th' elixir to impart.
Has giv'n me to possess the sacred flow'r,
Whose root alone can boast th' aurific pow'r:
Alone transmute yon mass impure and base,
And vindicate our science from disgrace."
Th' adepts in silence witness'd their surprise,
But scann'd his garments with contemptuous eyes:
Till Faustus rose, and in his arms embrac'd
The tatter'd sage, and near the furnace plac'd.
When thus the race of great Bombastus spoke;
His haughty frame indignant anger shook.
"O! thoughtless, shall yon mendicant engage
This arduous task which baffles ev'ry sage?
Shall hinds and beggars to that art aspire [14]
Which foils th' attempts of Munster's learned choir?
But grant him with success and glory crown'd,
To us how grateful must his glories sound?
The voice of fame shall thus our honours stain [15]:
'The learn'd adepts their art essay'd in vain:
In came a stroller of th' empyric crew,
And did what all those sages could not do'."
The hero now disclaims his base disguise,
And thus with conscious dignity replies:

[14] See the speech of Antinous.
Odyss. B. 21. line 309.

[15] "Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
Of that brave chief whose bow they could not bend!
In came a beggar of the strolling crew,
And did what all those princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus posterity upbraid our name.
The speech of Eurymachus.
Pope's Odyss. B. 21. line 351.

"Behold Scriblerus, no ignoble name [16]: [fame."
Earth sounds my wisdom, and high Heav'n my
So great a name amaz'd each hearer's breast,
A reverential awe their hearts possess'd.
Now on the sage their eager eyes they bent;
And, all-suspended, wait the great event.
Thus as they stood around, Scriblerus spread
The pow'rful ashes on the molten lead.
Soon the dull mass assumed a nobler hue;
With sudden change the heighten'd colours grew.
Now Luna shines with pallid radiance bright [17],
Now Sol begins to dart his ruddy light;
Scriblerus' praise employ'd each raptur'd tongue,
And all around the loud applauses rung.
Then thus the sage the learn'd adepts address'd:
"As yet ye see but half my art express'd:
For know, this precious med'cine boasts the pow'r
The fleeting life, departed, to restore.
Tho' cold and breathless at my feet ye lay;
My potent art should animate your clay;
Nay more, to youth recall the drooping sire [18],
And in his nerves infuse their pristine fire.
O! would some sage, th' elixir's force to try,
Here in the cause of science bravely die,
Science should soon restore his yielded breath,
And claim her martyr from the jaws of death."
Scarce had he spoke, when all with eager strife,
Stretch their bare throats and pant to meet the
knife.
When lo! a casuist from the crowd arose,
Their rash designs, by reas'ning to oppose.
With cited cases, points, quotations, saws,
Expounds what conscience wills, and what the laws.
"If man shall murder man; the laws decide
The punishment decreed on homicide.
And this must follow, if the lawyers plead,
That tho' restor'd, the man in fact was dead.
If to your throats yourselves the weapon guide,
Th' indictment then will lie for suicide.
O! think how dreadful at the bar to stand,
For your own death by your own desp'rate hand!
What shame, what horrour shall your bosoms shake,
Condemn'd alive to feel the piercing stake!"
The casuist's words the stagger'd crowd divide;
When calmly thus the thoughtful man reply'd:
"On this blest day no human blood be shed,
This day to science and to mirth decreed.
No, rather let an aged cow be brought,
While, careful, I prepare the potent draught.
Unscrup'lous will we drain her torpid blood,
And soon renew the meliorated flood.
Long ere the Sun completes his daily round,
A frisking calf shall o'er the meadows bound [19].

[16] Behold Ulysses, &c. See Pope's Odyss. B. 9.

[17] In the language of the chymists, Luna denotes, silver, and Sol gold. See note 12.

[18] ——Stricto Medea recludit
Ense senis jugulum: veteremque exire cruorem
Passa replet succis. Quos postquam combibit
Æson.
Aut ore acceptos aut vulnere; barba comæque
Canitie posità nigrum rapuere colorem, &c.
Ovid's Metam. B. 6. line 285.

[19] ——Qui maximus ævo
Dux gregis inter oves, agnus medicamine fiet.
——tener auditur medio balatus ahemo.
Nec mora: balatum mirantibus, exilit agnus,
Lascivitque fugâ. Ov. Metam. B. vi. line 310.

Thus pow'rful Colchis drench'd the feeble ram,
And from the cauldron leapt a wanton lamb."
Now crown'd with wreaths an aged cow they bring,
While shouts of joy from every quarter ring.
Not in more pomp, with mystic garlands dress'd,
March'd Apis, usher'd by the Memphian priest.
Her aged veins, impatient, they divide,
And drain, at length, her slowly-ebbing tide.
They pour the med'cine, bind the weeping wound,
And leave her corse extended on the ground,
Confiding in the draught. Again they raise
Their voice in rapture to Scriblerus' praise.
Then *Bossius* spake: "Sure Heav'n my soul inspires [20],
And prompts me to excite th' electric fires.
Raise then, my friends, the well-constructed stage,
There, placed on high, beatify the sage,
Stripp'd of these rags unseemly to the sight,
And cloth'd with radiance and celestial light."
He said. His words the pleas'd assembly caught,
Who soon, obedient to his dictates, brought
Of pitch and rosin an enormous mass [21]:
Six ample globes, and six vast tubes of glass.
From these th' adepts a mystic structure made;
And in the midst the great Scriblerus laid
In naked majesty, tremendous sight!
Then haste to execute the solemn rite.
Yet ere they fill the chorus of his praise,
Thus spake the man long versed in fortune's ways.
"Alas! my friends, forbear this rash design,
Nor crown a mortal with rewards divine.
I fear this premature, this thoughtless joy
Has raised a vice our triumphs to destroy [22].
Yes, I confess myself have felt its pow'r,
The hapless victim of this fatal hour.
I, whom in vain, ambition strove to move,
And baffled lust, beside yon conscious grove:
Whom not all-conqu'ring luxury could gain,
Whom sordid avarice assail'd in vain.
"O vanity, thou fixt and ling'ring guest,
Thou last of vices in the noble breast!
Who like the worm within the specious rind,
Prey'st undiscover'd on the fairest mind——"
Thus spake the moral sage; but thoughtless they
Whirl the loud wheel, and tune the lofty lay.
Impetuous zeal, with wild unruly noise,
Breaks on his speech, and drowns his sapient voice.
And now the glass by strong attrition urg'd,
First the foul atmosphere around him purg'd.
Then at the hero's feet began to play
A flame more brilliant than the solar ray.
The golden beams ascending now embrac'd
Th' illustrious sage, and circled rouud his waist.
Now fixt, and by increas'd effluvia fed,
Diffused a glory from his awful head.
Thus as he darts around electric fire,
To vocal hymns they tune the sounding lyre;
His high achievements in their songs relate,
And hail him monarch of th' hermetic state.
Such honours Munster to her hero paid [23];
And lambent flames around his temples play'd.

[20] M. Bose published a treatise De Electricitate Inflammante & Beatificante. In this work he tells us, that having prepared large tubs of pitch, and placed a person on them, "In a little time a glimmering light of a gold colour arises from the pitch, and waves about the feet. Thence it ascends to the knees, and at last reaches the head, and encompasses the whole person with a glory, which is a lively representation of that border of light, which adorns the pictures of saints."

[21] Pitch and rosin prevent the electric force from being dissipated by communication of contact with non-electric bodies.

[22] Let humble thoughts thy vanity control.

See p. 275.

[23] Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.
End of Pope's *Iliad*.

AND now having brought our commentary to an happy conclusion, let us crown our labour with admonishing all ignorant pretenders, or rather entirely precluding them from presuming to make any additions to the Scribleriad, with the vanity of Quintus Calaber, and Triphiodorus, who impudently insinuating, that the Iliad was imperfect, wrote each a supplement to it, which the former had the assurance to call Παραλειπόμενα του Ὁμήρου. Maphæus Vegius, possest with the like folly, wrote a continuation of the Æneid. Camillo di Camilli, of the Gierusalemme Liberata; and Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, of Don Quixote. We will at once quash all these fruitless endeavours, by representing the secrecy with which all those who are possest of the philosopher's stone conceal, not only those minute actions of their lives which constitute their history, but even their very persons themselves, as has before been explained. Theirs is the true and only

Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.

Our hero is most happily secure from one dangerous quarter; for such has been his extraordinary continency, that no lady can, with the least show of probability, introduce him to act a part in her memoirs.

Yet we are aware, that several of his family, more solicitous, perhaps, for his glory than is consistent with a prudential regard for it, will be fond of enlarging upon his actions. To these we must declare, that the author, when he put his poem into our hands, assured us, (in a phrase which he borrowed from the Spanish, and which he esteemed for being so admirably expressive) that he had left nothing in the inkhorn.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES,

WRITTEN AT TWICKENHAM. FROM 1751 TO 1801.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT AND HIS SERVANT,

IN IMITATION OF THE SEVENTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

Quid *leges* sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt. Hor.

First written in the Year 1752.

SERVANT.

LONG have I heard your fav'rite theme, &c.
A gen'ral reformation scheme,

To keep the poor from ev'ry sin,
From gaming, murther, and from gin.
And now have I no less an itch
To venture to reform the rich.

MEMBER.

What, John! are you too turn'd projector?
Come then, for once I'll hear your lecture.
For since a member, as 'tis said,
His projects to his servants read,
And of a fav'rite speech a book made,
With which he tired each night a cook-maid,
And so it hap't that ev'ry morning
The tasteless creatures gave him warning—
Since thus we use 'em, 'tis but reason
We hear our servants in their season.
Begin.

SERVANT.

Like gamblers, half mankind
Persist in constant vice combin'd,
In races, routes, the stews, and White's,
Pass all their days and all their nights.
Others again, like lady Prue,
Who gives the morning church its due,
At noon is painted, drest and curl'd,
And one amongst the wicked world:
Keeps her account exactly even
As thus: "Prue, creditor with Heaven,
By sermons heard on extra days:
Debtor: to masquerades and plays.
Item: by Whitfield, half an hour:
Per Contra: to the colonel, four."
Others, I say, pass half their time
In folly, idleness, or crime;
Then all at once, their zeal grows warm,
And every throat resounds reform.
A lord his youth in ev'ry vice
Indulged, but chief in drabs and dice,
Till worn by age, disease and gout:
Then nature modestly gave out.
Not so my lord——who still, by proxy,
Play'd with his darling dice and doxy.
I laud this constant wretch's state
And pity all who fluctuate;

Prefer this slave to dear backgammon,
To those who serve both God and mammon:
To those who take such pains to awe
The nation's vices by the law,
Yet while they draw their bills so ample,
Neglect the influence of example.

MEMBER.

To whom d'ye preach this senseless sermon?

SERVANT.

To you, good sir.

MEMBER.

To me, ye vermin?

SERVANT.

To you, who ev'ry day profess
T' admire the times of good queen Bess.
But yet your heart sincerer praise
Bestows on these or Charles's days:
You still approve some absent place
(The present's ever in disgrace)
And, such your special inconsistence,
Make the chief merit in the distance.
If e'er you miss a supper-card
(Tho' all the while you think it hard)
You're all for solitude and quiet,
Good hours and vegetable diet,
Reflection, air, and elbow room:
No prison like a crowded drum.
But should you meet her grace's summons
In full committee of the commons,
Tho' well you know her crowded house
Will scarce contain another mouse,
You quit the bus'ness of the nation,
And brethren of the reformation.
Tho'—— begs you'll stay and vote,
And zealous ———— tears your coat,
You damn your coachman, storm and stare;
And tear your throat to call a chair.
Nay, never frown, and good now hold
Your hand awhile: I've been so bold
To paint your follies; now I'm in,
Let's have a word or two on sin.

HORATII. LIB. II. SATIRA 7.

JAMDUDUM ausculto, &, cupiens tibi dicere servus
Pauca, reformido. Hor. Davusne? D. Ita, Davus, amicum
Mancipium domino, et frugi, quod sit satis; hoc est,
Ut vitale putes.
H. Age, libertate Decembri
(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere: narra.
D. Pars hominum vitiis gaudit constanter, & urget
Propositum: pars multa natat; modo recta capessens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus
Cum tribus annellis, modò lævâ Priscus inani,
Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas:
Ædibus ex magnis subitò se conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honestè:
Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis
Vivere: Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus iniquis.
Scurra Volanerius, postquam illi justa chiragra
Contudit articulos, qui pro se tolleret, atque

Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurnâ
Conductum pavit: quantò constantior idem
In vitiis, tantò levius miser ac prior ille,
Qui jam contento, jam laxo, fune laborat.
H. Non dices hodie, quorsum hæc tam putida tendunt,
Furcifer? D. Ad te, inquam. H. Quo pacto, pessime? D. Laudas
Fortunam & mores antiquæ plebis, & idem,
Si quis ad illa Deus subitò te agat, usque recuses:
Aut quia non sentis quod clamas rectius esse;
Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis; & hæres,
Nequicquam cœno cupiens evellere plantam.
Romæ rus optas, absentum rusticus urbem
Tollis ad astra levis: si nusquam es fortè vocatus
Ad cœnam, laudas securum olus; ac velut usquam
Vinctus eas, ita te felicem dicis, amasque,
Quòd nusquam tibi sit potandum. Jusserit ad se
Mecænas serum sub lumina prima venire
Convivam, Nemón' oleum feret ociùs? ecquis
Audit? cum magno blateras clamore, furisque.
Milvius & scurræ, tibi non referenda precati,

Last night I heard a learned poulterer
Lay down the law against th' adulterer:
And let me tell you, sir, that few
Hear better doctrine in a pew.
Well! you may laugh at Robin Hood:
I wish your studies were as good.
From Mandeville you take your morals:
Your faith from controversial quarrels;
But ever lean to those who scribble
Their crudities against the bible;
Yet tell me I shall crack my brain
With hearing Henley or Romaine.
Deserves that critic most rebuke
In judging on the Pentateuch,
Who deems it, with some wild fanatics,
The only school of mathematics:
Or he, who making grave profession,
To lay aside all prepossession,
Calls it a bookseller's edition
Of maim'd records and vague tradition?
You covet, sir, your neighbour's goods:
I take a girl at Peter Wood's;
And when I've turn'd my back upon her,
Unwounded in my heart or honour,
I feel nor infamous, nor jealous
Of richer culls, or prettier fellows.
But you, the grave and sage reformer,
Must go by stealth to meet your charmer;
Must change your star and ev'ry note
Of honour for a bear-skin coat.
That legislative head so wise
Must stoop to base and mean disguise;
Some abigail must then receive you,
Brib'd by the husband to deceive you.
She spies Cornuto on the stairs:
Wakes you; then melted by your pray'rs,
Yields, if with greater bribe you ask it,
To pack your worship in the basket.
Laid neck and heels, true Falstaff fashion;
Then form new schemes of reformation.
Thus 'scap'd the murd'ring husband's fury,
Or thumping fine of cuckold jury;
Henceforth, in mem'ry of your danger,
You'll live to all intrigues a stranger.

No; ere you've time for this reflection,
Some new debauch is in projection.
And for the next approaching night,
Contrivance for another fright.
This makes you, tho' so great, so grave,
Nay! wonder not, an abject slave.
As much a slave as I: nay more;
I serve one master, you a score.
And as your various passions rule,
By turns are twenty tyrants' fool.

MEMBER.

Who then is free?

SERVANT.

The wise alone,
Who only bows to reason's throne;
Whom neither want, nor death, nor chains,
Nor subtle persecutor's pains,
Nor honours, wealth, nor lust can move
From virtue and his country's love.
Self-guarded, like a globe of steel,
External insults can he feel?
Or e'er present one weaker part
To Fortune's most insidious dart.
Much honour'd master, may you find
These wholesome symptoms in your mind.
Can you be free while passions rule you?
While women ev'ry moment fool you?
While forty mad capricious whores
Invite, then turn you out of doors;
Of ev'ry doit contrive to trick you,
Then bid their happier footman kick you.
Convinced by ev'ry new disaster,
You serve a more despotic master;
Say, can your pride or folly see
Such difference 'twixt yourself and me?
Shall you be struck with Titian's tints,
And mayn't I stop to stare at prints?
Disposed along th' extensive glass
They catch and hold me ere I pass.
Where Slack is made to box with Broughton,
I see the very stage they fought on:
The bruisers live, and move, and bleed,
As if they fought in very deed.

Discedunt. Etenim fateor me, dixerit ille,
Duci ventre levem: nasum nidore supinor:
Imbecillus, iners, si quid vis, adde, popino.
Tu cùm sis quod ego, & fortassis nequior ultrò
Insectere velut melior, verbisque decoris
Obvolvas vitium? quid, si me stultior ipso
Quingentis empto drachmis deprenderis? Aufer
Me vultu terrere: manum stomachúmque teneto,
Dum, quæ Crispini docuit me janitor, edo.
Te conjux aliena capit, meretricula Davum:
Peccat uter nostrum cruce dignius? acris ubi me
Natura incendit; sub clarâ nuda lucernâ,
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Dimittit, neque famosum, neque sollicitum, ne
Ditior aut formæ melioris meiat eodem.
Tu cùm, projectis insignibus, apnulo equestri,
Romanoque habitu, prodis ex judice Dama
Turpis, odoratum caput obscurante lacernâ,
Non es quod simulas? Metuens induceris, atque
Altercante libidinibus tremis ossa pavore.
Quid refert, uri virgis, ferroque necari

Auctoratus eas; an turpi clausus in arcâ,
Quò te demisit peccati conscia herilis,
Contractum genibus tangas caput? * * * *
Ibis sub furcâ prudens dominoque furenti
Committes rem omnem, & vitam, & cum corpore famam.
Evasti? metues credo, doctusque cavebis.
Quæres quando iterum paveas, iterumne perire
Possis. O toties servus! Quæ bellua ruptis
Cùm semel effugit, reddit se prava catenis?
Non sum mœchus, ais. Neque ego, hercule, fur, ubi vasa
Prætereo sapiens argentea: tolle periclum,
Jam vaga prosiliet frenis natura remotis.
Tune mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominumque
Tot tantisque minor? quem ter vindicta quaterque
Imposita haud unquam misorâ formidine privet?
Adde suprà dictis, quod non leviùs valeat. Nam
Sive vicarius est, qui servo paret, uti mos
Vester ait, seu conservus; tibi quid sum ego? nempe
Tu mihi qui imperitas, aliis servis miser, atque

Yet I'm a loiterer, to be sure;
You a great judge and connoisseur.
Shall you prolong the midnight ball
With costly banquet at Vauxhall,
And yet prohibit earlier suppers
At Kilbourn, Sadlers-Wells, or Cuper's?
Are these less innocent in fact,
Or only made so by the act?
Those who contribute to the tax [1]
On tea and chocolate and wax,
With high ragouts their blood inflame,
And nauseate what they eat for fame:
Of these the houses take no knowledge
But leave them fairly to the college.
O! never prosper their endeavours
To aid your dropsies, gouts and fevers.
Can it be deem'd a shame or sin
To pawn my livery for gin,
While bonds and mortgages at White's
Shall raise your fame with Arthur's knights?
Those worthies seem to see no shame in,
Nor strive to pass a slur on gaming;
But rather to devise each session
Some law in honour o' th' profession:
Lest sordid hands, or vulgar place,
The noble myst'ry should debase;
Lest ragged scoundrels in an alehouse,
Should chalk their cheatings on the bellows;
Or boys the sacred rites profane
With orange-barrows in a lane.
Where lies the merit of your labours
To curb the follies of your neighbours;
Deter the gambler and prevent his
Confed'rate arts to gull the 'prentice;
Unless you could yourself desist
From hazard, faro, brag, and whist?
Unless your philosophic mind
Can from within amusement find,
And give at once to use and pleasure
That truly precious time, your leisure.

[1] It was urged in the petitions of some of the houses of public entertainment, that the suppression of them might greatly diminish the duties on tea, chocolate, and wax-lights.

Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.
H. Quisnam igitur liber? D. Sapiens; sibi qui imperiosus
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis; & in seipso totus, teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari;
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna. Potesne
Ex his, ut proprium, quid noscere? Quinque talenta
Poscit te mulier, vexat, foribusque repulsum
Perfundit gelidâ; rusùs vocat. Eripe turpi
Colla jugo. Liber, liber sum, dic age. Non quis:
Urget enim dominus mentem non lenis, & acres
Subjectat lasso stimulos, versátque negantem:
Vel cùm Pausiacâ torpes, insane, tabellâ,
Qui peccas minùs atque ego, cùm Fulvi, Rutubæque,
Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror
Præmâ, rubricâ picta aut carbone; velut si
Re vera pugnent, feriant, viténtque moventes
Arma viri; Nequam & cessator Davus: at ipse
In vain your busy thoughts prepare
Deceitful sepulchres of care:
The downy couch, the sparkling bowl,
And all that lulls or soothes the soul—

MEMBER.

Where is my cane, my whip, my hanger?
I'll teach you to provoke my anger.

SERVANT.

Heyday! my master's brain is crack't!
Or else he's making some new act—

MEMBER.

To set such rogues as you to work
Perhaps, or send you to the Turk [2].

Subtilis veterum judex & callidus audis.
Nil ego, si ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens
Virtus atque animus cœnis responsat opimis.
Obsequium ventris mihi perniciosius est cur?
Tergo plector enim: qui tu impunitior, illa,
Quæ parvo sumi nequeunt, cùm obsonia captas?
Nempè inamarescunt epulæ sine fine petitæ,
Illusique pedes vitiosum ferre recusant
Corpus. An hic peccat, sub noctem qui puer uvam
Furtivâ mutat strigili? Qui prædia vendit,
Nil servile, gulæ parens, habet? Adde quòd idem.
Non horam tecum esse potes, non otia rectè
Ponere; teque ipsum vitas fugitivus & erro;
Jam vino quærens, jam somno fallere curam:
Frustrà: nam comes atra premit, sequiturque fugacem.
H. Unde mihi lapidem? D. Quorsum est opus? H. Unde sagitas?
D. Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit. H. Ocyùs hinc te
Ni rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.

[2] Among the many projects for the punishment of rogues, it has been frequently proposed to send them in exchange for English slaves to Algiers.

THE

INTRUDER.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK I. SATIRE IX.

First printed in the Year 1754.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whatever is written in imitation of the manners and conversation of men, has never failed to please in proportion as it has been well written; and those who have imitated the writings of preceding ages have, by applying ancient manners to modern times, afforded a still greater scope for the mind to entertain itself by the comparison. Yet as this advantage may be overbalanced by cramping the genius and warping the argument, by adhering too strictly to every particular, may it not be necessary, for the propriety of the whole, in some cases to alter the conduct by the transposition of a few lines, or the omission of an in-

cident which the difference of manners may make less interesting to the present age?

It is submitted to the reader, whether an impropriety in the conduct is not avoided in the following imitation, by postponing the sensibility and agony of the poet; since by appearing too early, it seems to anticipate the force of his distress, which ought to rise by degrees, and in proportion as the importunity of the intruder increases. If this be allowed, it is hoped the author has not done amiss in having taken the liberty of transposing some lines of the original.

A certain free familiar spark [1]
Pertly accosts me in the park:
"'Tis lovely weather sure! how gay
The Sun! . . . I give you, sir, good day."
"Your servant, sir. To you the same . . . [2],
But . . . give me leave to crave your name?"
"My name? why sure you've seen my face
About in ev'ry public place.
I'm known to almost all your friends,
(No one e'er names you but commends.)
For some I plant; for some I build [3];
In ev'ry taste and fashion skill'd . . . .
Were there the least regard for merit! . . . .
The rich in purse are poor in spirit.
You know sir Pagode: (here I'll give ye
A front I've drawn him for a privy)
This winter, sir, as I'm a sinner,
He has not ask'd me once to dinner."
Quite overpower'd with this intrusion
I stood in silence and confusion.
He took th' advantage and pursued:
"Perhaps, sir, you may think me rude;
But sure I may suppose my talk [4]
Will less disturb you while you walk:
And yet I now may spoil a thought:
But that's indeed a venial fault: . . . .
I only mean to such, d'ye see,
Who write with ease like you and me.
I write a sonnet in a minute:
Upon my soul there's nothing in it.
But you to all your friends are partial:
You reckon * * * another Martial . . . .
He'd think a fortnight well bestow'd
To write an epigram or ode.
* * * *'s no poet to my knowledge; . . . .
I knew him very well at college:
I've writ more verses in an hour,
Than he could ever do in four.
You'll find me better worth your knowing . . . [5]
But tell me; which way are you going [6]?"

What various tumults swell'd my breast,
With passion, shame, disgust opprest!
This courtship from my brother poet!
Sure no similitude can show it.
Not young Adonis, when pursued
By amorous antiquated prude;
Not Gulliver's distressful face,
When in the Yahoo's loath'd embrace.
In rage, confusion, and dismay,
Not knowing what to do or say:
And having no recourse but lying, ...
"A friend at Lambeth lies a dying [7] . . .
"Lambeth!" (he reassumes his talk)
"Across the bridge . . . the finest walk,
Don't you admire the Chinese bridges [8],
That wave in furrows and in ridges?
They've finish'd such an one at Hampton
Faith 'twas a plan I never dreamt on . . .
The prettiest thing that e'er was seen . . . .
'Tis printed in the magazine. . . . ."
This wild farrago who could bear?
Sometimes I run; then stop and stare:
Vex'd and tormented to the quick,
By turns grow choleric and sick:
And glare my eye, and shew the white [9],
Like vicious horses when they'd bite.
Regardless of my eye or ear,
His jargon he renews . . . .
"D'ye hear
Who 'twas composed the taylor's dance?
I practised fifteen months in France [10].
I wrote a play . . . . 'twas done in haste . . .
I know the present want of taste,
And dare not trust it on the town . . . . .
No tragedy will e'er go down.
The new burletta's now the thing . . . .
Pray did you never hear me sing [11]?"
"Never indeed." . . . .
"Next time we meet . . . .
We're just now coming to the street . . . .
Bless me! I almost had forgot:
There's poor Jack Stiles will go to pot [12].
Sir Scrutiny has prest me daily
To be this hour at the Old Bailey,
To witness to his good behaviour:
My uncle's voter, under favour . . . .
Egad, I'm puzzled what to do,
To save him will be losing you.

---

[1] Ibam fortè viâ sacrâ, sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis:
Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantùm;
Arreptâque manu, Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?

[2] Suaviter, ut nunc est, inquam; et cupio omnia quæ vis.

[3] Nôris nos, inquit; docti sumus.

[4] ——Nam quis me scribere plures
Aut citiùs possit versus?

[5] Si benè me novi, non Viscum pluris amicum,
Non Varium facies.

[6] ——Hinc quò nunc iter est tibi?

[7] - - - - - - - - - - Nil opus est te
Circumagi: quemdam volo visere, non tibi notum:
Trans Tiberim longè cubat is, prope Cæsaris hortos.
Nil habeo quod agam, et non sum piger: usque sequar te.

[8] - - - - - - - - - - - - Cùm quilibet ille
Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret.——

[9] Demitto auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis asellus.

[10] - - - - - - - - - - Quis membra movere
Mollius?

[11] ——Invideat quod et Hermogenes, ego canto.

[12] ——Casu tunc respondere vadato
Debebat; quod ni fecisset, perdere litem.
Si me amas, inquit, paulùm hîc ades. Interea si
Aut valeo stare, aut novi civilia jura:
Et propero quò scis. Dubius sum quid faciam, inquit;
Tene relinquam, an rem. Me, sodes. Non faciam, ille;
Et præcedere cœpit.

Yet we must save him, if we can,
For he's a stanch one, a dead man*."
"By your account he's so indeed,
Unless you make some better speed.
This moment fly to save your friend . . . .
Or else prepare him for his end."
"Hang him, he's but a single vote;
I wish the halter round his throat.
To Lambeth I attend you, sir."
"Upon my soul you shall not stir:
Preserve your voter from the gallows:
Can human nature be so callous?
So negligent when life's at stake?"
"I'd hang a hundred for your sake?"
"Well you'd do as much by me . . . . [13]
Or any thing to set me free.
Deaf to my words, he talks along
Still louder than the buzzing throng.
"Are you, he cries; as well as ever [14]
With lady Grace? she's vastly clever?
Her merit all the world declare:
Few, very few her friendship share.
If you'd contrive to introduce
Your friend here, you might find an use.
"Sir, in that house there's no such doing,
And the attempt would be one's ruin.
No art, no project, no designing.
No rivalship and no outshining,"
"Indeed! you make me long the more [15]
To get admittance. Is the door
Kept by so rude, so hard a clown,
As will not melt at half-a-crown?
Can't I cajole the female tribe
And gain her woman with a bribe?
Refus'd to day, suck up my sorrow,
And take my chance again to morrow?
Is there no shell-work to be seen,
Or Chinese chair, or Indian screen?
No cockatoo, nor marmozet,
Lap-dog, gold fish, nor perroquet?
No French embroidery on a quilt?
And no bow-window to be built?
Can't I contrive, at times, to meet [16]
My lady in the park or street?

* A cant term for a sure vote.

[13] Omnes composui. Felices! nunc ego resto:
Confice.

[14] ——Mæcenas quomodo tecum?
Hinc repetit. Paucorum hominum, et mentis benè sanæ.
Nemo dexteriùs fortunâ est usus. Haberes
Magnum adjutorem, posset qui ferre secundas,
Hunc hominem velles si tradere: dispeream, ni
Summôsses omnes. Non isto vivimus illic
Quo tu rere modo: domus hâc nec purior ulla est,
Nec magis his aliena malis: nil mi officit unquam,
Ditior hic, aut est quia doctior: est locus uni
Cuique suus. Magnum narras, vix credibile. Atqui
Sic habet.

[15] ——Accendis, quare cupiam magis illi
Proximus esse. Velis tantummodo: quæ tua virtus,
Expugnabis; et est qui vinci possit: eòque
Difficiles aditus primos habet. Haud mihi deero:
Muneribus servos corrumpam; non, hodie si
Exclusus fuero, desistam.

[16] ——Tempora quæram;
Occurram in triviis: deducam.

At opera, play, or morning pray'r,
To hand her to her coach or chair?"
But now his voice, tho' late so loud,
Was lost in the contentious crowd
Of fishwives newly corporate,
A colony from Billingsgate.
That instant on the bridge I spy'd [17]
Lord Truewit coming from his ride.
"My lord, ... Sir William" (I began)
"Has given me power to state a plan,
To settle ev'ry thing between you;
And so . . . . 'tis lucky that I've seen you.
This morning. . . . ."
"Hold," replies the peer,
And tips me a malicious leer [18],
"Against good breeding to offend
And rudely take you from your friend!"
(His lordship, by the way, can spy
How matters go with half an eye:
And loves, in proper time and place,
To laugh behind the gravest face.)
"'Tis Saturday. . . . . I should not chuse
To break the sabbath of the Jews [19]."
"The Jews! my lord! . . . ."
"Why since this pother,
I own I'm grown a weaker brother;
Faith! persecution is no joke: . . . .
. . . . I once was going to have spoke: . . . .
Bus'ness may stay till Monday night:
'Tis prudent to be sure, you're right."
He went his way. I rav'd and fum'd [20]:
To what ill fortune am I doom'd [21]!
But fortune had, it seems, decreed
That moment for my being freed.
Our talk, which had been somewhat loud [22],
Insensibly the market crowd
Around my persecutor drew;
And made 'em take him for a Jew.
To me the caitiff now appeals;
But I took fairly to my heels [23];
And, pitiless of his condition,
On brink of Thames and Inquisition,

[17] . . . . . Hæc dum agit, ecce
Ruscus Aristius occurrit mihi carus, et illum
Qui pulchrè nôsset. Consistimus. Unde venis? et
Quò tendis? rogat, et respondet. Vellere cœpi,
Et prensare manu lentissima brachia, nutans,
Distorquens oculos, ut me eriperet.

[18] ——Malè salsus
Ridens dissimulare: mecum jecur urere bilis.
Certè nescio quid secretò velle loqui te
Aiebas mecum. Memini benè; sed meliori
Tempore dicam.

[19] ——Hodie tricesima sabbata; vin'tù
Curtis Judæis oppedere? Nulla mihi, inquam,
Religio est. At mi; sum paulò infirmior; unus
Multorum: ignosces: aliàs loquar.

[20] ——Fugit improbus, ac me
Sub cultro linquit.

[21] ——Hunccine solem
Tam nigrum surrexe mihi?

[22] ——Casu venit obvius illi
Adversarius; et, Quò tu, turpissime? magnâ
Inclamat voce; et, Licet antestari?

[23] ——Ego verò
Oppono auriculam; rapit in jus.

Left him to take his turn and listen [24]
To each uncircumcised Philistine.
O Phebus! happy he whose trust is [25]
In thee and thy poetic justice.

[24] ——Clamor utrinque;
Undique concursus.

[25] ——Sic me servavit Apollo.

THE

FABLE OF JOTHAM:

TO

THE BOROUGH-HUNTERS.

First published in 1754.

"Jotham's Fable of the Trees is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time." ADDISON.

JUDGES, Chap. ix. v. 8.

OLD Plumb, who tho' blest in his Kentish retreat,
Still thrives by his oil-shop in Leadenhall-street,
With a Portugal merchant, a knight by creation,
From a borough in Cornwall received invitation.
Well-assured of each vote, well equipt from the alley,
In quest of election-adventures they sally.
Tho' much they discoursed, the long way to beguile,
Of the earthquakes, the Jews, and the change of the stile,
Of the Irish, the stocks, and the lott'ry committee,
They came silent and tired into Exeter city. [hour;
"Some books, prithee landlord, to pass a dull
No nonsense of parsons, or methodists sour,
No poetical stuff—a damn'd jingle of rhymes,
But some pamphlet that's new and a touch on the times." [town round,
"O Lord!" says mine host, "you may hunt the
I question if any such thing can be found:
I never was ask'd for a book by a guest;
And I'm sure I have all the great folk in the West.
None of these to my knowledge e'er call'd for a book;
But see, sir, the woman with fish, and the cook;
Here's the fattest of carp, shall we dress you a brace?
Would you chuse any soals, or a mullet, or plaice?
"A place," quoth the knight, "we must have to be sure,
But first let us see that our borough's secure.
We'll talk of the place when we've settled the poll:
They may dress us for supper the mullet and soal.
But do you, my good landlord, look over your shelves,
For a book we must have, we're so tired of ourselves."
"In troth, sir, I ne'er had a book in my life,
But the prayer-book and bible I bought for my wife."
"Well! the bible must do; but why don't you take in
Some monthly collection? the New Magazine?"
The bible was brought and laid out on the table,
And open'd at Jotham's most apposite fable;
The tale of the trees. This chimed in with their bent: [Kent.
And Plumb lookt for an hint for his planting in
Sir Freeport began with this verse, tho' no rhyme—
"The trees of the forest went forth on a time,"
(To what purpose our candidates scarce could expect,
For it was not, they found, to transplant—but elect)
"To the Olive and Fig-tree their deputies came,
But by both were refused and their answer the same:
Quoth the Olive, 'Shall I leave my fatness and oil
For an unthankful office, a dignified toil?'
'Shall I leave,' quoth the Fig-tree, 'my sweetness and fruit,
To be envy'd, or slaved in so vain a pursuit?'
Thus rebuff'd and surprized they apply'd to the Vine,
He answer'd: ---- [
'Shall I leave my grapes and my wine'
(Wine the sovereign cordial of god and of man)
To be made or the tool or the head of a clan?'
At last, as it always falls out in a scramble,
The mob gave the cry for—'a Bramble! a Bramble!
A Bramble for ever!'—O! chance unexpected!
But Bramble prevail'd and was duly elected."—
"O! ho" quoth the knight, with a look most profound, [found.
"Now I see there's some good in good books to be
I wish I had read this same bible before:
Of long miles at the least 'twould have saved us fourscore.
You, Plumb, with your olives and oil might have staid,
And myself might have tarried my wines to unlade.
What have merchants to do from their business to ramble?
Your electioneer-errant should still be a Bramble."
Thus ended at once the wise comment on Jotham,
And our citizens jaunt to the borough of Gotham.

THE

FAKEER:

A TALE.

First published in 1756.

PREFACE.

IT ought to be acknowledged, that the plan of the following lines is borrowed from M. Voltaire, who evidently took his hint from a passage in Pere le Comte's History of China, which it is thought necessary to prefix, in order to support and illustrate the facts on which the tale is founded.

An Extract from Le Comte's Memoirs and Remarks, &c. octavo, 1737. page 335.

The [1] Bonzes get a great deal of money by doing acts of penance publicly, which the people esteem

[1] Bonze is the general name for a priest. The proper term for the poor begging Dervise is Fakeer; which both in the Turkish and Indian language, signifies poor. Those of this sect who retire to desert places, and practise the utmost austerity of fasting and

them mightily for. I have seen them dragging after them a long chain of iron as thick as one's arm, about thirty feet long, fastened to their neck, waist, or legs. Thus it is, say they, at every door as they pass, that we expiate your faults, sure this deserves some small alms. Others in public places knock their pates with all their force with large bricks, till they are almost covered with blood. They have several other penitential actions[2]; but what I was most surprised at was this:

One day I met a bonze in a sort of sedan, very close shut, the inside of which was like an harrow full of nails very thick, with their points sticking out towards the man in the chair, so that he could not bend either one way or the other without wounding himself. Two fellows were hired to carry him from house to house, where he begged the people to have compassion on him.

He told them he was shut up in that chair for the good of their souls, and was resolved never to go out from thence, till they had bought all the nails (of which there were above two thousand) at the rate of sixpence a-piece. If you buy any of them, says he, you will do an action of heroic virtue, and your alms are not bestowed on the bonzes, to whom you may take other opportunities of bestowing your charity, but to the god FO, in whose honour we are going to build a temple. I told him, that he was very unhappy to torment himself thus in this world for no good, and did counsel him therefore to come out of his prison, to go to the temple of the true God, to be instructed in heavenly truths, and submit to penance less severe, but more salutary.

He was so far from being in a passion with me, that he answered me calmly and courteously, that he was much obliged to me for my good advice, and would be more obliged to me still, if I would buy a dozen of his nails, which would certainly make me have a good journey.

Here hold your hand, says he, turning on one side, take these; upon the faith of a bonze, they are the very best in all my sedan, for they prick me the most, yet you shall have them at the same rate at which I sell the others.

A FAKEER (a religious well known in the East,
Not much like a parson, still less like a priest)
With no canting, no sly jesuitical arts,
Field-preaching, hypocrisy, learning or parts;
By a happy refinement in mortification,
Grew the oracle, saint, and the pope of his nation.
But what did he do this esteem to acquire?
Did he torture his head or his bosom with fire?
Was his neck in a portable pillory cas'd?
Did he fasten a chain to his leg or his waist?

meditation, are called Janguis; that is, united with God. They seem for hours together absorbed in extacy, seeing, as they fancy, the divinity in the appearance of a clear and vivid light at the end of their nose, which they endeavour to effect by fixing both their eyes equally to that point, with inflexible constancy.

[2] Some keep a fire always burning on their heads: others tie their heels to a tree, and leaning downwards, are continually supplying a fire with wood, that the flame may rise to their breasts.

No. His holiness rose to this sovereign pitch
By the merit of running long nails in his breech.
A wealthy young Indian, approaching the shrine,
Thus in banter accosts the prophetic divine:
"This tribute accept for your interest with Fo,
Whom with torture you serve, and whose will you must know;
To your suppliant disclose his immortal decree;
Tell me which of the Heav'ns is allotted for me."

FAKEER.

Let me first know your merits.

INDIAN.

I strive to be just:
To be true to my friend, to my wife, to my trust:
In religion I duly observe ev'ry form:
With a heart to my country devoted and warm:
I give to the poor, and I lend to the rich - - - - -

FAKEER.

But how many nails do you run in your breech?

INDIAN.

With submission I speak to your rev'rence's tail;
But mine has no taste for a tenpenny nail.

FAKEER.

Well! I'll pray to our prophet and get you preferr'd;
Though no farther expect than to Heaven the third.
With me in the thirtieth your seat to obtain,
You must qualify duly with hunger and pain.

INDIAN.

With you in the thirtieth! You impudent rogue!
Can such wretches as you give to madness a vogue!
Though the priesthood of Fo on the vulgar impose,
By squinting whole years at the end of their nose;
Though with cruel devices of mortification
They adore a vain idol of modern creation;
Does the God of the Heav'ns such a service direct?
Can his mercy approve a self-punishing sect?
Will his wisdom be worshipp'd with chains and with nails?
Or e'er look for his rites in your noses and tails?
Come along to my house and these penances leave,
Give your belly a feast, and your breech a reprieve.
This reas'ning unhinged each fanatical notion;
And stagger'd our saint, in his chair of promotion.
At length with reluctance he rose from his seat:
And resigning his nails and his fame for retreat;
Two weeks his new life he admir'd and enjoy'd:
The third he with plenty and quiet was cloy'd.
To live undistinguish'd to him was the pain,
An existence unnoticed he could not sustain.
In retirement he sigh'd for the fame-giving chair;
For the crowd to admire him, to rev'rence and stare:
No endearments of pleasure and ease could prevail:
He the saintship resumed, and new lafded his tail.
Our Fakeer represents all the vot'ries of fame:
Their ideas, their means, and their end is the same;
The sportsman, the buck; all the heroes of vice,
With their gallantry, lewdness, the bottle and dice;
The poets, the critics, the metaphysicians,
The courtier, the patriot, all politicians;
The statesman begirt with th' importunate ring,
(I had almost completed my list with the king)
All labour alike to illustrate my tale;
All tortured by choice with th' invisible nail.

AN

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN AN

EMPTY ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

--------- Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi----- Virg.

First published in 1756.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This poem being a parody on the most remarkable passages in the well-known epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, it was thought unnecessary to transcribe any lines from that poem, which is in the hands of all, and in the memory of most readers.

In scenes where Hallet's genius has combin'd
With Bromwich to amuse and cheer the mind;
Amid this pomp of cost, this pride of art,
What mean these sorrows in a female heart?
Ye crowded walls, whose well enlighten'd round
With lovers sighs and protestations sound,
Ye pictures, flatter'd by the learn'd and wise,
Ye glasses, ogled by the brightest eyes,
Ye cards, which beauties by their touch have blest,
Ye chairs, which peers and ministers have prest,
How are ye chang'd! like you my fate I moan,
Like you, alas! neglected and alone---
For ah! to me alone no card is come,
I must not go abroad—and cannot *be at home.*
Blest be that social power, the first who pair'd
The erring footman with th' unerring card.
'Twas Venus sure; for by their faithful aid
The whisp'ring lover meets the blushing maid;
From solitude they give the cheerful call
To the choice supper, or the sprightly ball;
Speed the soft summons of the gay and fair,
From distant Bloomsbury to Grosvenor Square;
And bring the colonel to the tender hour,
From the parade, the senate, or the Tower.
Ye records, patents of our worth and pride!
Our daily lesson, and our nightly guide!
Where'er ye stand disposed in proud array,
The vapours vanish, and the heart is gay;
But when no cards the chimney-glass adorn,
The dismal void with heart-felt shame we mourn;
Conscious neglect inspires a sullen gloom,
And brooding sadness fills the slighted room.
If but some happier female's card I've seen,
I swell with rage, or sicken with the spleen;
While artful pride conceals the bursting tear,
With some forced banter or affected sneer:
But now grown desp'rate, and beyond all hope,
I curse the ball, the dutchess and the pope [1].
And as the loads of borrow'd plate go by,
"Tax it! ye greedy ministers," I cry.
How shall I feel, when Sol resigns his light
To this proud splendid goddess of the night?
Then, when her aukward guests in measure beat
The crowded floors, which groan beneath their feet!
What thoughts in solitude shall then possess
My tortur'd mind, or soften my distress!
Not all that envious malice can suggest
Will soothe the tumults of my raging breast.
(For Envy 's lost amidst the numerous train,
And hisses with her hundred snakes in vain)
Though with contempt each despicable soul
Singly I view,—I must revere the whole.
The methodist in her peculiar lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot,
Though single happy, tho' alone is proud,
She thinks of Heav'n (she thinks not of a crowd)
And if she ever feels a vap'rish qualm
Some drop of Honey [2], or some holy balm,
The pious prophet of her sect distils,
And her pure soul seraphic rapture fills;
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring Whitf—d prompts her golden dreams.
Far other dreams my sensual soul employ,
While conscious nature tastes unholy joy:
I view the traces of experienced charms,
And clasp the regimentals in my arms.
To dream last night I clos'd my blubber'd eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits arise:
Alas! no more; methinks I wand'ring go
To distant quarters 'midst the Highland snow,
To the dark inn where never wax-light burns,
Where in smok'd tap'stry faded Dido mourns;
To some assembly in a country town,
And meet the colonel—in a parson's gown!!
I start—I shriek—
O! could I on my waking brain impose,
Or but forget at least my present woes!
Forget 'em—how!—each rattling coach suggests
The loath'd ideas of the crowding guests.
To visit—were to publish my disgrace;
To meet the spleen in ev'ry other place;
To join old maids and dowagers forlorn;
And be at once their comfort and their scorn!
For once to read—with this distemper'd brain,
Ev'n modern novels lend their aid in vain.
My mandoline—what place can music find
Amid the discord of my restless mind?
How shall I waste this time which slowly flies!
How lull to slumber my reluctant eyes!
This night the happy and th' unhappy keep
Vigils alike,——Norfolk has murder'd sleep.

[1] The duchess of Norfolk, who was a catholic.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A DISAPPOINTED CANDIDATE AND HIS FRIEND.

Why in sorrow, my friend, who were always so gay?
Have you had any cross, any losses at play?
Whence arises this gloom, this uncommon dejection?
Are you jilted in love?

CANDIDATE.

I have lost my election.
On sir Politic's family-interest I stood:
Five hundred, he swore they were steady and good—

[2] The title of a book of devotion.

Had faithfully promised, nay four had subscrib'd,
But the day of the poll ev'ry scoundrel was brib'd.
Two months have I led this damn'd canvassing life,
Cajoling some rustic or speeching his wife.
Plagued, surfeited, poison'd, and harass'd, I'm grown
Wan, meagre, dejected, and mere skin and bone.
This sure was enough, but at last to be beat—
Had this trouble and plague but procured me a seat—

FRIEND.

Prithee sit thee down here, and these vanities end:
And be proud of a seat in the house of a friend:
Which no art can obtain, and no brib'ry procure:
Which true worth, sense, and virtue, alone can insure.

CANDIDATE.

But while virtue lies buried in mere speculation,
Who must act for the public, who care for the nation?
Tho' I pay due regard to the title of friend,
Yet the cares of a patriot must further extend;
To his country his present, his posthumous fame;
And 'tis bus'ness alone can ennoble his name.

FRIEND.

That true fame is the offspring of action 'tis granted,
But a thousand are busy for one that is wanted:
This business, we boast of, we daily create,
From an itch to be meddling, important and great.
But to polish our parts and our reason refine,
Each art is a jewel: each science a mine.

CANDIDATE.

All arts when compar'd with the art to persuade,
Seem debased to some vile and mechanical trade:
To soothe haughty man and his errours reform,
Or by reason averting some popular storm,
On the fortunes perhaps of a kingdom decide:
These, these are my wishes? this should be my pride.
So important a service, such merit, must bring
Applause from my country, reward from my king.

FRIEND.

Should the minister's jealousy check your ambition,
What resource have you then?

CANDIDATE.

What resource? opposition.
In the house I'd harangue, in the country declaim,
With my breath blow each popular spark to a flame,
I'd pursue the mean wretch to the brink of disgrace;
Unless duly appeased by some eminent place:
For no honours, no titles, no ribbands I'd have,
Let him deck with those trappings some indolent slave.

FRIEND.

And are there no charms but in place and employment?
No private delights, no domestic enjoyment?
Are the cares for your kindred, your parent, or race,
When compared with the public so sordid and base?
Love, friendship, philosophy, learning, and mirth,
Tho' despised, can they lose their intrinsical worth?
Now reading, composing, discourse, meditation,
Are all terms of contempt, or at best out of fashion.
But tho' fame in this age is to bus'ness confined,
Retirement's the test of true greatness of mind.
Let reflection divert you from placing your joys
In vain ostentation, in hurry and noise;
Let the good and the virtuous your merits spread
In the permanent tribute to personal worth. [forth,

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE

MARRIAGE AND GAME ACT;

BOTH PASSED THE SAME SESSION.

Written in the Year 1753.

The parli'ment rose, and miss Jenny came down
To the seat in the country, quite sick of the town.
She stroll'd all alone to partake the sweet air
In the grove, with the nightingale, linnet, and hare.
"Oh! puss, I rejoice beyond measure to meet
My companion again in this happy retreat.
I was sadly afraid—but no poacher will dare,
From henceforward, be seen with a gun or a snare.
While here I indulge a contemplative life
You may skip to the sound of my pastoral fife.
Then frisk it securely; for your preservation
Is, at present, the principal care of the nation."
"Oh! miss," quoth the hare, "you are none of those friends
Who in acting for others consult their own ends:
But I fear, let me tell you, those associators
Will be found to our kindred the worst of all traitors.
'Tis true they protect from the jaws of the clown
The poor innocent game they devote to their own.
And I fear, if some squeamish fantastical glutton
Should turn up his nose at your beef or your mutton,
Your father would order a hare to be shot, [pot.
And, as chance might decree, your poor friend go to
Oh! brittle condition of friendship so frail,
So rare to establish, so subject to fail!
How plain to foresee my unfortunate end!
Has the law any better secured me my friend?
(The law which would never till now see a crime in
The most private mysterious secrets of Hymen)
By this act you are safe from each amorous spark,
From the ensign, the curate, the butler, the clerk;
But the first booby 'squire that shall knock at your gate,
With a crack'd constitution and mortgag'd estate,
Shall transform (then adieu the poor pastoral life)
The contemplative nymph to a mope of a wife:
With your fortune redeem his confiscated lands,
And your father the foremost to publish the banns.

ON THE APPOINTMENT OF

LORD TEMPLE

TO BE

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

A PARODY OF APOLLO'S SPEECH TO PHAETON.
Ovid. Metam.

Written in the Year 1757.

His royal eye his royal foot survey'd,
His left hand with the glitt'ring sword-knot play'd;

At distance due the scarlet band appear,
Who move by clock-work with the day and year.
Nearer the youths in gaudy velvets drest;
The fair with flow'rets crown'd and naked breasts;
Autumnal fronts which various arts repair;
And statesmen, reverend in their silver hair.
Then Phaeton his gracious prince bespoke.
"O king! unless this change be all a joke,
All Devonshire's invention, dream or sport,
Confirm thy promise in this crowded court;
Think not that vulgar token I demand,
A rape committed on your royal hand,
That common prostitute—but on thy life,
O speak to me and whisper to my wife."
Then thrice the monarch shook his anxious head;
At length—"Yes—I will speak to thee," he said.
"My fleet I give thee for my promise sake,
But 'tis a promise I had rather break.
O Phaeton! consider what you ask!
Ev'n for a seaman what an arduous task!
You're a mere landman, you was never hurl'd
By rapid tempests round the rolling world.
The charge you claim asks such experienced skill
As not our cabinet combin'd could fill.
Not ev'n our William, godlike in command,
Who rolls his dreadful thunders o'er the land,
On this uncertain element would dare—
And which of you with William shall compare?
"Perhaps your lordship, judging in your haste,
Conceives the sea a place laid out in taste.
Or, in a calenture, believes the main
Umbrageous verdure and a flow'ry plain:
Temples above and bridges all below—
Perhaps you fancy 'tis another Stowe.
Alas! th' insidious element you'll find
By turns to calm, by turns to rage inclined.
Weigh well the storms in each tempestuous sea,
The restless roll of the Biscayan bay.
There treach'rous Dunkirk, and Saint Malo here,
Alike conceal the lurking privateer.
In southern seas the uncertain power of Spain,
In northern, dread the more uncertain Dane;
Your islands now th' adventurous French invade,
Now prey with ease on your defenceless trade.
Besides, a seaman is a stubborn thing,
Much worse to rule than a submissive king.
Judge not by me of this rebellious crew,
Trust me, my lord, they more resemble you.
Yet merchants clam'ring at the chance of war,
Are louder than the patriot or the tar.
Nor think I want my promise to evade,
When only this department I dissuade.
Honours, preferments, freely chuse the best,
And call promotion from the East or West;
Thy choice in Ireland, or the Indias make,
And thence a government or pension take.
Whate'er you ask you surely shall obtain,
But to ask wisely you must ask again."

——Purpurea velatus veste sedebat
In solio Phœbus, clarâ lucente smaragdo,
Veraque novum stabat cinctum florente coronâ;
Stabat Nuda Æstas & spicea serta gerebat.
Stabat & Autumnus calcatis sordidus uvis
Et glacialis Hyems, canos hirsuta capillos.
Phœbe pater, si das hujus mihi nominis usum,
Nec fulsâ Climene culpam sub imagine celat,
Pignora da, genitor, per quæ tua vera propago
Credar, & hunc animis errorem detrahe nostris.
Pœnituit jurasse patrem, qui terq. quaterq.
Concutiens illustre caput, Temeraria, dixit,
Vox mea facta tua est. Utinam promissa liceret
Non dare, confiteor, solùm hoc tibi, nate, negare!
Dissuadere licet. Non est tua tuta voluntas.
Magna petis, Phaeton, & quæ nec viribus istis
Munera conveniant, nectam puerilibus annis.
Sors tua mortalis: non est mortale quod optas.
Plus etiam quàm quod superis contingere fas est
Nescius affectas.
Vasti quoque rector Olympi,
Qui fera terribili jaculatur fulmina dextrâ,
Non agat hos currus.
Et quid Jove majus habemus?
Forsitan et lucos illic urbesq. Deorum
Concipias animo, Delubraque.
——Per insidias iter est.
Nec tibi quadrupedes animosos ignibus illis
Quos in pectore habent, quos ore & naribus efflant
In promptu regere est. Vix me patimur.
At tu funesti ne sim tibi muneris auctor
Nate, cave; dum resque sinit tua corrige vota
——quicquid habet dives circumspice mundus:
Eque tot ac tantis cœli terræque marisque
Posce bonis aliquid, nullam patiere repulsam.
Deprecor hoc unum, quod vero nomine pœna
Non honor est. Pœnam Phaeton pro munere poscis.
Ne dubita; dabitur (Stygias juravimus undas)
Quodcunque optaris. Sed tu sapientius opta.

AGAINST

INCONSTANCY;

ADDRESSED TO

THE EARL OF ——.

Never tell me, my lord, of the pleasures of change,
Nor inveigle from home my reluctance to range;
I plead guilty, variety's vot'ry profest,
By none more than myself her delights are confest;
But to ask where she's found would some judgment
perplex,
In each woman we find her, but not in the sex.
Whatever their breeding, their rank, or their name
In themselves only various, the sex are the same.
A wife, by your looks, you would tell me grows old
Oft unsightly in shape, and she may be a scold:
But possest of the charms which your senses delude
In the nat'ral coquet, or unnatural prude,
You may flatter yourself all the days of your life,
And you've only obtain'd, what you loath in a wife
Then invite me no more, my kind tempter, to range
Like for like is no gain; I shall lose if I change.

TO

MR. WHITEHEAD,

ON HIS BEING MADE POET LAUREAT.

Written in the Year 1758.

'Tis so—tho' we're surpris'd to hear it:
The laurel is bestow'd on merit.

How hush'd is ev'ry envious voice,
Confounded by so just a choice!
Tho' by prescriptive right prepared
To libel the selected bard.
But as you see the statesman's fate
In this our democratic state,
Whom virtue strives in vain to guard
From the rude pamphlet and the card;
You'll find the demagogues of Pindus
In envy not a jot behind us:
For each Aonian politician,
Whose element is opposition,
Will show how greatly they surpass us,
In gall and wormwood at Parnassus.
Thus as the same detracting spirit
Attends on all distinguish'd merit,
When 'tis your turn, observe, the quarrel
Is not with you, but with the laurel.
Suppose that laurel on your brow
For cypress changed, funereal bough;
See all things take a diff'rent turn!
The very critics sweetly mourn,
And leave their satire's pois'nous sting,
In plaintive elegies to sing:
With solemn threnody and dirge
Conduct you to Elysium's verge.
At Westminster the surpliced dean
The sad but honourable scene
Prepares. The well-attended hearse
Bears you amid the kings of verse.
Each rite observ'd, each duty paid,
Your fame on marble is display'd,
With symbols which your genius suit,
The mask, the buskin, and the flute:
The laurel crown aloft is hung:
And o'er the sculptur'd lyre unstrung
Sad allegoric figures leaning—
(How folks will gape to find their meaning!)
And a long epitaph is spread,
Which happy you will never read:
But hold—the change is so inviting,
I own, I tremble while I'm writing.
Yet, Whitehead, 'tis too soon to lose you;
Let critics flatter or abuse you:
O! teach us, ere you change the scene
To Stygian banks from Hyppocrene,
How free-born bards should strike the strings,
And how a Briton write to kings.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE,

BY

MISS POPE,

IN THE

CHARACTER OF MISS NOTABLE, IN THE LADY'S LAST STAKE: 1760.

Yes—I'm resolv'd—I'll live and die a maid.
Expos'd! and jeer'd! abandon'd and betray'd!
Such usage!—monstrous—bear it those who can,
Here—I *renounce* that *faithless creature—man.*
Sooner in *cells* and *nunneries* I'll *hide*
The just resentment of my injur'd pride,
Than *tame* and *quiet* stay *another minute*
In this *vile world*—and not—*make mischief in it.*
For *ever leave* the *world!*—That's not the worst—
To be a nun—one must be *papist* first.
To change religion and beyond sea roam—
But—one may be a *methodist* at home.
Hold! to be qualify'd for that, they say,
The hopeful convert first must—go astray.
'Tis I've been told, a blessed situation—
But then—I loathe the odious preparation.
What! can one then devise no kind of plan,
Without this *necessary evil, man!*
Can woman singly find herself *no* station?
Sinner or saint must be by his creation!
Why, faith, without him—nothing can be done:
One can—I think—be nothing—but a nun.
Whatever woman's vanity may boast,
He makes the peeress—and *he* makes the toast.
Her *last best title*—she from *him* derives—
For—to be *widows*—we must first be *wives.*
To this hard fate is every maiden born:
We can *not* have the rose without the thorn.
—Then—I give up the world and all its folly,
For solitude and musing melancholy.
Oh! how I long to quit this empty dream,
And fix some sober plan, some lasting scheme!—
'Twill soon be settled when I've once begun it.—
I'll go to *Ranelagh—and think upon it.*

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE,

BY

MISS PRITCHARD,

IN THE

CHARACTER OF MARIA IN THE TAMER TAMED: 1760.

Well! since I've thus succeeded in my plan,
And conquer'd this all-conquering tyrant, man,
To farther conquests still my soul aspires,
And all my bosom glows with *martial* fires.
Suppose—a *female* regiment we raise—
We must—for men grow scarceish now-a-days,
Now every *man of spirit* is enlisted—
Why, ladies—these brave lads should be assisted.
The glorious scheme my flutt'ring heart bewitches:
But hold—I've promis'd *not to wear the breeches.*
No matter—in this variegated army
We'll find some regimentals that shall charm ye.
If *plumes* and *lace* recruiting can persuade,
We'll try to show *our* taste in *masquerade.*
My feather here is fitted in a trice:
Then for the crest, the motto, and device—
Death's head and bones!—No—we'll have flames and darts!
In Latin mottos men may show their parts,
But *ours* shall be true English—like our hearts.
Our uniform we'll copy from the Greek;
The drapery and emblems true antique:
Minerva's ægis! and *Diana's bow!*—
And thus equipt to *India's* coasts we'll go.

Temples of gold, and diamond mines we'll rob:
—And every month we'll make a new *nabob*.
Amid this glorious scene of *contributions*,
Spoil, presents—hourly change and *revolutions*,
While high on stately elephants we ride,
Whose *feet* can trample European pride,
Think not our *country* we can e'er forget:
We'll *plunder—but* to *pay the nation's debt*.
Then there's *America*—we'll soon dispatch it,
This tedious war—when *we take up the hatchet*.
Heroes and *soldiers Indian wiles* may catch;
But—in a *woman* they may meet their match.
To *art, disguise*, and *stratagem* no strangers,
We fear no hazard, nor once think of dangers
In our true character of *female Rangers*.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

SIR RICHARD LYTTELTON AND THE THAMES.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, B. 3. ODE 9.

Written in the Year 1763.

SIR RICHARD.

While fondly I triumph'd alone in your breast,
And none else to your bosom so closely you prest,
No monarch on Earth was so happy as I;
I envy'd no king of a land that was dry.

THAMES.

While you on my banks was contented to stray,
With the days and the months I roll'd glibly away.
Nor envy'd I then ('tis no treason I hope)
The Tweed her lord Bute, or the Tiber her Pope.

SIR RICHARD.

Piccadilly, it must be confest, has its charms:
By the prospect allured I deserted your arms:
Tho' the cielings were damp and the walls hardly dry,
I'd have gone there tho' Burroughs had sworn I [should die.

THAMES.

Your neighbour, sir Charles, has employ'd ev'ry art
With resistless allurements to ravish my heart.
To gaze on his charms with delight I could stay
From morning to night, from December to May.

HOR. Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

LYD. Donec non aliâ magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën;
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

HOR. Me nunc Cressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos et citharæ sciens:
Pro quâ non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

SIR RICHARD.

Should your lover prove false and abandon your shore,
Rebuilding his house where 'twas founded before:
Should I, loaded with picture and statue and urn,
To present you the spoils of the Tiber, return?

THAMES.

Tho' inconstant in thought you should often be stealing
To your lov'd Piccadilly, or even to Ealing:
Your walls would I clasp in my amorous arms,
And swell with delight to contemplate your charms.

LYD. Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi:
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

HOR. Quid si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYD. Quanquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est; tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adria;
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

TO

OZIAS HUMPHRY, ESQ.

Written in the Year 1777.

We find, in the annals of famed Richmond Hill,
That each touch of the pencil makes work for the quill.
In the morning a picture is shown by Patoun [1]:
A volume of poems is publish'd at noon.
With all the bright tints that the palette affords
Cleopatra is drawn. With the choicest of words
That bards of all ranks may contribute to deck her,
The treas'ry [2] completes what's begun by th' exchequer [3].
But, Humphry, by whom shall your labours be told,
How your colours enliven the young and the old?
And was it for this you indulged in your freak,
To excel all the moderns and rival th' antique,
On sublime Saint Gotardo to venture your neck?
No poet d'ye find to extol your design,
The glow of your tints, or the grace of your line?
With lofty Parnassus proud Richmond may vie,
And spout ev'ry hour her bright streams to the sky.
Are the founts of the vallies exhausted and dry?
Then we'll cull from their borders the flow'rs of the mead
To present you a wreath not unworthy your head.

[1] William Patoun, esq. who resided on Richmond Hill, a gentleman eminent for his skill in painting, who had lately finish'd a fine picture of Cleopatra.

[3] Sir Grey Cooper, secretary to the treasury.

[4] Lord Hardwicke, one of the tellers of the exchequer.

The swans of sweet Thames their best quills shall afford,
Your genius, your talent, your life to record;
And shall not your Sheridan give you an ode,
To describe ancient Rome and the charms of the road,
With the taste you acquired in that learned abode?
From that learned abode shall Corilla pour forth
Her extempore lays to acknowledge your worth.
From more distant Elysium your Goldsmith shall tell his [Apelles.
Old friends at the club how you're praised by
How Zeuxis admires you, how Raphael fears:
How the ancients and moderns are all by the ears:
What zeal old Protogenes shows in your service:
How he treats the great Titian no better than Jervis;
How Proserpine lately was chuckling to think
She had just caught you napping on Phlegeton's brink!
(No mortal since Orpheus her fancy could taste
And only your pencil his lyre had surpast.)
How she longs to possess you by force or by stealth,
——Now your danger you know ——so take care of your health.

MR. WILKES'S SOLILOQUY,

THE DAY BEFORE HIS ELECTION FOR CHAMBERLAIN OF LONDON:

A PARODY ON CÆSAR'S SPEECH IN THE BOAT.

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, LIB. 5. l. 559.

Thus far my bark has found a prosp'rous gale,
And though in this my last attempt I fail,
I've done enough. Scotland has felt my pen,
Has felt and trembled in her darkest den.
Horne I've subdued, and Sawbridge to his shame
Is but my second in the lists of fame.
I've taught the mob the senate to defeat,
And, spite of rule and order, kept my seat.
Of pow'r and profit I've enjoy'd my share,
Trustee, receiver, treasurer, lord mayor.
And since by these proud titles made so great
That Charon's boat shall groan beneath my weight,
What is't to me if 'tis ordain'd my lot,
Unburied with some creditor to rot,
I'll still have wine and women whilst alive,
For christian burial let the vulgar strive.
My corse let bailiffs seize or surgeons tear,
My spirit the surviving world shall fear.

--------Licet ingentes abruperit actus
Festinata dies fatis: sat magna perigi.
Arctoas domui gentes: inimica subegi,
Arma metu: vidit magnum mihi Roma secundum.
Jussâ plebe tuli fasces per jura negatos:
Nulla meis aberit titulis Romana potestas.
Me sciat hoc quisquam, nisi tu, quæ sola meorum
Conscia votorum es, me (quamvis plenus honorum
Et dictator eam Stygias, et consul ad umbras;)
Privatum, Fortuna, mori. Mihi funere nullo
Est opus O superi: lacerum retinete cadaver.
Fluctibus in mediis: desint mihi busta rogusque
Dum metuar semper -------

ON

PAINTING;

ADDRESSED TO

MR. PATCH,

A CELEBRATED PICTURE CLEANER.

Thy pen in haste, Thalia, snatch,
To sing of Titian and Carach,—
Bassan, and Tintoret—and Patch.
'Tis Exeter demands the strain [1];
Shall Burleigh's master ask in vain?
Burleigh, the place where every Muse
Her favourite elegance may chuse.
For there the Romans and Venetians
Display a show, which all the Grecians,
Whate'er ingenious Webb may say,—
Could ne'er have equall'd in their day.
Protogenes and famed Apelles—
The story well enough to tell is,
How one could colour, t'other draw—
But were their colours warm or raw?
Why nothing now remains to show it,
Except the historian and the poet.
And shall we trust that wanton tribe
Who all, with fancy's pen describe.
No, Patch.—But had thy healing hand
Been present in Achaia's land,
Their art divine had now been known,
Their tints in all their lustre shone.
Honours divine you must have shar'd,
A mortal vyth the gods compar'd.
Did Grecian god or Romish saint
E'er match the wonders of thy paint?
In miracles you far excel 'em.—
How shall the Muse attempt to tell 'em?
When human forms displease your taste,
Ill drawn, ill colour'd, or ill plac'd;
Or when unskilful hand has hurt 'em,
To rock or fountain you convert 'em—
Make Niobe marble, Battus touchstone,
(Salvator never painted such stone)
Or change, like Jove, to bull or swan,
Ill moulded horse or graceless man.
Turn we from poets to the church?
You leave all fiction in the lurch,
Tho' beads and reliques oft have fail'd,
Your pencil ever has prevail'd.
The holy head of Januarius
Oft in effect has proved precarious;
Nor has the thundering mountain stopt
Its lava, tho' his blood has dropt.
But you at once can make it still,
Or run on either side the hill.
Your art miraculous the same,
Administer'd to blind or lame.
You cure the darkest drop serene:
Give eyes to see and to be seen.
Heal the poor martyr flay'd and rackt,
Shrivel'd and scorcht, and torn and hackt.
Restore the decollated head,
Revive the dying and the dead.
Your charity you ne'er withhold
From bodies naked, raw or cold;

[1] Mr. Patch was at that time employed in cleaning the pictures at Burleigh.

And when you find an arm or shape awry,
Hide the defect with flowing drapery.
When wanton Eve and carnal Adam,
Drunk with that fruit their God forbad 'em,
Lie at their length, in fond embraces,
With bodies naked as their faces,
You cover Adam's limbs and Eve's
With thick festoons of flowers and leaves;
So draw the eyes of every prude,
To weep the children in the wood.
Where'er you see ungracious Ham,
Bent to disclose his father's shame,
And, spite of modest Shem and Japhet,
Persist the boozy sire to laugh at,
You aid the pious brother's cares:
Your delicacy suits with theirs.
So when each over-curious elder,
(As if to look for hans-en-kelder)
Tugs hard, with trembling hand, to lift
The folds of chaste Susanna's shift;
If time, whose trick is to discover,
As much as any tatling lover,
Should make a third with these unfolders,
And leave her bare to all beholders;
A veil by your propitious art,
White and unspotted as her heart,
O'er the much-injured matron hung,
Shall shield her from the censuring tongue.
Alcides's ill-directed wife
Gave him a shirt, which cost his life;
You gave his Omphale a shift,
Which proves a better-fated gift,
It sits so gracefully upon her,
And recommends her to his honour [2].
But be it still your greatest praise,
From dull obscurity to raise,
From all those evils that assault 'em,
From gums, from oils, from deadly spaltum;
And give to works almost divine,
Once more in native tints to shine.
Then I, like Newton's bard, may write [3],
Patch waved his brush, and all was light.

ON

SEEING THE HEAD

OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

Richly gilt, and placed by a celebrated optician upon the top of a certain temple, in a conspicuous part of his garden on Richmond Hill.

RESOLVED to rescue Newton's bust
From dull obscurity and dust,
Or the vile purpose of a sign,
And give the demigod a shrine;

[2] The Master of the Rolls, for whom he had cleaned a picture, and given some drapery to the figure of Omphale.

[3] Vide the inscription on Newton's monument in Westminster Abbey.

First o'er his venerable head
The most resplendent gold I spread:
This obvious and apparent hint
Bespeaks him master of the mint [1].
Next (that the hero might be plac'd
To show his genius and my taste)
An insulated building's top
Affords his contemplation scope.
No walls his active eye t' imprison;
No trees to intercept th' horizon;
Prevent the planets path to trace,
And speculate on time and space.
Here be he fixt till restless love
Of knowledge instigates to move,
To depths where Nature gives to view
Her treasures to the chosen few.
For as he proves that all things tend
By their own nature to descend,
He, by the laws of gravitation,
May gain a more convenient station,
From whence his all-exploring eye,
In nature's secrets best may pry.
There undiscover'd yet, may find
The hidden origin of wind:
And, trac'd from their mysterious source,
Detect the fountains in their course;
With curious observation, mark well
How gushing waters foam and sparkle;
Compare their lustre as they pass
With hues of the prismatic glass:
Till, yielding now to his inquiries,
The yet impenetrable Iris,
Shall all the various colours show,
That decorate her wond'rous bow.

TO A LADY

WHO WAS VERY HANDSOME,

AND HAD ASKED THE AUTHOR HIS OPINION OF THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

Dear madam,

You honoured me with your commands to give you the most complete idea of the Witch of Endor;—I can find no way to do it so exactly, as by recommending to you to look in the glass. You will see by this how much I am,

your devoted humble servant,

R. O. CAMBRIDGE.

A CURIOUS lady bids me send her,
My notions of the witch of Endor;
And I her person to describe well,
Shall trust to nothing but the bible.
For little shall I mind Delany,
Who only writes to entertain ye.
Much less the poet or the painter,
Who both with age and wrinkles taint her,
While each for half-a-crown would saint her.
But I, who from my earliest youth
Have never writ or spoke but truth,

[1] Sir Isaac Newton was master of the mint.

Will show her merits from the Scripture,
Of which they wantonly have stripp'd her.
There you will find no word of her age
But much of her address and courage;
Who when she saw the dastard Saul
So weaken'd by his fright and fall,
Dismay'd with griesly ghost of saint,
With vapours and with hunger faint;
She would not do him good by half,
So bak'd her bread and kill'd her calf:
The time was short; the bread was hot;
No yeast or leaven to be got:
The veal, tho' fat, could not be tender.—
—But for the gen'rous Maid of Endor,
Adorn'd with each engaging quality
To ornament her hospitality,
Good sense, good humour, truly rich in,
It must be own'd she was bewitching.

A PARODY

OF

ACHILLES' SPEECH,

POPE'S HOMER, BOOK FIRST, LINE 309.

Occasioned by the author hearing of a clergyman, who, in a violent fit of anger, threw his wig into the fire, and turned his son out of doors.

"Now by this sacred perriwig I swear,
Which never more shall locks or ringlets bear,
Which never more shall form the smart toupee,
Forc'd from its parent head,—(as thou from me);
Once 'twas live hair; now form'd by th' artist's hand,
It aids the labours of the sacred band;
Adds to the vicar's brow a decent grace,
And pours a glory round his rev'rend face.
By this I swear, when thou shalt ask again
My doors to enter, thou shalt ask in vain."
He spoke, and furious with indignant ire
Hurl'd the vast hairy texture on the fire;
Then sternly silent sate—the active flame
Remorseless wastes the soft and tender frame:
Writhed to and fro consumes the tortured hair,
And lost in smoke attenuates to air.

Now by this sacred sceptre hear me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear;
Which sever'd from the trunk (as I from thee,)
On the bare mountains left its parent tree;
This sceptre form'd by temper'd steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove,
From whom the power of laws and justice springs,
(Tremendous oath! inviolate to kings,)
By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain.
* * * * * * *
He spoke, and furious hurl'd against the ground
His sceptre, starr'd with golden studs around.
Then sternly silent sate—with like disdain
The raging king return'd his frowns again.

Ut sceptrum hoc (dextrâ sceptrum nam forte gerebat)
Nunquam fronde levi fundet virgulta nec umbras:
Cum semel in sylvis imo de stirpe recisum
Matre caret, posuitque comas et brachia ferro:
Olim arbos, nunc artificis manus ære decoro
Inclusit, patribusque dedit gestare Latinis.
Virg. Æneid. Lib. xii. l. 206.

A PARODY

ON

DEATH AND THE LADY;

IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN LORD NORTH AND LORD SANDWICH:

Written extempore, and occasioned by Lord Sandwich's exaggerated praise of that composition, and his defying Mr. Cambridge, in a large company, to produce any thing of equal merit.

Written about the Year 1780.

LORD NORTH.

Proud lord of fleets, lay your commission down,
And walk a private man about the town.
I now resume the shining post I gave ye,
And you no more must lord it o'er the navy.

LORD SANDWICH.

What bold attempt is this; will you, my lord,
Presume to threat or move me from my board?
Must I, lord Sandwich, yield to your decree,
Because you're bigger round the waist than me?

LORD NORTH.

Reply not to me with a catch-club jest,
And know the man with whom you dare contest.
Play not with my superior power and worth;
My rank is premier, and my name is North.

LORD SANDWICH.

Thy power and worth are not to me unknown;
But still I think more highly of my own:
For while the fleet is my peculiar care,
I awe the French, the Spaniard, and lord mayor.

DEATH.

Fair lady, lay your costly robes aside,
No longer shall you glory in your pride;
Take leave of ev'ry carnal vain delight,
I'm come to summon you away to night.

LADY.

What bold attempt is this? pray let me know,
From whence you come and whither I must go;
Must I, a lady, yield to stoop and bow,
To such a pale-fac'd visage? Who art thou?

DEATH.

Do you not know me? Well; I'll tell you then,
'Tis I that conquer all the sons of men:
No pitch of honour from my dart is free;
My name is Death; have you not heard of me?

LORD NORTH.

Great is your power, but greater my command;
You press the city; but I tax the land;
And, as my various features smile or pout,
So sure this man comes in, and that goes out.

LORD SANDWICH.

The brave with tyrant ministers contests;
Instead of speeches now I'll write protests;
Call back the thunderstruck seceding crew,
Instead of going out, I'll turn out you.

LORD NORTH.

Call not for them, their skill will never do,
They know what 'tis to starve; and so shall you.
I'll hear no more, I'm summon'd by the king;
And so—you may protest, or speak, or sing.

LADY.

Yes; I have heard of thee time after time;
But being in the glory of my prime,
I did not think you wou'd have call'd so soon.
What! must my morning sun go down at noon?

DEATH.

Talk not of noon; you may as well be mute;
It is no longer time for to dispute;
Your riches, jewels, gold, and garments leave,
Your house and land must all new masters have.

LADY.

Come all you learned doctors try your skill;
And let not Death of me obtain his will;
Prepare your cordials, let me comfort find;
My gold shall fly like chaff before the wind.

DEATH.

Call not for them; their skill will never do;
They are but mortals here as well as you;
Mine is a fatal stroke, my dart is sure;
That wound I now will give—and none shall cure.

AN INVITATION

TO A BALL AT LADY COOPER'S:

WRITTEN BY SIR GREY COOPER, 1781;

And occasioned by Mr. Cambridge having spoken in admiration of the dutchess of Devonshire.

EVER a just and elegant *Spectator*
Of beauty, grace, and all the charms of nature,
Your moral wit with Addison might share
The trust of *Guardian* to the British fair:
With you conversing with delight we feel
You could with perfect ease out *Tatler* Steele:
You've writ the best things in the *World*, and sure
Your taste surpasses far the *Connoisseur*:
A *Rambler* too you've been, and like the *Bee*,
Gather'd sweet spoils from ev'ry flow'r and tree.
At last you turn *Adventurer*, and fly
Too near the flame of Devonshire's bright eye.
That charming flame whose animating ray
Would tempt e'en Dædalus to soar astray:
Again your wings to burn you seem t' aspire;
You are no child, and do not dread the fire.
But, ah! beware the fable's fatal end,
And e're too late take caution from a friend:
Come hither with your Icarus and try
A flight together in our middle sky;
That region has its stars; tho' not so bright,
They shed a milder and a safer light.

ANSWER.

You've dress'd me out in borrow'd rags and tatters
Of Ramblers, Guardians, Tatlers, and Spectators;
You've given me wings to fly from pole to pole,
"With thoughts beyond the reaches of my soul."
To claims like these I've not the least pretence,
Resume them all, and grant me Common Sense [1].

THE

PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

Written in the Year 1790.

WHAT progress does liberty make ev'ry week!
How quick from Versailles has she reach'd Martinique!
And so soon will her power all the Indies subdue,
We shall see her dominion extend to Peru;
For now to her standard so great the resort is,
Her conquests she's spreading much quicker than Cortez.
At the rate she goes on, she will soon be possest
Of all hearts that too long have been slaves in the West. [ocean—
Then eastward she'll bend—'tis but crossing the
And she'll put the poissardes of Morocco in motion.
Now, turning Algiers, and the kingdoms piratical,
Into popular boroughs and states democratical;
In Egypt, a new constitution and laws
Shall end the contention of beys and bashaws.
But how shall she pass by the strict Dardanelle?
How teach such inveterate slaves to rebel?
How impress on the children of predestination
Those maxims which tend to such strange reforma-
That tyranny turn to a free common-weal, [tion?
To états-généreaux, and a hotel-de-ville?
How make the vizier such a poor renegade,
As to change his three tails for a christian cockade?
Should Constantinople embrace the idea,
Sure nothing will easier yield than Crimea;
For we know that the mighty Tartarian cham,
Submitted to Russia, as meek as a lamb!
Content to resign on the very first notice,
Bag and baggage he sail'd o'er the Palus Mæotis.
From the Crim', the divinity lands at Oczakow,
Then hey! for her favourite veto at Cracow!
If she meet, in her road, hyperborean Kate,
She may chance to persuade that sublime autocrate,
'Ere she quits this vain world, to adopt her opinions,
And present her to all her extensive dominions.

[1] Another periodical paper, which Sir Grey omitted.

Now in haste over Sweden and Denmark she wanders,
To see how her pupils are acting in Flanders.
From thence to Great Britain she travels with speed,
And, perch'd on the pillar in famed Runnymead,
She surveys the whole island, and finds it in awe
Of no pow'r upon Earth, but of justice and law;
With no wrongs to redress, and no rights to restore;
She has all she can wish, and she asks for no more.

ON SEEING THIS MOTTO TO A FRENCH PAPER:

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.

Written in the Year 1793.

To die for one's country, I grant is decorum,
To establish the rights of mankind or restore 'em.
But I first must be sure of my facts ere I full see
That the fate of the bleeding Parisians is dulce.
Most men with poor Agag agree that 'tis "bitter,"
And for Frenchmen I find 'tis an epithet fitter.
Have they died like the heroes of Rome or of Greece?
No.—They suffer their fate from another's caprice.
And when not in the humour to die, they are martyr'd; [and quarter'd.
So, without their consent, they are hang'd, drawn,
As a tax it is frequently levied; but no man
Has made a free gift of his life like a Roman.
Their zealous compatriots have saved them the labour;
Each man is so busy in hanging his neighbour.
Which has made the mere mob such expert undertakers,
By performing the funeral rites of the bakers.
To die, in fine language, is noble and specious,
But who dies like a Paulus [1], a Curtius or Decius,
Devoted for Rome? or the Theban Menœcius [2]?
Let me see such examples of virtue, before I
Acknowledge 'tis dulce pro patria mori.
But lest you should think that I talk like a tory,
Of Livy and Tacitus read the history:
Examine the tales which they tell for their glory,
And you'll find that of France a quite different story.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO WAS A GREAT ASTRONOMER,

RECOMMENDING THE BEARER AS A PROPER PERSON TO TAKE CARE OF HIS COWS.

Old Ovid tells (as I and you know)
A tale of Jupiter and Juno:
She, jealous hussy, thought her cows
Were fatal to his marriage vows;
And, swallowing ev'ry gossip's lies,
Beset him with the strangest spies:
Old Argus with his hundred eyes.
With two he slept, and watch'd with four;
The rascal ogled with a score.—
Well, but to leave the ancient story,
How is it in the case before ye?
Your rooted passion for your cows,
Disturbs the quiet of your spouse:
This youth, I prophesy, she'll find
A faithful Argus to her mind;
Whose vigilance and care supplies
The want of number in his eyes.
While you, so practised to survey,
Thro' Storer's [1] glass, the milky way,
Shall there find out a proper station,
To form a splendid constellation;
When you and Joe, your wife and cow,
Shall leave your dairy here below.

[1] ——Animæque magnæ Prodigum Paulum. Hor.

[2] Menœcius—edito oraculo largitus est patriæ suum sanguinem. Cicero Tusc.

A FREE TRANSLATION OF BOILEAU;

EPIST. I. L. 61.

APPLIED TO THE IMMODERATE AMBITION OF FRANCE.

Written in the Year 1801 [2].

Thus of Pyrrhus, inquired his old tutor and friend:
These elephants, soldiers, and ships, to what end?

PYRRHUS.

To the siege; for I've oft' been invited to come,
And with glory to conquer all-conquering Rome.

TUTOR.

I agree that great glory from thence would ensue,
And 'tis worthy alone Alexander or you.
After such an exploit, there's no more to be done,—

PYRRHUS.

Yes—the countries that border on Rome must be won.

TUTOR.

Any more? Pyr. Don't you see Syracuse is so near.

TUTOR.

Any more? Pyr. Give me that, and to Carthage I steer.

TUTOR.

Now I see, you're resolved to be master of all,
The near and the distant, the great and the small;
And I plainly perceive you will not be at rest,
Till you've tried all the East, when you've conquer'd the West.
So Egypt is yours. Your ambition then ranges,
And bears you away to the Tigris and Ganges,
But when crown'd with success and with glory you tire us,
What's left to be done, when return'd to Epirus?

PYRRHUS.

Why to feast on good cheer, and good liquor to quaff:
And, forgetting our labours, to sit down and laugh.

TUTOR.

Then why should we travel to Egypt and Rome?
Who forbids us to laugh without stirring from home?

[1] A celebrated optician.

[2] The author was then in his 85th year.

EPIGRAMS.

ID CINEREM AUT MANES CREDIS CURARE SEPULTOS.

VIRG.

THUS Flavia exclaim'd, when beholding the coffin,
Which her dear loving spouse to the abbey went off in;
" And why might not I, like the Braminy dames,
Leap to his dear arms, through the midst of the flames;
Here, Jenny, go send for a load of dry faggots;——
But hold!—They may say these are whimsies or maggots.
Would it give his dear manes the smallest concern?
Would his ashes be much discomposed in their urn?
If I say with St. Paul 'Better marry than burn.'

ON MEETING AT MR. GARRICK'S

AN AUTHOR VERY SHABBILY DRESSED IN AN OLD VELVET WAISTCOAT, ON WHICH HE HAD SEWED EMBROIDERY OF A LATER DATE.

THREE waistcoats, in three distant ages born,
The bard with faded lustre did adorn.
The first in velvet's figured pride surpast;
The next in broidery: in both the last.
His purse and fancy could no further go,
To make a third he join'd the former two.

QUIN'S DEATH.

THY death shall provide us a general treat,
At this critical epoch all creatures shall eat.
To thy tomb each voracious insect shall haste,
In thine entrails to batten: luxurious repast!
May the worm be full-gorg'd in thy liver and heart:
Mayst thou surfeit the grub with some delicate part:
May the poet too dine, who adorns thee with verse,
And drunk be the parson who prays by thy herse [1].

ACTEON NO CUCKOLD.

I NE'ER can agree on
The tale of Acteon,
With a moral so much misapplied;
As by wits who suppose,
They may class him with those,
Who have err'd in the choice of a bride.
But Diana undrest,
Was too tempting a jest,
To be lost on so curious a wag;
So the goddess in wrath
Leap'd out of the bath,
And turn'd the rash youth to a stag.

[1] And fat be the gander who feeds on thy grave.
Bath Guide.

The last line alludes to a story told of a clergyman, who disgraced himself and his profession by hard drinking, and who boasted, that at a supper after Thomson's funeral, he left Quin drunk under the table, whilst he was able to walk home.

IMITATION OF SHAKESPEAR.

THERE is a honey-moon in works of taste,
Which gazed on for a while, grows full and splendid,
But in the wane is wasting to obscurity,
Shorn of its beams by wanton criticism,
Or hourly fading through satiety.

THE HISTORIAN IN LOVE:

AN IMPROMPTU,

ON THE AUTHOR SEEING HIS DAUGHTER READING THE LIFE OF MR. GIBBON, JUST AFTER SHE HAD BEEN ASSISTING LADY NEWDIGATE IN A CHARITY FOR DISTRESSED RIBBON WEAVERS.

Now Charlotte has done with the Newdigate ribbon,
She gives all her leisure to luminous Gibbon,
Who laments how in Oxford the colleges stunk
Of mild ale, and the pipes of the indolent monk.
Then soon as the stripling grew up to a man,
He relates the reception he met at Lausanne.
He begins with the learned and ends with the fair,
—He saw, and he loved—'twas an object so rare,
That all gifts she possest both of nature and art,
And she offer'd her lover a virtuous heart: [her,
So he wish'd to go back to the mountains to thank
But he heard, in his absence, she'd married a banker [1].

OCCASIONED BY THE CONDUCT OF THE FRENCH TOWARDS THE POPE IN THE YEAR 1794.

IN times of old, at war's imperious call,
England has oft "robb'd Peter to pay Paul."
France, her enormous reck'ning to defray,
Peter has robb'd, but Paul will never pay.

ON SEEING A DECENT-LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN COME DOWN A STAIRCASE IN CLEMENTS-INN:

A PARODY OF JANE SHORE'S SPEECH.
Act 1st. Scene the last.

YES! man, that lawless libertine, may sin
In ev'ry corner of St. Clement's-Inn.
But woman! if she clamber in the dark
The vice-worn staircase of some lawyer's clerk,
A writ of errour blots her spotless name;
A habeas corpus ever damns her fame.

[1] This banker was Mons. Neckar, who supplanted the historian in the lady's affections during his absence.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

Who complained of one relation who gave late breakfasts on account of long prayers,—and of another who gave bad dinners.

Our ghostly guides, to Heav'n who point the way,
Enjoin this golden precept—Fast and pray.
How well, O pious youth, thy days are pass'd,
Who pray with Sanctus and with Parcus fast.

LINES GIVEN EXTEMPORE

TO DOCTOR MONSEY, PHYSICIAN TO CHELSEA HOSPITAL,

Upon his expressing surprise that the Scribleriad was not more known and talked of.

Dear doctor, did you ever hear I had
So piqued myself on the Scribleriad,
That every pensioner of Chelsea
The learning and the wit should well see;
Enough for me if only one see,
But let that one be doctor Monsey.

THE FOLLOWING FRENCH LINES

Being put into Mr. Cambridge's hand, by a friend who seemed somewhat too partial to this species of French writing, he was induced to translate them, for the sake of introducing the two concluding lines, which expose the false wit, and give a just ridicule to the idea of dying for love.

Quand vous venez dans ces vergers
Voyez les meux que vous y faites:
Vos yeux font mourir les bergers,
Et votre gozier les fauvettes;
Qui chantera donc le printems,
Quand il n'y a plus d'oiseau ni d'amans.

Each shepherd falls a victim to your eye,
Thrill'd by your notes the birds for envy die;
Henceforth in deserts must you sing alone,
When all the lovers and the bards are gone.
Yet some *blind* bard may strike the social string;
And a *deaf* nightingale in safety sing.

A NOTE TO THE AUTHOR.

At church, or at Bushy, your sabbath d'ye spend,
Your mind to regale or your morals to mend?
If the former, I leave you the devil to cheat;
If the latter, I beg to have part of the treat.

HIS ANSWER.

Why your lordship is now so impatient to search,
If I'm passing my hours with the state or the church,
I was puzzled—but now I perceive, on the whole,
So you get but my news, you don't care for my soul.

ON SEEING A TAPESTRY CHAIR-BOTTOM BEAUTIFULLY WORKED BY HIS DAUGHTER FOR MRS. HOLROYD.

Written in the Year 1793.

While Holroyd may boast of her beautiful bottom,
I think of what numberless ills may bespot 'em:
'Tis true they're intended for clean petticoats;
But beware of th' intrusion of bold Sanculottes;
Who regardless of Charlotte's most elegant stitches,
May rudely sit down without linen or breeches:
Would you know from what quarter the mischief may come,
When the batt'ry's unmask'd then beware of the bomb.

A TRANSLATION

OF THE FOLLOWING EPIGRAM IN THE ETON COLLECTION.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Μῦν Ἀσκληπιάδης ὁ φιλάργυρος εἶδεν ὀν οἴκῳ,
Καὶ τί ποιεῖς, φησὶν, φίλτατε μῦ, παρ' ἐμοί;
Ἡδὺ δ' ὁ μῦς γελάσας, μηδὲν, φίλε, φησὶ, φοβηθῇς.
Οὐχὶ τροφῆς παρὰ σοὶ χρήζομον, ἀλλὰ μονῆς.

As ——, was stepping out of bed,
A lurking mouse he spies;
And thus, alarm'd with sudden dread,
Aloud to Tony cries:
Tony make haste—the trap prepare—
I see the rascal dodging.—
Friend, quoth the mouse, you need not fear,
I come but for a lodging;
Nor plant that dreadful engine there,
To catch me by the neck fast;
For surely I had ne'er come here,
If I had wanted breakfast.

VERSES

ADDRESSED AT VARIOUS TIMES

TO

R. O. CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

BY HENRY BERKLEY, ESQ.

Written about the Year 1739.

Carmina sunt dicenda neget quis carmina Gallo?
Virg.

Tho' all the silly world, my friend,
Thy manners, and thy life commend,

Nor envy's self would grudge to swear
Thou'rt honest, open, and sincere;
'Tis true perhaps in prose; but then
In verse thou'rt clean another man:
Generous in all things else, and free,
A very jew in poetry.
For who but Shylock (with a store
That makes all other plenty poor,
A touch like Midas that refines
All subjects straight to sterling lines)
Would not unrecompensed bestow
Those riches which so freely flow,
Rather than poorly condescend
T' accept vile usance from a friend,
Which he, I'm sure, must toil to give,
And you unsatisfied receive?

Ask verse of him who knows to sing,
His well-tun'd lyre bid Davies bring [1],
And boldly strike the docile string;
Drawn by the pow'r of that sweet sound [2],
The list'ning herds shall gaze around;
Whilst from the deep and oozy bed
Sabina rears her aweful head,
And, as his notes harmonious glide,
Forgets to roll her ample tide.
Ah, Cambridge! may the chatt'ring pie
With Philomela's music vie,
Then shall be heard my Clio's tongue,
Where you and Davies deign a song.
Mine's but a lame and sullen Muse,
A Flemish frow in wooden shoes,
Scarce once a lustre smiles, and then
Most people think she does but grin.
However when she's in the vein [3],
I thank my stars, and ease my brain:
But if she frown, why farewell she
With all her medley trumpery,
With all her fustian, forced conceit,
And limping rhimes, and would-be wit:
I'm careless when, or how she goes,
Content with truth and humble prose.
Yet ****** if kind Jove to day [4],
Decend in turtle and tokay,
To morrow o'er a chop at Dolly's
Calls gluttony the worst of follies;
So you, with dainties cloyed at home,
For change to me full wisely come;
My homely board shall set you right,
Shall whet your blunted appetite,
Restore your judgment to its tone,
And teach you how to prize your own.

[1] A friend of the author and of Mr. Cambridge, who was a very elegant poet.

[2] Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca,
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.
Virg. Ec. 8.

[3] Laudo manentem. Si celeres quatit
Pennas resigno quæ dedit et meâ
Virtute me involvo probamque.
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.
Lib. 3. Hor. Od. 29.

[4] Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri.
Virg. Ec. 7.

VERSES

LEFT ON A PEDESTAL

BENEATH A ROW OF ELMS IN MR. CAMBRIDGE'S GROUNDS, 1760 [1].

Ye green hair'd nymphs, whom Pan allows [2],
To guard from harm these favour'd boughs;
Ye blue-eyed Naïads of the stream,
That soothe the warm poetic dream;
Ye elves and sprights, that, thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic measures uncontrol'd,
Your fairy sports and revels hold,
And up and down where'er ye pass,
With many a ringlet print the grass;
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power
At morn's grey dawn or evening hour,
If e'er by moon-light on the plain,
Your ears have caught th' enraptured strain,
From every flow'ret's velvet head,
From reverend Thames's oozy bed,
From these moss'd elms, where prison'd deep,
Conceal'd from human eyes ye sleep;
If these your haunts be worth your care,
Awake, arise, and hear my prayer!
O banish from this peaceful plain,
The perjur'd nymph, the faithless swain;
The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow,
And harsh rejects the honest vow;
The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear,
With aught that sense would blush to hear,
Or false to honour, mean and vain,
Defames the worth he cannot stain:
The light coquet, with various art,
Who casts her net for every heart,
And, smiling, flatters to the chase,
Alike the worthy and the base:
The dame, who, proud of virtuous praise,
Is happy if a sister strays,
And conscious of unsullied fame,
Delighted spreads the tale of shame.
But far, O banish'd far be they,
Who hear, unmoved, the orphan's cry,
Who see, nor wish to wipe away,
The tear that swells the widow's eye.
The unloving man, whose narrow mind
Disdains to feel for human kind,
At other's bliss, whose cheek ne'er glows,
Whose breast ne'er throbs with other's woes,
Whose hoarded sum of private joys . . .
His private care alone destroys . . .
Ye fairies, cast your spells around,
And guard from such this hallow'd ground!
But welcome all, who sigh with truth,
Each constant maid and faithful youth,

[1] Mr. Cambridge never learned who was the author of these elegant verses.

[2] The first line is borrowed from an Ode by Mr. Mason, published in Dodsley's collection.
Note by the author.

Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
(Sweet union of the willing mind!)
Hearts pair'd above, not meanly sold,
Law-licensed prostitutes for gold.
And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
The chosen few, the worthy train,
Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,
Still tread where virtue points the way;
Whose souls no thought, whose hands have known
No deed, which honour might not own;
Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,
In other's bliss can claim their part,
And in life's brightest hour can share
Each pang that wrings another's heart.
Ye guardian spirits, when such ye see,
Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free;
Clear be the sky from clouds or show'rs!
Green be the turf, and fresh the flow'rs!
And that the youth, whose pious care
Lays on your shrine this honest prayer,
May with the rest admittance gain,
And visit oft this pleasant scene;
Let all who love the Muse attend—
Who loves the Muse is Virtue's friend.
Such then alone may venture here,
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear,
Whose wide affections can embrace
The whole extent of human race,
Whom Virtue and her friends approve,
Whom Cambridge and the Muses love.

T. S.

FROM

GEORGE BIRCH, ESQ.[1]

ON RECEIVING A LETTER FROM MR. CAMBRIDGE IN JANUARY 1782, FRANKED BY GEORGE SELWYN.

What less than wit could be expected
From what a Selwyn's pen directed?
Whatever comes in such a guise,
Meets Mirth on tiptoe in our eyes;
And Fancy chuckles at the thought,
What such a signature has brought?
But say what needs the pen of two
For that, one pen within can do?
A pen, that always can, at pleasure,
Command our laughter without measure;
Laughter!—away with niggard praise,
That can delight—ten thousand ways;
Such wit had current pass'd alone,
Tho' Selwyn's fun had ne'er been known,
And must for ever stand the test,
When each bon mot is gone to rest.
What's the preservative you'll say,
That will ensure it from decay?
'Tis sterling sense that guides the whole,
Temper'd by candour's mild control;
Unfailing titles to engage,
Applause and love from every age!

[1] Author of some much admired Love Elegies; the second edition of which is dedicated to Mr. Cambridge, and published 1777.

THE

POEMS

OF

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, A. M.

THE

LIFE OF MASON.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THESE Memoirs of Mr. Mason are far less complete than could have been wished. He is said to have left his poems, and some unpublished works, for the benefit of a charitable institution; but eleven years have elapsed since his death, and no step has been taken to fulfill his intention, or to honour his memory. What is now offered, has been collected from various sources, and it is hoped without falling into any very important errour.

William Mason was the son of the vicar of St. Trinity Hall, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and was born in the year 1725. His education, previously to his going to the university, was probably superintended by his father, whose indulgence, in permitting him to follow the bent of his youthful mind towards poetry and painting, he acknowledges in an Epistolary Address, written in 1746. He went to Cambridge in 1742-3, and was entered of St. John's College, where his tutor, Dr. Powell, encouraged him to publish his excellent Monody to the Memory of Pope, which appeared in 1747. He took his bachelor's degree in 1745, and his master's in 1749; but little else has been recorded of his academical progress, except that his attachment to the Muses continued during his residence at the university, of which he took leave in an ode complimentary to his college and his tutor.

In 1747, by means of Gray, with whom he had become acquainted, and who, on account of ill-treatment had left Peterhouse for Pembroke Hall, he was nominated to a vacant fellowship in the latter college, but owing to a dispute between the fellows and their master, he was not elected till 1749. His own account of this affair has lately been published.—"I have had the honour since I came here last to be elected by the fellows of Pembroke into their society; but the master, who has the power of a negative, has made use of it on this occasion, because he will not have an *extraneus* when they have fit persons in their own college. The fellows say, they have a power from their statutes *indifferenter eligere ex utraque academia*, and are going to try it with him at common law, or else get the king to appoint a visitor. If this turns

out well it will be a very lucky thing for me, and much better than a *Platt*[1], which I came hither with an intention to sit for, for they are reckoned the best fellowships in the university."

His intimacy with Gray was cordial and lasting. Their correspondence shows the high respect they had for each other, and their friendship was never interrupted by the freedom and unfeigned candour with which they criticised each other's performances. About this time, Gray describes him as a young man "of much fancy, little judgment, and a good deal of modesty," as "a good and well-meaning creature, but in simplicity, a child; he reads little or nothing, writes abundance, and that with a design to make a fortune by it," which does not, however, appear to have been the case; "a little vain, but in so harmless and comical a way that it does not offend: a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant of the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in one's opinion; so sincere and undisguised, that no mind with a spark of generosity would ever think of hurting him, he lies so open to injury; but so indolent, that if he cannot overcome this habit, all his good qualities will signify nothing at all." Some of these characteristics of the poetical temperament adhered to our author throughout life; others were effaced by a closer intimacy with the world.

He appears to have been early attached to what he considered as the cause of freedom. Of this he gave proof in a poem entitled Isis, which was printed in 1748, directed chiefly against the supposed Jacobitism of Oxford. Whatever truth might be in the accusation, it had the happy effect of producing The Triumph of Isis, by Mr. Thomas Warton, which Mason had the candour to allow was a superior poem. Thus early these two writers attracted notice by the defence of their respective universities; but their generous rivalship did not end in mutual respect, for which perhaps, the difference of political principle may in some measure account.

Mason was now requested to compose an ode for the installation of the Duke of Newcastle, as chancellor of the university of Cambridge in 1749, to which he does not appear to have acceded with much love of the subject. Gray thought his production "uncommonly well for such an occasion," but the author had no pleasure in the recollection, and omitted it in his works.

In 1752, he published Elfrida, a dramatic poem, constructed on the model of the ancients, to which he was enthusiastically attached, and having once formed the opinion that dramas might be successfully written in this way he persisted in it to the last, contrary to argument and experience. In the present instance he attempted the plan with certain limitations. He professed that his intention was only to follow the ancient method as far as it is probable a Greek poet, were he alive, would now do, in order to adapt himself to the genius of our times, and the character of our tragedy. How far he has executed an intention, evidently suggested by a series of conjectures, will hardly now admit of a question. All critics are agreed that Elfrida is neither

1 The Platt fellowships at St. John's are similar to what are called the bye-fellowships in some other colleges at Cambridge, and are not on the foundation. Their original number was six, with a stipend of 20*l.* per annum each, besides rooms and commons at the fellows' table. They were founded by William Platt, esq. an opulent citizen of London. See Gent. Mag. vol. lxvi, p. 452. and vol. lxxi, p. 681; in which Mr. Mason's account of this affair is given. *C.*

adapted to the genius of our times, nor to the character of our tragedy. The letters, however, which he published, are retained in this edition, and may yet be perused as ingenious apologies for his judgment; and whatever the decision may be, there can be little difference of opinion respecting the merit of Elfrida as a poem.—In 1772, Mr. Colman, at that time manager of Covent-garden theatre, made such alterations as were supposed necessary to its appearance on the stage, and besides the decoration of splendid scenery, Dr. Arne contributed some characteristic music. The author, however, was so much offended at the alterations, as to have meditated a very angry address to Colman, who, on his part, threatened him with the introduction of a chorus of Grecian washerwomen in some future stage entertainment. Mr. Mason afterwards, in 1778 or 1779, made his own alterations and arrangements, and had it performed at the same theatre, but neither attempt was successful.

His father died in 1753, and in 1754 he went into orders; and through the interest of the earl of Holdernesse, whose patronage he had obtained, he was preferred to be one of the King's Chaplains, and received about the same time the living of Aston. The reputation he had acquired by the odes of his Elfrida, encouraged him to publish, in 1756, four compositions of that class on Memory, Independency, Melancholy, and the Fate of Tyranny, which were not received with favour or kindness. Both ridicule and legitimate criticism seem to have been employed on this occasion to expose the wanton profusion of glittering epithets, and the many instances of studied alliteration scattered over these odes. Colman and Lloyd, who were now beginning to look for satirical prey, published two excellent parodies on one of them, and on one of Gray's. His praise of Andrew Marvell, and attack on bishop Parker, produced about the same time a dull letter of censure, which probably gave him less uneasiness than the cool reception of his odes by those who then dispensed the honours of literary fame. On the death of Cibber, he was proposed to succeed him as poet laureat, but, instead of an offer of this place, an apology was made to him by lord John Cavendish, that "being in orders, he was thought, merely on that account, less eligible for the office than a layman." The notice of this circumstance in his life of W. Whitehead, is followed by a declaration of his indifference. "A reason so politely put, I was glad to hear assigned, and if I had thought it a weak one, they who know me, will readily believe that I am the last man in the world who would have attempted to controvert it." The probability, indeed is, that Mr. Mason would not have thought himself honoured by the situation if compelled to fulfil its duties, for though by his mediation the office was tendered to Gray, it was "with permission to hold it as a mere sinecure."

The severity exercised on his odes, deprived him of no fame but what he amply recovered by the publication of Caractacus [2] in 1759, another dramatic poem on the plan of the ancients, and possessing all the beauties and defects of the former, with more poetry and passion, yet with touches of nature, which, although sometimes spoiled by useless expletives, are in general just, natural, and affecting. Gray bestows

[2] In a note on his Ode to Mr. Pitt, we are informed that Caractacus was read in manuscript by the late earl of Chatham, who honoured it "with an approbation which the author was proud to record." *C.*

high praise on the choruses of this drama, particularly that beginning "Hark! [illegible] ye not yon footstep dread? &c." Notwithstanding the objections of the cri[illegible] ractacus continued to be read with interest, and the author was not the only p[illegible] who thought, that with some alterations, under the inspection of a connoi[illegible] stage effect, it might become an acting play. Accordingly it was perfor[illegible] Covent Garden theatre in 1776, and received with considerable applause, but it o[illegible] tained no permanent rank on the stage, and it was thought, that the alterations which made it more dramatic, made it less poetical. Some years after, it was again brought into public notice, by a translation into Greek from the pen of the rev. G. H. Glasse, who proved himself by this effort one of the first writers of Greek poetry in England.

In 1762, Mason published three Elegies, which are elegant, tender, and correct beyond the productions of any of his contemporaries. These, with all his former pieces except the Isis and the Installation Ode, were collected into one volume and published in 1764, with a beautiful dedicatory Sonnet to his patron the earl of Holderneſse. Why he omitted Isis from this collection is not very evident. We have, indeed, his own authority, that he never would have published it if a surreptitious copy had not found its way to the press; but although he omitted it now, he reprinted it in the third volume of his poems, published in 1796, when his sentiments on political topics were more perfectly in unison with those held at Oxford. Mr. Mant, in his life of Mr. T. Warton, informs us that several years after he had written this elegy, he was coming into Oxford on horseback, and as he passed over Magdalen Bridge, (it was then evening) he turned to his friend, and expressed his satisfaction, that, as it was getting dusk, they should enter the place unnoticed. His friend did not seem aware of the advantage. "What!" rejoined the poet, "do you not remember my Isis?" This may be reckoned an instance of the "harmless and comical vanity" which Gray attributed to him when at college.

But a more singular omission occurs in this volume, in the Ode to a Water Nymph. This formerly concluded with a handsome compliment to lord Lyttelton, both as a poet, and as a speaker in the senate.

Whether to gloom beneath the shady grove,
Or in the mead reflect the sparkling ray.
Not Hagley's various stream shall thine surpass,
Though Nature, and her Lyttelton ordain
That there the Naiad band should grace
With every watry charm the plain;
That there the frequent rills should roll,
And health to every flower dispense,
Free as their master pours from all his soul
The gen'rous tide of warm benevolence;
Should now glide sweetly plaintive through the vale
In melting murmurs querulously slow;
Soft as that master's love-lorn tale,
When Lucy calls forth all his woe:
Should now from steepy heights descend,
Deep thund'ring the rough rocks among,
Loud as the praise applauding senates lend,
When England's cause inspires his glowing tongue.

These were now removed, and a favourite description was substituted.—In the same year, his majesty presented our author to the canonry and prebend of Driffield, in the cathedral church of York, together with the precentorship of that church, vacant by the promotion of Dr. Newton to the bishopric of Bristol.

Mason was probably not enrolled among the friends of liberty when Churchill wrote. That libeller takes frequent opportunities to turn his writings into ridicule, but pays him, perhaps inconsciously, a well-turned compliment on his extreme correctness.

> In the small compass of my careless page
> Critics may find employment for an age:
> Without my blunders they were all undone;
> I twenty feed where Mason can feed one.

Against the author of these unprovoked attacks, our author betrayed no immediate resentment, and when he speaks of Churchill's abuse of his friend Whitehead, disdains to recollect that he was the object of the same malignity.

His principal residence about this time was at Aston, where he displayed his taste in improving the grounds and scenery near his parsonage-house, and was yet more assiduous in discharging the duties of his clerical function. In Sept. 1765, he married Miss Sherman, daughter of William Sherman, esq. of Kingston-upon Hull, a very amiable lady, with whom his happiness was but short. Throughout the greater part of their connection, he had little intermission from the misery of watching the progress of consumption, which terminated her life in 1767, at Bristol, whither he had been advised to remove her in hopes of recovery. The lines he wrote on this occasion, need no recommendation to a feeling heart, nor would it be easy to discover a poem which conveys more quick sympathy in the whole range of elegiac poetry.

In 1772, he published the first book of his English Garden, a work in which Mr. Warton says, "didactic poetry is brought to perfection, by the happy combination of judicious precepts, with the most elegant ornaments of language and imagery." This opinion is quoted not only because it appears to be just, but because it proves that Mr. Warton entertained a very high opinion of Mason as a poet, although there did not exist so much cordiality of friendship as could have been wished, between men who were certainly among the ornaments of literature in their day.—The usual objections to didactic poetry are undoubtedly in force against this specimen, yet the English Garden was read with avidity and approbation. The subject was more familiar and interesting than those of former poems of instruction, and it afforded him more frequent opportunities to introduce rural imagery, and those descriptions which give scope to a poetical imagination. But the approbation of his friends did not flatter him into carelessness and precipitation. He appears to have been one of the few authors who are desirous to retain the fame they have acquired. The remaining books of the English Garden were published at periods sufficiently distant to admit all the niceties of polish and frequent correction. Book II. appeared in 1777, Book III. in 1779, and Book IV. in 1782.

During some of these intervals he executed a very important task, which devolved on him in consequence of the death of his friend Gray. This justly celebrated poet

gratified him by a visit at Aston in 1770, and after his return to Pembroke Hall, was seized with the gout in his stomach, which proved suddenly fatal. Mason hastened to Cambridge to pay the last duties of friendship, but arrived too late for the funeral, which had been conducted by Dr. Brown, master of Pembroke Hall, who was appointed joint-executor. To Mason, Gray left the sum of 500*l.* with all his books, manuscripts, musical instruments, medals, &c. and Mason undertook to write his life, and to publish such of his manuscripts as might appear to be worthy of his high character in the literary world. In his biography, he chose to deviate from the usual plan, by adopting one which seemed to present more advantages. Objections have been made to it, because the biographer seldom appears either as the narrator or the critic, but it must be allowed that the whole is rendered more interesting, and that the attention of the reader being constantly fixed on the principal character, he is enabled to form a more impartial opinion than if he had perused no evidence but the assertions of the biographer. The plan has since been followed in the cases of Johnson, Cowper, sir William Jones, Mrs. Carter, and Dr. Beattie, and where lives of equal importance to literary curiosity are to be recorded, which cannot be often, it appears to be not only the most engaging species of minute biography, but also the most impartial.

The Memoirs of Gray were published in 1775, in an elegant quarto volume, including an edition of his poems, with additions and a series of his correspondence, illustrative of those particulars, of education, genius, opinion, and temper, which, insignificant as they may often appear, are all that form the life of a scholar. In executing this task, Mr. Mason has been accused of partiality, but his partiality appears to be more in intention than effect. Some things he may have omitted, and others are certainly thrown into shade; but by exhibiting so much of his friend's correspondence he has laid him more open to public inspection than could have been done by any species of narrative. So much may be known of Gray from this volume, that probably very little is concealed which was necessary to be told, and accordingly we find that it has been appealed to with equal confidence by Gray's enemies, and by his admirers.

In 1779, he published his political creed in the shape of an animated Ode to the Naval Officers of Great Britain, written immediately after the trial of admiral Keppel in February of that year. Although attached to a retired life, he became tired of forbearance when the disappointments of the American war had incited the Whig party to discover the more distant or latent sources of national misfortune, and to propose remedies by which Britain should be always prosperous and always victorious. He was already one of those who thought the decision of parliament on the Middlesex election a violation of the rights of the people, and when the counties began, in 1779, to associate for parliamentary reform, he took an active part in assisting their deliberations, and wrote several patriotic manifestos, which raised him as high in the opinion of his own party, as they degraded him in the eyes of the other. He is even said to have given so much offence at court that he found it convenient to resign his chaplainship. It appears, however, by the poems he wrote in his latter days, that the fever of reform had abated, and that his cure, which was begun by Mr. Fox's India Bill, was afterwards completed by the French revolution. His ode to Mr. Pitt, published in 1782,

expresses the sanguine hopes he entertained of the virtues and talents of that young statesman. When he prepared this ode for a new edition in 1795, he altered the last line from

Be thine the Muse's wreath; be thou the people's friend.

to

To claim thy sovereign's love, be thou thy country's friend.

The reason of this alteration he assigns in a note, "a person (Mr. Fox) had *usurped* the name of the Friend of the People &c." To such vicissitudes are the eager assertors of theoretic liberty exposed.

Among Mr. Mason's accomplishments, his taste for painting was perhaps not inferior to that he displayed for poetry, and it has been thought that his judgment was more uniformly correct in the former than in the latter. His translation of Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting, which appeared in 1783, was begun, as he informs us, in his early years, with a double view of implanting in his memory the principles of a favourite art, and of acquiring a habit of versification, for which purpose the close and condensed style of the original seemed peculiarly calculated, especially when considered as a sort of school exercise. The task, however, proved so difficult, that it was long laid aside for original composition, and his translation would have never been made public, if sir Joshua Reynolds had not requested a sight of it, and offered to illustrate it by a series of notes. This induced him to revise the whole with such scrupulous care that it may be considered, in a great measure, as the production of his mature talents, and whether perused as an original or a translation is certainly not inferior to his most favourite works. In the poetical address, however, to sir Joshua Reynolds, he has not been thought so happy, and some inaccuracies of rhyme may be objected to a translation which is generally elegant and faithful. How much its value was enhanced to the artist and to the connoisseur by the annotations of sir Joshua Reynolds, is too obvious to be noticed.

His last separate publication of the poetical kind was a Secular Ode in commemoration of the glorious revolution, 1688, and appeared when men of all parties joined in festal meetings to celebrate the restoration and establishment of English liberty. In the same year he condescended to be the biographer and editor of the poems of his friend William Whitehead, esq. Of his life of Whitehead, some notice has been already taken. Neither his subject nor his materials could furnish such memoirs as he has given of Gray; but it is interesting, in an inferior degree, and would not have detracted much from his fame as a biographer, had he suppresed his splenetic notice of Dr. Johnson, and shown that he had preserved that simplicity of character and those generous feelings which Gray once attributed to him. He appears to have been equally mistaken in a pamphlet which he published about this time, animadverting on the government of the York Lunatic Asylum; but the mistake was rather of the head than the heart, for he was a cordial and liberal supporter of that institution, and was betrayed into a degree of intemperance of remark by excess of zeal for its prosperity. Of his general humanity, or what he has termed "moral patriotism," he afforded during this year an eloquent proof in a discourse delivered in York Cathedral on the

subject of the African slave trade. He was one of the first who contributed to expose the infamy of that trade, and to invigorate those remonstrances which have at length been heard with effect.

In 1795 he published a judicious, comprehensive and elegant essay, historical and critical, on English Church Music. This work embraces so many subjects connected with the decorous administration of public worship, as to deserve much more attention than has yet been bestowed upon it. His answer to Mr. Thomas Warton's objections to metrical psalmody is not the least valuable part, and the spirit and intelligence which he displays on this subject do credit to him both as a poet and a divine. His knowledge of music was very accurate, and he is said to have composed a Te Deum, a hymn, and other pieces for the choir of York. The improvement, if not the invention of the piano forte is also attributed to him in an elaborate article on that subject inserted in Dr. Gleig's supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica.

In all the editions of his poems hitherto published, Mr. Mason omitted some pieces for various reasons; but about the year 1796, he determined to collect the whole into an additional or third volume, interspersed with some which had never been printed. This appeared in 1797 immediately after his death. The collection now before the reader consists only of the pieces which have long been considered as common property.

His death, although he had reached his seventy second year, was not the consequence of age. His health was yet more robust than most men enjoy at that advanced period, and his faculties had undergone no perceptible alteration, when he received a hurt in stepping into a carriage, which, producing a mortification, terminated his life on the 7th of April 1797. A monument has been since erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey adjoining to that of Gray, with the following inscription.

Optimo Viro
GULIELMO MASON. A. M.
Poetæ,
Si quis alius
Culto, casto, pio.
Sacrum.

The countess Harcourt also erected an urn to his memory in the flower garden at Nuneham, with an inscription celebrating his "simple manners, piety, and steady friendship." A yet higher tribute of respect has been paid by his friend Mr. Gisborne in some elegant verses which are prefixed to the present edition of his poems. The opinion of so good a man as Mr. Gisborne is entitled to confidence, and there is no reason to doubt that Mason deserved the praise he has given him, nor, considering the general and acknowledged frailty of human nature, will this panegyric suffer by the few exceptions which truth and justice to the merits of others, his contemporaries, may offer.

Mr. Mason's life appears to have been principally devoted to the duties of his profession, occasionally relieved by the cultivation of the fine arts. His associates, at least in the latter part of his life, were few. He had the misfortune to survive the

greater number, whose friendship he had cultivated in his early years, and he was not ambitious of new connections. This brought on him the imputation of that pride, or distance of manner which is ascribed to men of unsocial habits. But Mason's heart was not inaccessible, and his friendships were inviolable. The simplicity, however, attributed to him in his young days by Gray, and the patience with which lord Orford informs us, he heard his faults, did not accompany him through life. On the publication of Gray's life, he was ready to allow, that "twenty-five years had made a very considerable abatement in his general philanthropy," and by philanthropy he seems here to mean a diffidence of opinion on matters of literature, and an unwillingness to censure acknowledged merit. It can have no reference to philanthropy in the more general acceptation of the word, for he was to the last liberal, humane, and charitable. What it really means, indeed, we find in the work just alluded to. The contemptuous notice of Waterland, Akenside, and Shenstone, which he did not suppress in Gray, he employed himself with more harshness whenever he could find an opportunity to attack the writings of Dr. Johnson. The opinion this great critic pronounced on Gray may be probably quoted as the provocation, and great allowance is to be made for the warmth and zeal with which he guards the memory of his departed friend. But surely one of his notes on Gray's Letters may be here fairly quoted against him. "Had Mr. Pope disregarded the sarcasms of the many writers that endeavoured to eclipse his poetical fame, as much as Mr. Gray appears to have done, the world would not have been possessed of a Dunciad; but it would have been impressed with a more amiable idea of its author's temper." Nor was his prosecution of Murray for taking about fifty lines from his works of Gray into an edition which that bookseller published, much to the credit of his liberality, especially as he refused to drop the prosecution, when requested to name his own terms of compensation. Such littlenesses are to be regretted in a man who was the friend of genius and literature, whose circumstances placed him far above want, and whose regular discharge of the duties of piety and humanity bespoke an ambition for higher enjoyments than fame and wealth can yield.—Of his regard for sacred truth and the respect due to it, he exhibited a proof in a letter to lord Orford, on his lordship's childish epitaph on two piping bullfinches, to which he received an answer that was probably not very satisfactory.

As a poet, his name has been so frequently coupled with that of Gray, and their merits have been supposed to approach so nearly, that what has been said of the one will in some degree apply to the other. It is evident that they studied in the same school, and mutually cultivated those opinions which aim at restoring a purer species of poetry than was taught in the school of their predecessor Pope. Whether we consider Mason as a lyric, dramatic, or didactic writer, we find the same grandeur of outline, the same daring and inventive ambition which carries out of the common track of versification and sentiment into the higher regions of imagination. His attachment to the sister art, and his frequent contemplation of the more striking and sublime objects of nature, inclined him to the descriptive; and his landscapes have a warmth and colouring, often rich and harmonious, but perhaps too frequently marked with a glare of manner peculiar to the artist. His compositions, however, even on the same subject, have all the variety of a fertile invention. Although we have even-

ing, morning, &c. often depicted, they are to be distinguished, and the preference we are inclined to give is regulated by the feeling which the varieties of natural appearances excite in different minds, and in the same mind at different times.

Mason's correctness is almost proverbial, and his ambition undoubtedly was to be equally correct and elegant; yet his style must often lead the reader to question his judgment, and to wonder that he could not see what every one else saw. That a man with so many endowments as a scholar, a critic, and an admirer of the simplicity of the ancients, should have fallen so frequently into a style ornamented with a finical profuseness, would be sufficiently remarkable, if his decorations had readily presented themselves; but when we see him so frequently pausing for an epithet that encumbers what it cannot illustrate, when we see him more attentive to novelty than strength of imagery, and, above all, taxing his memory to produce repeated alliterations, we are forced to conclude, that judgment is not always consistent, or that in some men it occasionally exists independent of true taste. With these exceptions, however, few indeed of the modern poets in this collection deserve a higher rank than Mason, as a lyric and descriptive poet, nor has he given any finished piece to the world from which examples of excellence may not be quoted.

It is now necessary to advert to a series of poems which are added to Mr. Mason's works in the present edition. The author of the Heroic Epistle was long concealed from the world, and for reasons which are obvious: but it had merit enough to be ascribed to the best living satirists, to Mason, Walpole, Hayley, Cowper, Anstey and others. It appears, however, to be now universally given to Mason. Mr. Thomas Warton was of opinion that "it might have been written by Walpole and *buckramed* by Mason." Mr. Malone, in a note on this opinion, which occurs in Boswell's Life of Johnson, says "it is now *known* that the Heroic Epistle was written by Mason." Mr. Mant, in his Life of Warton, informs us, that when it was first published, Warton ascribed it to Mason, and endeavoured to confirm his opinion by internal evidence. Mason heard of this, and sent to him a letter in 1777, published by Mr. Mant, in which he professes to expostulate with him for raising a report merely from critical conjecture.—"I have been told that you have pronounced me very frequently in company to be the author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, and I am told too that the premier himself suspects that I am so, upon your authority. Surely, sir, mere internal evidence (and you can possibly have no other) can never be sufficient to ground such a determination upon, when you consider how many persons in this rhyming age of our's are possessed of that knack of Pope's versification, which constitutes one part of the merit of that poem, and as to the wit, humour, or satire which it contains, no part of my writings could ever lead you, by their analogy, to form so peremptory a judgment. I acquit you, however, in this procedure of every, even the slightest degree of ill-nature: and believe that what you have said was only to show your critical acumen. I only mention it that you may be more cautious of speaking of other persons in like manner, who may throw such anonymous bantlings of their brain into the wide world. To some of these it might prove an essential injury: for though they might deserve the frown of power (as the author in question certainly does) yet I am persuaded that your good nature would be hurt if that frown was either increased or fixed by your ipse dixit.

"To say more on this trivial subject, would betray a solicitude on my part very foreign from my present feelings or inclination. My easy and independent circumstances make such a suspicion sit mighty easy upon me; and the minister, nay the whole ministry, are free to think what they please of a man, who neither aims to solicit, nor wishes to accept any favour from them."

What our author has here remarked concerning internal evidence, has probably occurred to all who fixed their suspicions on him. From the works published under his name, no person could for a moment suppose him to be a man of humour, or inclined to personal and political satire. He might even have asked whether it was probable that a man whose pen had been uniformly devoted to solemn and serious poetry, and who had never brought forward the shadow of a claim for the honours of wit, should at an advanced period of life suddenly eclipse his contemporaries and some of his predecessors, by exhibiting a humour which he had never been suspected to possess, and a spirit which would have better become a Paul Whitehead, or a Charles Churchill: and that he should carry this humour and this spirit through six poems of no inconsiderable length, on dissimilar subjects. Yet as even this, however remarkable, is not beyond the reach of genius, it was surely in his power to bring the question to a more prompt issue. But this he evades, and uses every argument against Mr. Warton's opinion but that which must have at once refuted it, the plain and flat denial of a man of honour and principle.

On this account, therefore, the Heroic Epistle, and the other pieces published under the name of Macgregor, are now added to Mr. Mason's works, but not without a wish that they could have been attributed to some writer of less private and public worth. If they be his, they will add to his literary reputation, by placing him among the first satirical poets of his day, if not above the first; but whoever contemplates the disaffected spirit in which they are written will probably be of opinion, that by adopting the floating invectives and prejudices of a party and of a turbulent period, he did not consult the consistency of his character, or the dignity of his Muse.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

FROM POEMS SACRED AND MORAL;

BY

THOMAS GISBORNE, M. A.

MASON is dead! From Aston's air-tow'r
The solemn warning vibrates down the vale.
Fame stood observant of his parting hour;
And all her hundred tongues proclaim the tale.

"Now haste," she cries, "to yon funereal scene:
Prepare, ye sons of Poesy! the verse;
Round the dead bard in crowded pomp convene,
And hang with tributary praise the hearse.

"Long did his name my labouring trumpet fill;
O'er many a realm the pealing echoes roll'd:
And long and loud the blast that yet shall thrill,
Ere the full triumphs of his Muse be told.

"Ope then each fountain of poetic grief;
Fulfil each rite by Time's sure stamp approv'd:
Chide med'cine's god, whose hand withheld relief;
Chide the relentless Fates, by song unmov'd.

"Breathe chilling blight on each Parnassian glade;
Call from their withering bowers th' Aonian quire;
In sabler stole array the tragic maid;
Let sad Thalia trail the inverted lyre.

"Beckon the Dryad from each rifted oak;
From mountain dells be Oreads heard to sigh;
From lake and stream the Naiad train convoke;
From coral groves let Nereid plaints reply.

"O'er man and brute the cloud of woe extend;
Let sympathizing gods for Mason grieve:
His lyre, a new-born star, in Heav'n suspend;
Let meads of asphodel his shade receive."

Hence, Pagan dreams! I mourn a Christian dead:
Avaunt! his Christian friend a Christian weeps:
Hence, fabled gods, of doubt and folly bred!
Here ('twas his loftiest praise) a Christian sleeps.

Shall the pale meteor, whose illusive light [eyes,
Through fogs and darkness gleam'd on Gentile
Survive the reign of antiquated night,
To claim the empire of meridian skies?

Hence, Pagan dreams! Too oft poetic youth
In Grecian robe hath stalk'd on British plains;
With hackney'd fiction deck'd the song of truth,
And pranced with freedom's air in classic chains.

O'er Mason's grave let nobler sorrows flow;
O'er Mason's grave let nobler themes ascend:
Themes, that nor shame the head that rests below,
Nor him who mourns, but mourns in hope, the friend.

Better, by Fancy if the robe be plann'd
That wraps the poet in sepulchral state,
In British loom the purple woof expand,
With British hues the flowery verge dilate.

Yes, there are native flowers, to Mason dear,
By Mason nurs'd, that fairer tints might yield
Than those, the vaunted glory of the year,
Purloin'd from Latian or Achaian field.

Yes, with ideal honour's richest meed
The bard, creative Fancy, would'st thou grace;
Unfurl thy eagle wing, to Mona speed,
Her haunted rocks, her wizard caverns trace.

Pierce the dread midnight of her holiest wood,
The unhewn fane, the living sphere[1] obtest;
Pause where of old the guileful Roman stood[2],
And guilt and horror smote his iron breast.

There, on that turf, to sacred grief consign'd,
Beneath the central oak's mysterious shade,
Where pale in death Arviragus reclin'd,
Even on that turf be Mason's reliques laid.

Thither, from dens beneath, from cliffs above,
Let Druids, bards, a sorrowing throng, repair:
There let each dark-rob'd priestess of the grove
Whirl the red torch, and shake her streaming hair.

Then let the frantic burst of woe rebound
In wildest symphony from every steep!
Then ring, ye "notes that Mona's bards should sound;" [weep[3]!"
Then gush, ye "tears that Mona's bards should

Or, Fancy, seek in Harewood's shade the dell,
Where Edgar's falchion pierc'd the rival youth;
Where votive spires the fond memorial tell
Of widow'd anguish and connubial truth[4].

The cloister pass, the aisle's meridian gloom,
The hallow'd portals of the choir unclose,
Near God's high altar where, in marble tomb,
The bones of sainted Athelwold repose.

Mark where aloft the pitying angel weeps;
Behold the speaking bust, the laurell'd urn:
Then, by the tomb where Harewood's chieftain sleeps,
For Harewood's bard a kindred tomb adorn.

[1] The rocking-stone.

[2] Aulus Didius.—See the first scene of Caractacus.

[3] See the dirge sung over the dead body of Arviragus in Mason's Poems.

[4] See the last scene in Elfrida.

There let the virgin train their sorrows blend;
There, as for Athelwold, Elfrida sigh;
And wrathful Orgar, as he mourn'd a friend,
Veil the red lustre of his tearful eye.

Yet why to scenes of imitative grief
Direct the wanderings of a troubled heart?
In vain would genuine sorrow court relief
From gayest fictions of poetic art.

See Aston's fane her groaning valves expand,
In sable woe receive her pastor dead;
See round his bier, no mimic mourners, stand
The friends he cherish'd, and the flock he fed.

Mark from its height the solemn organ breathe;
'Twas his own hand that plac'd the music there;
List to the infant choir that chants beneath;
'Twas his own task their early song to rear.

Behold the white-rob'd minister of Heav'n
(Such was he once!) the hallow'd rites begin;
Tell of the grave subdued, a Saviour giv'n,
Life without end, and bliss unstain'd by sin.

Hark! Heard ye not the grating cords withdrawn?
Then sought Mortality her last abode;
There waits the blush of that eternal dawn,
Which "bids the pure in heart behold their God."

Hark! "Earth to earth—" The lifted spade behold!
With listening awe behold each face o'erspread!—
With sullen sound the emblematic mould
Drops on the hollow mansion of the dead!

"Ashes to ashes"—Yet again the sound!
Accordant groans from every breast reply.
"Dust to—" In sobs the failing voice is drown'd:
The bursting sorrows stream from every eye.

Clos'd be the funeral scene! On seraph wing
Let Hope the dead pursue to realms above;
View him to meet his blest Maria spring,
Nor fear the agonies of sever'd love.

For Hope was his, and Faith's celestial ray:
Faith could the gloom of sever'd love assuage [5];
Brighten'd in manhood's golden prime the lay [6],
And warm'd with holy flame the song of age [7].

[5] See the Epitaph on his Wife.

[6] See the Elegy on the Death of a Lady.

[7] See the Sonnets on the Anniversary of his Birth-Day 1795 and 1796. A third, on the Anniversary in the present year, (Feb. 23, 1797) was communicated by him to some of his friends. The Author was then seventy-two.

His breast, of lawless anarchy the foe,
For Britain swell'd with Freedom's patriot zeal [8];
Nor thus confin'd, for every clime could glow,
And in a slave's a brother's wrongs could feel:

Could feel, o'er Afric's race when Avarice spread
Her bloody wing, and shook in scorn the chain;
While Justice, hand in hand by Mercy led,
To Christian senates cried, and cried in vain!

Now their new guest the sacred hosts include,
They who on Earth with kindred lustre shone;
Whom love of God to love of man subdu'd,
Nor Pride nor Avarice secr'd the heart to stone.

There shall he join the bards whose hallow'd aim
Sought from the dross of earth the soul to raise;
Disdain'd the meed of perishable fame,
And sunk the poet's in the Christian's praise.

There 'mid empyreal light shall [illegible] his Gray;
There Milton thron'd in peerless glory see;
The wreath that flames on Thomson's brow survey;
The vacant crown that, Cowper, waits for thee.

EPITAPH

ON THE

REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Britain! If strains that Greece had joy'd to own,
Strains that symphonious to the Druid's lyre,
While Freedom linger'd on her tottering throne,
Breathed o'er the soul the glow of patriot fire;

Britain! If strains like these can touch thy heart
Or lays that flow'd, when Taste, by Nature led,
O'er her wild beauties flung the grace of Art;
Here duteous bend before thy Mason dead!

So, till from Heaven the knell of Earth is rung,
Till the last flames thy sylvan pomp invade,
So mayst thou grasp the liberty he sung,
So bloom thine isle the garden he pourtray'd!

Swell then from all thy realms thy poet's praise—
Hark to the nobler praise that shakes the skies!
See angel myriads on his marble gaze:
Hear raptured seraphs,—"There a Christian lies!"

[8] See the Secular Ode on the Anniversary of the Revolution 1688.

TO

ROBERT EARL OF HOLDERNESSE,

BARON D'ARCY, MENIL AND CONYERS,

LORD WARDEN OF HIS MAJESTY'S CINQUE PORTS,

AND

GOVERNOR OF DOVER CASTLE.

SONNET.

D'ARCY, to thee, whate'er of happier vein,
Smit with the love of song, my youth essay'd.
This verse devotes from Aston's secret shade,
Where letter'd ease, thy gift, endears the scene.
Here, as the light-wing'd moments glide serene,
I weave the bower, around the tufted mead
In careless flow the simple pathway lead,
And strew with many a rose the shaven green.
So, to deceive my solitary days,
With rural toils ingenuous arts I blend,
Secure from envy, negligent of praise,
Yet not unknown to fame, if D'Arcy lend
His wonted smile to dignify my lays,
The Muse's patron, but the poet's friend.

May 12, 1763. *W. MASON.*

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM MASON, A.M.

MUSÆUS:

A

MONODY

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. POPE.[1]:

IN IMITATION OF MILTON'S LYCIDAS.

Πᾶσι μὲν τοῖς ἀρχιτύποις αὐτοφύης τὶς ἐπιπρέπει χάρις, καὶ ὥρα. Τοῖς δ' ἀπὸ τούτων κατεσκευασμένοις, κἂν ἐπ' ἄκρον μιμήσεως ἔλθωσι, πρόσεστι τι ὅμως τὸ ἐπιτετηδευμένον, καὶ οὐκ ἐκ φύσεως ὑπάρχον.

Dionys. Halicarn. in Dinarcho.

Sorrowing I catch the reed, and call the Muse;
If yet a Muse on Britain's plain abide,
Since rapt Musæus tun'd his parting strain:
With him they liv'd, with him perchance they dy'd.
For who e'er since their virgin charms espy'd,
Or on the banks of Thames, or met their train,
Where Isis sparkles to the sunny ray?
Or have they deign'd to play,
Where Camus winds along his broider'd vale,
Feeding each blue-bell pale, and daisie pied,
That fling their fragrance round his rushy side?
Yet ah! ye are not dead, celestial maids;
Immortal as ye are, ye may not die:
Nor is it meet ye fly these pensive glades,
Ere round his laureat herse ye heave the sigh.
Stay then awhile, Oh stay, ye fleeting fair;
Revisit yet, nor hallow'd Hippocrene,
Nor Thespiæ's grove; till with harmonious teen
Ye sooth his shade, and slowly-dittied air.
Such tribute pour'd, again ye may repair
To what lov'd haunt ye whilom did elect;
Whether Lycæus, or that mountain fair
Trim Mænalus, with piny verdure deckt.
But now it boots ye not in these to stray,
Or yet Cyllene's hoary shade to chuse,
Or where mild Ladon's welling waters play.
Forego each vain excuse,
And haste to Thames's shores; for Thames shall join
Our sad society, and passing mourn,
The tears fast-trickling o'er his silver urn.
And, when the poet's widow'd grot he laves,
His reed-crown'd locks shall shake, his head shall bow,
His tide no more in eddies blithe shall rove,
But creep soft by with long-drawn murmurs slow.
For oft the mighty master rous'd his waves
With martial notes, or lull'd with strain of love:
He must not now in brisk meanders flow
Gamesome, and kiss the sadly silent shore,
Without the loan of some poetic woe.
Say first, Sicilian Muse;
For, with thy sisters, thou didst weeping stand
In silent circle at the solemn scene,
When Death approach'd, and wav'd his ebon wand,
Say how each laurel droopt its with'ring green?
How in yon grot, each silver trickling spring
Wander'd the shelly channels all among;
While as the coral roof did softly ring
Responsive to their sweetly-doleful song.
Meanwhile all pale th' expiring poet laid,
And sunk his awful head,
While vocal shadows pleasing dreams prolong;
For so, his sick'ning spirits to release,
They poured the balm of visionary peace.
First, sent from Cam's fair banks, like palmer old,
Came Tityrus[2] slow, with head all silver'd o'er,
And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,
And thus in antique guise short talk did hold.

[1] Mr. Pope died in the year 1744; this poem was then written, and published first in the year 1747.

[2] Chaucer, a name frequently given him by Spenser. See Shep. Cal. Ec. 2, 6, 12, and elsewhere.

" Grete clerk of Fame' is house, whose excellence
Maie wele befitt thilk place of eminence,
Mickle of wele betide thy houres last,
For mich gode wirke to me don and past.
For syn the days whereas my lyre ben strongen,
And deftly many a mery laie I songen,
Old Time, which alle things don maliciously
Gnawen with rusty tooth continually,
Gnattrid my lines, that they all cancrid ben,
Till at the last thou smoothen 'hem hast again;
Sithence full semely gliden my rymes rude,
As, (if fitteth thilk similitude)
Whanne shallow brooke yrenneth hobling on,
Ovir rough stones it makith full rough song;
But, them stones removen, this lite rivere
Stealith forth by, making plesaunt murmere:
So my sely rymes, whoso may them note,
Thou makist everichone to ren right sote;
And in thy verse entunist so fetisely,
That men sayen I make trewe melody,
And speaken every dele to myne honoure.
Mich wele, grete clerk, betide thy parting houre!"
He ceas'd his homely rhyme.
When Colin Clout [3], Eliza's shepherd swain,
The blithest lad that ever pip'd on plain,
Came with his reed soft-warbling on the way,
And thrice he bow'd his head with motion mild,
And thus his gliding numbers gan essay.

" Ah! luckless swain, alas! how art thou lorn [4],
Who once like me could'st frame thy pipe to play
Shepherds devise, and cheer the ling'ring morn:
Ne bush, ne breere, but learnt thy roundelay.
Ah plight too sore such worth to equal right!
Ah worth too high to meet such piteous plight!

" But I nought strive, poor Colin, to compare
My Hobbin's or my Thenot's rustic skill
To thy deft swains, whose dapper ditties rare
Surpass ought else of quaintest shepherd's quill.
Ev'n Roman Tityrus, that peerless wight,
Mote yield to thee for dainties of delight.

" Eke when in fable's flow'ry paths you stray'd,
Masking in cunning feints truth's splendent face;
Ne Sylph, ne Sylphid, but due tendance paid,
To shield Belinda's lock from felon base,
But all mote nought avail such harm to chase.
Then Una fair 'gan droop her princely mein,
Eke Florimel, and all my faery race:
Belinda far surpast my beauties sheen,
Belinda, subject meet for such soft lay I ween.

" Like as in village troop of birdlings trim,
Where Chanticleer his red crest high doth hold,
And quacking ducks, that wont in lake to swim,
And turkeys proud, and pigeons nothing bold;
If chance the peacock doth his plumes unfold,
Eftsoons their meaner beauties all decaying,
He glist'neth purple and he glist'neth gold,
Now with bright green, now blue himself arraying.
Such is thy beauty bright, all other beauties swaying.

[3] Spenser, which name he gives himself throughout his works.

[4] The two first stanzas of this speech, as they relate to pastoral, are written in the measure which Spenser uses in the first eclogue of the Shepherd's Calendar: the rest, where he speaks of fable, are in the stanza of the Faery Queen.

" But why do I descant this toyish rhyme,
And fancies light in simple guise pourtray?
Listing to cheer thee at this rueful time,
While as black Death doth on thy heartstrings prey.
Yet rede aright, and if this friendly lay
Thou nathless judgest all too slight and vain,
Let my well-meaning mend my ill essay:
So may I greet thee with a nobler strain,
When soon we meet for aye, in yon star-sprinkled plain."

Last came a bard of more majestic tread,
And Thyrsis hight [5] by dryad, fawn, or swain,
Whene'er he mingled with the shepherd train;
But seldom that; for higher thoughts he fed;
For him full oft the heav'nly Muses led
To clear Euphrates, and the secret mount,
To Araby, and Eden, fragrant clime,
All which the sacred bard would oft recount:
And thus in strain, unus'd in sylvan shade,
To sad Musæus rightful homage paid.
" Thrice hail, thou heav'n-taught warbler! last and best
Of all the train! poet in whom conjoin'd
All that to ear, or heart, or head, could yield
Rapture; harmonious, manly, clear, sublime.
Accept this gratulation: may it cheer
Thy sinking soul; nor these corporeal ills
Ought daunt thee, or appall. Know, in high Heav'n
Fame blooms eternal o'er that spirit divine,
Who builds immortal verse. There thy bold Muse,
Which while on Earth could breathe Mæonian fire,
Shall soar seraphic heights; while to her voice
Ten thousand hierarchies of angels harp
Symphonious, and with dulcet harmonies
Usher the song rejoicing. I meanwhile,
To sooth thee in these irksome hours of pain,
Approach thy visitant, with mortal praise
To praise thee mortal. First, for Rhyme subdued;
Rhyme, erst the minstrel of primeval Night,
And Chaos, anarch old: she near their throne
Oft taught the rattling elements to chime
With tenfold din; till late to Earth upborn
On strident plume, what time fair Poesie
Emerg'd from gothic cloud, and faintly shot
Rekindling gleams of lustre. Her the fiend
Opprest; forcing to utter uncouth dirge,
Runic, or Leonine; and with dire chains
Fetter'd her scarce-fledg'd pinion. I such bonds
Aim'd to destroy, hopeless that art could ease
Their thraldom, and to liberal use convert.
This wonder to achieve Musæus came;
Thou eam'st, and at thy magic touch the chains
Off drop, and (passing strange!) soft-wreathed bands [Muse
Of flow'rs their place supply'd: which well the
Might wear for choice, not force; obstruction none,
But loveliest ornament. Wond'rous this, yet here
The wonder rests not; various argument
Remains for me, uncertain, where to cull
The leading grace, where countless graces charm.
Various this peaceful cave; this mineral roof;
This 'semblage meet of coral, ore, and shell;
These pointed crystals thro' the shadowy clefts
Bright glist'ring; all these slowly-dripping rills,

[5] Milton. Lycidas and the Epitaphium Damonis are the only Pastorals we have of Milton's; in the latter of which, where he laments Car. Deodatus under the name of Damon, he calls himself Thyrsis.

That tinkling wander o'er the pebbled floor:
Yet not this various peaceful cave, with this
Its mineral roof; nor this assemblage meet
Of coral, ore, and shell; nor mid the shade
These pointed crystals, glist'ring fair; nor rills,
That wander tinkling o'er the pebbled floor;
Deal charms more various to each raptur'd sense,
Than thy mellifluous lay——"
"Cease, friendly swain;"
(Musæus cry'd, and rais'd his aching head)
"All praise is foreign, but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart."
Ah! why recall the toys of thoughtless youth?
When flow'ry fiction held the place of truth?
Ere sound to sense resign'd the silken rein,
And the light lay ran musically vain.
Oh! in that lay had richest fancy flow'd,
The Syrens warbled, and the Graces glow'd;
Had liveliest nature, happiest art combin'd;
That lent each charm, and this each charm refin'd.
Alas! how little were my proudest boast!
The sweetest trifler of my tribe at most.
To sway the judgment, while he sooths the ear;
To curb mad passion in its wild career;
To wake by sober touch the useful lyre,
And rule, with reason's rigour, fancy's fire:
Be this the poet's praise. And this possest,
Take, Dulness and thy dunces! take the rest.
"Come then that honest fame; whose temp'rate ray
Or gilds the satire, or the moral lay;
Which dawns, tho' thou, rough Donne! hew out the line:
But beams, sage Horace! from each strain of thine.
Oh if like these, with conscious freedom bold,
One poet more his manly measures roll'd,
Like these led forth th' indignant Muse to brave
The venal statesman, and the titled slave;
To strip from frontless Vice her stars and strings,
Nor spare her basking in the smile of kings:
If grave, yet lively; rational, yet warm;
Clear to convince, and eloquent to charm;
He pour'd, for Virtue's cause, serene along
The purest precept, in the sweetest song;
If, for her cause, his heav'n-directed plan
Mark'd each meander in the maze of man;
Unmov'd by sophistry, unaw'd by name,
No dupe to doctrines, and no fool to fame;
Led by no system's devious glare astray,
That, meteor-like, but glitters to betray.
Yes, if his soul to reason's rule resign'd,
And Heav'n's own views fair-op'ning on his mind,
Caught from bright nature's flame the living ray,
Thro' passion's cloud pour'd in resistless day;
And taught mankind in reas'ning Pride's despite,
That God is wise, and all that is is right:
If this his boast, pour here the welcome lays;
Praise less than this is mockery of praise."
"To pour that praise be mine," fair Virtue cry'd;
And shot, all radiant, thro' an op'ning cloud.
But ah! my Muse, how will thy voice express
Th' immortal strain, harmonious, as it flow'd?
Ill suits immortal strain a doric dress:
And far too high already hast thou soar'd.
Enough for thee, that, when the lay was o'er,
The goddess clasp'd him to her throbbing breast.
But what might that avail? Blind Fate before
Had op'd her shears, to cut his vital thread!
And who may dare gainsay her stern behest?
Now thrice he wav'd the hand, thrice bow'd the head,
And sigh'd his soul to rest.
Now wept the nymphs [6]; witness, ye waving shades!
Witness, ye winding streams! the nymphs did weep:
The heav'nly goddess too with tears did steep
Her plaintive voice, that echo'd thro' the glades;
And, "cruel gods," and, "cruel stars," she cry'd:
Nor did the shepherds, thro' the woodlands wide,
On that sad day, or to the pensive brook,
Or silent river, drive their thirsty flocks:
Nor did the wild-goat brouze the shrubby rocks:
And Philomel her custom'd oak forsook:
And roses wan were wav'd by zephyrs weak,
As Nature's self was sick:
And ev'ry lily droop'd its silver head.
Sad sympathy! yet sure his rightful meed,
Who charm'd all nature: well might Nature mourn
Thro' all her choicest sweets Musæus dead.
Here end we, goddess [7]! this your shepherd sang,
All as his hands an ivy chaplet wove.
Oh! make it worthy of the sacred bard;
And make it equal to the shepherd's love.
Thou too accept the strain with meet regard:
For sure, blest shade, thou hear'st my doleful song:
Whether with angel troops, the stars among,
From golden harp thou call'st seraphic lays;
Or, for fair Virtue's cause, now doubly dear,
Thou still art hov'ring o'er our tuneless sphere;
And mov'st some hidden spring her weal to raise.
Thus the fond swain his doric oate essay'd,
Manhood's prime honours rising on his cheek:
Trembling he strove to court the tuneful maid
With stripling arts, and dalliance all too weak,
Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade.
But now gun clouds the welkin 'gan to streak;
And now down-dropt the larks, and ceas'd their strain:
They ceas'd, and with them ceas'd the shepherd swain.

I S I S.

A MONOLOGUE.

Ὦ δύστηνος
Τί ποτ' οὐ δή που
Σέγ' ἀπιστοῦσαν, τοῖς βασιλείοισιν ἄγουσι νόμοις,
Καὶ ἐν ἀφροσύνῃ καθελόντες.

Sophocles in Antig.

Far from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright
The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,
From dripping moss where sparkling dew-drops fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed shell,

[6] Extinctum nymphæ crudeli funere Daphnim
Flebant: vos coryli testes & flumina nymphis.
Cum, complexa sui corpus miserabile nati,
Atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.
Non ulli pastos illis egêre diebus
Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina; nulla neque amnem
Libavit quadrupes, nec graminis attigit herbam.
Virg. Ecl. 5.

[7] Hæc sat erit, divæ, vestrum cecinisse poetam
Dum sedet, et gracili fiscellam texit hibisco,
Pierides: vos hæc facietis maxima Gallo:
Gallo, cujus amor, &c. Virg. Ecl. 10.

Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the pensive maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
In careless folds loose fell her zoneless vest;
While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all its grace;
Here, full with life was heav'n-taught Science seen,
Known by the laurel wreath and musing mein: [bland
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate and
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;
While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green
At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke:
"Yes, I cou'd once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories rise.
Yes, Isis! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead,
Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly ear to gaze,
While ev'ry science nurs'd it's growing bays;
While ev'ry youth, with Fame's strong impulse fir'd,
Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd
Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bind his brow,
The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.

"E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers shine.
See Hough superior to a tyrant's doom
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome.
Each soul whom truth cou'd fire, or virtue move,
Each breast strong panting with it's country's love,
All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
That wisely counsell'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang fresh trophies o'er my honour'd spring.

"Ah! I remember well yon beachen spray:
There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;
'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
In all the pomp of free born majesty.
'My son,' he cry'd, 'observe this mein with awe,
In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
The piercing notes shall strike each British ear,
Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear;
And, rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
Each youth shall spurn at slav'ry's abject reign,
Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
And speak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's cause.'

"The hero spoke, the bard assenting bow'd,
The lay to liberty and Cato flow'd;
While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.

"But ah! how stillness slept upon the ground,
How mute attention check'd each rising sound;
Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
When Locke walk'd musing forth; ev'n now I view
Majestic wisdom thron'd upon his brow,
View candour smile upon his modest cheek,
And from his eye all judgment's radiance break.
'Twas here the sage his manly zeal exprest,
Here stript vain Falshood of her gaudy vest;
Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
Ere long to show to Reason's purged eye,
That 'Nature's first best gift was Liberty.'

"Proud of this wond'rous son, sublime I stood,
(While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood)
Then vain as Niobe exulting cry'd,
'Ilissus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,
Tho' fair Lyceum lent it's awful shade,
Tho' ev'ry academic green imprest
It's image full on thy reflecting breast,
Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
And Britain's Isis flow with attic fame.'

"Alas! how chang'd! where now that attic boast?
See! Gothic licence rage o'er all my coast.
See! Hydra faction spread its impious reign,
Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain.
Hence frontless crowds that, not content to fright
The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blast the fair face of day; and madly bold,
To freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd!
Hear plausive shouts to freedom's foes resound!
The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now sheds by stealth a partial private gleam
In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
Where a firm few support her sickly head;
Despis'd, insulted by the barb'rous train,
Who scour like Thracia's moon-struck rout the plain,
Sworn foes like them to all the Muse approves,
All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

"Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear?
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care,
Must these go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land,
And boast, while Freedom bleeds and Virtue groans,
That 'Isis taught sedition to her sons?'
Forbid it Heav'n; and let my rising waves
Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves,
In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
Is this deny'd? then point some secret way [stray,
Where far, far hence these guiltless streams may
Some unknown channel lend, where Nature spreads
Inglorious vales and unfrequented meads;
There, where a hind scarce tunes his rustic strain,
Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
Content I'll flow: forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majestic structures crown its side?
Forget that e'er my rapt attention hung
Or on the sage's or the poet's tongue,
Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And, pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace."

ODES.

ODE I.

FOR MUSIC[1]. IRREGULAR.

HERE all thy active fires diffuse,
Thou genuine British Muse;

[1] This ode was written at the request of the vice-chancellor of Cambridge, set to music by the late Dr. Boyce, and performed in the senate-house at

Hither descend from yonder orient sky,
Cloath'd in thy heav'n-wove robe of harmony,
Come, imperial queen of song;
Come with all that free-born grace
Which lifts thee from the servile throng,
Who meanly mimic thy majestic pace;
That glance of dignity divine,
Which speaks thee of celestial line;
Proclaims thee inmate of the sky,
Daughter of Jove and Liberty.
The elevated soul, that feels,
Thy awful impulse, walks the fragrant ways
Of honest unpolluted praise:
He with impartial justice deals
The blooming chaplets of immortal lays:
He flies above ambition's low career;
And thron'd in truth's meridian sphere,
Thence, with a bold and heav'n-directed aim,
Full on fair Virtue's shrine he pours the rays of fame.

Goddess? thy piercing eye explores
The radiant range of beauty's stores,
The steep ascent of pine-clad hills,
The silver slope of falling rills;
Catches each lively-colour'd grace,
The crimson of the wood-nymph's face,
The verdure of the velvet lawn,
The purple of the eastern dawn,
And all the tints that, rang'd in vivid glow,
Mark the bold sweep of the celestial bow.

But loftier far her tuneful transports rise,
When all the moral beauties meet her eyes;
The sacred zeal for freedom's cause,
That fires the glowing patriot's breast;
The honest pride that plumes the hero's crest,
When for his country's aid the steel he draws;
Or that, the calm yet active heat,
With which mild genius warms the sage's heart,
To lift fair science to a loftier seat,
Or stretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of art.
These, the best blossoms of the virtuous mind,
She culls with taste refin'd;
From their ambrosial bloom
With bee-like skill she draws the rich perfume,
And blends the sweets they all convey
In the soft balm of her mellifluous lay.

Is there a clime, in one collected beam [stream?
Where charms like these their varied radiance
Is there a plain, whose genial soil inhales
Glory's invigorating gales,
Her brightest beams where Emulation spreads,
Her kindliest dews where Science sheds,
Where ev'ry stream of Genius flows,
Where ev'ry flow'r of Virtue glows?
Thither the Muse exulting flies,
There loudly cries——
Majestic Granta! hail thy awful name,
Dear to the Muse, to Liberty, to Fame.

You too, illustrious train, she greets,
Who first in these inspiring seats
Caught that ethereal fire
That prompts you to aspire
To deeds of civic note: whether to shield
From base chicane your country's laws;
To pale disease the bloom of health to yield;
Or in Religion's hallow'd cause
Those heavenly-temper'd arms to wield,
That drive the foes of Faith indignant from the field.

And now she tunes her plausive song
To you, her sage domestic throng;
Who here, at Learning's richest shrine,
Dispense to each ingenuous youth
The treasures of immortal truth,
And open wisdom's golden mine.
Each youth, inspir'd by your persuasive art,
Clasps the dear form of Virtue to his heart;
And feels in his transported soul
Enthusiastic raptures roll,
Gen'rous as those the sons of Cecrops caught
In hoar Lyceum's shades from Plato's fire-clad thought.

O Granta! on thy happy plain
Still may these Attic glories reign:
Still may'st thou keep thy wonted state
In unaffected grandeur great;
Great as at this illustrious hour,
When he, whom George's well-weigh'd choice,
And Albion's gen'ral voice
Have lifted to the fairest heights of pow'r,
When he appears, and deigns to shine
The leader of thy learned line;
And bids the verdure of thy olive bough
Mid all his civic chaplets twine,
And add fresh glories to his honour'd brow.

Haste then, and amply o'er his head
The graceful foliage spread. [Fame,
Meanwhile the Muse shall snatch the trump of
And lift her swelling accents high,
To tell the world that Pelham's name
Is dear to learning as to liberty.

ODE II.

FOR MUSIC[1]. IRREGULAR.

Lo! where incumbent o'er the shade
Rome's rav'ning eagle bows his beaked head!
Yet, while a moment Fate affords,
While yet a moment Freedom stays,
That moment, which outweighs
Eternity's unmeasur'd hoards,
Shall Mona's grateful bards employ
To hymn their godlike hero to the sky.

Radiant ruler of the day,
Pause upon thy orb sublime,
Bid this awful moment stay,
Bind it on the brow of time;
While Mona's trembling echoes sigh
To strains, that thrill when heroes die.

Hear our harps, in accents slow,
Breathe the dignity of woe,

[1] When the dramatic poem of Caractacus was altered for theatrical representation in 1776, this dirge was added to be sung over the body of Arviragus.

Solemn notes that pant and pause,
While the last majestic close
In diapason deep is drown'd:
Notes that Mona's harps should sound.

See our tears in sober shower,
O'er this shrine of glory pour!
Holy tears by virtue shed,
That embalm the valiant dead;
In these our sacred song we steep;
Tears that Mona's bards should weep.

Radiant ruler, hear us call
Blessings on the godlike youth,
Who dar'd to fight, who dar'd to fall,
For Britain, freedom, and for truth.
His dying groan, his parting sigh
Was music for the gods on high;
'Twas Valour's hymn to Liberty.

Ring out, ye mortal strings!
Answer, thou heav'nly harp, instinct with spirit all,
That o'er Andrastes' throne self-warbling swings.
There where ten thousand spheres, in measur'd chime,
Roll their majestic melodies along,
Thou guid'st the thundering song,
Pois'd on thy jasper arch sublime.
Yet shall thy heav'nly accents deign
To mingle with our mortal strain,
And Heav'n and Earth unite, in chorus high,
While Freedom wafts her champion to the sky.

ODE III.

TO MEMORY.

Mother of Wisdom![1] thou, whose sway
The throng'd ideal hosts obey;
Who bid'st their ranks, now vanish, now appear,
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear;
Accept this votive verse. Thy reign
Nor place can fix, nor power restrain.
All, all is thine. For thee the ear, and eye
Rove thro' the realms of grace, and harmony:
The senses thee spontaneous serve,
That wake, and thrill thro' ev'ry nerve.
Else vainly soft, lov'd Philomel! would flow
The soothing sadness of thy warbled woe:
Else vainly sweet yon woodbine shade
With clouds of fragrance fill the glade;
Vainly, the cygnet spread her downy plume,
The vine gush nectar, and the virgin bloom.
But swift to thee, alive and warm,
Devolves each tributary charm:
See modest Nature bring her simple stores,
Luxuriant Art exhaust her plastic powers;
While every flower in fancy's clime,
Each gem of old heroic time,
Cull'd by the hand of the industrious Muse,
Around thy shrine their blended beams diffuse.

Hail, Mem'ry! hail. Behold, I lead
To that high shrine the sacred maid:
Thy daughter she, the empress of the lyre,
The first, the fairest, of Aonia's quire.
She comes, and lo, thy realms expand!
She takes her delegated stand
Full in the midst, and o'er thy num'rous train
Displays the awful wonders of her reign.
There thron'd supreme in native state,
If Sirius flame with fainting heat,
She calls; ideal groves their shade extend,
The cool gale breathes, the silent show'rs descend.
Or, if bleak winter, frowning round,
Disrobe the trees, and chill the ground,
She, mild magician, waves her potent wand,
And ready summers wake at her command.
See, visionary suns arise,
Thro' silver clouds and azure skies;
See, sportive zephyrs fan the crisped streams;
Thro' shadowy brakes light glance the sparkling beams:
While, near the secret moss-grown cave,
That stands beside the crystal wave,
Sweet Echo, rising from her rocky bed,
Mimics the feather'd chorus o'er her head.

Rise, hallow'd Milton! rise, and say,
How, at thy gloomy close of day,
How, when "deprest by age, beset with wrongs:"
When "fall'n on evil days and evil tongues;"
When darkness, brooding on thy sight,
Exil'd the sov'reign lamp of light;
Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuse?
What friends were thine, save Mem'ry and the Muse?
Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
Caught from the stores of antient truth:
Hence all thy classic wand'rings could explore,
When rapture led thee to the Latian shore;
Each scene, that Tiber's bank supply'd;
Each grace, that play'd on Arno's side;
The tepid gales, thro' Tuscan glades that fly:
The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky;
Were still thine own: thy ample mind
Each charm receiv'd, retain'd, combin'd.
And thence "the nightly visitant," that came
To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
Recall'd the long-lost beams of grace,
That whilom shot from Nature's face,
When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful breast
Spread with his own right hand perfection's gorgeous vest.

ODE IV[1].

TO A WATER NYMPH.

Ye green hair'd nymphs, whom Pan's decrees
Have giv'n to guard this solemn wood[2],
To speed the shooting scions into trees,
And call the roseat blossom from the bud,

[1] According to a fragment of Afranius, who makes Experience and Memory the parents of Wisdom.

Usus me genuit, Mater peperit Memoria;
ΣΟΦΙΑΝ vocant me Graii, vos Sapientiam.

This passage is preserved by Aulus Gellius, lib. xiii. cap. 8.

[1] This Ode was written in the year 1747, and published in the first volume of Mr. Dodsley's Miscellany. It is here revised throughout, and concluded according to the author's original idea.

[2] A seat near * * finely situated, with a great command of water; but disposed in a very false taste.

Attend. But chief, thou Naiad, wont to lead
This fluid chrystal sparkling as it flows,
Whither, ah, whither art thou fled?
What shade is conscious to thy woes?
Ah, 'tis yon poplars' awful gloom:
Poetic eyes can pierce the scene:
Can see thy drooping head, thy withering bloom;
See grief diffus'd o'er all thy languid mein.
Well may'st thou wear misfortune's fainting air;
Well rend those flow'ry honours from thy brow;
Devolve that length of careless hair:
And give thine azure veil to flow
Loose to the wind; for, oh, thy pain
The pitying Muse can well relate:
That pitying Muse shall breathe her tend'rest strain,
To teach the echoes thy disastrous fate.
'Twas where yon beeches' crowding branches clos'd,
What time the dog-star's flames intensely burn,
In gentle indolence compos'd,
Reclin'd upon thy trickling urn,
Slumb'ring thou lay'st, all free from fears:
No friendly dream foretold thine harm,
When sudden, see, the tyrant art appears,
To snatch the liquid treasures from thine arm,
Art, gothic Art, has seiz'd thy darling vase:
That vase which silver-slipper'd Thetis gave,
For some soft story told with grace,
Among th' associates of the wave;
When in sequester'd coral vales,
While worlds of waters roll'd above,
The circling sea-nymphs told alternate tales
Of fabled changes, and of slighted love.
Ah! loss too justly mourn'd: for now the fiend
Has on yon shell-wrought terras pois'd it high;
And thence he bids its streams descend,
With torturing regularity.
From step to step, with sullen sound,
The forc'd cascades indignant leap:
Now sinking fill the bason's measur'd round;
There in a dull stagnation doom'd to sleep.
Where now the vocal pebbles' gurgling song?
The rill slow-dripping from its rocky spring?
What free meander winds along,
Or curls when Zephyr waves his wing?
Alas, these glories are no more:
Fortune, Oh give me to redeem
The ravish'd vase; Oh give me to restore
Its ancient honours to this hapless stream.
Then nymph, again, with all their wonted ease,
Thy wanton waters, volatile and free,
Shall wildly warble, as they please,
Their soft, loquacious harmony.
Where thou and Nature bid them rove,
There will I gently aid their way;
Whether to darken in the shadowy grove,
Or, in the mead, reflect the dancing ray.
For thee too, goddess, o'er that hallow'd spot,
Where first thy fount of chrystal bubbles bright,
These hands shall arch a rustic grot,
Impervious to the garish light.
I'll not demand of ocean's pride
To bring his coral spoils from far:
Nor will I delve yon yawning mountain's side,
For latent minerals rough, or polish'd spar:
But antique roots, with ivy dark o'ergrown,
Steep'd in the bosom of thy chilly lake,
Thy touch shall turn to living stone;
And these the simple roof shall deck.
Yet grant one melancholy boon;
Grant that at evening's sober hour,
Led by the lustre of the rising Moon,
My step may frequent tread thy pebbled floor.
There, if perchance I wake the love-lorn theme,
In melting accents querulously slow,
Kind Naiad, let thy pitying stream
With wailing notes accordant flow:
So shalt thou sooth this heaving heart,
That mourns a faithful virgin lost;
So shall thy murmurs, and my sighs impart
Some share of pensive pleasure to her ghost.

ODE V.

TO AN ÆOLUS'S HARP [1]

SENT TO MISS SHEPHEARD.

YES, magic lyre! now all complete
Thy slender frame responsive rings;
While kindred notes, with undulation sweet,
Accordant wake from all thy vocal strings.
Go then to her whose soft request
Bad my blest hands thy form prepare:
Ah go, and sweetly sooth her tender breast
With many a warble wild, and artless air.
For know, full oft, while o'er the mead
Bright June extends her fragrant reign,
The slumb'ring fair shall place thee near her head,
To court the gales that cool the sultry plain.
Then shall the Sylphs, and Sylphids bright,
Mild genii all, to whose high care
Her virgin charms are giv'n, in circling flight
Skim sportive round thee in the fields of air.
Some, flutt'ring thro' thy trembling strings,
Shall catch the rich melodious spoil,
And lightly brush thee with their purple wings
To aid the zephyrs in their tuneful toil;
While others check each ruder gale,
Expel rough Boreas from the sky,
Nor let a breeze its heaving breath exhale,
Save such as softly pant and panting die.
Then as thy swelling accents rise,
Fair Fancy, waking at the sound,
Shall paint bright visions on her raptur'd eyes,
And waft her spirits to enchanted ground;
To myrtle groves, Elysian greens,
In which some fav'rite youth shall rove,
And meet, and lead her thro' the glittering scenes,
And all be music, extasy, and love.

ODE VI.

TO INDEPENDENCY.

HERE, on my native shore reclin'd,
While silence rules this midnight hour,
I woo thee, Goddess. On my musing mind
Descend, propitious power!

[1] This instrument was first invented by Kircher about the year 1649. See his Musurgia Universalis sive Ars Consoni & Dissoni, lib. ix. After having been neglected above a hundred years, it was again accidentally discovered by Mr. Oswald.

And bid these ruffling gales of grief subside:
Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence shine";
As yon chaste orb along this ample tide
Draws the long lustre of her silver line,
While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,
And lulls old Humber to his deep repose.

Come to thy vot'ry's ardent prayer,
In all thy graceful plainness drest:
No knot confines thy waving hair,
No zone, thy floating vest;
Unsullied honour decks thine open brow,
And candour brightens in thy modest eye:
Thy blush is warm content's ethereal glow;
Thy smile is peace; thy step is liberty:
Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,
As Spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray,
Thy fav'rite swain [1] oft stole along,
And artless wove his Dorian lay,
Far from the busy throng.
Thou heard'st him, goddess, strike the tender string,
And bad'st his soul with bolder passions move:
Soon these responsive shores forgot to ring,
With beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted love;
To loftier flights his daring genius rose,
And led the war 'gainst thine, and freedom's foes.

Pointed with satire's keenest steel,
The shafts of wit he darts around;
Ev'n [2] mitred dulness learns to feel,
And shrinks beneath the wound.
In awful poverty his honest Muse
Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land:
In vain corruption sheds her golden dews,
In vain oppression lifts her iron hand;
He scorns them both, and, arm'd with truth alone,
Bids lust and folly tremble on the throne.

Behold, like him, immortal maid,
The Muses' vestal fires I bring:
Here, at thy feet, the sparks I spread:
Propitious wave thy wing.
And fan them to that dazzling blaze of song,
Which glares tremendous on the sons of pride.
But, hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue!
In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;
Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,
As swells the lark's meridian extasy.

"Fond youth! to Marvell's patriot fame,
Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire.
Yet nourish still the lambent flame;
Still strike thy blameless lyre:
Led by the moral Muse, securely rove;
And all the vernal sweets thy vacant youth
Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,
Oh hang their foliage round the fane of Truth:
To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,
And meet its fair reward in D'Arcy's smile.

"'Tis he, my son, alone shall cheer
Thy sick'ning soul; at that sad hour,
When o'er a much-lov'd parent's bier,
Thy duteous sorrows shower:
At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline;
When pining Care leads on her pallid train,
And sees thee, like the weak, and widow'd vine,
Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the plain.
At that sad hour shall D'Arcy lend his aid,
And raise with friendship's arm thy drooping head.

"This fragrant wreath, the Muses' meed,
That bloom'd those vocal shades among,
Where never flatt'ry dar'd to tread,
Or interest's servile throng;
Receive, thou favour'd son, at my command,
And keep, with sacred care, for D'Arcy's brow:
Tell him, 'twas wove by my immortal hand,
I breath'd on every flower a purer glow;
Say, for thy sake, I send the gift divine
To him, who calls thee his, yet makes thee mine."

[1] Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston-upon-Hull in the year 1620.

[2] See The Rehearsal transprosed, and an account of the effect of that satire, in the Biographia Britannica, art. Marvell.

ODE VII.

Ah! cease this kind persuasive strain,
Which, when it flows from friendship's tongue,
However weak, however vain,
O'erpowers beyond the Siren's song:
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,
And let me muse upon my woe.
Why lure me from these pale retreats?
Why rob me of these pensive sweets?
Can Music's voice, can Beauty's eye,
Can Painting's glowing hand supply
A charm so suited to my mind,
As blows this hollow gust of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill
Soft tinkling down the moss-grown hill,
While thro' the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners grey?

Say, from affliction's various source
Do none but turbid waters flow?
And cannot fancy clear their course?
For fancy is the friend of woe.
Say, mid that grove, in love-lorn state,
While yon poor ringdove mourns her mate,
Is all, that meets the shepherd's ear,
Inspir'd by anguish, and despair?
Ah! no; fair Fancy rules the song:
She swells her throat; she guides her tongue;
She bids the waving aspin spray
Quiver in cadence to her lay;
She bids the fringed osiers bow,
And rustle round the lake below,
To suit the tenour of her gurgling sighs,
And sooth her throbbing breast with solemn sympathies.

To thee, whose young and polish'd brow
The wrinkling hand of Sorrow spares;
Whose cheeks, bestrew'd with roses, know
No channel for the tide of tears;
To thee yon abbey dank, and lone,
Where ivy chains each mould'ring stone
That nods o'er many a martyr's tomb,
May cast a formidable gloom.
Yet some there are, who, free from fear,
Could wander thro' the cloisters drear,
Could rove each desolated isle,
Tho' midnight thunders shook the pile;

And dauntless view, or seem to view,
(As faintly flash the lightnings blue)
Thin shiv'ring ghosts from yawning charnels throng,
And glance with silent sweep the shaggy vaults along.

But such terrific charms as these,
I ask not yet: my sober mind
The fainter forms of sadness please;
My sorrows are of softer kind.
Thro' this still valley let me stray,
Rapt in some strain of pensive Gray:
Whose lofty genius bears along
The conscious dignity of song;
And, scorning from the sacred store
To waste a note on pride or power,
Roves thro' the glimmering twilight gloom,
And warbles round each rustic tomb:
He, too, perchance (for well I know
His heart can melt with friendly woe)
He, too, perchance, when these poor limbs are laid,
Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my hov'ring shade.

ODE VIII.

ON THE FATE OF TYRANNY.

This Ode is a free paraphrase of part of the 14th chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet, after he has foretold the destruction of Babylon, subjoins a song of triumph, which, he supposes, the Jews will sing when his prediction is fulfilled. "And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve, that thou shalt take up this proverb against the king of Babylon, and say, 'How hath the oppressor ceased,' &c."

I. 1.

Oppression dies: the tyrant falls [1]:
The golden city bows her walls!
Jehovah breaks th' avenger's rod.
The son of wrath, whose ruthless hand
Hurl'd desolation o'er the land,
Has run his raging race, has clos'd the scene of blood.
Chiefs arm'd around behold their vanquish'd lord;
Nor spread the guardian shield, nor lift the loyal sword.

I. 2.

He falls; and Earth again is free [2].
Hark! at the call of liberty,
All nature lifts the choral song.
The fir-trees, on the mountain's head,
Rejoice thro' all their pomp of shade;
The lordly cedars nod on sacred Lebanon:
"Tyrant!" they cry, "since thy fell force is broke,
Our proud heads pierce the skies, nor fear the woodman's stroke."

I. 3.

Hell, from her gulph profound [3],
Rouses at thine approach; and, all around,
Her dreadful notes of preparation sound.
See, at the awful call,
Her shadowy heroes all,
Ev'n mighty kings, the heirs of empire wide,
Rising, with solemn state, and slow,
From their sable thrones below,
Meet, and insult thy pride.
What, dost thou join our ghostly train,
A flitting shadow light, and vain;
Where is thy pomp, thy festive throng,
Thy revel dance, and wanton song?
Proud king! Corruption fastens on thy breast;
And calls her crawling brood, and bids them share the feast.

II. 1.

Oh Lucifer! thou radiant star [4];
Son of the morn; whose rosy car
Flam'd foremost in the van of day:
How art thou fall'n, thou king of light!
How fall'n from thy meridian height! [obey.
Who said'st "The distant poles shall hear me, and
High, o'er the stars, my sapphire throne shall glow,
[bow."
And, as Jehovah's self, my voice the Heav'ns shall

II. 2.

He spake, he died. Distain'd with gore [5],
Beside yon yawning cavern hoar,
See, where his livid corse is laid.
The aged pilgrim passing by,
Surveys him long with dubious eye; [head.
And muses on his fate, and shakes his reverend
Just Heav'ns! is thus thy pride imperial gone?
Is this poor heap of dust the king of Babylon?

II. 3.

Is this the man, whose nod [6]
Made the Earth tremble: whose terrific rod
Levell'd her loftiest cities? Where he trod,
Famine pursu'd, and frown'd;
'Till Nature groaning round,
Saw her rich realms transform'd to deserts dry;
While at his crowded prison's gate,
Grasping the keys of fate,
Stood stern Captivity.
Vain man! behold thy righteous doom;
Behold each neighb'ring monarch's tomb;
The trophied arch, the breathing bust,
The laurel shades their sacred dust:
While thou, vile out-cast, on this hostile plain,
Moulder'st, a vulgar corse, among the vulgar slain.

III. 1.

No trophied arch, no breathing bust [7],
Shall dignify thy trampled dust:
No laurel flourish o'er thy grave.
For why, proud king, thy ruthless hand
Hurl'd desolation o'er the land, [to save:
And crush'd the subject race, whom kings are born
Eternal infamy shall blast thy name,
And all thy sons shall share their impious father's shame.

[1] Isaiah, ch. xiv. ver. 4, 5, 6.
[2] "The whole Earth is at rest," &c. ver. 7, 8.
[3] "Hell, from beneath is moved for thee," &c. ver. 9. 10, 11.
[4] "How art thou fallen from Heaven," &c. ver. 12, 13, 14.
[5] "Yet thou shalt be brought down to Hell," &c. ver. 15, 16.
[6] "Is this the man that made the Earth to tremble," &c. ver. 16, 17, 18, 19.
[7] "Thou shalt not be joined to them in burial," &c. ver. 20.

III 2.

Rise, purple Slaughter? furious rise [8];
Unfold the terrour of thine eyes;
Dart thy vindictive shafts around:
Let no strange land a shade afford,
No conquer'd nations call them lord;
Nor let their cities rise to curse the goodly ground.
For thus Jehovah swears; no name, no son,
No remnant, shall remain of haughty Babylon.

III. 3.

Thus saith the righteous Lord [9]:
"My vengeance shall unsheath the flaming sword;
O'er all thy realms my fury shall be pour'd.
Where yon proud city stood,
I'll spread the stagnant flood;
And there the bittern in the sedge shall lurk,
Moaning with sullen strain:
While, sweeping o'er the plain,
Destruction ends her work.
Yes, on mine holy mountain's brow,
I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe.
Th' irrevocable word is spoke.
From Judah's neck the galling yoke
Spontaneous falls, she shines with wonted state;
Thus by myself I swear, and what I swear is fate."

ODE IX.

TO THE

NAVAL OFFICERS OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

FEBRUARY 11, 1779 [1].

I. 1.

HENCE to thy Hell! thou fiend accurst,
Of Sin's incestuous brood, the worst
Whom to pale Death the spectre bore [2]:
Detraction hence! 'tis Truth's command;
She launches, from her seraph hand,
The shaft that strikes thee to th' infernal shore.
Old England's genius leads her on
To vindicate his darling son,
Whose fair and veteran fame
Thy venom'd tongue had dar'd defile:
The goddess comes, and all the isle
Feels the warm influence of her heav'nly flame.

I. 2.

But chief in those, their country's pride,
Ordain'd, with steady helm, to guide
The floating bulwarks of her reign,
It glows with unremitting ray,
Bright as the orb that gives the day;
Corruption spreads her murky mist in vain;
To virtue, valour, glory true,
They keep their radiant prize in view
Ambition's sterling aim;
They know that titles, stars, and strings,
Bestow'd by kings on slaves of kings,
Are light as air when weigh'd with honest fame.

I. 3.

Hireling courtiers, venal peers
View them with fastidious frown,
Yet the Muse's smile is theirs,
Theirs her amaranthine crown.
Yes, gallant train, on your unsullied brows,
She sees the genuine English spirit shine,
Warm from a heart where ancient honour glows,
That scorns to bend the knee at Interest's shrine.
Lo! at your poet's call,
To give prophetic fervour to his strain,
Forth from the mighty bosom of the main
A giant deity ascends:
Down his broad breast his hoary honours fall;
He wields the trident of th' Atlantic vast;
An awful calm around his pomp is cast,
O'er many a league the glassy sleep extends.
He speaks; and distant thunder, murmuring round,
In long-drawn volley rolls a symphony profound.

II. 1.

Ye thunders cease! the voice of Heav'n
Enough proclaims the terrours giv'n
To me, the spirit of the deep;
Tempests are mine; from shore to shore
I bid my billows when to roar,
Mine the wild whirlwind's desolating sweep.
But meek and placable I come
To deprecate Britannia's doom,
And snatch her from her fate;
Ev'n from herself I mean to save
My sister sov'reign of the wave;
A voice immortal never warns too late.

II. 2.

Queen of the isles! with empire crown'd,
Only to spread fair freedom round,
Wide as my waves could waft thy name;
Why did thy cold reluctant heart
Refuse that blessing to impart,
Deaf to great Nature's universal claim?
Why rush, through my indignant tide,
To stain thy hands with parricide?
Ah, answer not the strain!
Thy wasted wealth, thy widow's sighs,
Thy half-repentant embassies
Bespeak thy cause unblest, thy councils vain.

II. 3.

Sister sov'reign of the wave!
Turn from this ill-omen'd war:
Turn to where the truly brave
Will not blush thy wrath to bear;
Swift on th' insulting Gaul, thy native foe,
For he is freedom's, let that wrath be hurl'd;
To his perfidious ports direct thy prow,
Arm every bark, be every sail unfurl'd;
Seize this triumphant hour,
When bright as gold from the refining flame,
Flows the clear current of thy Keppel's fame,
Give to the hero's full command
Th' imperial ensigns of thy naval power;
So shall his own bold auspices prevail,
Nor fraud's insidious wiles, nor envy pale
Arrest the force of his victorious hand;
The Gaul subdued, fraternal strife shall cease,
And firm, on freedom's base, be fixt an empire's peace.

[8] "Prepare slaughter for his children," ver. 21, 22—

[9] "Saith the Lord, I will also make it a possession for the bittern," &c. ver.—22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27.

[1] Written immediately after the trial of admiral Keppel, and then printed.

[2] Alluding to the well-known allegory of Sin and Death, in the second book of Paradise Lost.

ODE XI.

TO THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT.

1782.

Μὴ νὺν, ὅτι φθονεραὶ
Θνατῶν φρένας ἀμφικρέμανται ἐλπίδες,
Μήτ' ἀρετὰν ποτε σιγάτω πατρῴαν,
Μηδὲ τοῦδ' ὕμνους. Pindar, Isthm. Ode 2.

'Tis May's meridian reign; yet Eurus cold
Forbids each shrinking thorn its leaves unfold,
Or hang with silver buds her rural throne;
No primrose shower from her green lap she throws [1],
No daisy, violet, or cowslip blows,
And Flora weeps her fragrant offspring gone.
Hoar frost arrests the genial dew;
To wake, to warble, and to woo
No linnet calls his drooping love:
Shall then the poet strike the lyre,
When mute are all the feather'd quire,
And nature fails to warn the Syrens of the grove!
He shall: for what the sullen spring denies
The orient beam of virtuous youth supplies;
That moral dawn be his inspiring flame.
Beyond the dancing radiance of the East
Thy glory, son of Chatham! fires his breast,
And, proud to celebrate thy vernal fame,
Hark, from his lyre, the strain ascends,
Which but to freedom's fav'rite friends
That lyre disdains to sound.
Hark and approve, as did thy sire [2]
The lays which once with kindred fire
His Muse in Attic mood, made Mona's oaks rebound.
Long silent since, save when, in Keppel's name,
Detraction, murd'ring Britain's naval fame,
Rous'd into sounds of scorn th' indignant string [3],
But now, replenish'd with a richer theme,
The vase of harmony shall pour its stream,
Fann'd by free Fancy's rainbow-tinctur'd wing.
Thy country too shall hail the song,
Her echoing heart the notes prolong,
While they alone with envy sigh [4],
Whose rancour to thy parent dead
Aim'd, ere his funeral rite were paid,
With vain vindictive rage to starve his progeny.
From Earth and these the Muse averts her view,
To meet in yonder sea of ether blue
A beam, to which the blaze of noon is pale;
In purpling circles now the glory spreads,
A host of angels now unveil their heads,
While Heav'n's own music triumphs on the gale.
Ah see, two white-rob'd seraphs lead
Thy father's venerable shade;
He bends from yonder cloud of gold,
While they, the ministers of light,
Bear from his breast a mantle bright, [enfold.
And with the heav'n-wove robe thy youthful limbs

[1] This expression is taken from Milton's song on May Morning, to which this stanza in general alludes, and the 4th verse in the next.

[2] The poem of Caractacus was read in MS. by the late earl of Chatham, who honoured it with an approbation which the author is here proud to record.

[3] See Ode to the Naval Officers of Great-Britain.

[4] See the motto, from Pindar.

"Receive this mystic gift, my son!" he cries,
"And, for so wills the Sov'reign of the skies,
With this receive, at Albion's anxious hour,
A double portion of my patriot zeal,
Active to spread the fire it dar'd to feel
Through raptur'd senates, and with awful power
From the full fountain of the tongue
To roll the rapid tide along,
Till a whole nation caught the flame.
So on thy sire shall Heav'n bestow
A blessing Tully fail'd to know,
And redolent in thee diffuse thy father's fame.
"Nor thou, ingenuous boy! that fame despise
Which lives and spreads abroad in Heav'n's pure eyes,
The last best energy of noble mind [5];
Revere thy father's shade; like him disdain
The tame, the timid, temporising train,
Awake to self, to social interest blind:
Young as thou art, occasion calls,
Thy country's scale or mounts or falls
As thou and thy compatriots strive;
Scarce is the fatal moment past
That trembling Albion deem'd her last:
O knit the union firm, and bid an empire live.
"Proceed, and vindicate fair Freedom's claim,
Give life, give strength, give substance to her name;
The legal rights of man with Fraud contest,
Yes, snatch them from Corruption's baleful power,
Who dares, in day's broad eye, those rights devour,
While prelates bow, and bless the harpy feast.
If foil'd at first, resume thy course,
Rise strengthen'd with Antæan force,
So shall thy toil in conquest end.
Let others doat on meaner things,
On broider'd stars, and azure strings,
To claim thy sov'reign's love, be thou thy country's friend."

ODE XI.

SECULAR.

November the fifth, 1788.

It is not age, creative Fancy's foe,
Foe to the finer feelings of the soul,
Shall dare forbid the lyric rapture flow:
Scorning its chill controul,
He, at the vernal morn of youth,
Who breath'd to liberty and truth,
Fresh incense from his votive lyre,
In life's autumnal eve, again
Shall, at their shrine, resume the strain,
And sweep the veteran chords with renovated fire.
Warm to his own, and to his country's breast,
Twice fifty brilliant years the theme have borne,
And each, through all its varying seasons, blest,
By that auspicious morn,
Which gilding Nassau's patriot prow,
Gave Britain's anxious eye to know
The source whence now her blessings spring;
She saw him from that prow descend,
And, in the hero, hail'd the friend;
A name, when Britain speaks, that dignifies her king.

[5] In allusion to a fine and well-known passage in Milton's Lycidas.

In solemn state she led him to the throne
Whence bigot Zeal and lawless Power had fled,
Where Justice fix'd the abdicated crown
On his victorious head.
Was there an angel in the sky,
That glow'd not with celestial joy,
When Freedom, in her native charms,
Descended from her throne of light,
On eagle plumes, to bless the rite, [arms.
Recall'd by Britain's voice, restor'd by Nassau's

Since then, triumphant on the car of Time,
The sister years in gradual train have roll'd,
And seen the goddess from her sphere sublime,
The sacred page unfold,
Inscrib'd by her's and Nassau's hands,
On which the hallow'd charter stands,
That bids Britannia's sons be free;
And as they pass'd each white-rob'd year
Has sung to her responsive sphere,
Hail to the charter'd rights of British liberty!

Still louder lift the soul-expanding strain,
Ye future years! while, from her starry throne
Again she comes to magnify her reign,
And make the world her own.
Her fire e'en France presumes to feel,
And half unsheaths the patriot steel,
Enough the monarch to dismay,
Whoe'er, with rebel pride, withdraws
His own allegiance from the laws
That guard the people's rights, that rein the sovereign's sway.

Hark; how from either India's sultry bound,
From regions girded by the burning zone,
Her all-attentive ear, with sigh profound
Has heard the captive moan:
Has heard, and ardent in the cause
Of all, that free by Nature's laws,
The avarice of her sons enthralls:
She comes, by Truth and Mercy led,
And, bending her benignant head,
Thus on the seraph pair in suppliant strain she calls:

"Long have I lent to my Britannia's hands
That trident which controls the willing sea,
And bade her circulate to distant lands
Each bliss deriv'd from me.
Shall then her commerce spread the sail,
For gain accurs'd, and court the gale,
Her throne, her sov'reign to disgrace;
Daring (what will not commerce dare!)
Beyond the ruthless waste of war,
To deal destruction round, and thin the human race?

"Proclaim it not before the eternal throne
Of him, the Sire of universal love;
But wait till all my sons your influence own,
Ye envoys from above!
O wait, at this precarious hour,
When in the pendent scale of power
My rights and nature's trembling lie;
Do thou, sweet Mercy! touch the beam,
Till lightly, as the feather'd dream,
Ascends the earthly dross of selfish policy.

"Do thou, fair Truth! as did thy master mild,
Who, fill'd with all the power of godhead, came
To purify the souls, by guilt defil'd,
With faith's celestial flame;
Tell them, 'tis Heaven's benign decree
That all of Christian liberty
The peace-inspiring gale should breathe.
May then that nation hope to claim
The glory of the Christian name, [death?
That loads fraternal tribes with bondage worse than

"Tell them, they vainly grace, with festive joy,
The day that freed them from oppression's rod,
At slavery's mart who barter and who buy
The image of their God.
But peace!—their conscience feels the wrong;
From Britain's congregated tongue
Repentant breaks the choral lay,
'Not unto us, indulgent Heav'n,
In partial stream be freedom given, [sway!'"
But pour her treasures wide, and guard with legal

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN

LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

Written in 1753.

Ere yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale;
Oh! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay;
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendship pay.
Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
When all those virtues, opening now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to bear.
There, if ambition pestilent and pale,
Or luxury should taint their vernal glow;
If cold self-interest, with her chilling gale,
Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they blow;
If mimic hues, by art, or fashion spread,
Their genuine, simple colouring should supply,
Oh! with them may these laureate honours fade;
And with them (if it can) my friendship die.
Then do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,
Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
The Muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
And, vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing.
Too actively awake at friendship's voice,
The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,
And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.
Call we the shade of Pope, from that blest bower
Where thron'd he sits, with many a tuneful sage;
Ask, if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
When St. John's name [1] illumin'd glory's page?
Ask, if the wretch, who dar'd his mem'ry stain,
Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe
Deserv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain,
The deathless meed he only could bestow?

[1] Alluding to this couplet of Mr. Pope's,
To Cato Virgil paid one honest line,
O let my country's friends illumine mine.

The bard will tell thee, the misguided praise
Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast;
Ev'n now repentant of his erring lays,
He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest.
If Pope thro' friendship fail'd, indignant view,
Yet pity, Dryden; hark, whene'er he sings,
How adulation drops her courtly dew
On titled rhymers, and inglorious kings.
See, from the depths of his exhaustless mine,
His glittering stores the tuneful spendthrift throws;
Where fear, or interest bids, behold they shine,
Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's brows.
Born with too generous, or too mean a heart,
Dryden! in vain to thee those stores were lent:
Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art;
Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.
The simplest lyre, if truth directs its lays,
Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:
Not to disgust with false, or venal praise,
Was Parnell's modest fame, and may be mine.
Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
Condemn me, if I check the plausive string;
Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;
Be, what the purest Muse would wish to sing.
Be still thyself; that open path of truth,
Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue;
Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,
And, all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.
Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of art;
On vice's front let fearful caution lower,
And teach the diffident, discreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power,
So, round thy brow when age's honours spread,
When Death's cold hand unstrings thy Mason's lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:
He, to the amplest bounds of time's domain,
On rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;
For trust, with reverence trust this Sabine strain:
"The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die [2]."

ELEGY II.

WRITTEN IN THE

GARDEN OF A FRIEND;

In 1758.

While o'er my head this laurel-woven bower
Its arch of glittering verdure wildly flings,
Can fancy slumber? can the tuneful power,
That rules my lyre, neglect her wonted strings?
No; if the blighting East deform'd the plain,
If this gay bank no balmy sweets exhal'd,
Still should the grove re-echo to my strain,
And friendship prompt the theme, where beauty fail'd.
For he, whose careless art this foliage drest,
Who bade these twisting braids of woodbine bend,
He first, with truth and virtue, taught my breast
Where best to chuse, and best to fix a friend.

How well does mem'ry note the golden day,
What time, reclin'd in Marg'rets studious glade,
My mimic reed first tun'd the Dorian lay [1],
"Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade?"
'Twas there we met; the Muses hail'd the hour;
The same desires, the same ingenuous arts
Inspir'd us both; we own'd, and blest the power
That join'd at once our studies, and our hearts.
Oh! since those days, when science spread the feast,
When emulative youth its relish lent,
Say, has one genuine joy e'er warm'd my breast?
Enough; if joy was his, be mine content.
To thirst for praise his temperate youth forbore;
He fondly wish'd not for a poet's name;
Much did he love the Muse, but quiet more,
And, tho' he might command, he slighted fame.
Hither, in manhood's prime, he wisely fled
From all that folly, all that pride approves;
To this soft scene a tender partner led;
This laurel shade was witness to their loves.
"Begone," he cry'd, "ambition's air-drawn plan;
Hence with perplexing pomp, unwieldy wealth:
Let me not seem, but be the happy man,
Possest of love, of competence, and health."
Smiling he spake, nor did the fates withstand;
In rural arts the peaceful moments flew:
Say, lovely lawn! that felt his forming hand,
How soon thy surface shone with verdure new;
How soon obedient Flora brought her store,
And o'er thy breast a shower of fragrance flung:
Vertumnus came; his earliest blooms he bore,
And thy rich sides with waving purple hung:
Then to the sight, he call'd yon stately spire,
He pier'd th' opposing oak's luxuriant shade;
Bade yonder crowding hawthorns low retire,
Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.
Hail, sylvan wonders, hail! and hail the hand,
Whose native taste thy native charms display'd,
And taught one little acre to command
Each envied happiness of scene, and shade.
Is there a hill, whose distant azure bounds
The ample range of Scarsdale's proud domain,
A mountain hoar, that yon wild peak surrounds,
But lends a willing beauty to thy plain?
And, lo! in yonder path I spy my friend;
He looks the guardian genius of the grove,
Mild as the fabled form that whilom deign'd [2],
At Milton's call, in Harefield's haunts to rove.
Blest spirit, come! tho' pent in mortal mould,
I'll yet invoke thee by that purer name;
Oh come, a portion of thy bliss unfold,
From folly's maze my wayward step reclaim.
Too long, alas, my inexperienc'd youth,
Misled by flattering Fortune's specious tale,
Has left the rural reign of peace, and truth,
The huddling brook, cool cave, and whispering vale.
Won to the world, a candidate for praise,
Yet, let me boast, by no ignoble art,
Too oft the public ear has heard my lays,
Too much its vain applause has touch'd my heart;

2 ——Dignum laude virum
Musa vetat mori, Horace.

[1] Musæus, the first poem in this collection, written while the author was a scholar of St. John's College in Cambridge.

[2] See the description of the Genius of the Wood, in Milton's Arcades.

For know, by lot, from Jove, I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower;
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, &c.

But now, ere custom binds his powerful chains,
Come, from the base enchanter set me free;
While yet my soul its first, best taste retains,
Recall that soul to reason, peace, and thee.
Teach me, like thee, to muse on nature's page,
To mark each wonder in creation's plan,
Each mode of being trace, and, humbly sage,
Deduce from these the genuine powers of man;
Of man, while warm'd with reason's purer ray,
No tool of policy, no dupe to pride;
Before vain science led his taste astray;
When conscience was his law, and God his guide.
This let me learn, and learning let me live
The lesson o'er. From that great guide of truth
Oh may my suppliant soul the boon receive,
To tread thro' age the footsteps of thy youth.

ELEGY III[1].

TO THE REV. Mr. HURD.

Written in 1759.

Friend of my youth, who, when the willing Muse
Stream'd o'er my breast her warm poetic rays,
Saw'st the fresh seeds their vital powers diffuse,
And fed'st them with the fost'ring dew of praise!
Whate'er the produce of th' unthrifty soil,
The leaves, the flowers, the fruits, to thee belong:
The labourer earns the wages of his toil;
Who form'd the poet, well may claim the song.
Yes, 'tis my pride to own, that taught by thee
My conscious soul superior flights essay'd;
Learnt from thy lore the poet's dignity,
And spurn'd the hirelings of the rhyming trade.
Say, scenes of science, say, thou haunted stream!
(For oft my Muse-led steps did'st thou behold)
How on thy banks I rifled every theme,
That fancy fabled in her age of gold.
How oft I cry'd, "Oh come, thou tragic queen!
March from thy Greece with firm majestic tread!
Such as when Athens saw thee fill her scene,
When Sophocles thy choral graces led:
Saw thy proud pall its purple length devolve;
Saw thee uplift the glitt'ring dagger high;
Ponder with fixed brow thy deep resolve,
Prepar'd to strike, to triumph, and to die.
Bring then to Britain's plain that choral throng;
Display thy buskin'd pomp, thy golden lyre;
Give her historic forms the soul of song,
And mingle Attic art with Shakespear's fire."
"Ah, what, fond boy, dost thou presume to claim?"
The Muse reply'd: "mistaken suppliant, know,
To light in Shakespear's breast the dazzling flame
Exhausted all Parnassus could bestow.
True; art remains; and, if from his bright page
Thy mimic power one vivid beam can seize,
Proceed; and in that best of tasks engage,
Which tends at once to profit, and to please."
She spake; and Harewood's towers spontaneous rose;
Soft virgin warblings echo'd thro' the grove;
And fair Elfrida pour'd forth all her woes,
The hapless pattern of connubial love.

[1] This Elegy was prefixt to the former editions of Caractacus, as dedicatory of that poem.

More awful scenes old Mona next display'd;
Her caverns gloom'd, her forests wav'd on high,
While flam'd within their consecrated shade
The genius stern of British liberty.
And see, my Hurd! to thee those scenes consign'd;
Oh! take and stamp them with thy honour'd name.
Around the page be friendship's chaplet twin'd;
And, if they find the road to honest fame,
Perchance the candour of some nobler age
May praise the bard, who bade gay folly bear
Her cheap applauses to the busy stage[2],
And leave him pensive virtue's silent tear:
Chose too to consecrate his fav'rite strain
To him who, grac'd by ev'ry liberal art
That best might shine among the learn'd train,
Yet more excell'd in morals and in heart:
Whose equal mind could see vain Fortune shower
Her flimsy favours on the fawning crew,
While, in low Thurcaston's sequester'd bower,
She fixt him distant from promotion's view;
Yet, shelter'd there by calm contentment's wing,
Pleas'd he could smile, and with sage Hooker's eye,
"See from his mother earth God's blessings spring,
And eat his bread in peace and privacy[3]."

ELEGY IV.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

Written in 1760.

The midnight clock has toll'd; and hark, the bell
Of death beats slow! heard ye the note profound?
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.
Yes * * * is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion? Ye that, light as air,
So oft have tript in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay and faces half as fair:
For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom;
(This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled)
Fair as the forms, that, wove in fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.
Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes?
Each look, each motion wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast:
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.
That bell again! it tells us what she is:
On what she was no more the strain prolong:
Luxuriant fancy, pause: an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song.

[2] Nil equidem feci (tu scis hoc ipse) theatris;
Musa nec in plausus ambitiosa mea est.
Ovid. Trist. lib. v. el. vii. 29.

[3] Verbatim from a letter of Hooker's to archbishop Whitgift, "But my lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have begun," [viz. his immortal Treatise on Ecclesiastical Polity] "unless I be removed into some quiet country parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy." See his life in the Biographia Britannica.

Maria claims it from that sable bier,
Where cold and wan the slumberer rests her head;
In still small whispers to reflection's ear,
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.
Oh catch the awful notes, and lift them loud;
Proclaim the theme, by sage, by fool rever'd:
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.
Yes, ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap;
Ev'n in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
The mental monitor shall wake and weep.
For say, than * * * 's propitious star,
What brighter planet on your births arose:
Or gave of Fortune's gifts an ampler share,
In life to lavish, or by death to lose!
Early to lose; while, born on busy wing,
Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom:
Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
The wintry storm that sweeps you to the tomb.
Think of her fate! revere the heav'nly hand
That led her hence, though soon, by steps so slow:
Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:
To give reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.
Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh:
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!
Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
Casts round religion's orb the mists of fear,
Or shades with horrours, what with smiles should glow.
No; she would warm you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of Heav'n's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that Heav'n aspire,
Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.
Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave:
Force then, secure in faith's protecting shield,
The sting from Death, the vict'ry from the grave.
Is this the bigot's rant? Away ye vain,
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness steep:
Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep [1].
Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed;
Nor wish for more: who conquer, but to die.
Hear, Folly, hear; and triumph in the tale:
Like you, they reason; not, like you, enjoy
The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail:
On pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gayly steer
Your little course to cold oblivion's shore: [year,
They dare the storm, and, through th' inclement
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.
Is it for glory? that just Fate denies.
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents rise,
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd.
Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
To curb the fury of insulting foes?
Ambition, cease: the idle contest end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.
And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,
(If life be all) why desolation lour,
With famish'd frown, on this affrighted ball,
That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?
Go wiser ye, that flutter life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high;
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, since the next ye die.
Yet know, vain scepticks, know, th' Almighty mind,
Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd
To Heav'n, to immortality aspire.
Nor shall the pile of hope, his mercy rear'd,
By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd.

[1] In a book of French verses, entitled Oeuvres du Philosophe de sans Souci, and lately reprinted at Berlin by authority, under the title of Poesies Diverses, may be found an epistle to marshal Keith, written professedly against the immortality of the soul. By way of specimen of the whole, take the following lines.

De l'avenir, cher Keith, jugeons par le passé:
Comme avant que je fusse il n'avoit point pensé,
De meme, apres ma mort, quand toutes mes parties
Par la corruption seront aneanties,
Par un meme destin il ne pensera plus; [&c.
Non, rien n'est plus certain, soyons-en convaincu,

It is to this epistle, that the rest of the elegy alludes.

EPITAPHS.

ON MRS. MASON,

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which Heav'n so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

ON MISS DRUMMOND,

IN THE CHURCH OF BRODSWORTH, YORKSHIRE.

Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace;
Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charm to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps: Oh venerate the holy tear:
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load;
The parent mourns his child upon her bier,
The christian yields an angel to his God.

ON JOHN DEALTRY, M. D.

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF YORK.

Here o'er the tomb, where Dealtry's ashes sleep,
See Health [1], in emblematic anguish weep!
She drops her faded wreath; "No more" she cries,
"Let languid mortals, with beseeching eyes,
Implore my feeble aid: It fail'd to save
My own and nature's guardian from the grave."

ON MRS. TATTON,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHENSHAW IN CHESHIRE.

If e'er on Earth true happiness were found
'Twas thine, blest shade! that happiness to prove;
A father's fondest wish thy duty crown'd,
Thy softer virtues fixt a husband's love.
Ah! when he led thee to the nuptial fane,
How smil'd the morning with auspicious rays;
How triumph'd youth, and beauty, in thy train,
And flatt'ring health that promis'd length of days!
Heav'n join'd your hearts. Three pledges of your joy
Were giv'n, in thrice the years revolving round—
Here, reader! pause; and own, with pitying eye,
That "not on Earth true happiness is found."

ON MR. GRAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains [2],
A Pindar's rapture from the lyre of Gray.

[1] This inscription alludes to the design of the sculpture, which is a figure of Health, with her antient insignia, in alto relievo, dropping a chaplet on the side of a monumental urn.

[2] The cenotaph is placed immediately under that of Milton, and represents, in alto relievo, a female figure with a lyre, as emblematical of the higher kinds of poetry, pointing with one hand to the bust above, and supporting with the other a medallion, on which is a profile head inscribed, "Thomas Gray." On the plinth is the following date; "He died July 31, 1771."

The sculpture was executed by that eminent artist Mr. Bacon, in Newman-street, at the joint expense of Dr. James Browne, master of Pembroke College, Cambridge; Richard Stonhewer, esquire, auditor of excise; and the author.

INSCRIPTION ON A PEDESTAL

NEAR AN OAK AT NUNEHAM IN OXFORDSHIRE,

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

Harcourt and friendship this memorial raise,
Near to the oak where Whitehead oft reclin'd;
While all that nature rob'd by art displays,
Sooth'd with congenial charms his polish'd mind.
Let fashion's vot'ries, let the sons of lire,
The genius of that modest bard despise;
Who hade discretion regulate his lyre,
Studious to please, yet scorning to surprise.
Enough for him, if those who shar'd his love
Through life, who virtue more than verse revere,
Here pensive pause, when circling round the grove,
And drop the heart-paid tribute of a tear.

HYMN FOR YORK CATHEDRAL.

Again the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blest;
When, like his own, he bade our labours cease
And all be piety, and all be peace.

While impious men despise thy sage decree,
From vain deceit, and false philosophy:
Let us its wisdom own, its blessings feel,
Receive with gratitude, perform with zeal.

Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey:
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence and join in prayer.

So shall the God of mercy, pleas'd, receive,
That only tribute man has pow'r to give;
So shall he hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Father of Heav'n! in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide:
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine 'till time shalt end.

DRAMATIC POEMS.

ELFRIDA:

WRITTEN ON THE MODEL OF THE ANCIENT GREEK TRAGEDY.

First published in the Year 1751.

*** These Letters were prefixed in the former editions of this poem.

LETTER I.

I was aware, when I sent you my poem, that it would be liable to the very objections you make to it. Yet perhaps they will be obviated to your satis-

faction, when I have laid before you (as indeed I ought to have done at first) the original idea which led me to choose such a subject, and to excuse it in so peculiar a manner.

Had I intended to give an exact copy of the ancient drama, your objections to the present poem would be unanswerable. But my design was much less confined. I meant only to pursue the ancient method, so far as it is probable a Greek poet, were he alive, would now do, in order to adapt himself to the genius of our times, and the character of our tragedy. According to this notion, every thing was to be allowed to the present taste, which nature and Aristotle could possibly dispense with; and nothing of intrigue or refinement was to be admitted, at which antient judgment could reasonably take offence. Good sense, as well as antiquity, prescribed an adherence to the three great unities; these, therefore, were strictly observed. But on the other hand, to follow the modern masters in those respects wherein they had not so faultily deviated from their predecessors, a story was chosen, in which the tender rather than the noble passions were predominant, and in which even love had the principal share. Characters too were drawn as nearly approaching to private ones, as tragic dignity would permit; and affections raised rather from the impulse of common humanity, than the distresses of royalty and the fate of kingdoms. Besides this, for the sake of natural embellishment, and to reconcile mere modern readers to that simplicity of fable, in which I thought it necessary to copy the antients, I contrived to lay the scene in an old romantic forest. For, by this means, I was enabled to enliven the poem by various touches of pastoral description; not affectedly brought in from the store-house of a picturesque imagination, but necessarily resulting from the scenery of the place itself: a beauty so extremely striking in the Comus of Milton, and the As you like it of Shakspeare; and of which the Greek Muse (though fond of rural imagery) has afforded few examples, besides that admirable one in the Philoctetes of Sophocles.

By this idea I could wish you to regulate your criticism. I need not, I think, observe to you that these deviations from the practice of the ancients may be reasonably defended. For we were long since agreed, that where love does not degenerate into episodical gallantry, but makes the foundation of the distress, it is, from the universality of its influence, a passion very proper for tragedy. And I have seen you too much moved at the representation of some of our best tragedies of private story, to believe you will condemn me for making the other deviation.

LETTER II.

I AM glad you approve the method I have taken of softening the rigour of the old drama. If I have, indeed, softened it sufficiently for the modern taste, without parting with any of the essentials of the Greek method, I have obtained my purpose: which was to obviate some of the popular objections made to the ancient form of tragedy. For the current opinion, you know, is, that by the strict adherence to the unities, it restrains the genius of the poet; by the simplicity of its conduct, it diminishes the pathos of the fable; and, by the admission of a continued chorus, prevents that agreeable embarrass, which awakens our attention, and interests our passions.

The univeral veneration which we pay to the name of Shakspeare, at the same time that it has improved our relish for the higher beauties of poetry, has undoubtedly been the ground-work of all this false criticism. That disregard, which, in compliance merely with the taste of the times, he showed of all the necessary rules of the drama, hath since been considered as a characteristic of his vast and original genius; and consequently set up as a model for succeeding writers. Hence M. Voltaire remarks very justly, Que le merite de cet auteur a perdu le theatre Anglois. Le tems, qui seul fait la reputation des hommes, rend a la fin leurs defauts respectables.

Yet, notwithstanding the absurdity of this low superstition, the notion is so popular amongst Englishmen, that I fear it will never be entirely discredited, till a poet rises up amongst us, with a genius as elevated and daring as Shakspeare's, and a judgment as sober and chastised as Racine's. But as it seems too long to wait for this prodigy, it will not surely be improper for any one of common talents, who would entertain the public without indulging its caprice, to take the best models of antiquity for his guides; and to adapt those models, as near as may be, to the manners and taste of his own times. Unless he do both, he will, in effect, do nothing. For it cannot be doubted, that the many gross faults of our stage are owing to the complaisance and servility with which the ordinary run of writers have ever humoured that illiterate, whimsical, or corrupted age, in which it was their misfortune to be born.

Milton, you will tell me, is a noble exception to this observation. He is so, and would have been a nobler, had he not run into the contrary extreme. The contempt in which, perhaps with justice, he held the age he lived in, prevented him from condescending either to amuse or instruct it. He had, before, given to his unworthy countrymen the noblest poem that genius, conducted by ancient art, could produce; and he had seen them receive it with disregard, if not with dislike. Conscious therefore of his own dignity, and of their demerit, he looked to posterity only for his reward, and to posterity only directed his future labours. Hence it was, perhaps, that he formed his Sampson Agonistes on a model more simple and severe than Athens herself would have demanded; and took Æschylus for his master rather than Sophocles or Euripides: intending by this conduct to put as great a distance as possible between himself and his contemporary writers: and to make his work (as he himself said) "much different from what amongst them passed for the best." The success of the poem was, accordingly, what one would have expected. The age it appeared in, treated it with total neglect; neither hath that posterity, to which he appealed, and which has done justice to most of his other writings, as yet given to this excellent piece its full measure of popular and universal fame. Perhaps, in your closet, and that of a few more, who unaffectedly admire genuine nature and antient simplicity, the Agonistes may hold a distinguished rank. Yet

surely, we cannot say (in Hamlet's phrase) that "it pleases the million; it is still caviar to the general."

Hence, I think, I may conclude, that unless one would be content with a very late and very learned posterity, Milton's conduct in this point should not be followed. A writer of tragedy must certainly adapt himself more to the general taste; because the dramatic, of all kinds of poetry, ought to be most universally relished and understood. The lyric Muse addresses herself to the imagination of a reader; the didactic to his judgment; but the tragic strikes directly on his passions. Few men have a strength of imagination capable of pursuing the flights of Pindar; many have not a clearness of apprehension suited to the reasonings of Lucretius and Pope: but every man has passions to be excited, and every man feels them excited by Shakspeare.

But, though tragedy be thus chiefly directed to the heart, it must be observed, that it will seldom attain its end without the concurrent approbation of the judgment. And to procure this, the artificial construction of the fable goes a great way. In France, the excellence of their several poets is chiefly measured by this standard. And amongst our own writers, if you except Shakspeare, (who indeed ought, for his other virtues, to be exempt from common rules) you will find, that the most regular of their compositions is generally reckoned their chef d'œuvre, witness the All for Love of Dryden, the Venice Preserved of Otway, and the Jane Shore of Rowe.

LETTER III.

The scheme you proposed in your last, is, I own, practicable enough. Undoubtedly, most part of the dialogue of the Chorus might be put into the mouth of an Emma or Matilda, who, with some little show of sisterly concernment, might be easily made to claim kindred with earl Athelwold. Nay, by the addition of a few unnecessary incidents, which would cost me no more than they are worth in contriving, and an unmeaning personage or two, who would be as little expense in creating, I believe I could quickly make the whole tolerably fit for an English audience.

But for all this I cannot persuade myself to enter upon the task. I have, I know not how (like many of my betters) contracted a kind of veneration for the old Chorus; and am willing to think it essential to the tragic drama. You shall hear the reasons that incline me to this judgment. They respect the poet and the audience.

It is agreed, I think, on all hands, that in the conduct of a fable, the admission of a Chorus lays a necessary restraint on the poet. The two unities, of time and place, are esteemed by some of less consequence in our modern tragedy, than the third unity of action, but admit a Chorus, and you must of necessity restore them to those equal rights, which they anciently enjoyed, and yet claim, by the charter of Aristotle. For the difference which the use of the Chorus makes, is this: the modern drama contents itself with a fact represented; the ancient requires it to be represented before spectators. Now as it cannot be supposed that these spectators should accompany the chief personages into private apartments, one single scene, or unity of place, becomes strictly necessary; and as these spectators are assembled on purpose to observe and bear a part in the action, the time of that action becomes, of course, that of the spectacle or representation itself; it being unreasonable to make the spectators attend so long, as the poet, in bringing about his catastrophe, may require. And this is usually the practice of the ancient stage. The modern, on the contrary, regards very little these two capital restraints; and its disuse of the Chorus helps greatly to conceal the absurdity; for the poet, without offending so much against the laws of probability, may lead his personages from one part to another of the same palace or city, when they have only a paltry servant or insignificant confidant to attend them. He may think himself at liberty to spend two or three days, months or even years, in completing his story; to clear the stage at the end, or, if he pleases, in the middle of every act: and being under no control of the Chorus, he can break the continuity of the drama just where he thinks it convenient; and, by the assistance of a brisk fugue and a good violin, can persuade his audience, that as much time has elasped as his hero's, or rather his own distress, may demand.

Hence it is, that secret intrigues become (as Mr. Dryden gravely calls them) the beauties of our modern stage. Hence it is, that incidents and bustle, and business, supply the place of simplicity, nature, and pathos: a happy change, perhaps, for the generality of writers, who might otherwise find it impossible to fill cette longue carriere de cinq actes, which a writer, sufficiently experienced in these matters, says, est si prodigieusement difficile a remplir sans episodes.

But, whatever these play-makers may have gained by rejecting the Chorus, the true poet has lost considerably by it. For he has lost a graceful and natural resource to the embellishments of picturesque description, sublime allegory, and whatever else comes under the denomination of pure poetry. Shakspeare, indeed, had the power of introducing this naturally, and, what is most strange, of joining it with pure passion. But I make no doubt, if we had a tragedy of his formed on the Greek model, we should find in it more frequent, if not nobler instances of his high poetical capacity, than in any single composition he has left us. I think you have a proof of this in those parts of his historical plays, which are called Choruses, and written in the common dialogue metre. And your imagination will easily conceive, how fine an ode the description of the night preceding the battle of Agincourt would have made in his hands; and what additional grace it would receive from that form of composition.

With the means of introducing poetry naturally is lost, also, the opportunity of conveying moral reflections with grace and sobriety. But this comes more properly under consideration, when I give you my thoughts on the advantage the audience received from a well-conducted Chorus.

LETTER IV.

In my last I took no notice of that superior pomp and majesty, which the Chorus necessarily added

to the scene of the drama. I made no remaks on the agreeable variety it introduced into the versification and metre; nor showed how, by uniting the harmony of the lyre to the pomp of the buskin, music became intimately connected with it, and furnished it with all its additional graces. These and many other advantages I might have insisted upon, had I thought them so material as the two I mentioned; the latter of which, namely, its being a proper vehicle for moral and sentiment, is so material that I think nothing can possibly atone for the loss of it.

In those parts of the drama, where the judgment of a mixt audience is most liable to be misled by what passes before its view, the chief actors are generally too much agitated by the furious passions, or too much attached by the tender ones, to think coolly, and impress on the spectators a moral sentiment properly. A confidant or servant has seldom sense enough to do it, never dignity enough to make it regarded. Instead therefore of these, the ancients were provided with a band of distinguished persons, not merely capable of seeing and hearing, but of arguing, advising, and reflecting; from the leader of which a moral sentiment never came unnaturally, but suitably and gracefully; and from the troop itself, a poetical flow of tender commiseration, of religious supplication, or of virtuous triumph, was ever ready to heighten the pathos, to inspire a reverential awe of the Deity, and to advance the cause of honesty and of truth.

If you ask me, how it augmented the pathetic, I cannot give you a better answer than the abbé Vatry has done in his dissertation on the subject, published in the Memoirs de l' Acad. des Inscr. &c. "It effected this," says he, "both in its odes and dialogue. The wonderful power of music and the dance is universally allowed. And, as these were always accompaniments to the odes, there is no doubt but they contributed greatly to move the passions. It was necessary that there should be odes or intermedes, but it was also necessary that these intermedes should not suffer the minds of the audience to cool, but, on the contrary, should support and fortify those passions which the previous scenes had already excited. Nothing imaginable could produce this effect better, than the choral songs and dances, which filled the mind with ideas corresponding to the subject, and never failed to add new force to the sentiments of the principal personages. In the dialogue also, the Chorus served to move the passions, by showing to the spectators other spectators strongly affected by the action. A spectacle of such a kind, as is fitted to excite in us the passions of terrour and pity, will not of itself so strongly affect us, as when we see others, also, affected by it. The painters have generally understood this secret, and have had recourse to an expedient, similar to that of the Chorus of the poets. Not content with the simple representation of an historical event, they have also added groups of assistant figures, and exprest in their faces the different passions, they would have their picture excite. Nay they sometimes inlist into their service even irrational animals. In the Slaughter of the Innocents, le Brun was not satisfied with expressing all the horrour, of which the subject is naturally capable, he has also painted two horses with their hair standing on end, and starting back, as afraid to trample upon the bleeding infants. This is an artifice which has often been employed; and which has always succeeded. A good poet should do the same; and Iphigenia should not be suffered to appear on the theatre, without being accompanied with persons capable of feeling her misfortunes."

Had this ingenious abbé seen the famous Belisarius of Vandyke, I am apt to believe he would have thought it a much more noble illustration of the matter. The soldier in that piece, though so much condemned by our modern professors of virtù for being, as they say, the principal figure, is the very thing which raises this picture from a simple portrait (which it must otherwise have been) to the finest moral painting; and in Greece would have placed the painter amongst that class of artists, which they esteemed the noblest, the ΗΘΟΓΡΑΦΟΙ. The greatest tragic poet could not have raised a more exquisite distress than this judicious painter has done by the attitude of that soldier; as well as by the subordinate figures, which, with great propriety, are female ones; nothing being so likely to raise in a military mind that mixture of pity and disdain, which he wanted to express, as to see such a hero relieved by charity, and that too the charity of girls and old women.

But, returning to my subject, I will just observe to you, that if it be proper to assist an audience in relishing the pathetic, by showing an imitation of that pathos in the Chorus, it is much more so to instruct them how to be affected properly with the characters and actions which are represented in the course of the drama. The character of Pierre in Venice Preserved, when left entirely to the judgment of the audience, is perhaps one of the most improper for public view, that ever was produced on any stage. It is almost impossible, but some part of the spectators should go from the representation with very false and immoral impressions. But had the tragedy been written on the ancient plan; had Pierre's character been drawn just as it is, and some few alterations made in Jaffier's, I know no two characters more capable of doing service in a moral view, when justly animadverted upon by the Chorus. I don't say, I would have trusted Otway with the writing of it.

To have done, and to release you. Bad characters become on this plan as harmless in the hands of the poet, as the historian; and good ones become infinitely more useful, by how much the poetic is more forcible than the historical mode of instruction.

LETTER V.

The reason, why in a former letter you advised me to alter the Chorus, is made very apparent in your last. For, by persuading me to get the odes set to music, and risk the play on the stage, I understand only that you are willing, any how, to make it a more profitable work for me, than it can possibly be by means of the press alone.

Yet certainly, sir, one single reflection on our British pit will make you change your sentiments effectually. Think only on the trial made by M. Racine, in a nation much before ours, in a taste for probability and decorum in theatrical diversions. In his two last tragedies, you know, he has fully

succeeded in the very thing I aimed at; and has adapted a noble imitation of antient simplicity to the taste of his own times: particularly in his Athalia, a poem in which the most superb and august spectacle, the most interesting event, and the most sublime flow of inspired poetry, are all nobly and naturally united. Yet I am told, that neither that, nor the Esther, retains its Chorus, when represented on the French theatre.

To what is this owing? To the refinement most certainly of our modern music. This art is now carried to such a pitch of perfection, or if you will of corruption, which makes it utterly incapable of being an adjunct to poetry. Il y a grand-apparence, que les progrès que vonz avez faits dans la musique, ont nui enfin à ceux de la veritable tragedie. C'est un talent, qui a fait tort a un autre; says M. Voltaire with his usual taste and judgment. Our different cadences, our divisions, variations, repetitions, without which modern music cannot subsist, are entirely improper for the expression of poetry, and were scarce known to the ancients.

But could this be managed, the additional expense necessarily attendant on such a performance, would make the matter impracticable. This Mr. Dryden foresaw long ago. The passage is curious.

"A new theatre, much more ample and much deeper, must be made for that purpose, besides the cost of sometimes forty or fifty habits: which is an expense too large to be supplied by a company of actors. It is true, I should not be sorry to see a Chorus on a theatre, more than as large and as deep again as ours, built and adorned at a king's charges; and on that condition, and another, which is, that my hands were not bound behind me, as now they are, I should not despair of making such a tragedy as might be both instructive and delightful according to the manner of the Grecians." What he means by having his hands bound, I imagine, is, that he was either engaged to his subscribers for a translation of Virgil, or to the manager of the theatre for so many plays a season. This suffrage of Mr. Dryden is, however, very apposite to the present point. It serves, also, to vindicate my design of imitating the Greek drama. For if he, who was so prejudiced to the modern stage, as to think intrigue a capital beauty in it; if he, I say, owns that the grand secret 'prodesse et delectare' was the characteristic of the Greek drama only; nothing can better justify my present attempt than the approbation he gives to it in this passage.

Having now settled with you all matters of general criticism, I hope in your next you will give me your objections to scenes, speeches, images, &c. And be assured I shall treat your judgment in these matters with greater deference, than I have done in what related to the stage and the Chorus.

Pembroke Hall, 1751.

THE ARGUMENT.

Edgar, king of England, having heard the beauty of Elfrida, daughter of Orgar, earl of Devonshire, highly celebrated, sent his favourite minister Athelwold to the father's castle, to discover whether she was really so beautiful, as fame reported her to be; and if she was, to offer her his crown in marriage. Athelwold, on seeing her, fell violently in love with her himself; and married her; conveying her soon after to his own castle in Harewood Forest, where he visited her by stealth from court; and in his absence left her with a train of British virgins, who form the Chorus. After three months, Orgar, disapproving this confinement of his daughter, came disguised to Harewood to discover the cause of it. His arrival opens the drama. The incidents, which are produced by Athelwold's return from court (who was absent when Orgar came to his castle) and afterwards by the unexpected visit of the king, form the episode of the tragedy; the feigned pardon of Athelwold, drawn from the king by the earnest intercession of Elfrida, brings on the peripetia, or change of fortune; and the single combat between the king and Athelwold, in which the latter is slain, occasions Elfrida to take the vow, which completes the catastrophe.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Orgar, *Earl of Devonshire.*
Chorus, *of British Virgins.*
Elfrida, *Daughter to* Orgar.
Athelwold, *Husband to* Elfrida.
Edwin, *a Messenger.*
Edgar, *King of England.*
Orgar, *disguised in a peasant's habit, speaks the prologue.*

Scene, *a lawn before* Athelwold's *castle in* Harewood Forest.

ELFRIDA.

ORGAR.

How nobly does this venerable wood,
Gilt with the glories of the orient Sun,
Embosom yon fair mansion! The soft air
Salutes me with most cool and temp'rate breath;
And, as I tread, the flow'r-besprinkled lawn
Sends up a gale of fragrance. I should guess,
If e'er Content deign'd visit mortal clime,
This was her place of dearest residence.
Grant Heav'n! I find it such. 'Tis now three months,
Since first earl Athelwold espous'd my daughter.
He then besought me, for some little space
The nuptials might be secret; many reasons,
He said, induc'd to this: I made no pause,
But, resting on his prudence, to his will
Gave absolute concurrence. Soon as married,
He to this secret seat convey'd Elfrida;
Convey'd her as by stealth, enjoy'd, and left her:
Yet not without I know not what excuse
Of call to court, of Edgar's royal friendship,
And England's welfare. To his prince he went:
And since, as by intelligence I gather,
He oft returns to this his cloister'd wife;
But ever with a privacy most studied;
Borrowing disguises till inventive art
Can scarce supply him with variety.
His visits, as they 're stol'n, are also short;
Seldom beyond the circuit of one sun;
Then back to court, while she his absence mourns
Full many a lonely hour. I brook not this.
Had Athelwold espous'd some base-born peasant,
This usage had been apt: but when he took

My daughter to his arms, he took a virgin,
Thro' whose rich veins the blood of British kings
Ran in unsullied stream. Her lineage sure
Might give her place and notice with the noblest
In Edgar's court. Elfrida's beauty too
(I speak not from a father's foolish fondness)
Would shine amid the fairest, and reflect
No vulgar glory on that beauty's master.
This act bespeaks the madman. Who, that own'd
An em'rald, jasper, or rich chrysolite,
Would hide its lustre, or not bid it blaze
Conspicuous on his brow? Haply Athelwold
May have espous'd some other. 'Sdeath he durst not.
My former feats in arms must have inform'd him,
That Orgar, while he liv'd, would never prove
A traitor to his honour. If he has—
This aged arm is not so much unstrung
By slack'ning years, but just revenge will brace it.
And, by yon awful Heav'n—But hold, my rage.
I came to search into this matter coolly.
Hence, to conceal the father and the earl,
This pilgrim's staff, and scrip, and all these marks
Of vagrant poverty.

CHORUS. [*Within.*

Hail to thy living light,
Ambrosial morn! all hail thy roseat ray!

ORGAR.

But hark, the sound of sweetest minstrelsy
Breaks on mine ear. The females, I suppose,
Whom Athelwold has left my child's attendants;
That, when she wails the absence of her lord,
Their lenient airs, and sprightly-fancied songs,
May steal away her woes. See, they approach:
This grove shall shroud me till they cease their strain;
Then I'll address them with some feigned tale.

[*He retires.*

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

Hail to thy living light,
Ambrosial Morn! all hail thy roseat ray:
That bids young Nature all her charms display
In varied beauty bright;
That bids each dewy-spangled flow'ret rise,
And dart around its vermil dies;
Bids silver lustre grace yon sparkling tide,
That winding warbles down the mountain's side.

I. 2.

Away, ye goblins all,
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt;
Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your secret haunt
Beside some lonely wall,
Or shatter'd ruin of a moss-grown tow'r,
Where, at pale midnight's stillest hour,
Thro' each rough chink the solemn orb of night
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

I. 3.

Away, ye elves, away;
Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray;
That living ray, whose pow'r benign
Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,
Where, thron'd in artless majesty,
The cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine.—

CHORUS, ORGAR.

CHORUS.

Silence, my sisters. Whence this rudeness, stranger,
That thus has prompted thine unbidden ear
To listen to our strains?

ORGAR.

Your pardon, virgins.
I mean not rudeness, tho' I dar'd to listen;
For ah! what ear so fortified and barr'd
Against the force of powerful harmony,
But would with transport to such sweet assailants
Surrender its attention? Never yet
Have I pass'd by the night-bird's fav'rite spray,
What time she pours her wild and artless song,
Without attentive pause and silent rapture;
How could I then, with savage disregard,
Hear voices tun'd by nature sweet as her's,
Grac'd with all art's addition?

CHORUS.

Thy mean garb,
And this thy courtly phrase but ill accord.
Whence, and what art thou, stranger?

ORGAR.

Virgins, know
These limbs have oft been wrapt in richer vest:
But what avails it now? all have their fate;
And mine has been most wretched.

CHORUS.

May we ask
What cruel cause ——

ORGAR.

No! let this hapless breast
Still hide the melancholy tale.

CHORUS.

We know,
There oft is found an avarice in grief;
And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze
Upon its secret hoard of treasur'd woes
In pining solitude. Perhaps thy mind
Takes the same pensive cast: if not, permit
That we, in social sympathy, may drop
The tender tear.

ORGAR.

Ah! ill would it become ye
To let the woes of such a wretch as I ——,
E'er dim your bright eyes with a pitying tear.

CHORUS.

The eye, that will not weep another's sorrow,
Should boast no gentler brightness than the glare,
That reddens in the eye-ball of the wolf.
Let us entreat—

ORGAR.

Know, virgins, I was born
To ample property of lands and flocks, [vigour
On this side Tweeda's stream. My youth and
Achiev'd full many a feat of martial prowess:
Nor was my skill in chivalry unnoted
In the fair volume of my sovereign's love;
Who ever held me in his best esteem,
And closest to his person. When he paid,
What all must pay, to fate; and short-liv'd Edwy
Mounted the vacant throne, which now his brother
Fills (as loud fame reports) right royally;
I then, unfit for pageantry and courts,
Sat down in peace among my faithful vassals,
At my paternal seat. But ah! not long
Had I enjoy'd the sweets of that recess,
Ere by the savage inroads of base hinds,
That sallied frequent from the Scottish heights,
My lands were all laid waste, my people murder'd;

And I, thro' impotence of age unfit
To quell their brutal rage, was forc'd to drag
My mis'ries thro' the land, a friendless wand'rer.

CHORUS.

We pity and condole thy wretched state,
But we can do no more; which, on thy part,
Claim just returns of pity: for whose lot
Demands it more than theirs, whom fate forbids
To taste the joys of courteous charity;
To wipe the trickling tears, which dew the cheek
Of palsied age; to smooth its furrow'd brow,
And pay its gray hairs each due reverence?
Yet such delight we are forbid to taste!
For 'tis our lord's command, that not a stranger,
However high or lowly his degree,
Have entrance at these gates.

ORGAR.

Who may this tyrant—

CHORUS.

Alas, no tyrant he: the more our wonder
At this harsh mandate; tenderness and pity
Have made his breast their home. He is a man
More apt thro' inborn gentleness to err,
In giving mercy's tide too free a course,
Than with a thrifty and illiberal hand
To stint its channel. This his praise you'll hear
The universal theme in Edgar's court:
For Edgar ranks him first in his high favour;
Loads him with honours, which the earl receives,
As does the golden censer frankincense,
Only to spread a sacred gale of blessings
Around on all.

ORGAR.

Methinks, this pleasing portrait
Bears strong resemblance of lord Athelwold.

CHORUS.

Himself: no Briton but has heard his fame.

ORGAR.

'Tis wondrous strange; can you conceive no cause
For this his conduct?

CHORUS.

None, that we may trust.

ORGAR.

Your garbs bespeak you for the fair attendants
Of some illustrious dame, the wife, or sister
Of this dread earl.

CHORUS.

On this head too, old man,
We are commanded a religious silence;
Which strictly we obey: for well we know
Fidelity's a virtue that ennobles
Ev'n servitude itself: farewell, depart
With our best wishes! we do trespass much
To hold this open converse with a stranger.

ORGAR.

Stay, virgins, stay; have ye no friendly shed,
But bord'ring on your castle, where these limbs
Might lay their load of mis'ry for an hour?
Have ye no food, however mean and homely,
Wherewith I might support declining nature?
Ev'n while I speak, I find my spirits fail;
And well, full well, I know, these trembling feet,
Ere I can pace a hundred steps, will sink
Beneath their wretched burthen.

CHORUS.

Piteous sight!
What shall we do, my sisters? To admit
This man beneath the roof, would be to scorn
The earl's strict interdict; and yet my heart
Bleeds to behold that white, old, rev'rend head
Bow'd with such misery.—Yes, we must aid him.
Hie thee, poor pilgrim, to yon neighb'ring bow'r,
O'er which an old oak spreads his awful arm,
Mantled in brownest foliage, and beneath
The ivy, gadding from th' untwisted stem, [rest;
Curtains each verdant side. There thou may'st
There too, perchance, some of our sisterhood
May bring thee speedy sustenance.

ORGAR.

Kind Heav'n
Reward—

CHORUS.

Good pilgrim, stay not here to thank us,
But haste to give thine age this meet repose.
That done, we do conjure thee leave the place
With cautious secresy; for was it known,
That thus we trespass'd on our lord's command,
The consequence were fatal.

ORGAR.

Fairest maid!
Think not I'll basely draw down punishments
On my preservers. I retire. May blessings [ness.
Show'r'd from yon fount of bliss repay your kind-
[*Exit* Orgar.

SEMICHORUS.

Yes, sisters, yes, when pale distress
Implores your aiding hand,
Let not a partial faithfulness,
Let not a mortal's vain command
Urge you to break th' unalterable laws
Of heav'n-descended Charity.
Ah! follow still the soft-ey'd deity;
For know, each path she draws
Along the plain of life,
Meets at the central dome of heart-felt joy.
Follow the soft-ey'd deity;
She bids ye, as ye hope for blessings, bless.
Aid then the gen'ral cause of gen'ral happiness.

SEMICHORUS.

Humanity, thy awful strain
Shall ever greet our ear,
Sonorous, sweet, and clear.
And as amid the sprightly-swelling train
Of dulcet notes, that breathe
From flute or lyre,
The deep base rolls its manly melody,
Guiding the tuneful choir;
So thou, Humanity, shalt lead along
Th' accordant passions in their moral song,
And give our mental concert truest harmony.

CHORUS.

But see, Elfrida comes.
Should we again resume our former strain,
And hail the morn that paints her waking beauties;
Or stay her gentle bidding? Rather stay;
For, as I think, she seems in pensive mood;
And there are times, when to the sorrowing soul
Ev'n harmony is harshness.

ELFRIDA, CHORUS.

ELFRIDA.

Oh my virgins,
With what a leaden and retarding weight
Does expectation load the wing of time?
Alas, how have these three dull hours crept on,

Since first the crimson mantle of the morn
Skirted yon gay horizon? Say, my friends,
Have I miscounted? Did not Athelwold
At parting fix this morn for his return?
This dear long-wish'd-for morn? He did, he did,
And seal'd it with a kiss; I could not err.
And yet he comes not. He was wont outstrip
The Sun's most early speed, and make its rising
To me unwish'd and needless. This delay
Creates strange doubts and scruples in my breast.
Courts throng with beauties, and my Athelwold
Has a soft, susceptible, heart as prone,
To yield its love to ev'ry sparkling eye,
As is the musk-rose to dispense its fragrance
To ev'ry whisp'ring breeze; perhaps he's false,
Perhaps Elfrida's wretched.

CHORUS.

See, Elfrida,
Ah see! how round yon branching elm the ivy
Clasps its green folds, and poisons what supports it.
Not less injurious to the shoots of love
Is sickly jealousy.

ELFRIDA.

My mind nor pines
With jealousy, nor rests secure in peace.
Who loves, must fear; and sure who loves like me,
Must greatly fear.

CHORUS.

Yet whence the cause? Your earl
Has ever yet (this little breach excepted)
Been punctual to appointment. Did his eye
Glow with less ardent passions when he left you,
Than at the first blest meeting? No! I mark'd him,
His parting glance was that of fervent love,
And constancy unalter'd. Do not fear him.

ELFRIDA.

I should not fear him, were his present stay
The only cause. Alas, it is not so!
Why comes my earl so secret to these arms?
Why, but because he dreads the just reproach
Of some deluded fair one? Why am I
Here shrouded up, like the pale votarist,
Who knows no visitant, save the lone owl,
That nightly leaves his ivy-shrouded cell,
And sails on slow wing thro' the cloister'd isles,
List'ning her saintly orisons? Why am I
Denied to follow my departed lord
Whene'er his duty calls him to the palace?

CHORUS.

Covet not that; the noblest proof of love
That Athelwold can give, is still to guard
Your beauties from the blast of courtly gales.
The crimson blush of virgin modesty,
The delicate soft tints of innocence
There all fly off, and leave no boast behind
But well-rang'd, faded features. Ah, Elfrida,
Should you be doom'd, which happier fate forbid!
To drag your hours through all that nauseous scene
Of pageantry and vice; your purer breast,
True to its virtuous relish, soon would heave
A fervent sigh for innocence and Harewood.

ELFRIDA.

You much mistake me, virgins; the throng'd palace
Were undesir'd by me, did not that palace
Detain my Athelwold. If he were here,
His presence would convert this range of oaks
To stately columns; these gay-liv'ried flow'rs
To troops of gallant ladies; and yon deer,
That jut their antlers forth in sportive fray,
To armed knights at joust or tournament.
If Athelwold dwelt here; if no ambition
Could lure his steps from love, and this still forest;
If I might never moan his time of absence,
Longer than that which serv'd him for the chase
Or of the wolf, or stag; or when he bore
The hood-wink'd falcon forth; might these, my virgins,
And these alone, be love's short intervals, [wood.
I should not have one thought remote from Hare-

CHORUS.

And would you wish that Athelwold should slight
The weal of England, and on these light toys
Waste his unvalued hours? No, fond Elfrida;
His active soul is wing'd for nobler flights,

ELFRIDA.

What then, must England's welfare hold my earl
For ever from these shades?

CHORUS.

We say not that.
The youth, who bathes in pleasure's tempting stream
At well judg'd intervals, feels all his soul
Nerv'd with recruited strength; but if too oft
He swims in sportive mazes through the flood,
Its chills his languid virtue. For this cause
Your earl forbids, that these enchanting groves,
And their fair mistress should possess him wholly.
He knows he has a country and a king,
That claim his first attention; yet be sure,
'Twill not be long, ere his unbending mind
Shall lose in sweet oblivion ev'ry care,
Among the embow'ring shades that veil Elfrida.

ELFRIDA.

Oh be that speech prophetic; may he soon
Seek these embow'ring shades! Meanwhile, my friends,
Sooth me with harmony. I know full well
That ye were nurs'd in Cornwall's wizard caves,
And oft have pac'd the fairy-peopled vales
Of Devon, where posterity retains
Some vein of that old minstrelsy, which breath'd
Through each time-honour'd grove of British oak.
There, where the spreading consecrated boughs
Fed the sage misletoe, the holy Druids
Lay rapt in moral musings; while the Bards
Call'd from their solemn harps such lofty airs,
As drew down Fancy from the realms of light
To paint some radiant vision on their minds,
Of high mysterious import. But on me
Such strains sublime were wasted: I but ask
A sprightly song to speed the lazy flight
Of these dull hours. And music sure can find
A magic spell to make them skim their round,
Swift as the swallow circles. Try its power:
While I, from yonder hillock, watch his coming.
[*Exit* Elfrida.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I. 1.

The turtle tells her plaintive tale,
Sequester'd in some shadowy vale;
The lark in radiant ether floats,
And swells his wild ecstatic notes:

Meanwhile on yonder hawthorn spray
The linnet wakes her temp'rate lay;
She haunts no solitary shade,
She flutters o'er no sun-shine mead
No love-lorn griefs depress her song,
No raptures lift it loudly high,
But soft she trills, amid th' aerial throng,
Smooth simple strains of sob'rest harmony.

I. 2.

Sweet bird! like thine our lay shall flow,
Nor gaily brisk, nor sadly slow;
For to thy note sedate, and clear,
Content still lends a list'ning ear.
Reclin'd this mossy bank along,
Oft has she heard thy careless song:
Why hears not now? What fairer grove
From Harewood lures her devious love?
What fairer grove than Harewood knows
More woodland walks, more fragrant gales,
More shadowy bowers, inviting soft repose, [vales?
More streams slow-wand'ring thro' her winding

I. 3.

Perhaps to some lone cave the rover flies,
Where lull'd in pious peace the hermit lies.
For, from the hall's tumultuous state,
Where banners wave with blazon'd gold,
There will the meek-ey'd matron oft retreat,
And with the solemn sage high converse hold.

II. 1.

There, goddess, on the shaggy mound,
Where tumbling torrents roar around,
Where pendant mountains o'er your head
Stretch their reverential shade,
You listen, while the holy seer
Slowly chants his vespers clear;
Or of his sparing mess partake,
The sav'ry pulse, the wheaten cake,
The bev'rage cool of limpid rill.
Then, rising light, your host you bless,
And o'er his saintly temples bland distil
Seraphic day-dreams of Heav'n's happiness.

II. 2.

Where'er thou art, enchanting power,
Thou soon wilt smile in Harewood's bower:
Soon will thy fairy feet be seen,
Printing this dew-impearled green;
Soon shall we mark thy gestures meek,
Thy glitt'ring eye, and dimpled cheek,
Among the welcome guests that move
Attendant on the state of Love.
There, when the sov'reign leads along
Of Sports and Smiles a jocund train,
Then last, but loveliest of the lovely throng,
Thou com'st to soften, yet secure his reign.

II. 3.

And, hark, completing our prophetic lay,
The fleet hoof rattles o'er the flinty way;
Now nearer, and now nearer sounds.
Avaunt! ye vain, delusive fears: [bounds,
Hark! Echo tells through Harewood's amplest
That Love, Content, and Athelwold appears.

ATHELWOLD, ELFRIDA, CHORUS.

ATHELWOLD.

Look ever thus; with that bright glance of joy
Thus always meet my transports. Let these arms
Thus ever fold me; and this cheek, that blooms
With all health's op'ning roses, press my lips,
Warm as at this blest moment.

ELFRIDA.

Athelwold,
I had prepar'd me many a stern rebuke;
Had arm'd my brow with frowns, and taught my eye
Th' averted glance of coldness, which might best
Greet such a loit'ring lover: but I find,
'Twas a vain task; for this my truant heart
Forgets each lesson which resentment taught,
And in thy sight knows only to be happy.

ATHELWOLD.

My best Elfrida—Heav'ns! it cannot last.
The giddy height of joy, to which I 'm lifted,
Is as a hanging rock, at whose low foot
The black and beating surge of infamy
Rolls ready to receive, and sink my soul.

ELFRIDA.

So soon to fall into this musing mood—
I thought, my lord, you promis'd you would leave
These looks behind at court. Nay, 'twas the cause
Assign'd for this my residence at Harewood,
That you might never come to these fond arms,
But with a breast devoid of public care,
And fill'd alone with rapture and Elfrida.
Said you not so? Why then that pensive posture,
That down-cast eye? Surely the city's din,
And this calm grove have lost their difference.
I'll with you to the palace.

ATHELWOLD.

Heav'n forbid!

ELFRIDA.

Nay, my best lord, I meant it but in sport;
For should you bid me quit these blooming lawns,
For some bare heath, or drear unpeopled desert;
Believe me, I would think its wildness Eden,
If Athelwold with frequent visitation
Endear'd the savage scene: but yet I fear
My father.

ATHELWOLD.

Hah! why him?

ELFRIDA.

You know his temper;
How jealous of his rank, and his trac'd lineage
From royal ancestry. I fear me much,
He will not brook you should conceal me long
In this lone privacy: No, he will deem it
Far unbecoming her, whose veins are fill'd
With the rich stream of his nobility.
Should it be so, his hot and fiery nature,
I doubt, will blaze, and do some dreadful outrage.

ATHELWOLD.

He need not know it, or, if chance he should,
It matters not, if so this forest life
Seem of your own adoption and free choice.
And that it will so seem, I trust that love,
Which ever yet has met my wayward will
With pleas'd compliance, and unask'd assent.

ELFRIDA.

And ever shall: yet blame me not, my lord,
If prying womanhood should prompt a wish
To learn the cause of this your strange commotion,
Which ever wakes, if I but drop one thought
Of quitting Harewood.

ATHELWOLD.
Go to the clear surface
Of yon unruffled lake, and, bending o'er it,
There read my answer.

ELFRIDA.
These are riddles, sir—

ATHELWOLD.
No; for its glassy and reflecting surface
Will smile with charms too tempting for a palace.

ELFRIDA.
Does Athelwold distrust Elfrida's faith?

ATHELWOLD.
No: but he much distrusts Elfrida's beauty.

ELFRIDA.
Away: you trifle.

ATHELWOLD.
Never more in earnest;
I would not for the throne which Edgar sits on,
That Edgar should behold it.

ELFRIDA.
What, my lord!
Think you the form, that caught your single heart,
Will make all hearts its captives? Vain surmise.
Yet grant it could; the form is your's alone:
Not Edgar's self would dare to seize it from you.
Edgar's a king, and not a tyrant.

ATHELWOLD.
True;
Edgar's a king, a just one; his firm feet
Walk ever in the fore-right road of honour:
Nor do I know what lure can draw his steps
Devious from that straight path, save only one:
That tempting lure is beauty. Ah! Elfrida,
Throw but the dazzling bait within his view,
The untam'd wolf does not with fiercer rage
Burst the slight bondage of the silken net,
Than he the ties of law. Late, very late,
Smit casually with young Matilda's face,
He straight commanded her reluctant mother
To yield her to his arms: nor had she 'scap'd
The violating fervour of his love,
Had not the prudent dame suborn'd her handmaid,
To take the unchaste office, and be led,
Veil'd in the mask of night, to Edgar's chamber,
A counterfeit Matilda. As it chanc'd,
The damsel pleas'd the king, nor did detection
A whit abate his fondness; he forgave
The prudent mother, eas'd Matilda's fears,
And led the wanton minstrel to his court,
Where still she shares—

CHORUS.
Behold, earl Athelwold,
A messenger arrives; his speed and aspect
Speak some important errand.

EDWIN, ATHELWOLD, ELFRIDA, CHORUS.

ATHELWOLD.
How now, Edwin?

EDWIN.
The king, my lord, is on his way to Harewood.

ATHELWOLD.
The king!

EDWIN.
His purpose is to pass through Mercia:
And in a hasty message, some two hours
After you left the palace, this his pleasure
Was sent you by lord Seofrid; withal
Commanding your attendance. You being absent,
He straightway turn'd his course through this fair forest,
Meaning to chase the stag; his train is small,
As was his purpose sudden.

ELFRIDA.
Good my lord,
Why thus perplex'd!

CHORUS.
Heav'ns! what a deep despair
Sits on his brow!

ELFRIDA.
The notice sure is short;
But that's a trifle, a small train requires
The smaller preparation: let him come.

ATHELWOLD.
Yes, let him come: so thou wilt say, Elfrida,
When thou hast heard my tale. Yes, let him come;
So wilt thou say, and let thy husband perish.
Yet shall these arms once more embrace thee closely,
Ere yet thou fly them as the pois'nous adder.
'Tis o'er: in that embrace Elfrida's love
Was buried; and in that embrace, the peace
Of wretched Athelwold.

ELFRIDA.
What may this be!

ATHELWOLD.
Oh Edwin, Edwin, when surviving malice
Shall prey upon the fame of thy dead master,
Wilt thou not some way strive to check the fiend's
Insatiate fury? Wilt thou see my name
Defil'd, and blacken'd with Detraction's venom,
And bear it patiently?

ELFRIDA.
What means my best—

ATHELWOLD.
Peace; not a word of best, or lov'd, or dear:
Such tender terms are not for thee to use,
Or me to triumph in. Virgins, retire;
We would a while be private. Nay, return.
Concealment would be vain; and ye and Edwin
Are bound to me. Albina! as for you,
I sav'd your father when his blood was forfeit.

CHORUS.
Not I, great earl, alone, but all this train
Are bound by ev'ry tie of faith and love
To gen'rous Athelwold; to that mild master,
Who never forc'd our service to one act,
But of such liberal sort as freedom's self
Would willingly perform.

ATHELWOLD.
It may be so;
But where's the tie, Elfrida, that may bind
Thy faith and love?

ELFRIDA.
The strongest sure, my lord,
The golden, nuptial tie. Try but its strength.

ATHELWOLD.
I must perforce this instant. Know Elfrida,
Once, on a day of high festivity,
The youthful king, encircled with his nobles,
Crown'd high the sparkling bowl; and much of love,

Of beauty much the sprightly converse ran.
When as it well might chance, the brisk lord Ardulph
Made gallant note of Orgar's peerless daughter,
And in such phrase as might inflame a breast
More cool than Edgar's. Early on the morrow,
Th' impatient monarch gave me swift commission
To view those charms, of which lord Ardulph's tongue
Had giv'n such warm description: to whose words
If my impartial eye gave full assent,
I had his royal mandate on the instant
To hail thee queen of England.

ELFRIDA.

'Stead of which,
You came, and hail'd me wife of Athelwold.
Was this the tale I was so taught to fear?
Was this the deed, that known would make me fly
Thy clasping arm, as 'twere the pois'nous adder?
See, I again embrace thee; dearest proof
That thy Elfrida's love can never die;
Or, if it could, that this embrace revives it.

ATHELWOLD.

Dost thou then pardon me? Come, injur'd sovereign,
Plunge deep thy sword of justice in this breast,
And I will die contented.

ELFRIDA.

Heav'n forbid!
What can be done?

CHORUS.

Indeed ye constant pair,
'Tis fit ye strive to fly the coming danger:
For safety now sits wav'ring on your love,
Like the light down upon the thistle's beard,
Which ev'ry breeze may part. Say, noble earl,
What feint was us'd to lull the king's impatience?

ATHELWOLD.

Soon as these shades had veil'd my beauteous bride
I hasted back to Edgar, laugh'd at Ardulph,
And talk'd of Elfrid, as of vulgar beauties;
Own'd no uncommon light'ning in her eye,
No breast that sham'd the snow, or cheek the rose.
The sprightly king believ'd me, and forgot her.

CHORUS.

But an alliance, great as Athelwold's
With Orgar's daughter, soon would blaze abroad,
The theme of popular converse.

ATHELWOLD.

True, it would;
And for that reason, when I last was here,
The king was taught I went to wed Elfrida.

ELFRIDA.

How so, my lord?

ATHELWOLD.

Thy father, my Elfrida,
Has rich possessions. These, and these alone,
I made my theme of love; and told the king,
That tho' thy face (pardon the impious falshood)
Boasted not charms to grace a monarch's throne,
Yet would thy dow'r well suit his minister.
I therefore meant to ask thee of thy father,
And (that my want of skill in choice might 'scape
All censure) hide thee close in Harewood castle.
Edgar with smiles consented, and, I think,
Harbours no thoughts of my disloyalty.

ELFRIDA.

If so, what danger now?

ATHELWOLD.

Ask'st thou what danger?
Heav'ns! will that glance not instantly proclaim
My tenfold perfidy?

ELFRIDA.

He shall not see me.
I'll hide me instant in some secret chamber,
And robe this virgin in my bridal vestments.

ATHELWOLD.

Thy love, like balm, runs trick'ling o'er the wounds
Of my torn bosom; yet 'tis vain, 'tis vain:
Thou must thyself appear, for Ardulph ever
Attends the king, and would detect the fraud.

ELFRIDA.

If so, yet still I can assure our safety;
For as you fear my softness of complexion,
I'll stain it with the juice of dusky leaves,
Or yellow berries, which this various wood
From tree or shrub will yield me. These I'll use,
And form a thousand methods to conceal
The little gleams of grace, which Nature lent me.
Fear not my caution.

ATHELWOLD.

Gentlest, best of creatures,
Go, do then as thy tender care directs.
And yet how vain? What wond'rous art can steal
The liquid lightnings from those radiant eyes,
Or rob the wavy ringlets of that hair
Of all their nameless graces? Say it could,
Yet would that modest, but majestic mien,
That inborn dignity of soul, which breathes
Thro' each angelic gesture, still remain
To seize the heart of Edgar. Rest, Elfrida,
Rest as thou art, in all that blaze of beauty:
I must submit to my just lot, and lose thee.

ELFRIDA.

Away, my lord, with these too anxious scruples:
Fear not my carriage; I will stoop my head,
Drawl out an idiot phrase, and do each act
With ev'n a rude and peasant awkwardness.

EDWIN.

Ere this, my lord, I think the king has reach'd
The full mid-way; 'twere fit you stood prepar'd
To give him meeting.

ATHELWOLD.

Give him meeting, Edwin!
Alas! I have no mask to veil my baseness.
When deep contrition shadows all my soul,
I cannot dress my features in light smiles,
And look the thing I am not. No, these eyes
Are not as yet true vassals to my purpose;
As yet indeed I am but half a villain.

ELFRIDA.

You weigh this matter in too nice a balance.
Your crime, my lord, is but the crime of love:
Thousands like you have fail'd.

ATHELWOLD.

I know, Elfrida,
Could love absolve the crime, my soul were pure
As maiden innocence. Yes, I do love thee,
And thou art fair—beyond—But that's my bane:
Thy ev'ry charm adds weight to my offence,
And heaps fresh wrongs upon the best of masters.
Yes, Elfrid, Edgar was the best of masters.
Oh hide me from the thought in that dear bosom—
Heav'ns! I must die or keep her.

ELFRIDA.

Live, or die,
I'm thine alike. Death cannot aught abate,
Or life augment, my love. Let this embrace
Be witness of my truth.

ATHELWOLD.

It shall, it shall:
Thy ev'ry word and look declares thee faithful:
Secure of all thy love, and all thy prudence,
Returning confidence has arm'd my soul
For this dread meeting: resting on thy truth
I go— [*Exit* Athelwold.

ELFRIDA.

Go, and thy guardian saint preserve thee,
Show'r blessings vast as would my lavish love,
Had I his power to bless thee!

CHORUS.

Yes, my sisters,
The silent awe that reigns thro' all your train,
Befits ye well. Let Admiration first
Pay her mute tribute. She can best express,
By those her kindling cheeks, and lifted eyes
Where the tear twinkles, that transcendent praise
Elfrida's virtue claims.

ELFRIDA.

My virtue, virgins,
Is only love. Or, say that it be virtue,
It owes its source to love, to chastest love,
Than which what passion more impels the mind
To fair and gen'rous action? But the hours
Are precious now. I'll to yon neighb'ring grove:
There grows an azure flow'r, I oft have mark'd it,
Which stains the pressing finger with a juice
Of dusky, yellow tinct: its name I know not,
I'll fetch and try it straight. Wait my return.
[*Exit* Elfrida.

CHORUS.

O D E.

I.

Whence does this sudden lustre rise,
That gilds the grove? not like the noontide beam,
Which sparkling dances on the trembling stream,
Nor the blue lightning's flash swift-shooting thro' the skies.
But such a solemn steady light,
As o'er the cloudless azure steals,
When Cynthia, riding on the brow of night,
Stops in their mid career her silver wheels.

II.

Whence can it rise, but from the sober power
Of Constancy? she, heav'n-born queen,
Descends, and here in Harewood's hallow'd bower,
Fixes her stedfast reign:
Stedfast, as when her high command
Gives to the starry band
Their radiant stations in Heav'n's ample plain.
Stedfast, as when around this nether sphere,
She winds the various year;
Tells what time the snow-drop cold
Its maiden whiteness may unfold,
When the golden harvest bend,
When the ruddy fruits descend.
Then bids pale Winter wake, to pour
The pearly hail's translucent show'r,
To cast his silv'ry mantle o'er the woods,
And bind in crystal chains the slumb'ring floods.

III.

The soul, which she inspires, has pow'r to climb
To all the heights sublime
Of virtue's tow'ring hill.
That hill, at whose low foot weak-warbling strays
The scanty stream of human praise,
A shallow trickling rill.
While on the summits hov'ring angels shed,
From their best pinions, the nectareous dews
Of rich immortal fame: from these the Muse
Oft steals some precious drops, and skilful blends
With those the lower fountain lends;
Then show'rs it all on some high-favour'd head.
But thou, Elfrida, claim'st the genuine dew;
Thy worth demands it all,
Pure, and unmixt, on thee the holy drops shall fall.
[Elfrida *returns with flowers.*

ELFRIDA, ORGAR, CHORUS.

ELFRIDA. [*looking on the flower.*
'Tis strange, my virgins, this sweet child of Summer,
Silken and soft, whose breath perfumes the air,
Whose gay vest paints the morn, should in its bosom
Hide such pollution? Yet 'tis often thus:
All are not as they seem.

ORGAR.

Yet hear me, lady.

ELFRIDA.

Be gone, unmanner'd stranger, nor pursue me;
Hence, from the grove. Know ye this pilgrim, vir-
On my return I met him here. [gins?

CHORUS.

Alas;
We saw him here before, and heard his tale,
That mov'd our pity—But I fear me now, [heard—
'Twas false; some spy perchance, and may have

ORGAR.

I have; yet not for that are you betray'd,
Fair excellence, my heart is bound unto you,
I feel a tender interest in your welfare,
Tender as fathers feel.

ELFRIDA.

As fathers feel!
That well known voice, and ah! that look—

ORGAR.

Elfrida!

ELFRIDA.

Yes it is he, it is my father. Virgins,
Support me, or I faint! Oh wherefore, sir?

ORGAR.

Take courage, daughter; my parental fondness
Prompted this visit. Thus I came disguis'd,
To learn the cause of my dear child's confinement:
And I have learnt it.

ELFRIDA.

Then all's lost for ever.

ORGAR.

Thou know'st, Elfrida, next my house's honour,
Thy peace has ever been my dearest care.
But such an insult—No: I cannot brook it.
So black a fraud! By all my ancestors,
By Belin's shade I will have ample vengeance.

ELFRIDA.

Alas, I know too well your dreadful purpose.
I knew it at the first. Yes, he must fall.
Yet pardon me, if my poor trembling heart

Puts up I know not what of pray'rs and vows
To ev'ry pitying saint. Celestial guardians
Of nuptial constancy! Oh bend from Heav'n [man,
Your star-crown'd heads, and hear a wretched wo-
That begs ye save, from a dread father's rage,
Her lord, her husband.

ORGAR.

Husband! sooner call
Th' impeached thief true master of the booty
He stole, or murder'd for. Disdain the villain;
And help me to revenge thee.

CHORUS.

Think; great earl;
What sanctimonious ties restrain your daughter.
Did she not swear before the hallow'd shrine
Eternal fealty to this her lord?
Yet say, that he deceived her; shall her truth
Dare to revenge? No, sir, in highest Heav'n
Vengeance in storms and tempests sits enshrin'd,
Vested in robes of lightning, and there sleeps,
Unwak'd but by the incens'd Almighty's call.
Oh! let not man presume to take unbid
That dread vicegerency.

ORGAR.

Peace, virgins, peace.
Not ev'n the saws of druids or of bards
Have weight with me, when insults high as this
Rouse my just indignation. Hear me, daughter;
You went to search for flow'rs, to blot your charms
With their dun hue. Yes, thou shalt search for flow'rs,
Yet shall they be the loveliest of the spring;
Flow'rs, that entangling in thine auburn hair,
Or blushing 'mid the whiteness of thy bosom,
May, to the power of ev'ry native grace
Give double life and lustre. Haste, my child,
Array thyself in thy most gorgeous garb,
And see each jewel, which my love procur'd thee,
Dart its full radiance. More than all, put on
The nobler ornament of winning smiles,
And kind inviting glances.

ELFRIDA.

Never, never;
When this true heart renounces Athelwold,
May equitable Heav'n—

ORGAR.

Away with vows;
And with a duteous, and attentive ear,
Listen to my persuasions. Much I wish
Persuasions might prevail, that, not compell'd
To use a father's just prerogative,
My will may meet with thy unforc'd obedience.
Follow me, on thy duty.

ELFRIDA.

Cruel father,
That duty shall obey you; I will follow:
Yet dread as is that frown, dreadful as death,
It shall not shake the tenour of my faith;
Living or dead I still am Athelwold's.

[*Exeunt* Orgar *and* Elfrida.

SEMICHORUS.

Horrour! horrour!
The pen of Fate, dipt in its deepest gall,
Perhaps on that ill-omen'd wall,
Now writes th' event of this tremendous day.
Oh! that our weaker sight
Could read the mystic characters, and spy
What to the unpurg'd, mortal eye,
Is hid in endless night.

SEMICHORUS.

Suspense! thou frozen guest, begone.
The wretch, whose rugged bed
Is spread on thorns, more softly rests his head,
Than he that sinks amid the cygnet's down,
If thou, tormenting fiend, be nigh,
To prompt his starting tear, his ceaseless sigh,
His wish, his pray'r, his vow for ling'ring certainty.

CHORUS.

But hark! that certainty arrives. Methought
I heard the winding horn. I did not err;
The king is near at hand. This quick approach
Will sure prevent this proud earl's cruel purpose.
Yet what of that? Does her fair form require
The blazon of rich vesture? Genuine beauty
Nor asks, nor needs it: negligence alone
Is its bright diadem, and artless ease
Its robe of Tyrian tincture. Say, my sisters,
Shall we salute this monarch with a hymn
Of festival and joy? Alas, such joy
Ill suits our trembling hearts, and weeping eyes.
And now, 'twere vain; for see, the king approaches.

EDGAR, ATHELWOLD, CHORUS.

EDGAR.

No, Athelwold; not from a partial blindness,
Or for the mode and guise of courtesy,
Are we thus large in praise; in our true judgment,
This castle is not more kind Nature's debtor
For its delicious site, than 'tis to thee
For this so goodly structure. From its base,
Ev'n to yon turrets trim, and taper spires,
All is of choicest masonry. Each part
Doth boast a separate grace, yet each combines
To form one graceful whole; for ornament,
Tho' here the richest that the eye can note,
Is us'd, not lavish'd; Art seems generous here,
Yet not a prodigal. But ah! my earl,
[*seeing the Chorus.*
What living charms are here? Thy castle's beauty
Must not detain me from this lovelier prospect.
Your pardon, fair ones, that my wayward eye
Paid not at first, where first was surely due,
Its homage to your graces.

ATHELWOLD.

Heav'ns! they weep.
What may this mean? Some dread and unseen chance
Has counter-work'd my safety.

EDGAR.

Whence this silence?
Why are your lovely heads thus bow'd with sadness?
Beshrew my heart, my lord, but this is strange.
I know thee, earl, and know thy gentleness,
More prone t'obey, than lord it o'er the sex;
Else should I guess this sorrow had its rise
From some discourteous treatment.

CHORUS.

No, dread sov'reign;
He is the noblest, gentlest, best of masters;
And may your love reward——

ORGAR, ATHELWOLD, EDGAR, CHORUS.

ATHELWOLD.

Death to my hopes!

ORGAR.

Yes, villain, start; but let this vengeful arm
Arrest thy baseness: would to Heav'n its strength,
Thus grasping thee, could open thy false breast,
And bare thy heart to the sham'd eye of day.

EDGAR.

Patience, hot man. What art thou?

ORGAR.

Earl of Devon.
Pardon me, prince; that this my honest rage
O'erleaps obedient duty. I am wrong'd,
Yet that's but small; for know, much-injur'd prince,
Thy wrongs as well as mine both call for justice.
Yes, sir, I here, on a true subject's oath,
Proclaim earl Athelwold a faithless traitor.

EDGAR.

Ha! what is this? Renounce the word, old earl;
Thy length of years hath forc'd thee, sure, to press
The verge of dotage. Athelwold! what, Athelwold
A faithless traitor! Perish the suspicion.
Never before did word, or thought, or look
Give doubt of his distinguish'd loyalty:
Dotage alone could frame the accusation.

ORGAR.

I do not dote; thank Heav'n, my faculties
Are yet my own, unblemish'd and unhurt.
Would so my daughter were!

EDGAR.

What is his drift?

ATHELWOLD.

Better, my royal lord, you mark'd him not;
The wayward earl is—

ORGAR.

What, audacious villain?
I will be heard.

EDGAR.

Go to, thou choleric lord!

ORGAR.

When thou hast heard me, Edgar, call me choleric.

EDGAR.

Speak then, and briefly.

ORGAR.

Once, my sacred liege,
I had a daughter, duteous as e'er crown'd
A father's wish, and lovely as could warm
A youth to am'rous transports. This, my lord,
You learnt long since from noble Ardulph's praises,
And, fir'd with his description, sent this earl,
This faithful earl, t'invite her to your throne.

EDGAR.

No, Orgar, not t'invite her to our throne;
Simply to note her beauty was his errand.

ORGAR.

Yes, he did note it, stampt it for his own.
But why this parley? Enter, sir, these gates,
And let Elfrida's features be the book,
Where you may read the story of his falshood,
Ev'n on the instant.

EDGAR.

Noble lord, lead on:
We'll follow to the trial. I will humour
The earl's hot temper. He has heard, my friend,
We meant t'exalt his daughter, and for that
His partial fondness, link'd with his ambition,
Levels this rage at thee. Attend, us lords.

[*Exeunt* Edgar, Orgar, &c.

CHORUS, ATHELWOLD.

CHORUS.

My lord, the king is enter'd: stand not thus
In mute and fixt distress.

ATHELWOLD.

Away, away;
What! can a man that thinks such thoughts as I do
Have pow'r of word or motion? Speak to me;
Inform me all. What said she, when I left her?
How came her father hither? How did she
Greet his arrival? Say, was she compell'd,
Or did her free and voluntary voice
Tell all the story? Did she marshal him
To this his deed of vengeance?

CHORUS.

Dearest master;
Elfrida told him not: his own deceit
Was his informer. Here the earl arrived
Early at morn, in mean and pilgrim weeds,
All like an ancient, toil-worn traveller;
And with a tale, told in such piteous strain,
Fraught with such sad and moving circumstance,
With woes so well dissembled, that our softness
Suffered him enter this close bow'r for rest,
Which he adapting to his prying purpose,
Thence learnt the secret. This our disobedience
We own—

ATHELWOLD.

Was my perdition. Yet 'tis well;
I blame ye not; it was Heav'n's justice, virgins;
This brought him hither; this annull'd your faith.
I do not think, you purpos'd my destruction;
But yet you have destroy'd me. Oh Elfrida,
And art thou faithful? This my jealous eye [thee;
Thought it had mark'd some speck of change upon
Thought it had found, what might have made thy
Somewhat within endurance. 'Tis not so; [loss
And this thy purity but serves t'augment
The sum of my distractions. Meet me, Edgar,
With thy rais'd sword: be merciful and sudden.

[*Exit* Athelwold.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. 1.

Say, will no white-rob'd son of light,
Swift-darting from his heav'nly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd stand;
Here wave his amber locks; unfold
His pinions cloth'd with downy gold;
Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand?
And you, ye host of saints, for ye have known
Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,
Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpressive praise,
Will not your train descend in radiant state,
To break with mercy's beam this gath'ring cloud of fate?

I. 2.

'Tis silence all. No son of light
Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height;
No train of radiant saints descend.
"Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,
Or saint to hear, or angel to defend."

So Truth proclaims. I hear the sacred sound
Burst from the centre of her burning throne;
Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre crown'd;
A bright sun clasps her adamantine zone.
So Truth proclaims; her awful voice I hear;
With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

I. 3.

"Attend, ye sons of men; attend, and say,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break thro' the veil of your mortality!
Say, does not reason in this form descry
Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
The angel's floating pomp, the seraph's glowing grace?

II. 1.

"Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? Shall she, whose brightest eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
Shall pass, and she is gone: while I appear
Flush'd with the bloom of youth thro' Heav'n's eternal year.

II. 2.

"Know, mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,
Ere first these orbs in ether hung,
I shone amid the heav'nly throng.
These eyes beheld creation's day,
This voice began the choral-lay,
And taught archangels their triumphant song.
Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And ocean heave on his extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,
The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

II. 3.

"Last, man arose, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image stampt upon his face,
And, as he rose, the high behest was giv'n,
That I alone of all the host of Heav'n,
Should reign protectress of the godlike youth.
Thus the Almighty spake: he spake and call'd me Truth."

ATHELWOLD, EDWIN, CHORUS.

ATHELWOLD.

Banish me! No. I'll die. For why should life
Remain a lonely lodger in that breast
Which honour leaves deserted? Idle breath,
Thou can'st not fill such vacancy. Begone.
This sword shall free—

CHORUS.

Oh shame to Fortitude!
Shame to that manly passion, which inspires
Its vigorous warmth, when the bleak blasts of Fate
Would chill the soul. Oh call the ready virtue
Quick to thy aid, for she is ever near thee;
Is ever prompt to spread her sevenfold shield
O'er noble breasts.

ATHELWOLD.

And but o'er noble breasts;
Not o'er the breast which livid infamy
Indelibly has spotted. Oh shame, shame.
Sword, rid me of the thought.

CHORUS.

Forbear, forbear;
Think what a sea of deep perdition whelms
The wretch's trembling soul, who lanches forth
Unlicens'd to eternity. Think, think;
And let the thought restrain thy impious hand.
The race of man is one vast marshall'd army,
Summon'd to pass the spacious realms of time;
Their leader the Almighty. In that march,
Ah, who may quit his post, when high in air
The chos'n archangel rides, whose right hand wields
Th' imperial standard of Heav'n's providence,
Which, dreadly sweeping thro' the vast sky,
O'ershadows all creation?

ATHELWOLD.

I was once——
Yes, I was once (I have his royal word for't)
A man of such try'd faith, such steady honour,
As mock'd all doubt and scruple.—What a change!
Now must that unstain'd, virgin character,
Be doom'd to gross and hourly prostitution,
Saving the lust of slander; and my wife,
My chaste Elfrida—Oh distraction! no,
I'll fly to save her.

EDWIN.

Stay, my dearest master;
You rush on instant death.

ATHELWOLD.

I mean it, slave,
And would'st thou hinder me?

EDWIN.

Yes, sir, I hold
'Tis duty to my king, and love to you,
Thus to oppose your entrance.

ATHELWOLD.

What, thou traitor!
Thy pardon, Edwin, I forgot myself;
Forgot, that I stood here a banish'd man;
And that this gate was shut against its master.
And yet this gate leads to my dear Elfrida!
Can it be bar'd to me? Oh earth, cold earth,
Upon whose breast I cast this load of mis'ry,
Bear it a while; and you ye aged oaks,
Ye venerable fathers of this wood,
Who oft have cool'd beneath your arching shades
My humble ancestors, oft seen them hie
To your spread umbrage, from yon sultry fields,
Their scene of honest labour, shade, ah! shade
The last, the wretchedest of all their race.
I will not long pollute ye; for I mean
To pay beneath your consecrated gloom
A sacrifice to honour, and the ghosts
Of those progenitors, who sternly frown
On me their base descendant.

EDWIN.

See, ye virgins,
How horrour shades his brow; how fixt his eye;
Heav'ns! what despair—

CHORUS.

Edwin, 'tis ever thus
With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly:
Remorse stings deeper, and relentless conscience

Pours more of gall into the bitter cup
Of their severe repentance.

ATHELWOLD.

'Tis resolv'd:
I'll enter and demand a second audience.
And yet how vain! Ere I can reach his ear,
His ready train will stop me, and, with all
The cruel punctuality of office,
So prompt to act against fall'n favourites,
Dismiss me with reproof.—Surely I heard her.
Was't not Elfrida's voice? 'Tis she herself.

ELFRIDA, EDGAR, ATHELWOLD, ORGAR, CHORUS.

ELFRIDA.

No, I will once more clasp him to my bosom.
I will not be withheld. I will o'ertake him,
Will go with him to exile. Hah, my husband!
So quickly found? They thought to tear me from thee;
But we will part no more.

EDGAR.

Take heed, Elfrida.
This ill-tim'd fondness may recall the fate
I just now freed him from; who loves like me
Can ill brook this. Or quit him, or he dies.

ATHELWOLD.

Yes, let me die! Death is my dearest wish.
Quit me, Elfrida! leave me to my fate.
'Tis just, 'tis just. Thus to my sov'reign's sword
Freely I bare my breast. Strike, injur'd prince;
But do not banish me.

ELFRIDA.

What, Athelwold,
Is then the life, on whose dear preservation
Elfrida's peace depends, not worth the saving?
Die then. But ere thy murd'rer strike the stroke,
Let me inform him, that his act destroys
No single life.

EDGAR.

By Heav'n, she loves the traitor
Beyond all hope of change——

ELFRIDA.

No, Athelwold,
Thou shalt not die: that pause in royal Edgar
Bespeaks forgiveness. He will soon relent;
And mercy, flowing from his gracious tongue,
Seal thy full pardon. Let us kneel, my lord;
Seize the important moment; kneel together;
And, as these streaming eyes and lifted hands
Employ each act of silent supplication,
Do thou recount—Ah! no, thy modest tongue
Could never tell ev'n half the gallant story.
Be silent then. Let Edgar's self reflect;
For well I know his mem'ry writes thy virtues
Upon its fairest pages. Yes, let him weigh
All thy past deeds of loyalty and faith,
'Gainst this so light a fault.

EDGAR.

So light a fault!
Had he dislodg'd my richest coffer'd treasures,
Dispers'd sedition's poison 'mid my troops,
Or aim'd with daring and rebellious hand
To snatch these regal honours from my brow,
I sooner could have pardon'd.

ATHELWOLD.

Cease, Elfrida.
My doom is just—Yes, royal sir, I go
To banishment. I do deserve to breathe,
Deserve to bear this load of life about me,
For many years; to lengthen out my age,
List'ning the hourly knell of curst remembrance,
Whose leaden stroke shall tell to my sad soul
That I was faithful once.

ELFRIDA.

Oh flinty Edgar,
What! will this penitence not move thee? Know
There is a rose-lip'd seraph sits on high,
Who ever bends his holy ear to Earth
To mark the voice of penitence, to catch
Her solemn sighs, to tune them to his harp,
And echo them in harmonies divine
Up to the throne of grace. Ev'n Heav'n is won
By penitence, and shall Heav'n's substitute,
Shall Edgar scorn——

EDGAR.

Cease, cease, thou beauteous pleader!
Ah far too beauteous! Would'st thou gain thy suit,
Why glows that vermeil lip? Why rolls that eye
Bright as the ray of morn? Why in each gesture
Such inexpressive graces, but because
They're native all, and will not be conceal'd?
Else sure each charm betrays him, and becomes
An advocate, whose silent eloquence
Pleads 'gainst thy voice, and foils its tuneful power.
Traitor! was this the face which thy false tongue
Profan'd as vulgar? This such common beauty
As the fair eye of day beheld each hour
In ev'ry clime he lighted? Base dissembler,
This instant quit our realm.

ELFRIDA.

Oh stay thee, Edgar,
And once more hear me. At thy feet I fall
As earnest, and distrest a supplicant,
As e'er embrac'd the knees of majesty.
Oh! spare thy country's guardian, Edgar, spare
Thy closest, surest friend. Let not one fault
Cancel his thousand, thousand acts of faith.
Alas! I fall to vainest repetition.
Grief, whelming grief drowns all my faculties,
And leaves me nought but tears.

EDGAR.

Rise, rise, Elfrida.

ELFRIDA.

Shall he then live?

EDGAR.

He shall, he shall, my fair,
If so he quit the realm within the space
Our sentence limited.

ELFRIDA.

Oh stop not there;
That sentence will be death to Athelwold.
Think, for thou know'st full well his gentle nature,
Can he support the rigour of this doom?
Can he, who liv'd but in thy gracious smiles,
Who'd pine, if chance those smiles a single hour
Were dealt him thriftily; think, can he bear
The infamy of exile?

EDGAR.

Hear me, Athelwold.
Did I not show'r on thy much-favour'd head
My thickest honours, and with gift so ready
As out-run all request? Did I not hold thee
Still in such open confidence of friendship,
Such love as——

ATHELWOLD.

Sooner stab me than repeat it.

EDGAR.

Yet give me hearing. I repeat not this
To taunt or gall thee: On my soul thy worth
Did o'ertop all those honours, and thy zeal
Kept pace with my best love. Nor 'till this deed—
But such a deed! look there, look on that face.
Thou know'st me, Athelwold, hast seen me gaze
On a soft yielding fair one, 'till mine eye
Shot flames. Perdition seize me, if this heart
Knew love 'till now.

ATHELWOLD.

I see it plain, my liege,
Nor say I aught to lessen my offence.
No, here I kneel: Oh! cast but on my mis'ry
One kind forgiving glance; this ready sword
Shall expiate all.

ELFRIDA.

Ah! will you? must he die?

EDGAR.

No, stay thee, Athelwold, and sheath thy sword;
I never yet (save but this hour of rage)
Deem'd thee my subject: thou wert still my friend;
And, injur'd as I am, thou still art such.
I do forego the word; to banish thee,
Or seal thy death, transcends a friend's just right.

ELFRIDA.

Ah gen'rous deed! ah godlike goodness! Virgins,
The king will pardon him. 'Wake each high note
Of praise, and gratitude, teach Edgar's name
To Harewood's farthest echo. Oh my sov'reign!
What words can speak my thanks—

EDGAR.

Nay, check these transports,
Lest, if I see thee thus, my soul forget
Its milder purpose. I will leave thee, lady;
Yet first my lips must press this gentle hand,
And breathe one soft sigh of no common fervour.
Now on, my lords—Fair wonder of thy sex,
Adieu. We'll straight unto our realm of Mercia.
Yet first, as was our purpose, thro' this forest
We'll chase the nimble roebuck; may the sport
More please us, than we hope. Earl Athelwold,
Thou too must join our train; follow us straight.

[*Exeunt* Edgar, &c.

ATHELWOLD.

I will, my liege. Elfrida, I have much
For thy lov'd ear, and have but one farewel
To tell it all—and yet——

ELFRIDA.

Ah loiter not;
It may enrage. Farewel. Be sure take heed
I come not in your talk; avoid ev'n thinking;
Check ev'n the sighs of absence. Haste, my earl,
Oh haste thee, as thou lov'st thy constant wife.

[*Exit* Athelwold.

ORGAR, ELFRIDA, CHORUS.

ORGAR.

Thy constant wife! ah, stain of all thy race,
Degen'rate girl! Henceforth be Orgar deem'd
Of soft and dove-like temper, who could see
A child of his stoop to such vile abasement,
And yet forbore just wrath; forbore to draw
That blood she had defil'd from her mean veins.
But sure thou art not mine; some elf or fay
Did spirit away my babe, and by curst charms
Thee in her cradle plac'd. Nay hang not on me.
Dry, dry thy tears, they've done their office amply:
Edgar has pardon'd him. No, by my earldom,
I cannot think of majesty thus meanly.
He'll yet avenge it.—What if chance he should not?
That stops not me: I have a heart, an arm,
A sword can do me justice.

ELFRIDA.

Ah! my lord,
Are you still merciless? Alas, I hop'd——

ORGAR.

What could'st thou hope, Elfrida? could'st thou
I e'er would pardon his vile perfidy,
Or thy ignoble softness?

ELFRIDA.

Dearest father,
Frown not thus sternly on me. I would fain
Touch your relenting soul, fain win your heart
To fatherly forgiveness. For thro' life
I've oft had pleasing proof how that forgiveness
Stoop'd to my fond persuasion. But I fear
Persuasion now has left me. My sad thoughts
Are all on wing, all following Athelwold,
Like unseen ministring spirits:—Pardon, sir,
That frown shall check me, I'll not mention him:
I will but plead for my own weakness, plead
For that soft sympathy of soul, which you
Deem base and servile. Base perhaps it might be,
Were I of bolder sex. But I, alas!——
Ah pardon me, if nature stampt me woman;
Gave me a heart soft, gentle, prone to pity,
And very fearful: fearful, sure with cause
At this dread hour, when if one hapless word,
One sigh break forth unbid, it may rekindle
The monarch's rage—What has my phrenzy said?
I've wander'd from my meaning. Dearest virgins,
My rash tongue more inflames him. Oh assist me,
Ye are not thus opprest with inward horrour:
Kneel, plead, persuade, convince——

CHORUS.

Alas, my mistress,
What may a servant's accents do t'appease
This furious earl?

ORGAR.

Ye well may spare them: maidens,
Know my firm soul's resolv'd, and be my heart
As base as Athelwold's, if it foregoes
The honest resolution. Think what I,
What Britain suffers from this traitor's fraud:
Had Edgar rais'd my daughter to his throne,
Our British line, which now is doom'd to sink
In vile subjection, had again assum'd
The pall of royalty, with half its power,
In time perchance the whole. But this false Saxon
Shall with his life repay me. Here I'll wait
His first return, and in his own domain
Give him fair combat. I have known the time
When this good arm had hardihood enough
For thrice his prowess. What is lost thro' age,
My just cause shall supply; and he shall fall
As did the traitor Oswald, whose bold tongue
Defam'd me to king Athelstan: to the ground
My sharp lance nail'd the caitiff.

[*Exit* Orgar.

ELFRIDA, CHORUS.

ELFRIDA.

Think, my lord,
Will Athelwold, will he enter those lists,
Where conquest would be parricide? Alas,
He hears me not. Go, thou obdurate father!
A daughter's tears will but the more provoke thee.
I will not follow him. No, poor Elfrida!
All thou can'st do is here to stand, and weep,
And feel that thou art wretched.

CHORUS.

Dearest mistress,
Restrain this flood of tears, perhaps——

ELFRIDA.

Perhaps!
Ah! mock me not with hopes.

CHORUS.

We do not mean it:
For hope, though 'tis pale sorrow's only cordial,
Has yet a dull and opiate quality,
Enfeebling what it lulls. It suits not you;
For, as we fear——

ELFRIDA.

Do you too fear! alas!
I flatter'd my poor soul that all its fears
Were grief's distemper'd coinage, that my love
Rais'd causeless apprehensions, and at length
Edgar would quite forgive. I do bethink me,
My joy broke forth too rashly. When they left us,
His safety was not half secur'd; my pleading
Was not half heard; I should have follow'd Edgar,
Claim'd more full pardon, forc'd him to embrace
My sorrowing lord.

CHORUS.

We fear that sorrow more
Than Edgar's rage. We fear his fallen virtue.
Self-condemnation works most strongly on him,
Ev'n to despondency. Ev'n at his pardon,
No joy flush'd on his cheek; we mark'd him well,
He show'd no sign of welcome. No, he took it
As who should say, "to give me ought but death
Is a poor boon unwish'd and unaccepted."
Too much we fear he'll do some impious act—

ELFRIDA.

What, on his life? I thought I had explor'd
Each various face of danger: this escap'd me.
How miss'd I this? it suits his courage highly;
Suits too his fix'd remorse—But yet he will not:
No, Athelwold, thou wilt not kill Elfrida.

CHORUS.

Oh may his love preserve him: may these shades
Receive him soon in peace. To this blest end
You sure should strive to calm your father's rage;
At least not suffer him, as now, retir'd
To brood o'er his revenge. For know, Elfrida,
Beneath the silent gloom of solitude
Tho' peace can sit and smile: tho' meek content
Can keep the cheerful tenour of her soul,
Ev'n in the loneliest shades; yet let not wrath
Approach, let black revenge keep far aloof,
Or soon they flame to madness.

ELFRIDA.

True, my virgins;
Attend me then: I'll try each winning art:
Tho' ill such art becomes me, yet I'll aim it—
Hark—whence that noise? I heard some hasty footsteps.

CHORUS.

Oh Heav'n's! 'tis Edwin.

ELFRIDA, EDWIN, CHORUS.

ELFRIDA.

Edwin, ah! that look
Bespeaks too well the horrour of thy errand.
Tell it me all.

EDWIN.

Alas!——

ELFRIDA.

Nay, *do not pause*;
Tell it me all. I think it will not kill me.
Repeat each circumstance. I'm ready, Edwin,
Ev'n for the worst.

EDWIN.

Then hear, and Heav'n support thee.
Soon as the stag had left yon westward thicket,
The king dismiss'd his lords, each sev'ral ways,
To their best sport, bidding earl Athelwold,
Lord Arduiph, and myself, attend his person.
Thus parted from the rest, the monarch pierc'd
A darkling dell, which open'd in a lawn
Thick set with elm around. Suddenly here
He turn'd his steed, and cry'd, "This place befits
Our purpose well."

ELFRIDA.

Purpose! what purpose, Edwin?
'Twas predetermin'd then, dissembling tyrant!
How could I trust or hope——

EDWIN.

Yet give me hearing;
Thus with a grave composure, and calm eye,
King Edgar spake. "Now hear me, Athelwold;
Thy king has pardon'd this thy trait'rous act:
From all disloyal baseness to thy prince [mains.
Thou stand'st absolv'd; yet, know, there still re-
Somewhat to cancel more. As man to man,
As friend to friend, now, Athelwold, I call thee
Straight to defend thy life with thy good sword.
Nay, answer not; defend it gallantly.
If thy arm prosper, this my dying tongue
Shall pardon thee, and bless thee. If thou fall'st,
Thy parting breath must to my right resign
Elfrida's beauties." At the word, both drew,
Both fought; but Athelwold's was ill-play'd passion.
He aim'd his falchion at the monarch's head,
Only to leave his own brave breast defenceless.
And on the instant Edgar's rapid sword
Pierc'd my dear master's heart. He fell to earth,
And, falling, cry'd, "This wound atones for all.
Edgar, thus full aveng'd, will pardon me,
And my true wife, with chaste, connubial tears,
Embalm my memory." He smil'd, and died.

ELFRIDA.

Nay, come not round me, virgins, nor support me.
I do not swoon, nor weep. I call not Heav'n
T'avenge my wretchedness. I do not wish
This tyrant's hand may wither with cold palsies.
No, I am very patient. Heav'n is just!
And, when the measure of his crimes is full,
Will bare its red right arm, and lanch its lightnings.
'Till then, ye elements rest: and thou, firm Earth,
Ope not thy yawning jaws, but let this monster
Stalk his due time on thine affrighted surface.
Yes; let him still go on; still execute
His savage purposes, and daily make

More widows weep, as I do. Foolish eyes!
Why flow ye thus unbidden? What have tears
To do with grief like mine?

CHORUS.

Help, help, my sisters,
To bear her to the castle.

ORGAR, ELFRIDA, EDWIN, CHORUS.

ORGAR.

As I past,
Methought I heard a sound of loud lament;
Elfrida, ah!

ELFRIDA.

Is not my father there?
Withhold me not; I'll fall at his dear feet.
Oh sir! behold your child thus lowly prostrate;
Avenge her wrongs, avenge your poor Elfrida,
Your helpless, widow'd daughter.

ORGAR.

Widow'd daughter!
What; is he slain?

ELFRIDA.

Inhospitably butcher'd;
The tyrant's savage self—Stand you thus cool?
Where is the British spirit, where the fire
Of Belin's race?—Oh foolishness of grief,
Alas; I had forgot; had Edgar spar'd him,
That sword, to which my madness call'd for vengeance,
Ere long was meant to do the bloody deed,
And make the murder parricide. Have I
No friend to do me right?

ORGAR.

Thou hast, my child;
I am thy friend, thy father. Trust my care.
Edwin, a word. Retire, my dearest daughter:
Virgins, conduct her in.

ELFRIDA.

My father, no.
What do you do? I must not be withheld.
I'll to yon bloody grove, and clasp my husband,
My murder'd husband. Why restrain me, sir?
Can my sad eye dart fire thro' his cold breast,
And light up life anew?

ORGAR.

Go in, my child,
And seek tranquillity.

ELFRIDA.

Tranquillity!
I know her well; she is Death's pale-ey'd sister;
She's now in yonder grove closing the lids
Of my poor Athelwold. That office done,
She'll bear his soul upon her gentle plumes
Up to the realms of joy. I'll follow them:
I know he'd have it so; he'll not be blest,
Ev'n on his throne of bliss, till I am with him.

CHORUS.

This way, my dearest mistress.

ELFRIDA.

Hold, nay hold;
Crowd not around me. Let me pause a while.
Albina, thou alone shalt join my mis'ry;
I've much to utter to thy friendly ear.
Lead on, thou gentle maid: thy single arm
Shall prop my trembling frame; thy single voice
Speak peace to my afflictions.

[*Exit with the principal virgin.*

ORGAR, EDWIN, SEMICHORUS.

ORGAR.

On your *lives*,
Virgins, let no disturbing step approach her.
Say, Edwin, (for I guess 'twas you that brought
These tidings hither) where was royal Edgar,
When late you left him?

EDWIN.

At my master's side
Repentant of the stroke.

ORGAR.

Come he not back
To Harewood?

SEMICHORUS.

Heav'n forbid! Elfrida's brain
Would madden at the sight.

ORGAR.

Mistake not, virgins;
I did not mean at *this* distressful hour
The king should see my daughter.

SEMICHORUS.

No, for pity,
Do not profane this sabbath of her grief.
Oh! be her sorrow sacred!

ORGAR.

Fear not, virgins;
Her peace is my best care, and, to ensure it,
I'll haste this instant, by young Edwin's guidance,
To find the monarch. Some four miles from Harewood
Stands old earl Egbert's castle, my *fast* friend.
With him will I persuade the king to *sojourn*,
'Till my child's grief abate; that too to speed
Be it your business, virgins; watching ever
Each happy interval, when your soft tongues
May hint his praises, 'till by practice won
She bear their fuller blazon. Elfrid's welfare
Requires this friendly office at your hands;
And Edgar's virtues bear such genuine lustre,
That truth itself *directs*——

[*Exit* Orgar.

SEMICHORUS.

As truth directs,
So only shall we act. This day is shown
What dire effects await its violation.
Straight is the road of truth, and plain;
And, tho' across the sacred way
Ten thousand erring footsteps stray,
'Tis ours to walk direct,
And, with sage caution circumspect,
Pace slowly through the solemn scene.

[*The principal virgin returns.*

SEMICHORUS.

Has Orgar left the grove?

SEMICHORUS.

He has, my sister.

SEMICHORUS.

Then hear, and aid Elfrida's last resolve,
Who takes the only way stern fate has left
To save her plighted faith for ever pure
To her dead Athelwold.

SEMICHORUS.

Forbid it, patience;
Forbid it, that submissive calm of soul,
Which teaches meek-ey'd piety to smile
Beneath the scourge of Heav'n.

SEMICHORUS.

Ye need not fear it,
She means not self-destruction. Thanks to Heav'n,
Huge and o'erbearing as her mis'ry is,
It cannot so oblit'rate from her breast
The deep-gray'd rule of duty. Her pure soul
Means, on the instant, to devote itself
To Heav'n and holiness. Assist her straight,
Lest Edgar's presence, and her father's rage
Prevent the blest intention. See, she comes.
Kneel on each side, devoutly kneel around her;
And breathe some pray'r in high and solemn strains,
That angels from their thrones of light may hear,
And ratify her vow.

ELFRIDA, CHORUS. [Elfrida *kneels, and the virgins divide into two troops.*

SEMICHORUS.

Hear, angels, hear,
Hear from these nether thrones of light;
And O! in golden characters record
Each firm, immutable, immortal word.
Then wing your solemn flight
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, and there
Hang the conspicuous tablet high,
'Mid the dread records of eternity.

ELFRIDA.

Hear first, that Athelwold's sad widow swears
To rear a hallow'd convent o'er the place,
Where stream'd his blood: there will she weep thro' life
Immur'd with this chaste throng of virgins; there
Each day shall six times hear her full-voic'd choir
Chant the slow requiem o'er her martyr'd lord;
There too, when midnight low'rs with awful gloom,
She'll rise observant of the stated call
Of waking grief, bear the dim livid taper
Along the winding isles, and at the altar
Kiss ev'ry pale shrine with her trembling lips,
Press the cold stone with her bent knee, and call
On sainted Athelwold.

SEMICHORUS.

Hear, angels, hear,
Hear from these nether thrones of light;
And O! in golden characters record
Each firm, immutable, immortal word.
Then wing your solemn flight
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, and there
Hang the conspicuous tablet high,
'Mid the dread records of eternity.

ELFRIDA.

Hear next, that Athelwold's sad widow swears
Never to violate the holy vow
She to his truth first plighted; swears to bear
The sober singleness of widowhood
To her cold grave. If from this chaste resolve
She ev'n in thought should swerve; if gaudy pomp,
Or flatt'ring greatness e'er should tempt one wish
To stray beyond this purpose; may that Heav'n,
Which hears this vow, punish its violation,
As heav'nly justice ought.

CHORUS.

Hear, angels, hear,
Hear from these nether thrones of light;
And O! in golden characters record
Each firm, immutable, immortal word.
Then wing your solemn flight
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns, and there
Hang the conspicuous tablet high,
'Mid the dread records of eternity.

CARACTACUS:

WRITTEN ON THE MODEL

OF THE

ANCIENT GREEK TRAGEDY.

First published in the Year 1759.

Nos munera Phœbo
Misimus; et lectas Druidum de gente Choreas.
Milton.

ARGUMENT.

Caractacus, king of the Silures, having been defeated by Ostorius, the roman prefect, his queen taken prisoner, and his son (as it is supposed) either slain or fled, retired with his only daughter, and took sanctuary amongst the Druids in Mona. Ostorius, after the battle, leaving garrisons in the conquered country, marched to subdue the northern part of Britain, and led his troops to the frontiers of the Brigantes, then governed by Cartismandua. This queen, dreading the victorious enemy, made a truce with him; one of the conditions of which was, that she should assist the Romans in securing the British king, that he might be carried to Rome to grace the triumph of Claudius. She accordingly gave up her two sons as hostages, to be sent themselves to Rome, in case they did not seduce Caractacus from his sanctuary; to which place they were to be accompanied by Aulus Didius, and a sufficient force, to effect that design.

The drama opens on their arrival in the consecrated grove, a little before midnight, and about the time when the Druids, who form the Chorus, were preparing the ceremonial of Caractacus's admission into their order. The two princes are seized as spies; and the incidents, consequent upon this, form what is called the episode of the piece. The exode, or catastrophe, is prepared by the coming of Arviragus the king's son, who, having escaped with life in the late battle, had employed the intermediate time in privately collecting his father's scattered forces, to put him again into a condition of facing the enemy. His bravery, in defending his father and the Druids, occasions the peripetia, or change of fortune; and his death, with the final captivity of Caractacus, concludes the tragedy.

The notes are quotations from ancient authors, to support and explain some passages in the drama of Caractacus, that respect the manners of the Druids; and which the general account of their customs, to be found in our histories of Britain, does not include.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

AULUS DIDIUS, *the Roman General.*
VELLINUS, ELIDURUS, } *Sons of* Cartismandua.
CHORUS, *of* Druids *and* Bards.
CARACTACUS.
EVELINA, *Daughter to* Caractacus.
ARVIRAGUS, *Son to* Caractacus.

Scene, Mona.

The dramatic part of the chorus is supposed to be chiefly spoken by the principal Druid; the lyrical part sung by the Bards.

CARACTACUS.

AULUS DIDIUS *with* Romans.

THIS is the secret centre of the isle:
Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
Gaze on the solemn scene; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the pale plain beneath him: mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base,
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone: they awe my soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread
Stalk'd thro' his drear domain. And yet, my friends,
(If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage)
Surely there is a hidden power, that reigns
'Mid the lone majesty of untam'd nature,
Controuling sober reason; tell me else,
Why do these haunts of barb'rous superstition
O'ercome me thus? I scorn them, yet they awe me.
Call forth the British princes: in this gloom
I mean to school them to our enterprise.
[*Enter* Vellinus *and* Elidurus.

AULUS DIDIUS, VELLINUS, ELIDURUS.

Ye pledges dear of Cartismandua's faith,
Approach! and to mine uninstructed ear
Explain this scene of horrour.

ELIDURUS.

Daring Roman,
Know that thou stand'st on consecrated ground:
These mighty piles of magic-planted rock,
Thus rang'd in mystic order, mark the place
Where but at times of holiest festival
The Druid leads his train.

AULUS DIDIUS.

Where dwells the seer?

VELLINUS.

In yonder shaggy cave; on which the Moon
Now sheds a side-long gleam. His brotherhood
Possess the neighb'ring cliffs.

AULUS DIDIUS.

Yet up the hill
Mine eye descries a distant range of caves,
Delv'd in the ridges of the craggy steep;
And this way still another.

ELIDURUS.

On the left
Reside the sages [1] skill'd in nature's lore:
The changeful universe, its numbers, powers,
Studious they measure, save when meditation
Gives place to holy rites: then in the grove
Each hath his rank and function. Yonder grots
Are tenanted by Bards, who nightly thence,
Rob'd in their flowing vests of innocent white,
Descend, with harps that glitter to the Moon,
Hymning immortal strains. The spirits of *air*,
Of earth, of water, nay of Heav'n itself,
Do listen to their lay; and oft, 'tis said,
In visible shapes dance they a magic round
To the high minstrelsy. Now, if thine eye
Be sated with the view, haste to thy ships;
And ply thine oars; for, if the Druids learn
This bold intrusion, thou wilt find it hard
To foil their fury.

AULUS DIDIUS.

Prince, I did not moor
My light-arm'd shallops on this dangerous strand
To sooth a fruitless curiosity;
I come in quest of proud Caractacus;
Who, when our veterans put his troops to flight,
Found refuge here.

ELIDURUS.

If here the monarch rests,
Presumptuous chief! thou might'st as well essay
To pluck him from yon stars: Earth's ample range
Contains no surer refuge: underneath
The soil we tread, a hundred secret paths,
Scoop'd thro' the living rock in winding maze,
Lead to as many caverns, dark, and deep:
In which the hoary sages act their rites
Mysterious, rites of such strange potency,
As, done in open day, would dim the Sun,
Tho' thron'd in noontide brightness. In such dens
He may for life lie hid.

AULUS DIDIUS.

We know the task
Most difficult, yet has thy royal mother
Furnish'd the means.

ELIDURUS.

My mother, say'st thou, Roman?

AULUS DIDIUS.

In proof of that firm *faith* she lends to Rome,
She gave you up her honour's hostages.

ELIDURUS.

She did: and we submit.

AULUS DIDIUS.

To Rome we bear you;
From your dear country bear you? from your joys,
Your loves, your friendships, all your souls hold precious.

ELIDURUS.

And dost thou taunt us, Roman, with our fate?

AULUS DIDIUS.

No, youth, by Heav'n, I would avert that fate.
Wish ye for liberty?

[1] *i. e.* The Euvates; one of the three classes of the Druids, according to Am. Marcellinus. Studia liberalium doctrinarum inchoata per Bardos, Euvates, & Druidas. This class, Strabo tells us, had the care of the sacrifices, and studied natural philosophy, which here, by "the changeful universe," is shown to be on Pythagorean principles. Whenever the priests are mentioned in the subsequent parts of the drama, this order of men is intended to be meant, as distinguished from the Druids and Bards.

VELLINUS, ELIDURUS.

More than for life.

AULUS DIDIUS.

And would do much to gain it?

VELLINUS.

Name the task.

AULUS DIDIUS.

The task is easy. Haste ye to these Druids:
Tell them ye come, commission'd by your queen,
To seek the great Caractacus; and call
His valour to her aid, against the legions,
Which, led by our Ostorius, now assail
Her frontiers. The late treaty she has seal'd
Is yet unknown: and this her royal signet,
Which more to mask our purpose was obtain'd,
Shall be your pledge of faith. The eager king
Will gladly take the charge; and, he consenting,
What else remains, but to the Menaï's shore
Ye lead his credulous step? there will we seize him;
Bear him to Rome, the substitute for you,
And give you back to freedom.

VELLINUS.

If the Druids—

AULUS DIDIUS.

If they, or he, prevent this artifice,
Then force must take its way: then flaming brands,
And biting axes, wielded by our soldiers,
Must level these thick shades, and so unlodge
The lurking savage.

ELIDURUS.

Gods, shall Mona perish?

AULUS DIDIUS.

Princes, her ev'ry trunk shall on the ground
Stretch its gigantic length; unless, ere dawn,
Ye lure this untam'd lion to our toils.
Go then, and prosper; I shall to the ships,
And there expect his coming. Youths, remember,
He must to Rome to grace great Cæsar's triumph:
Cæsar and fate demand him at your hand.

[*Exeunt* Aulus Didius *and* Romans.

ELIDURUS, VELLINUS.

ELIDURUS.

And will Heav'n suffer it? Will the just gods,
That tread yon spangled pavement o'er our heads,
Look from their sky and yield him? Will these Druids,
Their sage vicegerents, not call down the thunder?
And will not instant its hot bolts be darted
In such a righteous cause? Yes, good old king,
Yes, last of Britons, thou art Heav'n's own pledge;
And shalt be such till death.

VELLINUS.

What means my brother?
Dost thou refuse the charge?

ELIDURUS.

Dost thou accept it?

VELLINUS.

It gives us liberty.

ELIDURUS.

It makes us traitors.
Gods! would Vellinus do a deed of baseness?

VELLINUS.

Will Elidurus scorn the proffer'd boon
Of freedom?

ELIDURUS.

Yes; when such its guilty price,
Brother, I spurn it.

VELLINUS.

Go then, foolish boy!
I'll do the deed myself.

ELIDURUS.

It shall not be:
I will proclaim the fraud.

VELLINUS.

Wilt thou? 'tis well.
Hie to yon cave; call loudly on the Druid;
And bid him drag to ignominious death
The partner of thy blood. Yet hope not thou
To 'scape; for thou didst join my impious steps:
Therefore his wrath shall curse thee: thou shalt live;
Yet shalt thou live an interdicted wretch,
All rights of nature cancell'd [2].

ELIDURUS.

Oh Vellinus!
Rend not my soul: by Heav'n thou know'st *I love*
As fervently as brother e'er lov'd brother: [thee,
And, loving thee, I thought I lov'd mine honour.
Ah! do not wake, dear youth, in this true breast
So fierce a conflict.

VELLINUS.

Honour's voice commands
Thou shouldst obey thy mother, and thy queen.
Honour and holiness alike conspire
To bid thee save these consecrated groves
From Roman devastation.

ELIDURUS.

Horrid thought!
Hence let us haste, ev'n to the farthest nook
Of this wide isle; nor view the sacrilege.

VELLINUS.

No, let us stay, and by our prosperous art
Prevent the sacrilege. Mark me, my brother;
More years and more experience have matur'd
My sober thought; I will convince thy youth,
That this our deed has ev'ry honest sanction
Cool reason may demand.

ELIDURUS.

To Rome with reason;
Try if 'twill bring her deluging ambition
Into the level course of right and justice:
Try if 'twill tame these insolent invaders;
Who thus, in savageness of conquest, claim
Whom chance of war has spar'd. Do this and prosper,
But, pray thee, do not reason from my soul
Its inbred honesty: that holy flame,
Howe'er eclips'd by Rome's black influence
In vulgar minds, ought still to brighten ours.

VELLINUS.

Vain talker, leave me.

ELIDURUS.

No, I will not leave thee:

[2] Alluding to the Druidical power of excommunication mentioned by Cæsar. Si quis aut privatus, aut publicus, eorum decreto non stetit, sacrificiis interdicunt. Hæc pœna apud eos est gravissima. Quibus ita est interdictum, ii numero impiorum ac sceleratorum habentur—neque iis petentibus jus redditur, neque honos ullus communicatur. Cæs. Com. lib. vi.

I must not, dare not, in these perilous shades.
Think, if thy fraud should fail, these holy men,
How will their justice rend thy trait'rous limbs?
If thou succeed'st, the fiereer pangs of conscience,
How will they ever goad thy guilty soul?
Mercy, defend us! see, the awful Druids
Are issuing from their caves: hear'st thou yon signal?
Lo, on the instant all the mountain whitens
With slow-descending Bards. Retire, retire;
This is the hour of sacrifice: to stay
Is death.

VELLINUS.

I'll wait the closing of their rites
In yonder vale: do thou, as likes thee best,
Betray, or aid me.

ELIDURUS.

To betray thee, youth,
That love forbids; honour, alas! to aid thee.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

SEMICHORUS.

Sleep and silence reign around;
Not a night-breeze wakes to blow:
Circle, sons, this holy ground;
Circle close, in triple row.
And, if mask'd in vapours drear,
Any earth-born spirit dare
To hover round this sacred space,
Haste with light spells the murky foe to chace.
Lift your boughs of vervain blue,
Dipt in cold September dew;
And dash the moisture chaste, and clear,
O'er the ground, and thro' the air.
Now the place is purg'd and pure.
Brethren! say, for this high hour
Are the milk-white steers prepar'd[3]
Whose necks the rude yoke never scar'd,
To the furrow yet unbroke;
For such must bleed beneath yon oak.

SEMICHORUS.

Druid, these, in order meet,
Are all prepar'd.

SEMICHORUS.

But tell me yet,
Cadwall! did thy step profound
Dive into the cavern deep,
Twice twelve fathom under ground,
Where our sage-fore-fathers sleep?
Thence with reverence hast thou borne,
From the consecrated chest,
The golden sickle, scrip, and vest,
Whilom by old Belinus worn?

SEMICHORUS.

Druid, these, in order meet,
Are all prepar'd.

SEMICHORUS.

But tell me yet,
From the grot of charms and spells,
Where our matron sister dwells[4],
Brennus! has thy holy hand
Safely brought the Druid wand?
And the potent adder-stone[5],
Gender'd 'fore th' autumnal moon?
When, in undulating twine,
The foaming snakes prolific join;
When they hiss, and when they bear
Their wond'rous egg aloof in air;
Thence, before to earth it fall,
The Druid, in his hallow'd pall,
Receives the prize;
And instant flies,
Follow'd by th' envenom'd brood,
'Till he cross the chrystal flood.

[3] In the minute description which Pliny gives us of the ceremony of gathering the misletoe, he tells us, they sacrificed two white bulls. See Pliny's Natural History, l. xvi. c. 44, which Drayton, in his Polyolbion, thus versifies,

Sometimes within my shades, in many an ancient wood, [withstood,
Whose often-twined tops great Phœbus' fires
The fearless British priest, under an aged oak,
Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the yoke,
And with an axe of gold, from that Jove-sacred tree
The misletoe cut down; then with a bended knee
On th' unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd fires;
And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling flesh expires,
As their strong fury mov'd (when all the rest adore)
Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,
Up to th' eternal Heav'n their bloodied hands did rear: [as with fear,
And whilst the murm'ring woods ev'n shudder'd
Preach'd to the beardless youth the soul's immortal state;
To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,
That, to contempt of death them strongly did excite. Ninth Song.

[4] The existence of female Druids seems ascertained by Tacitus, in his description of the final destruction of Mona by Paulinus Suetonius. Stabat pro litore diversa, acies densa armis virisque, intercursantibus fœminis, &c. Also by the known story of Dioclesian, on which Fletcher formed a play, called the Prophetess.

[5] The ovum anguinum, or serpent's egg; a famous Druidical amulet, thus circumstantially described by Pliny.——Præterea est ovorum genus in magna Galliarum fama, omissum Græcis. Angues innumeri æstate convoluti, salivis faucium corporumque spumis artifici complexu glomerantur; Anguinum appellatur. Druidæ sibilis id dicunt in sublime jactari, sagoque oportere intercipi, ne tellurem attingat. Profugere raptorem equo, serpentes enim insequi, donec arceantur, amnis alicujus interventu, &c. Nat. Hist. l. xxix. c. 3.

There are remains of this superstition still, both in the northern and western parts of our island. For Lhwyd, the author of the Archæologia, writes thus to Rowland; see Mona Antiqua, p. 338. "The Druid doctrine about the Glain Neidr, obtains very much through all Scotland, as well lowlands as highlands; but there is not a word of it in this kingdom (Ireland); where, as there are no snakes, they could not propagate it. Besides snakes-stones, the highlanders have their snail-stones, paddock-stones, &c. to all which they attribute their several virtues, and wear them as amulets." And in another letter he writes, "The Cornish retain variety of charms, and have still, towards the land's end, the amulet of Maen Magal, and Glain Neidr, which latter they call a Milpreu, or Melpreu, and have a charm for the snake to make it, when they have found one asleep, and struck a hazel wand in the centre of her spires."

SEMICHORUS.

Druid, these, in order meet,
Are all prepar'd:

SEMICHORUS.

Then all's complete.
And now let nine of the selected band,
Whose greener years befit such station best,
With wary circuit pace around the grove:
And guard each inlet; watchful, lest the eye
Of busy curiosity profane
Pry on our rites: which now must be as close
As done i'th' very central womb of Earth.
Occasion claims it; for Caractacus
This night demands admission to our train.
He, once our king, while ought his pow'r avail'd
To save his country from the rod of tyrants,
That duty past, does wisely now retire
To end his days in secrecy and peace;
Druid with Druids, in this chief of groves,
Ev'n in the heart of Mona. See, he comes!
How awful is his port! mark him, my friends!
He looks, as doth the tower, whose nodding walls,
After the conflict of Heav'n's angry bolts,
Frown with a dignity unmark'd before,
Ev'n in its prime of strength. Health to the king!

CARACTACUS, EVELINA, CHORUS.

CARACTACUS.

This holy place, methinks, doth this night wear
More than its wonted gloom; Druid, these groves
Have caught the dismal colouring of my soul,
Changing their dark dun garbs to very sable,
In pity to their guest. Hail, hallow'd oaks!
Hail, British born! who, last of British race,
Hold your primeval rights by Nature's charter;
Not at the nod of Cæsar. Happy foresters,
Ye wave your bold heads in the liberal air;
Nor ask, for privilege, a prætor's edict.
Ye, with your tough and intertwisted roots,
Grasp the firm rocks ye sprung from; and, erect
In knotty hardihood, still proudly spread
Your leafy banners 'gainst the tyrannous north,
Who, Roman like, assails you. Tell me, Druid,
Is it not better to be such as these,
Than be the thing I am?

CHORUS.

To be the thing,
Eternal wisdom wills, is ever best.

CARACTACUS.

But I am lost to that prædestin'd use
Eternal wisdom will'd, and fitly therefore
May wish a change of being. I was born
A king; and Heav'n, who bade these warriour oaks
Lift their green shields against the fiery Sun,
To fence their subject plain, did mean that I
Should, with as firm an arm, protect my people
Against the pestilent glare of Rome's ambition.
I fail'd; and how I fail'd, thou know'st too well:
So does the babbling world: and therefore, Druid,
I would be any thing save what I am.

CHORUS.

See, to thy wish, the holy rites prepar'd,
Which, if Heav'n frowns not, consecrate thee Druid:
See to the altar's base the victims led,
From whose free gushing blood ourself shall read
Its high behests; which if assenting found,
These hands around thy chosen limbs shall wrap
The vest of sanctity; while at the act,
Yon white-rob'd Bards, sweeping their solemn harps,
Shall lift their choral warblings to the skies,
And call the gods to witness. Mean while, prince,
Bethink thee well, if ought on this vain Earth
Still holds too firm an union with thy soul,
Estranging it from peace.

CARACTACUS.

I had a queen:
Bear with my weakness, Druid! this tough breast
Must heave a sigh, for she is unreveng'd.
And can I taste true peace, she unreveng'd?
So chaste, so lov'd a queen? Ah, Evelina!
Hang not thus weeping on the feeble arm
That could not save thy mother.

EVELINA.

To hang thus
Softens the pang of grief; and the sweet thought,
That a fond father still supports his child,
Sheds, on my pensive mind, such soothing balm,
As doth the blessing of these pious seers,
When most they wish our welfare. Would to Heav'n
A daughter's presence could as much avail,
To ease her father's woes, as his doth mine.

CARACTACUS.

Ever most gentle! come unto my bosom:
Dear pattern of the precious prize I lost,
Lost, so inglorious lost:—my friends, these eyes
Did see her torn from my defenceless camp;
Whilst I, hemm'd round by squadrons, could not save her;
My boy, still nearer to the darling pledge,
Beheld her shrieking in the ruffian's arm;
Beheld, and fled.

EVELINA.

Ah! sir, forbear to wound
My brother's fame; he fled, but to recall
His scatter'd forces to pursue and save her.

CARACTACUS.

Daughter, he fled. Now, by yon gracious Moon,
That rising saw the deed, and instant hid
Her blushing face in twilight's dusky veil,
The flight was parricide.

EVELINA.

Indeed, indeed,
I know him valiant; and not doubt he fell
'Mid slaughter'd thousands of the haughty foe,
Victim to filial love. Arviragus!
Thou hadst no sister near the bloody field,
Whose sorrowing search, led by yon orb of night,
Might find thy body, wash with tears thy wounds,
And wipe them with her hair.

CHORUS.

Peace, virgin, peace:
Nor thou, sad prince, reply; whate'er he is,
Be he a captive, fugitive, or corse,
He is what Heav'n ordain'd: these holy groves
Permit no exclamation 'gainst Heav'n's will
To violate their echoes: Patience here,
Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,
In mute submission lifts th' adoring eye,
Ev'n to the storm that wrecks her.

EVELINA.

Holy Druid,
If ought my erring tongue has said pollutes
This sacred place, I from my soul abjure it.
And will these lips bar with eternal silence,
Rather than speak a word, or act a deed

Unmeet for thy sage daughters; blessing first
This hallow'd hour, that takes me from the world,
And joins me to their sober sisterhood.

CHORUS.

'Tis wisely said. See, prince, this prudent maid,
Now, while the ruddy flame of sparkling youth
Glows on her beauteous cheek, can quit the world
Without a sigh, whilst thou——

CARACTACUS.

Would save my queen
From a base ravisher; would wish to plunge
This falchion in his breast, and so avenge
Insulted royalty. Oh holy men!
Ye are the sons of piety and peace;
Ye never felt the sharp vindictive spur,
That goads the injur'd warrior; the hot tide,
That flushes crimson on the conscious cheek
Of him, who burns for glory; else indeed
Ye much would pity me: would curse the fate
That coops me here inactive in your groves,
Robs me of hope, tells me this trusty steel
Must never cleave one Roman helm again;
Never avenge my queen, nor free my country.

CHORUS.

'Tis Heav'n's high will——

CARACTACUS.

I know it, reverend fathers!
'Tis Heav'n's high will, that these poor aged eyes
Shall never more behold that virtuous woman,
To whom my youth was constant; 'twas Heav'n's will
To take her from me at that very hour, [hour,
When best her love might sooth me; that black
(May memory ever rase it from her records)
When all my squadrons fled, and left their king
Old and defenceless: him, who nine whole years
Had taught them how to conquer: yes, my friends,
For nine whole years against the sons of rapine
I led my veterans, oft to victory,
Never 'till then to shame. Bear with me, Druid;
I've done: begin the rites.

CHORUS.

Oh would to Heav'n
A frame of mind more fitted to these rites
Possest thee, prince! that Resignation meek,
That dove-ey'd Peace, handmaid of Sanctity,
Approach'd this altar with thee: 'stead of these,
See I not gaunt Revenge, ensanguin'd Slaughter,
And mad Ambition, clinging to thy soul,
Eager to snatch thee back to their domain,
Back to a vain and miserable world;
Whose misery, and vanity, tho' try'd,
Thou still hold'st dearer than these solemn shades,
Where Quiet reigns with Virtue? try we yet
What holiness can do! for much it can:
Much is the potency of pious prayer:
And much the sacred influence convey'd
By sage mysterious office: when the soul,
Snatch'd by the power of music from her cell
Of fleshly thraldom, feels herself upborn
On plumes of ecstasy, and boldly springs,
'Mid swelling harmonies and pealing hymns,
Up to the porch of Heav'n. Strike, then, ye Bards!
Strike all your strings symphonious; wake a strain
May penetrate, may purge, may purify,
His yet unhallow'd bosom; call ye hither
The airy tribe, that on yon mountain dwell,
Ev'n on majestic Snowdon: they, who never
Deign visit mortal men, save on some cause
Of highest import, but, sublimely shrin'd
On its hoar top in domes of chrystalline ice,
Hold converse with those spirits, that possess
The skies' pure sapphire, nearest Heav'n itself.

O D E.

I. 1.

Mona on Snowdon calls:
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear;
Hark, she speaks from all her strings;
Hark, her loudest echo rings;
King of mountains, bend thine ear:
Send thy spirits, send them soon
Now, when midnight and the Moon,
Meet upon thy front of snow:
See, their gold and ebon rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow.
Snowdon mark! 'tis magic's hour;
Now the mutter'd spell hath power;
Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
And burst thy base with thunder's shock:
But to thee no ruder spell,
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steep'd in the stream of harmony.

I. 2.

Snowdon has heard the strain:
Hark, amid the wond'ring grove
Other harpings answer clear,
Other voices meet our ear,
Pinions flutter, shadows move,
Busy murmurs hum around,
Rustling vestments brush the ground;
Round and round, and round they go,
Thro' the twilight, thro' the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head,
And gild the tufted misletoe.
Cease, ye glitt'ring race of light,
Close your wings, and check your flight:
Here, arrang'd in order due,
Spread your robes of saffron hue;
For lo, with more than mortal fire,
Mighty Mador smites the lyre:
Hark, he sweeps the master-strings;
Listen all——

CHORUS.

Break off; a sullen smoke involves the altar;
The central oak doth shake; I hear the sound
Of steps profane: Caractacus, retire;
Bear hence the victims; Mona is polluted.

SEMICHORUS.

Father, as we did watch the eastern side,
We spied and instant seiz'd two stranger youths,
Who, in the bottom of a shadowy dell,
Held earnest converse: Britons do they seem,
And of Brigantian race.

CHORUS.

Haste, drag them hither.

VELLINUS, ELIDURUS, CHORUS.

ELIDURUS.

Oh spare, ye sage and venerable Druids!
Your countrymen and sons.

CHORUS.

And are ye Britons!
Unheard of profanation! Rome herself,

Ev'n impious Rome, whom conquest makes more impious,
Would not have dar'd so rashly. Oh! for words,
Big with the fiercest force of execration,
To blast the deed, and doers.

ELIDURUS.
Spare the curse,
Oh spare our youth!

CHORUS.
Is it not now the hour,
The holy hour, when to the cloudless height
Of yon starr'd concave climbs the full-orb'd Moon,
And to this nether world in solemn stillness
Gives sign, that to the list'ning ear of Heav'n
Religion's voice should plead? the very babe
Knows this, and, 'chance awak'd, his little hands
Lifts to the gods, and on his innocent couch
Calls down a blessing. Shall your manly years
Plead ignorance, and impiously presume
To tread, with vile unconsecrated feet,
On Mona's hallow'd plain? Know, wretches, know,
At any hour such boldness is a crime,
At this 'tis sacrilege.

VELLINUS.
Were Mona's plain
More hallow'd still, hallow'd as is Heav'n's self,
The cause might plead our pardon.

ELIDURUS.
Mighty Druid!
True, we have rashly dar'd, yet forc'd by duty,
Our sov'reign's mandate——

VELLINUS.
Elder by my birth,
Brother, I claim, in right of eldership,
To open our high embassy.

CHORUS.
Speak then;
But see thy words answer in honest weight
To this proud prelude. Youth! they must be weighty,
T' atone for such a crime.

VELLINUS.
If then to give
New nerves to vanquish'd valour; if to do,
What, with the blessing of the gods, may save
A bleeding country from oppression's sword,
Be weighty business, know, on our commission,
And on its hop'd success, that weight depends.

CHORUS.
Declare it then at once, briefly and boldly.

VELLINUS.
Caractacus is here.

CHORUS.
Say'st thou, proud boy?
'Tis boldly said, and grant 'twere truly said,
Think'st thou he were not here from fraud or force
As safe, as in a camp of conquerors?
Here, youth, he would be guarded by the gods;
Their own high hostage; and each sacred hair
Of his selected head, would in these caverns
Sleep with the unsunn'd silver of the mine,
As precious and as safe. Record the time,
When Mona e'er betray'd the hapless wretch,
That made her groves his refuge.

VELLINUS.
Holy Druid!
Think not so harshly of our enterprise.
Can force, alas! dwell in our unarm'd hands?
Can fraud in our young bosoms? No, dread seer!
Our business told, I trust thou'lt soon disclaim
The vain suspicion; and thy holy ear
(Be brave Caractacus or here or absent)
Shall instant learn it. From the north we come;
The sons of her, whose heav'n-entrusted sway
Blesses the bold Brigantes; men who firmly
Have three long moons withstood those Roman powers
Which, led by fell Ostorius, still assail
Our frontiers: yet so oft have our stout swords
Repell'd their hot assault, that now, like falcons,
They hang suspended, loath to quit their prey,
Nor daring yet to seize it. Such the state
Of us and Rome; in which our prudent mother,
Revolving what might best secure her country
From this impending ruin, gave us charge
To seek the great Caractacus, and call
His valour to her aid, to lead her bands,
To fight the cause of liberty and Britain,
And quell these ravagers.
[Caractacus *starts from behind the altar.*

CARACTACUS, VELLINUS, ELIDURUS, CHORUS.

CARACTACUS.
And ye have found me;
Friends, ye have found me: lead me to your queen,
And the last purple drop in these old veins
Shall fall for her and Britain.

CHORUS.
Rash, rash prince!

VELLINUS.
Ye blest immortal powers! is this the man,
The more than man, who for nine bloody years
Withstood all Rome? He is; that warlike front,
Seam'd o'er with honest scars, proclaims he is:
Kneel, brother, kneel, while in his royal hand
We lodge the signet: this, in pledge of faith,
Great Cartismandua sends, and with it tells thee
She has a nobler pledge than this behind;
Thy queen——

CARACTACUS.
Guideria!

VELLINUS.
Safely with our mother.

CARACTACUS.
How, when, where rescu'd? Mighty gods, I thank ye;
For it is true; this signet speaks it true.
Oh tell me briefly.

VELLINUS.
In a sally, prince,
Which, wanting abler chiefs, my gracious mother
Committed to my charge, our troops assail'd
One outwork of the camp; the mask of night
Favour'd our arms, and there my happy hand
Was doom'd with other prisoners to release
The captive matron.

CARACTACUS.
Let me clasp thee, youth,
And thou shalt be my son; I had one, stranger,
Just of thy years: he look'd like thee right honest;
Had just that freeborn boldness on his brow,
And yet he fail'd me. Were it not for him,

Who as thou seest, ev'n at this hour of joy,
Draws tears down mine old cheek, I were as blest
As the great gods. Oh, he has all disgrac'd
His high-born ancestry! But I'll forget him.
Haste, Evelina, barb my knotty spear,
Bind fast this trusty falchion to my thigh;
My bow, my target——

CHORUS.

Rash Caractacus!
What hast thou done? What dost thou mean to do!

CARACTACUS.

To save my country.

CHORUS.

To betray thyself.
That thou hast done; the rest thou can'st not do,
If Heav'n forbids; and of its awful will
Thy fury recks not. Has the bleeding victim
Pour'd a propitious stream? The milk-white steeds
Unrein'd and neighing pranc'd with fav'ring steps [6]?
Say, when these youths approach'd, did not a gust
Of livid smoke involve the bickering flame?
Did not the forest tremble? Every omen
Led thee to doubt their honesty of purpose;
And yet, before their tongues could tell that purpose,
Ere I had tender'd, as our laws ordain,
Their test of faith, thy rudeness rush'd before me,
Infringing my just rights.

CARACTACUS.

Druid, methinks,
At such a time, in such a cause, reproof
Might 'bate its sternness. Now, by Heav'n, I feel,
Beyond all omens, that within my breast,
Which marshals me to conquest; something here
That snatches me beyond all mortal fears,
Lifts me to where upon her jasper throne
Sits flame-rob'd Victory, who calls me son,
And crowns me with a palm, whose deathless green
Shall bloom when Cæsar's fades.

CHORUS.

Vain confidence!

CARACTACUS.

Yet I submit in all——

CHORUS.

'Tis meet thou should'st.
Thou art a king, a sov'reign o'er frail man;
I am a Druid, servant of the gods;
Such service is above such sov'reignty [7],
As well thou know'st: if they should prompt these lips
To interdict the thing thou dar'st to do,
What would avail thy daring?

CARACTACUS.

Holy man!
But thou wilt bless it; Heav'n will bid thee bless it;
Thou know'st that, when we fight to save our country,
We fight the cause of Heav'n. The man that falls,
Falls hallow'd; falls a victim for the gods;
For them and for their altars.

CHORUS.

Valiant prince!
Think not we lightly rate our country's weal,
Or thee, our country's champion. Well we know
The glorious meed of those exalted souls,
Who flame like thee for freedom. Mark me, prince!
The time will come, when Destiny and Death,
Thron'd in a burning car [8], the thund'ring wheels
Arm'd with gigantic scythes of adamant,
Shall scour this field of life: and in the rear
The fiend Oblivion; kingdoms, empires, worlds
Melt in the general blaze: when, lo, from high
Andraste darting, catches from the wreck
The roll of fame, claps her ascending plumes,
And stamps on orient stars each patriot name,
Round her eternal dome.

CARACTACUS.

Speak ever thus,
And I will hear thee, 'till attention faint
In heedless ecstacy.

CHORUS.

This tho' we know,
Let man beware with headlong zeal to rush
Where slaughter calls: it is not courage, prince,
No nor the pride and practis'd skill in arms,
That gains this meed: the warrior is no patriot,
Save when, obsequious to the will of Heav'n,
He draws the sword of vengeance.

CARACTACUS.

Surely, Druid,
Such fair occasion speaks the will of Heav'n—

CHORUS.

Monarch, perchance thou hast a fair occasion:
But, if thou hast, the gods will soon declare it:
Their sov'reign will thou know'st not: this to learn,
Demands our search. Ye mortals all retire!
Leave ye the grove to us and Inspiration;
Nor let a step, or ev'n one glance profane,
Steal from your caverns: stay, my holy brethren,
Ye time-ennobled seers, whose rev'rend brows
Full eighty winters whiten; you, ye Bards,
Leoline, Cadwall, Hoel, Cantaber,
Attend upon our slumbers: wond'rous men,
Ye, whose skill'd fingers know how best to lead,
Thro' all the maze of sound, the wayward step

[6] The few and imperfect accounts antiquity gives us of ceremonies, &c. which are unquestionably Druidical, make it necessary in this and in other places of the drama, to have recourse to Tacitus's account of the Germans; amongst whom, if there were really no established Druids, there was certainly a great correspondency, in religious opinions, with the Gauls and Britons. The passage here alluded to is taken from his 10th chapter. Proprium gentis, equorumque quoque præsagia ac monitus experiri. Publicè aluntur iisdem nemoribus ac lucis, candidi & nullo mortali opere contacti, quos pressos sacro curru, sacerdos ac rex, vel princeps civitatis comitantur, hinnitus & fremitus observant, nec ulli auspicio major fides non solum apud plebem, sed apud proceres, apud sacerdotes.

[7] The supreme authority of the Druids over their kings, is thus ascertained by Dion. Chrysostom.—

Κελτοὶ δὲ οὓς ὀνομάζουσι Δρύιδας, καὶ τούτους περὶ Μαντικὴν ὄντας, καὶ τὴν ἄλλην σοφίαν, ὧν ἄνευ τοῖς βασιλεῦσιν οὐδὲν ἐξῆν πράττειν, οὐδὲ βουλεύεσθαι, ὥστε τὸ μὲν ἀληθὲς ἐκείνους ἄρχειν, τοὺς δὲ βασιλέας, αὐτῶν ὑπερέτας καὶ διακόνους γίγνεσθαι τῆς γνώμης, ἐν θρόνοις χρυσοῖς καθημένους, καὶ οἰκίας μεγάλας οἰκοῦντας, καὶ πολυτίμως εὐωχουμένους. Helmodus also, de Slavis, l. ii. c. 12. asserts, Rex apud eos modicæ est æstimationis in comparatione flaminis.

[8] Strabo, and other writers, tell us, the Druids taught, that the world was finally to be destroyed by fire; upon which this allegory is founded,

Of Harmony, recalling oft, and oft
Permitting her unbridled course to rush
Thro' dissonance to concord, sweetest then
Ev'n when expected harshest. Mador, thou
Alone shalt lift thy voice; no choral peal
Shall drown thy solemn warblings; thou best know'st
That opiate charm which lulls corporeal sense:
Thou hast the key, great Bard! that best can ope
The portal of the soul; unlock it straight,
And lead the pensive pilgrim on her way,
Through the vast regions of futurity.

[*Exeunt* Caractacus, Vellinus, &c.

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. 1.

Hail, thou harp of Phrygian frame!
In years of yore that Camber bore
From Troy's sepulchral flame;
With ancient Brute, to Britain's shore
The mighty minstrel came:
Sublime upon the burnish'd prow,
He bad thy manly modes to flow;
Britain heard the descant bold,
She flung her white arms o'er the sea;
Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold
The freight of harmony.

I. 2.

Mute 'till then was ev'ry plain,
Save where the flood o'er mountains rude
Tumbled his tide amain:
And Echo from th' impending wood
Resounded the hoarse strain;
While from the north the sullen gale
With hollow whistlings shook the vale;
Dismal notes, and answer'd soon
By savage howl the heaths among,
What time the wolf doth bay the trembling Moon,
And thin the bleating throng.

I. 3.

Thou spak'st, imperial lyre,
The rough roar ceas'd, and airs from high
Lapt the land in ecstasy:
Fancy, the fairy, with thee came;
And Inspiration, bright-ey'd dame,
Oft at thy call would leave her sapphire sky;
And, if not vain the verse presumes,
Ev'n now some chaste divinity is near:
For lo! the sound of distant plumes
Pants thro' the pathless desert of the air.
'Tis not the flight of her;
'Tis Sleep, her dewy harbinger;
Change, my harp, Oh change thy measures,
Cull, from thy mellifluous treasures;
Notes that steal on even feet,
Ever slow, yet never pausing,
Mixt with many a warble sweet,
In a ling'ring cadence closing.
While the pleas'd power sinks gently down the skies,
And seals with hand of down the Druid's slumb'ring eyes.

II. 1.

Thrice I pause, and thrice I sound
The central string, and now I ring
(By measur'd lore profound)
A sevenfold chime, and sweep, and swing
Above, below, around,
To mix thy music with the spheres,
That warble to immortal ears.
Inspiration hears the call;
She rises from her throne above,
And, sudden as the glancing meteors fall,
She comes, she fills the grove.

II. 2.

High her port; her waving hand
A pencil bears; the days, the years,
Arise at her command,
And each obedient colouring wears.
Lo, where Time's pictur'd band
In hues ethereal glide along;
Oh mark the transitory throng;
Now they dazzle, now they die,
Instant they flit from light to shade,
Mark the blue forms of faint futurity,
Oh mark them ere they fade.

II. 3.

Whence was that inward groan?
Why bursts thro' closed lids the tear?
Why uplifts the bristling hair
Its white and venerable shade?
Why down the consecrated head
Courses in chilly drops the dew of fear?
All is not well, the pale-ey'd Moon
Curtains her head in clouds, the stars retire,
Save from the sultry south alone
The swart star flings his pestilential fire;
Ev'n Sleep herself will fly,
If not recall'd by harmony.
Wake, my lyre! thy softest numbers,
Such as nurse ecstatic slumbers,
Sweet as tranquil virtue feels
When the toil of life is ending,
While from the Earth the spirit steals,
And, on new-born plumes ascending,
Hastens to lave in the bright fount of day,
'Till Destiny prepare a shrine of purer clay.

[*The Druid waking, speaks.*

CHORUS.

It may not be. Avaunt terrific axe;
Why hangs thy bright edge glaring o'er the grove?
Oh for a giant's nerve to ward the stroke!
It bows, it falls.
Where am I? hush, my soul!
'Twas all a dream. Resume no more the strain;
The hour is past: my brethren! what ye saw,
(If what ye saw, as by your looks I read,
Bore like ill-omen'd shape) hold it in silence.
The midnight air falls chilly on my breast;
And now I shiver, now a feverish glow
Scorches my vitals. Hark, some step approaches.

EVELINA, CHORUS.

EVELINA.

Thus, with my wayward fears, to burst unbidden
On yon dread synod, rousing, as ye seem,
From holy trance, appears a desperate deed,
Ev'n to the wretch who dares it.

CHORUS.

Virgin! quickly
Pronounce the cause.

EVELINA.

Bear with a simple maid
Too prone to fear; perchance my fears are vain.

CHORUS.

But yet declare them.

EVELINA.

I suspect me much
The faith of these Brigantes.

CHORUS.

Says't thou, virgin?
Heed what thou say'st; suspicion is a guest
That in the breast of man, of wrathful man,
Too oft his welcome finds; yet seldom sure
In that submissive calm that smooths the mind
Of maiden innocence.

EVELINA.

I know it well,
Yet must I still distrust the elder stranger:
For while he talks, (and much the flatterer talks)
His brother's silent carriage gives disproof
Of all his boast; indeed I mark'd it well;
And, as my father with the elder held
Bold speech and warlike, as is still his wont
When fir'd with hope of conquest, oft I saw
A sigh unbidden heave the younger's breast,
Half check'd as it was rais'd; sometimes, methought,
His gentle eye would cast a glance on me,
As if he pitied me; and then again
Would fasten on my father, gazing there
To veneration; then he'd sigh again,
Look on the ground, and hang his modest head
Most pensively.

CHORUS.

This may demand, my brethren,
More serious search. Virgin! proceed.

EVELINA.

'Tis true,
My father, rapt in high heroic zeal,
His ev'ry thought big with his country's freedom,
Heeds not the different carriage of these brethren,
The elder takes him wholly; yet, methinks,
The younger's manners have I know not what,
That speaks him far more artless. This besides,
Is it not strange, if, as the tale reports,
My mother sojourns with this distant queen,
She should not send or to my sire, or me,
Some fond remembrance of her love? ah! none,
With tears I speak it, none, not her dear blessing
Has reach'd my longing ears.

CHORUS.

The gods, my brethren,
Have wak'd these doubts in the untainted breast
Of this mild maiden [9]: oft to female softness,
Oft to the purity of virgin souls
Doth Heav'n its voluntary light dispense,
When victims bleed in vain. They must be spies.
Hie thee, good Cantaber, and to our presence
Summon the young Brigantian.

EVELINA.

Do not that,
Or, if ye do, yet treat him nothing sternly:
The softest terms from such a tender breast
Will draw confession, and, if ye shall find
The treason ye suspect, forbear to curse him.
(Not that my weakness means to guide your wisdom)
Yet, as I think he would not wittingly
E'er do a deed of baseness, were it granted
That I might question him, my heart forebodes
It more could gain by gentleness and prayers,
Than will the fiercest threats.

CHORUS.

Perchance it may;
And quickly shalt thou try. But see the king!
And with him both the youths.

EVELINA.

Alas! my fears
Forewent my errand, else had I inform'd thee
That therefore did I come, and from my father
To gain admission. Mark the younger, Druid!
How sad he seems; oft did he in the cave
So fold his arms——

CHORUS.

We mark him much, and much
The elder's free and dreadless confidence.
Virgin, retire awhile in yonder vale;
Nor, 'till thy royal father quits the grove,
Resume thy station here.

[*Exit* Evelina.

CARACTACUS, CHORUS, VELLINUS, ELIDURUS.

CARACTACUS.

Forgive me, Druid!
My eager soul no longer could sustain
The pangs of expectation; hence I sent
The virgin innocence of Evelina,
Safest to break upon your privacy.
She not return'd, Oh pardon, that uncall'd
I follow: the great cause, I trust, absolves me:
'Tis yours, 'tis freedom's, 'tis the cause of Heav'n;
And sure Heav'n owns it such.

CHORUS.

Caractacus!
All that by sage and sanctimonious rites
Might of the gods be ask'd, we have essay'd;
And yet, nor to our wish, nor to their wont,
Gave they benign assent.

CARACTACUS.

Death to our hopes!

CHORUS.

While yet we lay in sacred slumber trane'd,
Sullen and sad to fancy's frighted eye
Did shapes of dun and murky hue advance,
In train tumultuous, all of gesture strange,
And passing horrible: starting we wak'd,
Yet felt no waking calm; still all was dark,
Still rang our tinkling ears with screams of woe;
Suspicious tremours still——

VELLINUS.

Of what suspicious?
Druid, our queen——

CHORUS.

Restrain thy wayward tongue,
Insolent youth! in such licentious mood
To interrupt our speech ill suits thy years,
And worse our sanctity.

CARACTACUS.

'Tis his distress
Makes him forget, what else his reverent zeal
Would pay ye holily. Think what he feels,
Poor youth! who fears yon Moon, before she wanes,
May see his country conquer'd; see his mother
The victor's slave, her royal blood debas'd, [Rome,
Dragging her chains thro' the throng'd streets of

[9] Inesse enim sanctum quid & providum fœminis putant. Nec aut consilia ipsorum aspernantur, aut responsa negant. Tac. de morib. Germ. And Strabo to the like purpose, l. vii. Ἅπαντες γὰρ τῆς δεισιδαιμονίας ἀρχηγοὺς οἴονται τὰς γυναῖκας.

To grace oppression's triumph. Horrid thought!
Say, can it be that he, whose strenuous youth
Adds vigour to his virtue, e'er can bear
This patiently? He comes to ask my aid,
And, that withheld, (as now he needs must fear)
What means, alas! are left? Search Britain round,
What chief dares cope with Rome? what king but holds
His loan of power at a proconsul's will,
At best a scepter'd slave?

VELLINUS.

Yes, monarch, yes,
If Heaven restrain thy formidable sword,
Or to its stroke deny that just success
Which Heav'n alone can give, I fear me much
Our queen, ourselves, nay Britain's self must perish.

CARACTACUS.

But is not this a fear makes virtue vain?
Tears from yon minist'ring regents of the sky
Their right? Plucks from firm-handed Providence
The golden reins of sublunary sway,
And gives them to blind chance? If this be so,
If tyranny must lord it o'er the Earth,
There's anarchy in Heav'n. Nay, frown not, Druid,
I do not think 'tis thus.

CHORUS.

We trust thou do'st not.

CARACTACUS.

Masters of wisdom! No: my soul confides
In that all-healing and all-forming power,
Who, on the radiant day when Time was born
Cast his broad eye upon the wild of ocean,
And calm'd it with a glance: then, plunging deep
His mighty arm, pluck'd from its dark domain
This throne of freedom, lifted it to light,
Girt it with silver cliffs, and call'd it Britain:
He did, and will preserve it.

CHORUS.

Pious prince!
In that all-healing and all-forming power
Still let thy soul confide; but not in men,
No, not in these, ingenuous as they seem,
'Till they are try'd by that high test of faith
Our ancient laws ordain.

VELLINUS.

Illustrious seer!
Methinks our sovereign's signet well might plead
Her envoy's faith. Thy pardon, mighty Druid!
Not for ourselves, but for our queen we plead;
Mistrusting us, ye wound her honour.

CHORUS.

Peace;
Our will admits no parley. Thither, youths,
Turn your astonish'd eyes; behold yon huge
And unhewn sphere of living adamant [10],
Which, pois'd by magic, rests its central weight
On yonder pointed rock: firm as it seems,
Such is its strange and virtuous property,
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him, whose breast is pure; but to a traitor,
Though ev'n a giant's prowess nerv'd his arm,
It stands as fixt as Snowdon. No reply;
The gods command that one of you must now
Approach and try it: in your snowy vests,
Ye priests, involve the lots, and to the younger,
As is our wont, tender the choice of fate.

ELIDURUS.

Heav'ns! is it fall'n on me?

CHORUS.

Young prince, it is;
Prepare thee for thy trial.

ELIDURUS.

Gracious gods!
Who may look up to your *tremendous thrones*,
And say his breast is pure? All searching powers,
Ye know already *how and what I am*;
And what ye mean to publish me in *Mona*,
To that I yield and tremble.

CARACTACUS.

Rouse thee, youth!
And, with that courage honest truth supplies,
(For sure ye both are true) haste to the trial:
Behold I lead thee on.

CHORUS.

Prince, we arrest
Thy hasty step: to witness this high test
Pertains to us alone. A while retire,
And in yon cave his brother be thy charge;
The trial past, again we will confer,
Touching that part which Heav'n's deciding choice
Wills thee to act.

[*Exeunt* Caractacus *and* Vellinus.

CHORUS, ELIDURUS.

CHORUS.

Now be the rites prepar'd:
And now, ye Bards, chant ye that custom'd hymn,
The prelude of this fam'd solemnity.

ODE.

I. 1.

Thou spirit pure, that spread'st unseen
Thy pinions o'er this pond'rous sphere,
And, breathing thro' each rigid vein,
Fill'st with stupendous life the marble mass,
And bid'st it bow upon its base,
When sov'reign Truth is near;
Spirit invisible! to thee
We swell the solemn harmony;
Hear us, and aid:
Thou, that in virtue's cause
O'er-rulest nature's laws,
Oh hear, and aid with influence high
The sons of peace and piety.

I. 2.

First-born of that etherial tribe
Call'd into birth ere time or place,
Whom wave nor wind can circumscribe,

[10] This is meant to describe the rocking-stone, of which there are several still to be seen in Wales, Cornwall, and Derbyshire. They are universally supposed, by antiquarians, to be Druid monuments; and *Mr.* Toland thinks, "that the Druids made the people believe that they only could move them, and that by a miracle, by which they condemned or acquitted the accused, and often brought criminals to confess what could in no other way be extorted from them." It was this conjecture which gave the hint for this piece of machinery. The reader may find a description of one of these rocking stones in Cambden's Britannia, in his account of Pembrokeshire; and also several in Borlase's history of Cornwall.

Heirs of the liquid liberty of light,
That float on rainbow pennons bright,
Thro' all the wilds of space;
Yet thou alone of all thy kind
Can'st range the regions of the mind,
Thou only know'st
That dark meand'ring maze,
Where wayward Falsehood strays,
And, seizing swift the lurking sprite,
Forces her forth to shame and light.

I. 3.

Thou can'st enter the dark cell
Where the vulture Conscience slumbers,
And, unarm'd by charming spell,
Or magic numbers,
Can'st rouse her from her formidable sleep,
And bid her dart her raging talons deep:
Yet ah! too seldom doth the furious fiend
Thy bidding wait; vindictive, self prepar'd,
She knows her torturing time; too sure to rend
The trembling heart, when Virtue quits her guard.
Pause then, celestial guest!
And, brooding on thine adamantine sphere,
If fraud approach, spirit! that fraud declare;
To Conscience and to Mona leave the rest.

CHORUS.

Heard'st thou the awful invocation, youth,
Wrapt in those holy harpings?

ELIDURUS.

Sage, I did;
And it came o'er my soul as doth the thunder,
While distant yet, with an expected burst,
It threats the trembling ear. Now to the trial.

CHORUS.

Ere that, bethink thee well what rig'rous doom
Attends thine act; if failing, certain death:
So certain, that in our absolving tongues
Rests not that power may save thee: thou must die.

EVELINA, ELIDURUS, CHORUS.

EVELINA.

Die, say'st thou? Druid!

ELIDURUS.

Evelina here!
Lead to the rock.

CHORUS.

No, youth, a while we spare thee;
And, in our stead, permit this royal maiden
To urge thee first with virgin gentleness;
Respect our clemency, and meet her questions
With answers prompt and true; so may'st thou
A sterner trial. ['scape

ELIDURUS.

Rather to the rock.——

EVELINA.

Dost thou disdain me, prince? Lost as I am,
Methinks the daughter of Caractacus
Might merit milder treatment: I was born
To royal hopes and promise, nurs'd i' th' lap
Of soft prosperity; alas the change!
I meant but to address a few brief words
To this young prince, and he doth turn his eye,
And scorns to answer me.

ELIDURUS.

Scorn thee, sweet maid?
No, 'tis the fear——

EVELINA.

And can'st thou fear me, youth?
Ev'n while I led a life of royalty,
I bore myself to all with meek deportment,
In nothing harsh, or cruel: and howe'er
Misfortune works upon the minds of men
(For some they say it turns to very stone)
Mine I am sure it softens. Wert thou guilty,
Yet I should pity thee; nay, wert thou leagued
To load this suffering heart with more misfortunes,
Still should I pity thee; nor e'er believe
Thou would'st, on free and voluntary choice,
Betray the innocent.

ELIDURUS.

Indeed I would not.

EVELINA.

No, gracious youth, I do believe thou would'st not:
For on thy brow the liberal hand of Heav'n
Has pourtray'd Truth as visible and bold,
As were the pictur'd suns that deckt the brows
Of our brave ancestors. Say then, young prince,
(For therefore have I wish'd to question thee)
Bring ye no token of a mother's fondness
To her expecting child? Gentle thou seem'st,
And sure that gentleness would prompt thine heart
To visit and to sooth with courteous office,
Distress like her's. A captive and a queen
Has more than common claim for pity, prince,
And ev'n the ills of venerable age
Were cause enough to move thy tender nature.
The tears o'ercharge thine eye. Alas, my fears!
Sickness or sore infirmity had seiz'd her
Before thou left'st the palace, else her lips
Had to thy care entrusted some kind message,
And blest her hapless daughter by thy tongue.
Would she were here!

ELIDURUS.

Would Heav'n she were!

EVELINA.

Ah why?

ELIDURUS.

Because you wish it.

EVELINA.

Thanks, ingenuous youth,
For this thy courtesy. Yet if the queen
Thy mother shine with such rare qualities,
As late thy brother boasted, she will calm
Her woes, and I shall clasp her aged knees
Again in peace and liberty.—Alas!
He speaks not; all my fears are just.

ELIDURUS.

What fears;
The queen Guideria is not dead.

EVELINA.

Not dead!
But is she in that happy state of freedom, [youth?
Which we were taught to hope? Why sigh'st thou,
Thy years have yet been prosp'rous. Did thy father
E'er lose a kingdom? Did captivity
E'er seize thy shrieking mother? Thou can'st go
To yonder cave, and find thy brother safe:
He is not lost, as mine is. Youth, thou sigh'st,
Again; thou hast not sure such cause for sorrow;
But if thou hast, give me thy griefs, I pray thee;
I have a heart can softly sympathize,
And sympathy is soothing.

ELIDURUS.

Oh gods! gods!
She tears my soul. What shall I say?

EVELINA.

Perchance,
For all in this bad world must have their woes,
Thou too hast thine; and may'st, like me, be
Haply amid the ruinous waste of war, [wretched.
'Mid that wild havock, which those sons of blood
Bring on our groaning country, some chaste maid,
Whose tender soul was link'd by love to thine,
Might fall the trembling prey to Roman rage,
Ev'n at the golden hour, when holy rites
Had seal'd your virtuous vows. If it were so,
Indeed I pity her!

ELIDURUS.

Not that: not that.
Never 'till now did beauty's matchless beam——
But I am dumb.

EVELINA.

Why that dejected eye?
And why this silence! that some weighty grief
O'erhangs thy soul, thy ev'ry look proclaims.
Why then refuse it words? The heart, that bleeds
From any stroke of fate or human wrongs,
Loves to disclose itself, that list'ning pity
May drop a healing tear upon the wound.
'Tis only, when with inbred horrour smote
At some base act, or done, or to be done,
That the recoiling soul, with conscious dread,
Shrinks back into itself. But thou, good youth—

ELIDURUS.

Cease, royal maid! permit me to depart.

EVELINA.

Yet hear me, stranger. Truth and secresy,
Tho' friends, are seldom necessary friends—

ELIDURUS.

I go to try my truth—

EVELINA.

Oh! go not hence
In wrath; think not, that I suspect thy virtue:
Yet ignorance may oft make virtue slide,
And if——

ELIDURUS.

In pity spare me.

EVELINA.

If thy brother——
Nay, start not, do not turn thine eye from mine;
Speak, I conjure thee, is his purpose honest?
I know the guilty price, that barbarous Rome
Sets on my father's head; and gold, vile gold,
Has now a charm for Britons. Brib'd by this,
Should he betray him—Yes, I see thou shudder'st
At the dire thought; yet not, as if 'twere strange;
But as our fears were mutual. Ah, young stranger;
That open face scarce needs a tongue to utter
What works within. Come then, ingenuous prince,
And instant make discovery to the Druid,
While yet 'tis not too late.

ELIDURUS.

Ah! what discover?
Say, whom must I betray?

EVELINA.

Thy brother.

ELIDURUS.

Ha!

EVELINA.

Who is no brother, if his guilty soul
Teem with such perfidy. Oh all ye stars!
Can he be brother to a youth like thee,
Who would betray an old and honour'd king,
That king his countryman, and one whose prowess
Once guarded Britain 'gainst th' assailing world?
Can he be brother to a youth like thee,
Who from a young, defenceless, innocent maid,
Would take that king her father? make her suffer
All that an orphan suffers? more perchance:
The ruffian foe.—Oh tears, ye choke my utterance!
Can he be brother to a youth like thee,
Who would defile his soul by such black deeds?
It cannot be——And yet, thou still art silent.
Turn, youth, and see me weep. Ah, see me kneel:
I am of royal blood, not wont to kneel:
Yet will I kneel to thee. Oh save my father!
Save a distressful maiden from the force
Of barbarous men? Be thou a brother to me,
For mine alas! ah! [*Sees* Arviragus *entering.*

ARVIRAGUS, EVELINA, ELIDURUS, CHORUS.

ARVIRAGUS.

Evelina, rise!
Know, maid, I ne'er will tamely see thee kneel,
Ev'n at the foot of Cæsar.

EVELINA.

'Tis himself:
And he will prove my father's fears were false,
False, as his son is brave. Thou best of brothers,
Come to my arms. Where hast thou been, thou wanderer?
How wer't thou sav'd? Indeed, Arviragus,
I never shed such tears, since thou wer't lost,
For these are tears of rapture.

ARVIRAGUS.

Evelina!
Fain would I greet thee, as a brother ought:
But wherefore didst thou kneel!

EVELINA.

Oh! ask not now.

ARVIRAGUS.

By Heav'n I must, and he must answer me,
Whoe'er he be. What art thou, sullen stranger?

ELIDURUS.

A Briton.

ARVIRAGUS.

Brief and bold.

EVELINA.

Ah, spare the taunt:
He merits not thy wrath. Behold the Druids;
Lo, they advance: with holy reverence first
Thou must address their sanctity.

ARVIRAGUS.

I will.
But see, proud boy, thou do'st not quit the grove,
'Till time allows us parley.

ELIDURUS.

Prince, I mean not.

ARVIRAGUS.

Sages, and sons of Heav'n! Illustrious Druids!
Abruptly I approach your sacred presence:
Yet such dire tidings——

CHORUS.

On thy peril, peace!
Thou stand'st accus'd, and by a father's voice,
Of crimes abhorr'd, of cowardice and flight;
And therefore may'st not in these sacred groves
Utter polluted accents. Quickly say,
Wherefore thou fled'st? For that base fact unclear'd
We hold no farther converse.

ARVIRAGUS.

Oh ye gods!
Am I the son of your Caractacus?
And could I fly?

CHORUS.

Waste not or time or words:
But tell us why thou fled'st?

ARVIRAGUS.

I fled not, Druid!
By the great gods I fled not! save to stop
Our dastard troops, that basely turn'd their backs.
I stopt, I rallied them, when lo! a shaft
Of random cast did level me with earth,
Where pale and senseless, as the slain around me,
I lay till midnight: then, as from long trance
Awoke, I crawl'd upon my feeble limbs
To a lone cottage, where a pitying hind [pair'd,
Lodg'd me, and nourish'd me. My strength re-
It boots not that I tell, what humble arts
Compell'd I us'd to screen me from the foe.
How now a peasant from a beggarly scrip
I sold cheap food to slaves, that nam'd the price,
Nor after gave it. Now a minstrel poor
With ill-tun'd harp, and uncouth descant shrill
I ply'd a thriftless trade, and by such shifts
Did win obscurity to shroud my name.
At length to other conquests in the north
Ostorius led his legions. Safer now,
Yet not secure, I to some valiant chiefs,
Whom war had spar'd, discover'd what I was;
And with them plann'd, how surest we might draw
Our scatter'd forces to some rocky fastness,
In rough Caernarvon, there to breathe in freedom,
If not with brave incursion to oppress
The thinly-station'd foe. And soon our art
So well avail'd, that now at Snowdon's foot
Full twenty troops of hardy veterans wait
To call my sire their leader.

CHORUS.

Valiant youth——

EVELINA.

He is——I said he was a valiant youth,
Nor has he sham'd his race.

CHORUS.

We do believe
Thy modest tale: and may the righteous gods
Thus ever shed upon thy noble breast
Discretion's cooling dew. When nurtur'd so,
Then, only then, doth valour bloom mature.

ARVIRAGUS.

Yet vain is valour, howsoe'er it bloom:
Druid, the gods frown on us. All my hopes
Are blasted; I shall ne'er rejoin my friends,
Ne'er bless them with my father. Holy men,
I have a tale to tell, will shake your souls.
Your Mona is invaded; Rome approaches,
Ev'n to these groves approaches.

SEMICHORUS.

Horrour! horrour!

ARVIRAGUS.

Late as I landed on yon highest beach,
Where nodding from the rocks the poplars fling
Their scatter'd arms, and dash them in the wave,
There were their vessels moor'd, as if they sought
Concealment in the shade, and as I past
Up yon thick-planted ridge, I spy'd their helms
'Mid brakes and boughs trench'd in the heath below,
Where like a nest of night-worms did they glitter,
Sprinkling the plain with brightness. On I sped
With silent step, yet oft did pass so near,
'Twas next to prodigy I 'scap'd unseen.

CHORUS.

Their number, prince?

ARVIRAGUS.

Few, if mine hasty eye,
Did find, and count them all.

CHORUS.

Oh brethren, brethren,
Treason and sacrilege, worse foes than Rome,
Have led Rome hither. Instant seize that wretch,
And bring him to our presence.

CHORUS, ELIDURUS, ARVIRAGUS.

CHORUS.

Say, thou false one!
What doom befits the slave who sells his country?

ELIDURUS.

Death, sudden death!

CHORUS.

No, ling'ring piece-meal death:
And to such death thy brother and thyself
We now devote. Villain, thy deeds are *known*;
'Tis known, ye led the impious Romans hither
To slaughter us ev'n on our holy altars.

ELIDURUS.

That on my soul doth lie some secret grief
These looks perforce will tell: it is not fear,
Druids, it is not fear that shakes me thus;
The great gods know, it is not: ye can never:
For, what tho' wisdom lifts ye next those gods,
Ye cannot, like to them, unlock men's breasts,
And read their inmost thoughts. Ah? that ye could.

ARVIRAGUS.

What hast thou done?

ELIDURUS.

What, prince, I will not tell.

CHORUS.

Wretch, there are means——

ELIDURUS.

I know, and terrible means;
And 'tis both fit, that you should try those means,
And I endure them. Yet I think, my patience
Will for some space baffle your torturing fury.

CHORUS.

Be that best known, when our inflicted goads
Harrow thy flesh!

ARVIRAGUS.

Stranger, ere this is try'd
Confess the whole of thy black perfidy;
So black, that when I look upon thy youth,
Read thy mild eye, and mark thy modest brow,
I think indeed, thou durst not.

ELIDURUS.

Such a crime

Indeed I durst not; and would rather be
The very wretch thou seest. I'll speak no more.

CHORUS.

Brethren, 'tis so. The virgin's thoughts were just;
This youth has been deceiv'd.

ELIDURUS.

Yes, one word more.
You say, the Romans have invaded Mona:
Give me a sword and twenty honest Britons,
And I will quell those Romans. Vain demand?
Alas! you cannot, ye are men of peace:
Religion's self forbids. Lead then to torture.

ARVIRAGUS.

Now on my soul this youth doth move me much.

CHORUS.

Think not religion and our holy office
Doth teach us tamely, like the bleating lamb,
To crouch before oppression, and with neck
Outstretch'd await the stroke. Mistaken boy!
Did not strict justice claim thee for her victim,
We might full safely send thee to these Romans,
Inviting their hot charge. Know, when I blow
That sacred trumpet bound with sable fillets
To yonder branching oak, the awful sound
Calls forth a thousand Britons train'd alike
In holy and in martial exercise,
Not by such mode and rule, as Romans use,
But of that fierce, portentous, horrible sort,
As shall appall ev'n Romans.

ELIDURUS.

Gracious gods!
Than there are hopes indeed. Oh call them instant,
This prince will lead them on: I'll follow him,
Tho' in my chains, and some way dash them round
To harm the haughty foe.

ARVIRAGUS.

A thousand Britons,
And arm'd! Oh instant blow the sacred trump,
And let me head them. Yet methinks this youth—

CHORUS.

I know what thou wouldst say, might join thee, prince.
True, were he free from crime, or had confest.

ELIDURUS.

Confest. Ah, think not, I will e'er——

ARVIRAGUS.

Reflect.
Either thyself or brother must have wrong'd us:
Then why conceal——

ELIDURUS.

Hast thou a brother? no!
Else hadst thou spar'd the word; and yet a sister
Lovely as thine might more than teach thee, prince,
What 'tis to have a brother. Hear me, Druids,
Tho' I would prize an hour of freedom now
Before an age of any after date:
Tho' I would seize it as the gift of Heav'n,
And use it as Heav'n's gift: yet do not think,
I so will purchase it. Give it me freely,
I yet will spurn the boon, and hug my chains,
'Till you do swear by your own hoary heads,
My brother shall be safe.

CHORUS.

Excellent youth!
Thy words do speak thy soul, and such a soul,
As 'wakes our wonder. Thou art free; thy brother
Shall be thine honour's pledge! so will we use him,
As thou art false or true.

ELIDURUS.

I ask no other.

ARVIRAGUS.

Thus then, my fellow-soldier, to thy clasp
I give the hand of friendship. Noble youth,
We'll speed, or die together.

CHORUS.

Hear, us prince!
Mona permits not, that he fight her battles,
'Till duly purified; for tho' his soul
Took up unwittingly this deed of baseness,
Yet is lustration meet. Learn, that in vice
There is a noisome rankness unperceiv'd
By gross corporeal sense, which so offends
Heav'n's pure divinities, as us the stench
Of vapour wafted from sulphureous pool,
Or pois'nous weed obscene. Hence doth the man,
Who ev'n converses with a villain, need
As much purgation, as the pallid wretch
'Scap'd from the walls, where frowning pestilence
Spreads wide her livid banners. For this cause,
Ye priests, conduct the youth to yonder grove,
And do the needful rites. Mean while ourself
Will lead thee, prince, unto thy father's presence.—
But hold, the king comes forth.

[*Exeunt Priests with* Elidurus.

CARACTACUS, ARVIRAGUS, CHORUS, EVELINA.

CARACTACUS.

My son, my son!
What joy, what transport, doth thine aged sire
Feel in these filial foldings! Speak not, boy,
Nor interrupt that heart-felt ecstacy [say,
Should strike us mute. I know what thou wouldst
Yet prithee, peace. Thy sister's voice hath clear'd thee;
And could excuse find words at this blest moment,
Trust me, I'd give it vent. But, 'tis enough,
Thy father welcomes thee to him and honour:
Honour, that now with rapt'rous certainty
Calls thee his own true offspring. Dost thou weep?
Ah, if thy tears swell not from joy's free spring,
I beg thee, spare them: I have done thee wrong,
Can make thee no atonement: none, alas!
Thy father scarce can bless thee, as he ought;
Unblest himself, beset with foes around,
Bereft of queen, of kingdom, and of soldiers,
He can but give thee portion of his dangers,
Perchance and of his chains: yet droop not, boy,
Virtue is still thine own.

ARVIRAGUS.

It is, my father;
Pure as from thine illustrious fount it came;
And that unsullied, let the world oppress us;
Let fraud and falsehood rivet fetters on us,
Still shall our souls be free: yet hope *is ours*,
As well as virtue.

CARACTACUS.

Spoken like a Briton.
True, hope is ours, and therefore let's prepare:
The moments now are *precious*. Tell us, Druid,
Is it not meet, we see the bands drawn out,
And mark their due array?

CHORUS.

Monarch, ev'n now
They skirt the grove.

CARACTACUS.

Then let us to their front——

CHORUS.

But is the traitor-youth in safety lodg'd?

CARACTACUS.

Druid, he fled——

CHORUS.

Oh fatal flight to Mona!

CARACTACUS.

But what of that? Arviragus is here,
My son is here, let then the traitor go, [them;
By this he has join'd the Romans: let him join
A single arm, and that a villain's arm,
Can lend but little aid to any powers
Oppos'd to truth and virtue. Come, my son,
Let's to the troops, and marshal them with speed.
That done, we from these venerable men
Will claim their ready blessing: then to battle;
And the swift Sun ev'n at his purple dawn
Shall spy us crown'd with conquest, or with death.
[*Exeunt* Caractacus *and* Arviragus.

CHORUS, EVELINA.

CHORUS.

What may his flight portend! Say, Evelina,
How came this youth to 'scape?

EVELINA.

And that to tell
Will fix much blame on my impatient folly:
For, ere your hallow'd lips had given permission,
I flew with eager haste to bear my father
News of his son's return. Inflam'd with that,
Think how a sister's zealous breast must glow!
Your looks give mild assent. I glow'd indeed
With the dear tale, and sped me in his ear
To pour the precious tidings: but my tongue
Scarce nam'd Arviragus, ere the false stranger
(As I bethink me since) with stealthy pace
Fled to the cavern's mouth.

CHORUS.

The king pursu'd?

EVELINA.

Alas! he mark'd him not, for 'twas the moment,
When he had all to ask and all to fear,
Touching my brother's valour. Hitherto
His safety only, which but little mov'd him,
Had reached his ears: but when my tongue unfolded
The story of his bravery and his peril,
Oh how the tears cours'd plenteous down his cheeks!
How did he lift unto the Heav'ns his hands
In speechless transport! Yet he soon bethought him
Of Rome's invasion, and with fiery glance
Survey'd the cavern round; then snatch'd his spear,
And menac'd to pursue the flying traitor:
But I with prayers (Oh pardon, if they err'd)
Withheld his step, for to the left the youth
Had wing'd his way, where the thick underwood
Afforded sure retreat. Besides, if found,
Was age a match for youth?

CHORUS.

Maiden, enough;
Better perchance for us, if he were captive:
But in the justice of their cause, and Heav'n,
Do Mona's sons confide.

BARD, CHORUS, ELIDURUS, EVELINA.

BARD.

Druid, the rites
Are finish'd, all save that which crowns the rest,
And which pertains to thy blest hand alone:
For that he kneels before thee.

CHORUS.

Take him hence,
We may not trust him forth to fight our cause.

ELIDURUS.

Now by Andraste's throne——

CHORUS.

Nay, swear not, youth,
The tie is broke, that held thy fealty:
Thy brother 's fled.

ELIDURUS.

Fled!

CHORUS.

To the Romans fled;
Yes, thou hast cause to tremble.

ELIDURUS.

Ah, Vellinus!
Does thus our love, does thus our friendship end!
Was I thy brother, youth, and hast thou left me!
Yes; and how left me, cruel as thou art,
The victim of thy crimes!

CHORUS.

True, thou must die.

ELIDURUS.

I pray ye then on your best mercy, fathers,
It may be speedy. I would fain be dead,
If this be life. Yet I must doubt ev'n that:
For falsehood of this strange stupendous sort
Sets firm-ey'd reason on a gaze, mistrusting,
That what she sees in palpable plain form, [verns,
The stars in yon blue arch, these woods, these ca-
Are all mere tricks of cozenage, nothing real,
The vision of a vision. If he's fled,
I ought to hate this brother.

CHORUS.

Yet thou dost not.

ELIDURUS.

But when astonishment will give me leave,
Perchance I shall.—And yet he is my brother,
And he was virtuous once. Yes, ye vile Romans,
Yes, I must die, before my thirsty sword
Drinks one rich drop of vengeance. Yet, ye robbers,
Yet will I curse you with my dying lips:
'Twas you, that stole away my brother's virtue.

CHORUS.

Now then prepare to die.

ELIDURUS.

I am prepar'd.
Yet, since I cannot now (what most I wish'd)
By manly prowess guard this lovely maid:
Permit that on your holiest earth I kneel,
And pour one fervent prayer for her protection.
Allow me this, for tho' you think me false,
The gods will hear me.

EVELINA.

I can hold no longer!
Oh Druid, Druid, at thy feet I fall:
Yes, I must plead, (away with virgin-blushes)
For such a youth must plead. I'll die to save him,
Oh take my life, and let him fight for Mona.

CHORUS.

Virgin, arise. His virtue hath redeem'd him,
And he shall fight for thee, and for his country.
Youth, thank us with thy deeds. The time is short,
And now with reverence take our high lustration;
Thrice do we sprinkle thee with day-break dew
Shook from the may-thorn blossom; twice and thrice
Touch we thy forehead with our holy wand:
Now thou art fully purg'd. Now rise restor'd
To virtue and to us. Hence then, my son,
Hie thee, to yonder altar, where our Bards
Shall arm thee duly both with helm and sword
For warlike enterprise.

[*Exit* Elidurus.

CARACTACUS, CHORUS, ARVIRAGUS, EVELINA.

CARACTACUS.

'Tis true, my son,
Bold are their bearings, and I fear me not
But they have hearts will not belie their looks.
I like them well. Yet would to righteous Heav'n
Those valiant veterans, that on Snowdon guard
Their scanty pittance of bleak liberty,
Were here to join them; we would teach these wolves,
Tho' we permit their rage to prowl our coasts,
That vengeance 'waits them ere they rob our altars.
Hail, Druid, hail! we find thy valiant guards
Accoutred so, as well bespeaks the wisdom
That fram'd their phalanx. We but wait thy blessing
To lead them 'gainst the foe.

CHORUS.

Caractacus!
Behold this sword: the sword of old Belinus,
Stain'd with the blood of giants, and its name
Trifingus [11]. Many an age its charmed blade
Has slept within yon consecrated trunk.
Lo, I unsheath it, king; I wave it o'er thee;
Mark, what portentous streams of scarlet light
Flow from the brandish'd falchion. On thy knee
Receive the sacred pledge.—And mark our words.
By the bright circle of the golden Sun [12],
By the brief courses of the errant Moon,
By the dread potency of every star
That studs the mystic zodiac's burning girth,
By each, and all of these supernal signs,
We do adjure thee with this trusty blade,
To guard yon central oak, whose holiest stem
Involves the spirit of high Taranis:
This be thy charge; to which in aid we join
Ourselves, and our sage brethren. With our vassals
Thy son and the Brigantian prince shall make
Incursion on the foe.

[11] The name of the enchanted sword in the Hervarer Saga.

[12] This adjuration is taken from the literal form of the old Druidical oath, which they administered to their disciples; and which the learned Selden, in Prolog. de Diis Syr. gives us from Vettius Valens Antiochenus, l. vii. It is as follows: Τὺς ταῖς παραγγελίαις ἡμῶν πειθομένυς ὁρχίζυ ΗΛΙΟΥ μὲν ἱερον κύκλον καὶ ΣΕΛΕΝΗΣ ἀνωμάλυς δρόμυς, τῶν τι λοιπῶν ΑΣΤΕΡΩΝ δυνάμεις καὶ κύκλον ΔΥΟΚΑΙΔΕΚΑ ΖΩΔΙΩΝ, ἐν ἀποκρύφοις ταῦτα ἔχειν, καὶ τοῖς ἀπαιδεύτοις ἢ ἀμυήτοις μὴ μεταδιδόναι, τίμην τε καὶ μνήμην τῶ εἰσηγησαμένω ἀπονέμειν, &c.

CARACTACUS.

In this, and all,
Be ours observance meet. Yet surely, Druid,
The fresh and active vigour of these youths
Might better suit with this important charge.
Not that my heart shrinks at the glorious task,
But will with ready zeal pour forth its blood
Upon the sacred roots, my firmest courage
Might fail to save. Yet, fathers, I am old;
And if I fell the foremost in the onset,
Should leave a son behind, might still defend you.

CHORUS.

The sacred adjuration we have utter'd
May never be recall'd.

CARACTACUS.

Then be it so.
But do not think, I counsel this thro' fear:
Old as I am, I trust with half our powers
I could drive back these Romans to their ships;
Dastards, that come as doth the cow'ring fowler
To tangle me with snares and take me tamely;
Slaves, they shall find, that ere they gain their prey,
They have to hunt it boldly with barb'd spears,
And meet such conflict, as the chafed boar
Gives to his stout assailants. Oh ye gods!
That I might instant face them.

CHORUS.

Be thy son's
The onset.

ARVIRAGUS.

From his soul that son doth thank ye,
Blessing the wisdom, that preserves his father
Thus to the last. Oh if the fav'ring gods
Direct this arm, if their high will permit
I pour a prosperous vengeance on the foe,
I ask for life no longer, than to crown
The valiant task. Steel then, ye powers of Heav'n,
Steel my firm soul with your own fortitude,
Free from alloy of passion. Give me courage,
That knows not rage; revenge, that knows not malice;
Let me not thirst for carnage, but for conquest:
And conquest gain'd, sleep vengeance in my breast,
Ere in its sheath my sword.

CARACTACUS.

Oh hear his father!
If ever rashness spur'd me on, great gods,
To acts of danger thirsting for renown;
If e'er my eager soul pursu'd its course
Beyond just reason's limit, visit not
My faults on him. I am the thing you made me.
Vindictive, bold, precipitate and fierce:
But as you gave to him a milder mind,
Oh bless him, bless him with a milder fate!

EVELINA.

Nor yet unheard let Evelina pour
Her pray'rs and tears. Oh hear a hapless maid,
That ev'n thro' half the years her life has number'd,
Ev'n nine long years has drag'd a trembling being,
Beset with pains and perils. Give her peace;
And, to endear it more, be that blest peace
Won by her brother's sword. Oh bless his arm,
And bless his valiant followers, one, and all.

ELIDURUS *entering armed.*

Hear, Heav'n! and let this pure and virgin pray'r
Plead ev'n for Elidurus, whose sad soul
Cannot look up to your immortal thrones,

And urge his own request: else would he ask,
That all the dangers of th' approaching fight
Might fall on him alone: that every spear
The Romans wield might at his breast be aim'd;
Each arrow darted on his rattling helm;
That so the brother of this beauteous maid,
Returning safe with victory and peace,
Might bear them to her bosom.

CHORUS.

Now rise all;
And Heav'n, that knows what most ye ought to ask,
Grant all ye ought to have. Behold, the stars
Are faded; universal darkness reigns.
Now is the dreadful hour, now will our torches
Glare with more livid horrour, now our shrieks
And clanking arms will more appall the foe.
But heed, ye Bards, that for the sign of onset
Ye sound the ancientest of all your rhymes,
Whose birth tradition notes not, nor who fram'd
Its lofty strains: the force of that high air
Did Julius feel, when, fir'd by it, our fathers
First drove him recreant to his ships; and ill
Had far'd his second landing, but that fate
Silenc'd the master bard, who led the song.
Now forth, brave pair! go, with our blessing go;
Mute be the march, as ye ascend the hill:
Then, when ye hear the sound of our shrill trumpet,
Fall on the foe.

CARACTACUS.

Now glory be thy guide;
Pride of my soul, go forth and conquer.

EVELINA.

Brother,
Yet one embrace. Oh thou much-honour'd stranger,
I charge thee fight by my dear brother's side,
And shield him from the foe; for he is brave,
And will with bold and well-directed arm
Return thy succour.

[*Exeunt* Arviragus *and* Elidurus.

CHORUS.

Now, ye priests, with speed
Strew on the altar's height your sacred leaves,
And light the morning flame. But why is this?
Why doth our brother Mador snatch his harp
From yonder bough? why this way bend his step?

CARACTACUS.

He is entranc'd. The fillet bursts, that bound
His liberal locks: his snowy vestments fall
In ampler folds; and all his floating form
Doth seem to glisten with divinity!
Yet is he speechless. Say, thou chief of Bards,
What is there in this airy vacancy,
That thou with fiery and irregular glance [breast?
Should'st scan thus wildly? Wherefore heaves thy
Why starts——

CHORUS.

ODE.

I. 1.

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
That shook the earth with thund'ring tread?
'Twas Death.—In haste
The warriour past;
High tower'd his helmed head:
I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,
I 'spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
I saw his giant arm the falchion wield; [air.
Wide wav'd the bick'ring blade, and fir'd the angry

I. 2.

On me (he cry'd) my Britons, wait,
To lead you to the field of fate
I come: yon car,
That cleaves the air,
Descends to throne my state:
I mount your champion and your god.
My proud steeds neigh beneath the thong:
Hark! to my wheels of brass, that rattle loud!
Hark! to my clarion shrill [1], that brays the woods among!

I. 3.

Fear not now the fever's fire,
Fear not now the death-bed groan,
Pangs that torture, pains that tire,
Bed-rid age with feeble moan:
These domestic terrours wait
Hourly at my palace gate;
And when o'er slothful realms my rod I wave,
These on the tyrant king and coward slave
Rush with vindictive rage, and drag them to their grave.

II. 1.

But ye, my sons, at this high hour
Shall share the fulness of my power:
From all your bows,
In level'd rows,
My own dread shafts shall shower.
Go then to conquest, gladly go,
Deal forth my dole of destiny,
With all my fury dash the *trembling foe*
Down to those darksome dens, where *Rome's* pale spectres lie.

II. 2.

Where creeps the ninefold stream profound
Her black inexorable round,
And on the bank,
To willows dank,
The shiv'ring ghosts are bound.
Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell
To full-orb'd pride, and fading die,
Ere they again in life's gay mansions dwell:
Not such the meed that crowns the sons of liberty.

II. 3.

No, my Britons! battle-slain,
Rapture gilds your parting hour:
I, that all despotic reign,
Claim but there a moment's power.
Swiftly the soul of British flame
Animates some kindred frame,
Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
Exults again in martial ecstasies,
Again for freedom fights, again for freedom dies.

CARACTACUS.

It does, it does! unconquer'd, undismay'd,
The British soul revives—Champion, lead on,
I follow—give me way. Some blessed shaft
Will rid me of this clog of cumb'rous age;
And I again shall in some happier mould
Rise to redeem my country.

CHORUS.

Stay thee, prince,
And mark what clear and amber-skirted clouds
Rise from the altar's verge, and cleave the skies:
Oh 'tis a prosperous omen! Soon expect
To hear glad tidings.

[1] Here one of the Druids blows the sacred trumpet.

CARACTACUS.

I will send them to thee.

CHORUS.

But see, a Bard approaches, and he bears them:
Else is his eye no herald to his heart.

BARD, CHORUS, CARACTACUS.

CARACTACUS.

Speedily tell thy tale.

BARD.

A tale like mine,
I trust your ears will willingly pursue [learn,
Thro' each glad circumstance. First, monarch,
The Roman troop is fled.

CHORUS.

Great gods, we thank ye!

CARACTACUS.

Fought they not ere they fled? Oh tell me all.

BARD.

Silent, as night, that wrapt us in her veil,
We pac'd up yonder hill, whose woody ridge
O'erhung the ambush'd foe. No sound was heard,
Step felt, or sight descry'd: for safely hid,
Beneath the purple pall of sacrifice
Did sleep our holy fire, nor saw the air,
Till to that pass we came, where whilom Brute
Planted his five hoar altars. To our rites
Then swift we hasted, and in one short moment
The rocky piles were cloth'd with livid flame.
Near each a white-rob'd Druid, whose stern voice
Thunder'd deep execrations on the foe [14].
Now wak'd our horrid symphony, now all
Our harps terrific rang: meanwhile the grove
Trembled, the altars shook, and thro' our ranks
Our sacred sisters rush'd in sable robes,
With hair dishevel'd, and funereal brands
Hurl'd round with menacing fury. On they rush'd
In fierce and frantic mood, as is their wont
Amid the magic rites they do to Night
In their deep dens below. Motions like these
Were never dar'd before in open air!

CHORUS.

Did I not say, we had a pow'r within us,
That might appall ev'n Romans?

BARD.

And it did.
They stood aghast, and to our vollied darts,
That thick as hail fell on their helms and corslets,
Scarce rais'd a warding shield. The sacred trumpet
Then rent the air, and instant at the signal
Rush'd down Arviragus with all our vassals;
A hot, but short-liv'd, conflict then ensu'd:
For soon they fled. I saw the Romans fly,
Before I left the field.

CARACTACUS.

My son pursu'd?

BARD.

The prince and Elidurus, like twin lions,
Did side by side engage. Death seem'd to guide
Their swords, no stroke fell fruitless, every wound
Gave him a victim.

CARACTACUS.

Thus, my friend Ebrancus!
Ill-fated prince! didst thou and I in youth
Unite our valours. In his prime he fell,
On Conway's banks I saw him fall, and slew
His murderer.—But how far did they pursue?

BARD.

E'vn to the ships: for I descry'd the rout,
Far as the twilight gleam would aid my sight.

CARACTACUS.

Now thanks to the bright star that rul'd his birth;
Yes, he will soon return to claim my blessing,
And he shall have it pour'd in tears of joy
On his bold breast! methought I heard a step:
Is it not his?

BARD.

'Tis some of our own train,
And as I think, they lead six Romans captive.

CHORUS, CARACTACUS, CAPTIVES.

CHORUS.

My brethren, bear the prisoners to the cavern,
'Till we demand them.

CARACTACUS.

Pause ye yet awhile.
They seem of bold demeanor, and have helms,
That speak them leaders. Hear me, Romans, hear.
That you are captives, is the chance of war:
Yet captives as ye are, in Britain's eye
Ye are not slaves. Barbarians, tho' ye call us,
We know the native rights man claims from man,
And therefore never shall we gall your necks
With chains, or drag you at our scythed cars
In arrogance of triumph. Nor 'till taught
By Rome (what Britain sure should scorn to learn)
Her avarice, will we barter you for gold.
True, ye are captives, and our country's safety
Forbids, we give you back to liberty:
We give you therefore to the immortal gods,
To them we lift you in the radiant cloud
Of sacrifice. They may in limbs of freedom
Replace your free-born souls, and their high mercy
Haply shall to some better world advance you;
Or else in this restore that golden gift,
Which lost, leaves life a burden. Does there breathe
A wretch so pall'd with the vain fear of death
Can call this cruelty? 'tis love, 'tis mercy.
And grant, ye gods, if e'er I'm made a captive,
I meet the like fair treatment from the foe,
Whose stronger star quells mine. Now lead them on,
And, while they live, treat them, as men should men,
And not as Rome treats Britain. [*Exeunt Captives.*

Druid, these,

[14] This account is taken from what history tells us did really happen some years after, when the groves of Mona were destroyed by Suetonius Paulinus. Igitur Monam insulam incolis validam, & receptaculum perfugarum aggredi parat, navesque fabricatur plano alveo, adversus breve litus & incertum. Sic Pedes; equites vado secuti, aut altiores inter undas, adnantes equis transmisere. Stabat pro litore diversa acies densa armis virisque, intercursantibus fœminis: in modum furiarum, veste ferali crinibus dejectis *faces* præferebant. Druidæ circum, preces diras sublatis ad cœlum manibus fundentes, novitate aspectus perculere milites ut, quasi hærentibus membris, immobile corpus vulneribus præberent. Dein cohortationibus ducis, & se ipsi stimulantes ne muliebre & fanatica agmen pavescerent, inferunt signa, sternuntque obvios & igni suo involvunt. Tac. Ann. l. xiv. c. 29.

Ev'n should their chief escape, may to the gods
Be given in sacrifice.

CHORUS.

O think not, king,
That Mona shall be curst by these dire rites [15].
Ev'n from the youth of time yon holy altar
Has held the place thou seest; ages on ages
Have there done sacrifice: but never yet
Stream'd it with human gore, nor ever shall
While we hold office here. 'Tis true, that Gaul,
True too, that Britain, by the Gauls mistaught,
Have done such deeds of horrour; deeds, that
Humanity, and call'd from angry Heav'n [shock'd
These curses on our country.

CARACTACUS.

Can the gods
Behold a sight more grateful, than the flame,
That blasts impiety?

CHORUS.

Admit, they cannot:
Need they the hand of man to light that flame?
Have not those gods their lightning? Taranis,
Doth he not wield the thunder?

CARACTACUS.

Holy Druid,
I stand rebuk'd: will ye then pardon them?

CHORUS.

We say not that. Vengeance shall have her course,
But vengeance in her own peculiar garb,
Not in the borrow'd weeds of sage religion:
They suit not her.—Whence was that shriek?

EVELINA, CARACTACUS, CHORUS.

EVELINA.

My father,
Support me, take me trembling to your arms;
All is not well. Ah me, my fears o'ercome me!

CARACTACUS.

What means my child?

EVELINA.

Alas! we are betray'd.
Ev'n now as wand'ring in yon eastern grove
I call'd the gods to aid us, the dread sound
Of many hasty steps did meet mine ear:
This way they prest.

CARACTACUS.

Daughter, thy fears are vain.

EVELINA.

Methought I saw the flame of lighted brands,
And what did glitter to my dazzled sight,
Like swords and helms.

CARACTACUS.

All, all the feeble coinage
Of maiden fear.

[15] This and the four following speeches to the end of the scene were printed in the first edition of this poem, but cancelled before publication; because some of my critical friends thought them not supported by historical authority: yet as they add to the consistency and dignity of the Druidical character as delineated through the rest of the Drama, and give them an air of propriety and consequently of probability, I have chosen in this edition to reinstate them.

EVELINA.

Nay, if mine ear mistook not,
I heard the traitor's voice who that way 'scap'd,
Calling to arms.

CARACTACUS.

Away with idle terrours!
Know, thy brave brother's helm is crown'd with conquest,
Our foes are fled, their leaders are our captives.
Smile, my lov'd child, and imitate the Sun,
That rises ruddy from behind yon oaks
To hail him victor.

CHORUS.

That the rising Sun!
Oh horrour! horrour! sacrilegious fires [sound,
Devour our groves: they blaze, they blaze! Oh!
The trump again; recall the prince, or all
Is lost.

CARACTACUS.

Druid, where is thy fortitude?
Do not I live? Is not this holy sword
Firm in my grasp? I will preserve your groves.
Britons, I go: let those that dare die nobly,
Follow my step. [*Exit* Caractacus.

EVELINA.

Oh whither does he go?
Return, return: ye holy men, recall him.
What is his arm against a host of Romans?
Oh I have lost a father!

CHORUS.

Ruthless gods!
Ye take away our souls: a general panic
Reigns thro' the grove. Oh fly, my brethren, fly,
To aid the king, fly to preserve your altars!
Alas! 'tis all in vain; our fate is fixt.
Look there, look there, thou miserable maid!
Behold thy bleeding brother.

ARVIRAGUS, ELIDURUS, EVELINA, CHORUS.

ARVIRAGUS.

Thanks, good youth!
Safe hast thou brought me to that holy spot,
Where I did wish to die. Support me still.
Oh, I am sick to death. Yet one step more:
Now lay me gently down. I would drag out
This life, tho' at some cost of throbs and pangs,
Just long enough to claim my father's blessing,
And sigh my last breath in my sister's arms.—
And here she kneels, poor maid! all dumb with grief.
Restrain thy sorrow, gentlest Evelina.
True, thou dost see me bleed: I bleed to death.

EVELINA.

Say'st thou to death? Oh gods! the barbed shaft
Is buried in his breast. Yes, he must die.
And I, alas! am doom'd to see him die.
Where are your healing arts, medicinal herbs,
Ye holy men, your wonder-working spells?
Pluck me but out this shaft, stanch but this blood,
And I will call down blessings on your heads
With such a fervency—And can ye not!
Then let me beg you on my bended knee,
Give to my misery some opiate drug,
May shut up all my senses.—Yes, good fathers,
Mingle the potion so, that it may kill me
Just at the instant, this poor languisher
Heaves his last sigh.

ARVIRAGUS.

Talk not thus wildly, sister,
Think on our father's age——

EVELINA.

Alas! my brother!
We have no father now; or if we have,
He is a captive.

ARVIRAGUS.

Captive! Oh my wound!
It stings me now—But is it so?
[*Turning to the Chorus.*

CHORUS.

Alas!
We know no more, save that he sallied single
To meet the foe, whose unexpected host
Round by the east had wound their fraudful march,
And fir'd our groves.

ELIDURUS.

Oh fatal, fatal valour!
Then is he seiz'd, or slain.

ARVIRAGUS.

Too sure he is!
Druid, not half the Romans met our swords;
We found the fraud too late: the rest are yonder.

CHORUS.

How could they gain the pass?

ARVIRAGUS.

The wretch, that fled
That way, return'd, conducting half their powers;
And—But thy pardon, youth, I will not wound thee,
He is thy brother.

ELIDURUS.

Thus my honest sword
Shall force the blood from the detested heart,
That holds alliance with him.

ARVIRAGUS.

Elidurus,
Hold, on our friendship, hold. Thou noble youth,
Look on this innocent maid. She must to Rome,
Captive to Rome. Thou see'st warm life flow from me,
Ere long she'll have no brother. Heav'n's my witness,
I do not wish, that thou shouldst live the slave
Of Rome: but yet she is my sister.

ELIDURUS.

Prince!
Thou urgest that, might make me drag an age
In fetters worse than Roman. I will live,
And while I live——

Enter BARD.

Fly to your caverns, Druids,
The grove's beset around. The chief approaches.

CHORUS.

Let him approach, we will confront his pride;
The seer that rules amid the groves of Mona
Has not to fear his fury. What tho' age
Slacken our sinews; what tho' shield and sword
Give not their iron aid to guard our body;
Yet virtue arms our soul, and 'gainst that panoply
What 'vails the rage of robbers? Let him come.

ARVIRAGUS.

I faint apace.—Ye venerable men,
If ye can save this body from pollution,
If ye can tomb me in this sacred place,
I trust ye will. I fought to save these groves,
And, fruitless tho' I fought, some grateful oak,
I trust will spread its reverential gloom
O'er my pale ashes—Ah! that pang was death!
My sister, oh!—— [*Dies.*

ELIDURUS.

She faints! ah raise her!——

EVELINA.

Yes,
Now he is dead. I felt his spirit go
In a cold sigh, and as it past, methought
It paus'd awhile, and trembled on my lips!
Take me not from him: breathless as he is,
He is my brother still, and if the gods
Do please to grace him with some happier being,
They ne'er can give to him a fonder sister.

CHORUS.

Brethren, surround the corse, and, ere the foe
Approaches, chant with meet solemnity
That grateful dirge your dying champion claims.

SEMICHORUS.

Lo, where incumbent o'er the shade
Rome's rav'ning eagle bows her beaked head!
Yet while a moment fate affords,
While yet a moment freedom stays,
That moment, which outweighs
Eternity's unmeasur'd hoards,
Shall Mona's grateful bards employ
To hymn their godlike hero to the sky.

SEMICHORUS.

Ring out, ye mortal strings;
Answer thou heav'nly harp, instinct with spirit all,
That o'er the jasper arch self-warbling swings
Of blest Andraste's throne:
Thy sacred sounds alone
Can celebrate the fall
Of bold Arviragus——

Enter Aulus Didius *and* Romans.

AULUS DIDIUS, CHORUS, EVELINA, ELIDURUS.

AULUS DIDIUS.

Ye bloody priests,
Behold we burst on your infernal rites,
And bid you pause. Instant restore our soldiers,
Nor hope that superstition's ruthless step
Shall wade in Roman gore. Ye savage men,
Did not our laws give license to all faiths,
We would o'erturn your altars, headlong heave
These shapeless symbols of your barbarous gods [16],
And let the golden Sun into your caves.

CHORUS.

Servant of Cæsar, has thine impious tongue
Spent the black venom of its blasphemy?
It has. Then take our curses on thine head,
Ev'n his fell curses, who doth reign in Mona,
Vicegerent of those gods thy pride insults.

[16] The Druids did not really worship the divinity under any symbol. But this is put intentionally into the mouth of the Roman, as mistaking the rude stones placed round the grove, for idols. Thus Lucan in his beautiful description of a Druid grove,

——simulacraque mœsta deorum
Arte carent, cæsisque extant informia truncis.
Phar. Lib. iii.

Some imagery from the same description is also borrowed in the opening of the drama.

AULUS DIDIUS.

Bold priest, I scorn thy curses, and thyself.
Soldiers, go search the caves, and free the prisoners.
Take heed, ye seize Caractacus alive.
Arrest yon youth; load him with heaviest irons,
He shall to Cæsar answer for his crime.

ELIDURUS.

I stand prepar'd to triumph in my crime.

AULUS DIDIUS.

'Tis well, proud boy—Look to the beauteous maid,
[*To the soldiers.*
That tranc'd in grief, bends o'er yon bleeding corse,
Respect her sorrows.

EVELINA.

Hence, ye barbarous men,
Ye shall not take him welt'ring thus in blood,
To show at Rome, what British virtue was.
Avaunt! the breathless body that ye touch
Was once Arviragus!

AULUS DIDIUS.

Fear us not, princess,
We reverence the dead.

CHORUS.

Would too to Heav'n,
Ye reverenc'd the gods but ev'n enough
Not to debase with slavery's cruel chain,
What they created free.

AULUS DIDIUS.

The Romans fight
Not to enslave, but humanize the world.

CHORUS.

Go to, we will not parley with thee, Roman:
Instant pronounce our doom.

AULUS DIDIUS.

Hear it, and thank us.
This once our clemency shall spare your groves,
If at our call ye yield the British king:
Yet learn, when next ye aid the foes of Cæsar,
That each old oak, whose solemn gloom ye boast,
Shall bow beneath our axes.

CHORUS.

Be they blasted,
When'er their shade forgets to shelter virtue.

Enter BARD.

Mourn, Mona, mourn. Caractacus is captive!
And dost thou smile, false Roman? Do not think
He fell an easy prey. Know, ere he yielded,
Thy bravest veterans bled. He too, thy spy,
The base Brigantian prince, hath seal'd his fraud
With death. Bursting thro' armed ranks, that
The caitiff round, the brave Caractacus [hemm'd
Seiz'd his false throat; and as he gave him death
Indignant thunder'd, "Thus is my last stroke
The stroke of justice." Numbers then opprest him:
I saw the slave, that cowardly behind
Pinion'd his arms; I saw the sacred sword
Writh'd from his grasp: I saw, what now ye see,
Inglorious sight! those barbarous bonds upon him.

CARACTACUS, AULUS DIDIUS, CHORUS, &c.

CARACTACUS.

Romans, methinks the malice of your tyrant
Might furnish heavier chains. Old as I am,
And wither'd as you see these war-worn limbs,
Trust me, they shall support the weightiest load
Injustice dares impose——
Proud crested soldier [*To* Didius.
Who seem'st the master-mover in this business,
Say, dost thou read less terrour on my brow,
Than when thou met'st me in the fields of war
Heading my nations? No, my free-born soul
Has scorn still left to sparkle thro' these eyes,
And frown defiance on thee.——Is it thus!
[*Seeing his son's body.*
Then I'm indeed a captive. Mighty gods!
My soul, my soul submits: patient it bears
The pond'rous load of grief ye heap upon it.
Yes, it will grovel in this shatter'd breast,
And be the sad tame thing, it ought to be,
Coopt in a servile body.

AULUS DIDIUS.

Droop not, king.
When Claudius, the great master of the world,
Shall hear the noble story of thy valour,
His pity——

CARACTACUS.

Can a Roman pity, soldier?
And if he can, gods! must a Briton bear it?
Arviragus, my bold, my breathless boy,
Thou hast escap'd such pity; thou art free.
Here in high Mona shall thy noble limbs
Rest in a noble grave; posterity
Shall to thy tomb with annual reverence bring
Sepulchral stones, and pile them to the clouds;
Whilst mine——

AULUS DIDIUS.

The morn doth hasten our departure.
Prepare thee, king, to go: a fav'ring gale
Now swells our sails.

CARACTACUS.

Inhuman, that thou art!
Dost thou deny a moment for a father
To shed a few warm tears o'er his dead son?
I tell thee, chief, this act might claim a life,
To do it duly; even a longer life,
Than sorrow ever suffer'd. Cruel man!
And thou deniest me moments. Be it so.
I know you Romans weep not for your children;
Ye triumph o'er your tears, and think it valour;
I triumph in my tears. Yes, best-lov'd boy,
Yes, I can weep, can fall upon thy corse,
And I can tear my hairs, these few grey hairs,
The only honours war and age hath left me.
Ah son! thou might'st have rul'd o'er many nations,
As did thy royal ancestry: but I,
Rash that I was, ne'er knew the golden curb
Discretion hangs on brav'ry: else perchance
These men, that fasten fetters on thy father, [ship.
Had sued to him for peace, and claim'd his friend-

AULUS DIDIUS.

But thou wast still implacable to Rome,
And scorn'd her friendship.

CARACTACUS *starting up from the body.*

Soldier, I had arms [17],
Had neighing steeds to whirl my iron cars,
Had wealth, dominion. Dost thou wonder, Roman,
I fought to save them? What if Cæsar aims,

[17] This passage, and some others in this scene, are taken from Caractacus's famous speech in Tacitus, before the throne of Claudius; but here adapted to his dramatic character.

To lord it universal o'er the world,
Shall the world tamely crouch at Cæsar's footstool?

AULUS DIDIUS.

Read in thy fate our answer. Yet if sooner
Thy pride had yielded——

CARACTACUS.

Thank thy gods, I did not.
Had it been so, the glory of thy master,
Like my misfortunes, had been short and trivial,
Oblivion's ready prey: now, after struggling
Nine years, and that right bravely 'gainst a tyrant,
I am his slave to treat as seems him good;
If cruelly, 'twill be an easy task
To bow a wretch, alas! how bow'd already!
Down to the dust: if well, his clemency, [men,
When trick'd and varnish'd by your glossing pen-
Will shine in honour's annals, and adorn
Himself; it boots not me. Look there, look there,
The slave that shot that dart, kill'd ev'ry hope
Of lost Caractacus! Arise, my daughter,
Alas! poor prince, art thou too in vile fetters?
[*To* Elidurus.
Come hither, youth: be thou to me a son,
To her a brother. Thus with trembling arms
I lead you forth; children, we go to Rome.
Weep'st thou, my girl? I prithee hoard thy tears
For the sad meeting of thy captive mother:
For we have much to tell her, much to say
Of these good men, who nurtur'd us in Mona;
Much of the fraud and malice, that pursu'd us;
Much of her son, who pour'd his precious blood
To save his sire and sister: think'st thou, maid,
Her gentleness can hear the tale, and live?
And yet she must. Oh gods, I grow a talker!
Grief and old age are ever full of words:
But I'll be mute. Adieu! ye holy men;
Yet one look more—Now lead us hence for ever.

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN;

A POEM:

IN FOUR BOOKS.

A garden is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works. And a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely: as if gardening were the greater perfection. Verulam.

BOOK THE FIRST.

To thee, divine Simplicity! to thee,
Best arbitress of what is good and fair,
This verse belongs. O, as it freely flows,
Give it thy powers of pleasing: else in vain
It strives to teach the rules, from Nature drawn,
Of import high to those whose taste would add
To Nature's careless graces; loveliest then,
When, o'er her form, thy easy skill has taught
The robe of Spring in ampler folds to flow.
Haste goddess! to the woods, the lawns, the vales;
That lie in rude luxuriance, and but wait
Thy call to bloom with beauty. I meanwhile,
Attendant on thy state serene, will mark
Its faery progress; wake th' accordant string;
And tell how far, beyond the transient glare
Of fickle fashion, or of formal art,
Thy flowery works with charm perennial please.
Ye too, ye sister powers! that, at my birth,
Auspicious smil'd; and o'er my cradle drop'd
Those magic seeds of fancy, which produce
A poet's feeling, and a painter's eye,
Come to your votary's aid. For well ye know
How soon my infant accents lisp'd the rhyme,
How soon my hands the mimic colours spread,
And vainly strove to snatch a double wreath
From Fame's unfading laurel: fruitless aim;
Yet not inglorious; nor perchance devoid
Of friendly use to this fair argument;
If so, with lenient smiles, ye deign to cheer,
At this sad hour, my desolated soul.
For deem not ye that I resume the strain
To court the world's applause: my years mature
Have learn'd to slight the toy. No, 'tis to sooth
That agony of heart, which they alone,
Who best have lov'd, who best have been belov'd,
Can feel, or pity; sympathy severe!
Which she too felt, when on her pallid lip
The last farewell hung trembling, and bespoke
A wish to linger here, and bless the arms
She left for Heav'n. She died, and Heav'n is hers!
Be mine the pensive solitary balm
That recollection yields. Yes, angel pure!
While memory holds her seat, thy image still
Shall reign, shall triumph there; and when, as now,
Imagination forms a nymph divine
To lead the fluent strain, thy modest blush,
Thy mild demeanor, thy unpractis'd smile
Shall grace that nymph, and sweet Simplicity
Be dress'd (ah meek Maria!) in thy charms.
Begin the song! and ye of Albion's sons
Attend; ye freeborn, ye ingenuous few,
Who heirs of competence, if not of wealth,
Preserve that vestal purity of soul [youths,
Whence genuine taste proceeds. To you, blest
I sing; whether in Academic groves
Studeous ye rove; or, fraught with learning's stores,
Visit the Latian plain, fond to transplant
Those arts which Greece did, with her liberty,
Resign to Rome. Yet know, the art I sing
Ev'n there ye shall not learn. Rome knew it not
While Rome was free: ah! hope not then to find
In slavish superstitious Rome the fair
Remains. Meanwhile, of old and classic aid
Tho' fruitless be the search, your eyes entranc'd
Shall catch those glowing scenes, that taught a Claude
To grace his canvass with Hesperian hues:
And scenes like these, on memory's tablet drawn,
Bring back to Britain; there give local form
To each idea; and if Nature lend
Materials fit of torrent, rock, and shade,
Produce new Tivolis. But learn to rein,
O youth! whose skill essays the arduous task,
That skill within the limit she allows.
Great Nature scorns control: she will not bear
One beauty foreign to the spot or soil
She gives thee to adorn: 'tis thine alone
To mend, not change her features. Does her hand
Stretch forth a level lawn? Ah, hope not thou
To lift the mountain there. Do mountains frown

Around? Ah, wish not there the level lawn.
Yet she permits thy art, discreetly us'd,
To smooth the rugged and to swell the plain.
But dare with caution; else expect, bold man!
The injur'd genius of the place to rise
In self-defence, and, like some giant fiend
That frowns in Gothic story, swift destroy,
By night, the puny labours of thy day.
What then must he attempt, whom niggard fate
Has fixt in such an inauspicious spot
As bears no trace of beauty? must he sit
Dull and inactive in the desert waste,
If Nature there no happy feature wears
To wake and meet his skill? Believe the Muse,
She does not know that inauspicious spot
Where beauty is thus niggard of her store:
Believe the Muse, thro' this terrestrial vast
The seeds of grace are sown, profusely sown,
Ev'n where we least may hope: the desert hills
Will hear the call of art; the vallies dank
Obey her just behests, and smile with charms
Congenial to the soil, and all its own.
For tell me, where's the desert? there alone
Where man resides not; or, if 'chance resides,
He is not there the man his Maker form'd,
Industrious man, by Heav'n's first law ordain'd
To earn his food by labour. In the waste
Place thou that man with his primeval arms,
His plough-share, and his spade; nor shalt thou long
Impatient wait a change; the waste shall smile
With yellow harvests; what was barren heath
Shall soon be verdant mead. Now let thy art
Exert its powers, and give, by varying lines,
The soil, already tam'd, its finished grace.
Nor less obsequious to the hand of toil,
If Fancy guide that hand, will the dank vale
Receive improvement meet; but Fancy here
Must lead, not follow labour; she must tell
In what peculiar place the soil shall rise, [wear,
Where sink; prescribe what form each sluice shall
And how direct its course; whether to spread
Broad as a lake, or, as a river pent
By fringed banks, weave its irriguous way
Thro' lawn and shade alternate: for if she
Preside not o'er the task, the narrow drains
Will run in tedious parallel, or cut
Each other in sharp angles: hence implore
Her swift assistance, ere the ruthless spade
Too deeply wound the bosom of the soil.
Yet, in this lowly site, where all that charms
Within itself must charm; hard is the task
Impos'd on Fancy. Hence with idle fear!
Is she not Fancy? and can Fancy fail
In sweet delusions, in concealments apt,
And wild creative power? She cannot fail.
And yet, full oft, when her creative power,
Her apt concealments, her delusions sweet
Have been profusely lavish'd; when her groves
Have shot, with vegetative vigour strong,
Ev'n to their wish'd maturity; when Jove
Has roll'd the changeful seasons o'er her lawns,
And each has left a blessing as it roll'd:
Ev'n then, perchance, some vain fastidious eye
Shall rove unmindful of surrounding charms
And ask for prospect. Stranger! 'tis not here.
Go seek it on some garish turret's height;
Seek it on Richmond's or on Windsor's brow;
There gazing, on the gorgeous vale below,
Applaud alike, with fashion'd pomp of phrase,
The good and bad, which, in profusion, there
That gorgeous vale exhibits. Here meanwhile,
Ev'n in the dull, unseen, unseeing dell
Thy taste contemns, shall Contemplation imp
Her eagle plumes; the poet here shall hold
Sweet converse with his Muse; the curious sage,
Who comments on great Nature's ample tome,
Shall find that volume here. For here are caves,
Where rise those gurgling rills, that sing the song
Which Contemplation loves; here shadowy glades,
Where thro' the tremulous foliage darts the ray,
That gilds the poet's day-dream; here the turf
Teems with the vegetating race; the air
Is peopled with the insect tribes, that float
Upon the noontide beam, and call the sage
To number and to name them. Nor if here
The painter comes, shall his enchanting art
Go back without a boon: for Fancy here,
With Nature's living colours, forms a scene
Which Ruisdale best might rival; chrystal lakes,
O'er which the giant oak, himself a grove,
Flings his romantic branches, and beholds
His reverend image in th' expanse below.
If distant hills be wanting, yet our eye
Forgets the want, and with delighted gaze
Rests on the lovely foreground; there applauds
The art, which, varying forms and blending hues,
Gives that harmonious force of shade and light,
Which makes the landscape perfect. Art like this
Is only art, all else abortive toil.
Come then, thou sister Muse, from whom the mind
Wins for her airy visions colour, form,
And fixt locality, sweet Painting, come
To teach the docile pupil of my song,
How much his practice on thy aid depends.
Of Nature's various scenes the painter culls
That for his fav'rite theme, where the fair whole
Is broken into ample parts, and bold;
Where to the eye three well-mark'd distances
Spread their peculiar colouring. Vivid green,
Warm brown, and black opake the foreground bears
Conspicuous; sober olive coldly marks
The second distance; thence the third declines
In softer blue, or, less'ning still, is lost
In faintest purple. When thy taste is call'd
To deck a scene where Nature's self presents
All these distinct gradations, then rejoice
As does the painter, and like him apply
Thy colours; plant thou on each separate part
Its proper foliage. Chief, for there thy skill
Has its chief scope, enrich with all the hues
That flowers, that shrubs, that trees can yield, the sides
Of that fair path, from whence our sight is led
Gradual to view the whole. Where'er thou wind'st
That path, take heed between the scene and eye,
To vary and to mix thy chosen greens.
Here for a while with cedar or with larch,
That from the ground spread their close texture, hide
The view entire. Then o'er some lowly tuft,
Where rose and woodbine bloom, permit its charms
To burst upon the sight; now thro' a copse
Of beech, that rear their smooth and stately trunks,
Admit it partially, and half exclude,
And half reveal its graces: in this path
How long soe'er the wanderer roves, each step
Shall wake fresh beauties; each short point present
A different picture, new, and yet the same.
Yet some there are who scorn this cautious rule,

And fell each tree that intercepts the scene.
O great Poussin! O Nature's darling, Claude!
What if some rash and sacrilegious hand
Tore from your canvas those umbrageous pines
That frown in front, and give each azure hill
The charm of contrast! Nature suffers here
Like outrage, and bewails a beauty lost,
Which Time with tardy hand shall late restore.
Yet here the spoiler rests not; see him rise
Warm from his devastation, to improve,
For so he calls it, yonder champian wide.
There on each bolder brow in shapes acute
His fence he scatters; there the Scottish fir,
In murky file lifts his inglorious head,
And blots the fair horizon. So should art
Improve thy pencil's savage dignity,
Salvator! if where, far as eye can pierce,
Rock pil'd on rock, thy Alpine heights retire,
She flung her random foliage, and disturb'd
The deep repose of the majestic scene.
This deed were impious. Ah, forgive the thought,
Thou more than painter, more than poet! He,
Alone thy equal, who was "Fancy's child."
Does then the song forbid the planter's hand
To clothe the distant hills, and veil with woods
Their barren summits? No, it but forbids
All poverty of clothing. Rich the robe,
And ample let it flow, that Nature wears
On her thron'd eminence: where'er she takes
Her horizontal march, pursue her step
With sweeping train of forest; hill to hill
Unite with prodigality of shade.
There plant thy elm, thy chesnut; nourish there
Those sapling oaks, which, at Britannia's call,
May heave their trunks mature into the main,
And float the bulwarks of her liberty:
But if the fir, give it its station meet;
Place it an outguard to th' assailing north,
To shield the infant scions, till possest
Of native strength, they learn alike to scorn
The blast and their protectors. Foster'd thus,
The cradled hero gains from female care
His future vigour; but, that vigour felt,
He springs indignant from his nurse's arms,
Nods his terrific helmet, shakes his spear,
And is that awful thing which Heav'n ordain'd
The scourge of tyrants, and his country's pride.
If yet thy art be dubious how to treat
Nature's neglected features, turn thy eye
To those, the masters of correct design,
Who, from her vast variety, have cull'd
The loveliest, boldest parts, and new arrang'd;
Yet, as herself approv'd, herself inspir'd.
In their immortal works thou ne'er shalt find
Dull uniformity, contrivance quaint,
Or labour'd lifelessness; but contrasts broad,
And careless lines, whose undulating forms
Play thro' the varied canvas; these transplant
Again on Nature; take thy plastic spade,
It is thy pencil; take thy seeds, thy plants,
They are thy colours; and by these repay
With interest every charm she lent thy art.
Nor, while I thus to Imitation's realm
Direct thy step, deem I direct thee wrong;
Nor ask, why I forget great Nature's fount,
And bring thee not the bright inspiring cup
From her original spring? Yet, if thou ask'st,
Thyself shalt give the answer. Tell me why
Did Raphael steal, when his creative hand
Imag'd the *Seraphim*, ideal grace
And dignity supernal from that store
Of Attic sculpture, which the ruthless Goth
Spar'd in his headlong fury? Tell me this:
And then confess that beauty best is taught
By those, the favor'd few, whom Heav'n has lent
The power to seize, select, and reunite
Her loveliest features; and of these to form
One archetype complete of sovereign grace.
Here Nature sees her fairest forms more fair;
Owns them for hers, yet owns herself excell'd
By what herself produc'd. Here Art and she
Embrace; connubial Juno smiles benign,
And from the warm embrace Perfection springs.
Rouse then each latent energy of soul
To clasp ideal beauty. Proteus like,
Think not the changeful nymph will long elude
Thy chase, or with reluctant coyness frown.
Inspir'd by her thy happy art shall learn
To melt in fluent curves whate'er is straight,
Acute, or parallel. For, these unchang'd,
Nature and she disdain the formal scene.
'Tis their demand, that ev'ry step of rule
Be sever'd from their sight: they own no charm
But those that fair Variety creates,
Who ever loves to undulate and sport
In many a winding train. With equal zeal
She, careless goddess, scorns the cube and cone,
As does mechanic Order hold them dear:
Hence springs their enmity; and he that hopes
To reconcile the foes, as well might aim
With hawk and dove to draw the Cyprian car.
Such sentence past, where shall the Dryads fly
That haunt yon ancient vista? Pity, sure,
Will spare the long cathedral isle of shade
In which they sojourn; taste were sacrilege,
If, lifting there the axe, it dar'd invade
Those spreading oaks that in fraternal files,
Have pair'd for centuries, and heard the strains
Of Sidney's, nay, perchance, of Surry's reed.
Yet must they fall, unless mechanic skill,
To save her offspring, rouse at our command;
And, where we bid her move, with engine huge,
Each ponderous trunk, the ponderous trunk there move.
A work of difficulty and danger try'd,
Nor oft successful found. But if it fails,
Thy axe must do its office. Cruel task,
Yet needful. Trust me, tho' I bid thee strike,
Reluctantly I bid thee: for my soul
Holds dear an ancient oak, nothing more dear;
It is an ancient friend. Stay then thine hand;
And try by saplings tall, discreetly plac'd
Before, between, behind, in scatter'd groups,
To break th' obdurate line. So may'st thou save
A chosen few; and yet, alas, but few
Of these, the old protectors of the plain.
Yet shall these few give to thy-opening lawn
That shadowy pomp, which only they can give:
For parted now, in patriarchal pride,
Each tree becomes the father of a tribe;
And, o'er the stripling foliage, rising round,
Towers with parental dignity supreme.
And yet, my Albion! in that fair domain,
Which Ocean made thy dowry, when his love
Tempestuous tore thee from reluctant Gaul,
And bad thee be his queen, there still remains
Full many a lovely unfrequented wild,
Where change like this is needless; where no lines

Of hedge-row, avenue, or of platform square
Demand destruction. In thy fair domain,
Yes, my lov'd Albion! many a glade is found,
The haunt of wood-gods only: where if Art
E'er dar'd to tread, 'twas with unsandal'd foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy ground.
And there are scenes, where, tho' she whilom trod,
Led by the worst of guides, fell Tyranny,
And ruthless Superstition, we now trace
Her footsteps with delight; and pleas'd revere
What once had rous'd our hatred. But to Time,
Not her, the praise is due: his gradual touch
Has moulder'd into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible; and many a fane
Monastic, which, when deck'd with all its spires,
Serv'd but to feed some pamper'd abbot's pride,
And awe th' unletter'd vulgar. Generous youth,
Whoe'er thou art, that listen'st to my lay,
And feel'st thy soul assent to what I sing,
Happy art thou if thou can'st call thine own
Such scenes as these: where Nature and where Time
Have work'd congenial; where a scatter'd host
Of antique oaks darken thy sidelong hills;
While, rushing thro' their branches, rifted cliffs
Dart their white heads, and glitter thro' the gloom.
More happy still, if one superior rock
Bear on its brow the shiver'd fragment huge
Of some old Norman fortress; happier far,
Ah, then most happy, if thy vale below
Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,
Some mould'ring abbey's ivy-vested wall.

O how unlike the scene my fancy forms,
Did Folly heretofore, with Wealth conspire
To plan that formal, dull, disjointed scene,
Which once was call'd a garden. Britain still
Bears on her breast full many a hideous wound
Given by the cruel pair, when, borrowing aid
From geometric skill, they vainly strove
By line, by plummet, and unfeeling sheers,
To form with verdure what the builder form'd
With stone. Egregious madness; yet pursu'd
With pains unwearied, with expense unsumm'd,
And science doating. Hence the sidelong walls
Of shaven yew; the holly's prickly arms
Trimm'd into high arcades; the tonsile box
Wove, in mosaic mode of many a curl,
Around the figur'd carpet of the lawn.
Hence too deformities of harder cure:
The terras mound uplifted; the long line
Deep delv'd of flat canal; and all that toil,
Misled by tasteless fashion, could achieve
To mar fair Nature's lineaments divine.

Long was the night of errour, nor dispell'd
By him that rose at learning's earliest dawn,
Prophet of unborn science. On thy realm,
Philosophy! his sovereign lustre spread;
Yet did he deign to light with casual glance
The wilds of taste. Yes, sagest Verulam,
'Twas thine to banish from the royal groves
Each childish vanity of crisped knot
And sculptur'd foliage; to the lawn restore
Its ample space, and bid it feast the sight
With verdure pure, unbroken, unabridg'd:
For verdure sooths the eye, as roseate sweets
The smell, or music's melting strains the ear.

So taught the sage, taught a degenerate reign
What in Eliza's golden day was taste.
Not but the mode of that romantic age,
The age of tourneys, triumphs, and quaint masques,
Glar'd with fantastic pageantry, which dimm'd
The sober eye of Truth, and dazzled ev'n
The sage himself; witness his high-arch'd hedge,
In pillar'd state by carpentry upborn,
With colour'd mirrors deck'd, and prison'd birds.
But, when our step has pac'd his proud parterres,
And reach'd the heath, then Nature glads our eye
Sporting in all her lovely carelessness.
There smiles in varied tufts the velvet rose,
There flaunts the gadding woodbine, swells the
In gentle hillocks, and around its sides [ground
Thro' blossom'd shades the secret pathway steals.

Thus, with a poet's power, the sage's pen
Pourtray'd that nicer negligence of scene,
Which taste approves. While he, delicious swain,
Who tun'd his oaten pipe by Mulla's stream,
Accordant touch'd the stops in Dorian mood;
What time he 'gan to paint the fairy vale,
Where stands the fane of Venus. Well I ween
That then, if ever, Colin, thy fond hand
Did steep its pencil in the well-fount clear
Of true simplicity; and "call'd in Art
Only to second Nature, and supply
All that the nymph forgot, or left forlorn."
Yet what avail'd the song? or what avail'd
Ev'n thine, thou chief of bards, whose mighty mind,
With inward light irradiate, mirror-like
Receiv'd, and to mankind with ray reflex
The sov'reign planter's primal work display'd?
That work where not nice Art in curious knots,
"But Nature boon pour'd forth on hill and dale
Flowers worthy of Paradise; while all around
Umbrageous grotts, and caves of cool recess,
And murmuring waters down the slope dispers'd,
Or held, by fringed banks, in crystal lakes,
Compose a rural seat of various view."
'Twas thus great Nature's herald blazon'd high
That fair original impress, which she bore
In state sublime; e'er miscreated Art,
Offspring of Sin and Shame, the banner seiz'd,
And with adulterate pageantry defil'd.
Yet vainly, Milton, did thy voice proclaim
These her primeval honours. Still she lay
Defac'd, deflower'd, full many a ruthless year:
Alike, when Charles, the abject tool of France,
Came back to smile his subjects into slaves;
Or Belgic William, with his warrior frown,
Coldly declar'd them free; in fetters still
The goddess pin'd, by both alike opprest.

Go to the proof! Behold what Temple call'd
A perfect garden. There thou shalt not find
One blade of verdure, but with aching feet
From terras down to terras shalt descend,
Step following step, by tedious flight of stairs:
On leaden platforms now the noon-day Sun
Shall scorch thee; now the dank arcades of stone
Shall chill thy fervour; happy if at length
Thou reach the orchard, where the sparing turf
Thro' equal lines, all centring in a point,
Yields thee a softer tread. And yet full oft
O'er Temple's studious hour did Truth preside,
Sprinkling her lustre o'er his classic page:
There hear his candour own in fashion's spite,
In spite of courtly dulness, hear it own
"There is a grace in wild variety
Surpassing rule and order." Temple, yes,
There is a grace; and let eternal wreaths

Adorn their brows who fix its empire here.
The Muse shall hail the champions that herself
Led to the fair achievement. Addison,
Thou polish'd sage, or shall I call thee bard,
I see thee come: around thy temples play
The lambent flames of humour, bright'ning mild
Thy judgment into smiles: gracious thou com'st
With Satire at thy side, who checks her frown,
But not her secret sting. With bolder rage
Pope next advances: his indignant arm
Waves the poetic brand o'er Timon's shades,
And lights them to destruction; the fiereq blaze
Sweeps thro' each kindred vista; groves to groves
Nod their fraternal farewell, and expire.
And now, elate with fair-earn'd victory,
The bard retires, and on the bank of Thames
Erects his flag of triumph; wild it waves
In verdant splendour, and beholds, and hails
The king of rivers, as he rolls along.
Kent is his bold associate, Kent who felt
The pencil's power: but, fir'd by higher forms
Of beauty than that pencil knew to paint,
Work'd with the living hues that Nature lent,
And realiz'd his landscapes. Generous he,
Who gave to Painting, what the wayward nymph
Refus'd her votary, those Elysian scenes,
Which would she emulate, her nicest hand
Must all its force of light and shade employ.
On thee too, Southcote, shall the Muse bestow
No vulgar praise: for thou to humblest things
Could'st give ennobling beauties; deck'd by thee,
The simple farm eclips'd the garden's pride,
Ev'n as the virgin blush of innocence,
The harlotry of art. Nor, Shenstone, thou
Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace!
Who knew'st, perchance, to harmonize thy shades
Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
To pastoral plaint, or tale of slighted love.
Him too, the living leader of thy powers,
Great Nature! him the Muse shall hail in notes
Which antedate the praise true genius claims
From just posterity: bards yet unborn
Shall pay to Brown that tribute, fitliest paid
In strains, the beauty of his scenes inspire.
Meanwhile, ye youths! whose sympathetic souls
Would taste those genuine charms, which faintly smile
In my descriptive song, O visit oft
The finish'd scenes, that boast the forming hand
Of these creative genii! feel ye there
What Reynolds felt, when first the Vatican
Unbarr'd her gates, and to his raptur'd eye
Gave all the godlike energy that flow'd
From Michael's pencil; feel what Garrick felt,
When first he breath'd the soul of Shakespear's page.
So shall your art, if call'd to grace a scene
Yet unadorn'd, with taste instinctive give
Each grace appropriate; so your active eye
Shall dart that glance prophetic, which awakes
The slumbering wood-nymphs; gladly shall they rise
Oread, and Dryad, from their verdurous beds,
And fling their foliage, and arrange their stems,
As you, and beauty bid: the Naiad train,
Alike obsequious, from a thousand urns
Shall pour their crystaline tide; while, hand in hand,
Vertumnus and Pomona bring their stores,
Fruitage, and flowers of ev'ry blush, and scent,
Each varied season yields; to you they bring
The fragrant tribute; ye, with generous hand
Diffuse the blessing wide, till Albion smile
One ample theatre of sylvan grace.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Hail to the art, that teaches wealth and pride
How to possess their wish, the world's applause,
Unmixt with blame! that bids magnificence
Abate its meteor glare, and learn to shine
Benevolently mild; like her, the queen
Of night, who sailing thro' autumnal skies,
Gives to the bearded product of the plain
Her ripening lustre, lingering as she rolls,
And glancing cool the salutary ray
Which fills the fields with plenty. Hail that art
Ye swains! for, hark! with lowings glad, your herds
Proclaim its influence, wandering o'er the lawns
Restor'd to them and Nature; now no more
Shall Fortune's minion rob them of their right,
Or round his dull domain with lofty wall
Oppose their jocund presence. Gothic Pomp
Frowns and retires, his proud behests are scorn'd:
Now Taste inspir'd by Truth exalts her voice,
And she is heard. "Oh, let not man misdeem;
Waste is not grandeur, fashion ill supplies
My sacred place, and beauty scorns to dwell
Where use is exiled." At the awful sound
The terrace sinks spontaneous; on the green
Broider'd with crisped knots, the tonsile yews
Wither and fall; the fountain dares no more
To fling its wasted crystal thro' the sky;
But pours salubrious o'er the parched lawn
Rills of fertility. Oh best of arts
That works this happy change! true alchymy,
Beyond the Rosicrusian boast, that turns
Deformity to grace, expense to gain,
And pleas'd restores to Earth's maternal lap
The long-lost fruits of Amalthea's horn!
When such the theme, the poet smiles secure
Of candid audience, and with touch assur'd
Resumes his reed Ascræan; eager he
To ply its warbling stops of various note
In Nature's cause, that Albion's listening youths,
Inform'd erewhile to scorn the long-drawn lines
Of straight formality, alike may scorn
Those quick, acute, perplex'd, and tangled paths,
That, like the snake crush'd by the sharpen'd spade,
Writhe in convulsive torture, and full oft,
Thro' many a dark and unsunn'd labyrinth,
Mislead our step; till giddy, spent, and foil'd,
We reach the point where first our race began.
These Fancy priz'd erroneous, what time Taste,
An infant yet, first join'd her to destroy
The measur'd platform: into false extremes
What marvel if they stray'd, as yet unskill'd
To mark the form of that peculiar curve,
Alike averse to crooked and to straight,
Where sweet Simplicity resides; which Grace
And Beauty call their own; whose lambent flow
Charms us at once with symmetry and ease.
'Tis Nature's curve: instinctively she bids
Her tribes of being trace it. Down the slope
Of yon wide field, see, with its gradual sweep
The ploughing steers their fallow ridges swell;
The peasant, driving thro' each shadowy lane

His team, that bends beneath th' incumbent weight
Of laughing Ceres, marks it with his wheel;
At night, and morn, the milkmaid's careless step
Has, thro' yon pasture green, from stile to stile,
Imprest a kindred curve; the scudding hare
Draws to her dew-sprent seat, o'er thymy heaths,
A path as gently waving: mark them well;
Compare, pronounce, that, varying but in size,
Their forms are kindred all; go then, convinc'd
That Art's unerring rule is only drawn
From Nature's sacred source; a rule that guides
Her ev'ry toil; or if she shape the path,
Or scoop the lawn, or, gradual, lift the hill.
For not alone to that embellish'd walk,
Which leads to ev'ry beauty of the scene,
It yields a grace, but spreads its influence wide,
Prescribes each form of thicket, copse, or wood,
Confines the rivulet, and spreads the lake.
Yet shall this graceful line forget to please,
If border'd close by sidelong parallels,
Nor duly mixt with those opposing curves
That give the charm of contrast. Vainly Taste
Draws thro' the grove her path in easiest bend,
If, on the margin of its woody sides,
The measur'd greensward waves in kindred flow:
Oft let the turf recede, and oft approach,
With varied breadth, now sink into the shade,
Now to the Sun its verdant bosom bare.
As vainly wilt thou lift the gradual hill
To meet thy right-hand view, if to the left
An equal hill ascends: in this, and all
Be various, wild, and free as Nature's self.
For in her wildness is there oft an art,
Or seeming art, which, by position apt,
Arranges shapes unequal, so to save
That correspondent poize, which unpreserv'd
Would mock our gaze with airy vacancy.
Yet fair Variety, with all her powers,
Assists the balance: 'gainst the barren crag
She lifts the pastur'd slope; to distant hills
Opposes neighb'ring shades; and, central oft,
Relieves the flatness of the lawn, or lake,
With studded tuft, or island. So to poize
Her objects, mimic Art may oft attain:
She rules the foreground; she can swell or sink
Its surface; here hel leafy screen oppose,
And there withdraw; here part the varying greens,
And there in one promiscuous gloom combine,
As best befits the Genius of the scene.
Him then, that sov'reign Genius, monarch sole,
Who, from creation's primal day, derives
His right divine to this his rural throne,
Approach with meet obeisance; at his feet
Let our aw'd art fall prostrate. They of Ind,
The Tartar tyrants, Tamerlane's proud race,
Or they in Persia thron'd, who shake the rod
Of power o'er myriads of enervate slaves,
Expect not humbler homage to their pride
Than does this sylvan despot. Yet to those
Who do him loyal service, who revere
His dignity, nor aim, with rebel arms,
At lawless usurpation, is he found
Patient and placable, receives well pleas'd
Their tributary treasures, nor disdains
To blend them with his own internal store.
Stands he in blank and desolated state,
Where yawning crags disjointed, sharp, uncouth,
Involve him with pale horrour? In the clefts
Thy welcome spade shall heap that fost'ring mould
Whence sapling oaks may spring; whence clust'ring crowds
Of early underwood shall veil their sides,
And teach their rugged heads above the shade
To tower in shapes romantic; nor, around
Their flinty roots, shall ivy spare to hang
Its gadding tendrils, nor the moss-grown turf,
With wild thyme sprinkled, there refuse to spread
Its verdure. Awful still; yet not austere,
The Genius stands; bold is his port, and wild,
But not forlorn, nor savage. On some plain
Of tedious length, say, are his flat limbs laid?
Thy hand shall lift him from the dreary couch,
Pillowing his head with swelling hillocks green,
While, all around, a forest-curtain spreads
Its waving folds, and blesses his repose.
What, if perchance in some prolific soil,
Where vegetation strenuous, uncontroll'd,
Has push'd her pow'rs luxuriant, he now pines
For air and freedom? Soon thy sturdy axe,
Amid its intertwisted foliage driv'n,
Shall open all his glades, and ingress give
To the bright darts of day; his prison'd rills,
That darkling crept amid the rustling brakes,
Shall glitter as they glide, and his dank caves,
Free to salubrious zephyrs, cease to weep.
Meanwhile his shadowy pomp he still retains,
His Dryads still attend him; they alone
Of race plebeian banish'd, who to crowd
Not grace his state, their boughs obtrusive flung.
But chief consult him ere thou dar'st decide
Th' appropriate bounds of Pleasure, and of use;
For pleasure, lawless robber, oft invades
Her neighbour's right, and turns to idle waste
Her treasures: curb her then in scanty bounds,
Whene'er the scene permits that just restraint.
The curb restrains not Beauty; sov'reign she
Still triumphs, still unites each subject realm,
And blesses both impartial. Why then fear
Lest, if thy fence contract the shaven lawn,
It does her wrong? She points a thousand ways,
And each her own, to cure the needful ill.
Where'er it winds, and freely must it wind,
She bids, at ev'ry bend, thick-blossom'd tufts
Croud their inwoven tendrils. Is there still
A void? Lo, Lebanon her cedar lends!
Lo, all the stately progeny of pines
Come, with their floating foliage richly deck'd,
To fill that void! meanwhile across the mead
The wand'ring flocks that browse between the shades
Seem oft to pass their bounds; the dubious eye
Decides not if they crop the mead or lawn.
Browse then your fill, fond foresters! to you
Shall sturdy Labour quit his morning task
Well pleas'd; nor longer o'er his useless plots
Draw through the dew the splendour of his scythe.
He, leaning on that scythe, with carols gay
Salutes his fleecy substitutes, that rush
In bleating chase to their delicious task,
And, spreading o'er the plain, with eager teeth
Devour it into verdure. Browse your fill
Fond foresters! the soil that you enrich
Shall still supply your morn and evening meal
With choicest delicates; whether you choose
The vernal blades that rise with seeded stem
Of hue purpureal; or the clover white,
That in a spiked ball collects its sweets;
Or trembling fescue: ev'ry fav'rite herb
Shall court your taste, ye harmless epicures!

Meanwhile permit that with unheeded step
I pass beside you, nor let idle fear
Spoil your repast, for know the lively scene,
That you still more enliven, to my soul
Darts inspiration, and impels the song
To roll in bolder descant; while, within,
A gleam of happiness primeval seems
To snatch me back to joys my nature claim'd,
Ere vice defil'd, ere slavery sunk the world,
And all was faith and freedom: then was man
Creation's king, yet friend; and all that browse,
Or skim, or dive, the plain, the air, the flood,
Paid him their liberal homage; paid unaw'd
In love accepted, sympathetic love
That felt for all, and blest them with its smiles.
Then nor the curling horn had learn'd to sound
The savage song of chase; the barbed shaft
Had then no poison'd point; nor thou, fell tube!
Whose iron entrails hide the sulphurous blast,
Satanic engine, knew'st the ruthless power
Of thundering death around thee. Then alike
Were ye innocuous thro' your ev'ry tribe,
Or brute, or reptile; nor by rage or guile
Had giv'n to injur'd man his only plea
(And that the tyrant's plea) to work your harm.
Instinct, alas, like wayward reason, now
Veers from its pole. There was a golden time
When each created being kept its sphere
Appointed, nor infring'd its neighbour's right.
The flocks, to whom the grassy lawn was giv'n,
Fed on its blades contented; now they crush
Each scion's tender shoots, and, at its birth,
Destroy, what, sav'd from their remorseless tooth,
Had been the tree of Jove. Ev'n while I sing,
Yon wanton lamb has crop't the woodbine's pride,
That bent beneath a full-blown load of sweets,
And fill'd the air with perfume: see it falls;
The busy bees, with many a murmur sad,
Hang o'er their honied loss. Why is it thus?
Ah, why must Art defend the friendly shades
She rear'd to shield you from the noontide beam?
Traitors, forbear to wound them! say, ye fools!
Does your rich herbage fail? do acrid leaves
Afford you daintier food? I plead in vain;
For now the father of the fleecy troop
Begins his devastation, and his ewes
Crowd to the spoil, with imitative zeal.
Since, then, constrain'd, we must expel the flock
From where our saplings rise, our flow'rets bloom,
The song shall teach, in clear preceptive notes,
How best to frame the fence, and best to hide
All its foreseen defects; defective still,
Tho' hid with happiest art. Ingrateful sure,
When such the theme, becomes the poet's task:
Yet must he try, by modulation meet
Of varied cadence, and selected phrase,
Exact yet free, without inflation bold,
To dignify that theme, must try to form
Such magic sympathy of sense with sound
As pictures all it sings; while grace awakes
At each blest touch, and, on the lowliest things,
Scatters her rainbow hues. The first and best
Is that, which, sinking from our eye, divides,
Yet seems not to divide the shaven lawn,
And parts it from the pasture; for if there
Sheep feed, or dappled deer, their wandering teeth
Will, smoothly as the scythe, the herbage shave,
And leave a kindred verdure. This to keep
Heed that thy labourer scoop the trench with care;
For some there are who give their spade repose,
When broad enough the perpendicular sides
Divide, and deep descend. To form perchance
Some needful drain, such labour may suffice,
Yet not for beauty: here thy range of wall
Must lift its height erect, and o'er its head
A verdant veil of swelling turf expand,
While smoothly from its base with gradual ease
The pasture meets its level, at that point
Which best deludes our eye, and best conceals
Thy lawn's brief limit. Down so smooth a slope
The fleecy foragers will gladly browse;
The velvet herbage free from weeds obscene
Shall spread its equal carpet, and the trench
Be pasture to its base. Thus form thy fence
Of stone, for stone alone, and pil'd on high,
Best curbs the nimble deer, that love to range
Unlimited; but where tame heifers feed,
Or innocent sheep, an humbler mound will serve
Unlin'd with stone, and but a green-sward trench.
Here midway down, upon the nearer bank
Plant thy thick row of thorns, and to defend
Their infant shoots, beneath, on oaken stakes,
Extend a rail of elm, securely arm'd
With spiculated pailing, in such sort
As, round some citadel, the engineer
Directs his sharp stoccade. But when the shoots
Condense, and interweave their prickly boughs
Impenetrable, then withdraw their guard,
They've done their office; scorn thou to retain,
What frowns like military art, in scenes [stroy'd,
Where peace should smile perpetual. These de-
Make it thy vernal care, when April calls
New shoots to birth, to trim the hedge [illegible],
And mould it to the roundness of the mound,
Itself a shelving hill; nor need we here
The rule or line precise, a casual glance
Suffices to direct the careless sheers.
Yet learn, that each variety of ground
Claims its peculiar barrier. When the foss
Can steal transverse before the central eye,
'Tis duly drawn; but, up yon neighb'ring hill
That fronts the lawn direct, if labour delve
The yawning chasm, 'twill meet, not cross our view;
No foliage can conceal, no curve correct
The deep deformity. And yet thou mean'st
Up yonder hill to wind thy fragrant way,
And wisely dost thou mean; for its broad eye
Catches the sudden charms of laughing vales,
Rude rocks and headlong streams, and antique oaks
Lost in a wild horizon; yet the path
That leads to all these charms expects defence:
Here then suspend the sportsman's hempen toils,
And stretch their meshes on the light support
Of hazel plants, or draw thy lines of wire
In fivefold parallel; no danger then
That sheep invade thy foliage. To thy herds,
And pastur'd steeds an opener fence oppose,
Form'd by a triple row of cordage strong,
Tight drawn the stakes between. The simple deer
Is curb'd by mimic snares; the slenderest twine
(If sages err not) that the beldame spins,
When by her wintry lamp she plies her wheel,
Arrests his courage; his impetuous hoof,
Broad chest, and branching antlers nought avail;
In fearful gaze he stands; the nerves that bore
His bounding pride o'er lofty mounds of stone,

A single thread defies. Such force has fear,
When visionary fancy wakes the fiend,
In brute, or man, most powerful when most vain.
Still must the swain, who spreads these corded guards,
Expect their swift decay. The noontide beams
Relax, the nightly dews contract the twist.
Oft too the coward hare, then only bold
When mischief prompts, or wintry famine pines,
Will quit her rush-grown form, and steal, with ear
Up-prick'd, to gnaw the toils; and oft the ram
And jutting steer drive their entangling horns
Thro' the frail meshes, and, by many a chasm,
Proclaim their hate of thraldom. Nothing brooks
Confinement, save degenerate man alone,
Who deems a monarch's smile can gild his chains.
Tir'd then, perchance, of nets that daily claim
Thy renovating labour, thou wilt form,
With elm and oak, a rustic balustrade
Of firmest juncture; happy could thy toil
Make it as fair as firm; yet vain the wish,
Aim but to hide, not grace its formal line.
Let those, who weekly, from the city's smoke,
Crowd to each neighb'ring hamlet, there to hold
Their dusty sabbath, tip with gold and red
The milk-white palisades, that Gothic now,
And now Chinese, now neither, and yet both,
Checquer their trim domain. Thy sylvan scene
Would fade, indignant at the tawdry glare.
'Tis thine alone to seek what shadowy hues
Tinging thy fence may lose it in the lawn;
And these to give thee Painting must descend
Ev'n to her meanest office; grind, compound,
Compare, and by the distanced eye decide.
For this she first, with snowy ceruse, joins
The ochr'ous atoms that chalybeate rills
Wash from their mineral channels, as they glide,
In flakes of earthy gold; with these unites
A tinge of blue, or that deep azure gray,
Form'd from the calcin'd fibres of the vine;
And, if she blends, with sparing hand she blends
That base metallic drug, then only priz'd,
When, aided by the humid touch of time,
It gives a Nero's or some tyrant's cheek,
Its precious canker. These with fluent oil
Attemper'd, on thy length'ning rail shall spread
That sober olive-green which Nature wears
Ev'n on her vernal bosom; nor misdeem,
For that, illumin'd with the noontide ray,
She boasts a brighter garment, therefore Art
A livelier verdure to thy aid should bring.
Know when that Art, with ev'ry varied hue,
Portrays the living landscape; when her hand
Commands the canvass plane to glide with streams,
To wave with foliage, or with flowers to breathe,
Cool olive-tints, in soft gradation laid,
Create the general herbage: there alone,
Where darts, with vivid force, the ray supreme,
Unsullied verdure reigns; and tells our eye
It stole its bright reflection from the Sun.
The paint is spread; the barrier pales retire,
Snatch'd, as by magic, from the gazer's view.
So, when the sable ensign of the night,
Unfurl'd by mist-impelling Eurus, veils
The last red radiance of declining day,
Each scatter'd village, and each holy spire
That deck'd the distance of the sylvan scene,
Are sunk in sudden gloom: the plodding hind,
That homeward hies, kens not the cheering site
Of his calm cabbin, which, a moment past,
Stream'd from its roof an azure curl of smoke,
Beneath the sheltering coppice, and gave sign
Of warm domestic welcome from his toil.
Nor is that cot, of which fond Fancy draws
This casual picture, alien from our theme.
Revisit it at morn; its opening latch,
Tho' Penury and Toil within reside,
Shall pour thee forth a youthful progeny
Glowing with health and beauty (such the dower
Of equal Heav'n). See, how the ruddy tribe
Throng round the threshold, and, with vacant gaze,
Salute thee: call the loiterers into use,
And form of these thy fence, the living fence
That graces what it guards. Thou think'st, perchance
That, skill'd in Nature's heraldry, thy art
Has, in the limits of yon fragrant tuft,
Marshall'd each rose, that to the eye of June
Spreads its peculiar crimson: do not err,
The loveliest still is wanting; the fresh rose
Of innocence, it blossoms on their cheek,
And, lo, to thee they bear it! striving all,
In panting race, who first shall reach the lawn,
Proud to be call'd thy shepherds. Want, alas!
Has o'er their little limbs her livery hung,
In many a tatter'd fold, yet still those limbs
Are shapely; their rude locks start from their brow,
Yet, on that open brow, its dearest throne,
Sits sweet simplicity. Ah, clothe the troop
In such a russet garb as best befits
Their pastoral office; let the leathern scrip
Swing at their side, tip thou their crook with steel,
And braid their hat with rushes; then to each
Assign his station; at the close of eve,
Be it their care to pen in hurdled cote
The flock, and when the matin prime returns,
Their care to set them free; yet watching still
The liberty they lend, oft shalt thou hear
Their whistle shrill, and oft their faithful dog
Shall with obedient barkings fright the flock
From wrong or robbery. The livelong day
Meantime rolls lightly o'er their happy heads;
They bask on sunny hillocks, or desport
In rustic pastime, while that loveliest grace,
Which only lives in action unrestrain'd,
To ev'ry simple gesture lends a charm.
Pride of the year, purpureal Spring! attend,
And, in the cheek of these sweet innocents
Behold your beauties pictur'd. As the cloud
That weeps its moment from thy sapphire Heav'n,
They frown with causeless sorrow; as the beam,
Gilding that cloud, with causeless mirth they smile:
Stay, pitying Time! prolong their vernal bliss.
Alas! ere we can note it in our song,
Comes manhood's feverish summer, chill'd full soon
By cold autumnal care, till wintry age
Sinks in the frore severity of death.
Ah! who, when such life's momentary dream,
Would mix in hireling senates, strenuous there
To crush the venal hydra, whose fell crests
Rise with recruited venom from the wound!
Who, for so vain a conflict would forego
Thy sylvan haunts, celestial Solitude!
Where self-improvement, crown'd with self-content,
Await to bless thy votary? Nurtur'd thus
In tranquil groves, list'ning to Nature's voice,
That preach'd from whispering trees, and babbling brooks,
A lesson seldom learnt in reason's school,
The wise Sidonian liv'd: and, tho' the pest

Of lawless tyranny around him rag'd;
Tho' Strato, great alone in Persia's gold,
Uncall'd, unhallow'd by the people's choice,
Usurp'd the throne of his brave ancestors,
Yet was his soul all peace; a garden's care
His only thought, its charms his only pride.
But now the conquering arms of Macedon
Had humbled Persia. Now Phœnicia's realm
Receives the son of Ammon; at whose frown
Her tributary kings or quit their thrones,
Or at his smile retain; and Sidon, now
Freed from her tyrant, points the victor's step
To where her rightful sov'reign, doubly dear
By birth and virtue, prun'd his garden grove.
'Twas at that early hour, when now the Sun
Behind majestic Lebanon's dark veil
Hid his ascending splendour, yet thro' each
Her cedar-vested sides his flaunting beams
Shot to the strand, and purpled all the main,
Where Commerce saw her Sidon's freighted wealth,
With languid streamers, and with folded sails,
Float in a lake of gold. The wind was hush'd;
And, to the beach, each slowly-lifted wave,
Creeping with silver curl, just kist the shore,
And slept in silence. At this tranquil hour
Did Sidon's senate, and the Grecian host,
Led by the conqueror of the world, approach
The secret glade that veil'd the man of toil.
Now near the mountain's foot the chief arriv'd,
Where round that glade, a pointed aloe screen,
Entwin'd with myrtle, met in tangled brakes,
That bar'd all entrance, save at one low gate,
Whose time-disjointed arch, with ivy chain'd,
Bad stoop the warrior train. A pathway brown
Led thro' the pass, meeting a fretful brook,
And wandering near its channel, while it leapt
O'er many a rocky fragment, where rude Art
Had eas'd perchance, but not prescrib'd its way.
Close was the vale and shady; yet ere long
Its forest sides retiring, left a lawn
Of ample circuit, where the widening stream
Now o'er its pebbled channel nimbly tript
In many a lucid maze. From the flower'd verge
Of this clear rill now stray'd the devious path,
Amid ambrosial tufts where spicy plants,
Weeping their perfum'd tears of myrrh, and nard,
Stood crown'd with Sharon's rose; or where, apart,
The patriarch palm his load of sugar'd dates
Shower'd plenteous; where the fig, of standard strength,
And rich pomegranate, wrapt in dulcet pulp
Their racy seeds; or where the citron's bough
Bent with its load of golden fruit mature.
Meanwhile the lawn beneath the scatter'd shade
Spread its serene extent; a stately file
Of circling cypress mark'd the distant bound.
Now, to the left, the path ascending pierc'd
A smaller sylvan theatre, yet deck'd
With more majestic foliage. Cedars here,
Coeval with the sky-crown'd mountain's self,
Spread wide their giant arms; whence, from a rock
Craggy and black, that seem'd its fountain head,
The stream fell headlong; yet still higher rose,
Ev'n in th' eternal snows of Lebanon,
That hallow'd spring; thence, in the porous earth
Long while ingulph'd, its crystal weight here forc'd
Its way to light and freedom. Down it dash'd;
A bed of native marble pure receiv'd
The new-born Naiad, and repos'd her wave,
Till with o'er-flowing pride it skim'd the lawn.
Fronting this lake there rose a solemn grot,
O'er which an ancient vine luxuriant flung
Its purple clusters, and beneath its roof
An unhewn altar. Rich Sabæan gums
That altar pil'd, and there with torch of pine
The venerable sage, now first descry'd,
The fragrant incense kindled. Age had shed
That dust of silver o'er his sable locks,
Which spoke his strength mature beyond its prime,
Yet vigorous still, for from his healthy cheek
Time had not cropt a rose, or on his brow
One wrinkling furrow plough'd; his eagle eye
Had all its youthful lightening, and each limb
The sinewy strength that toil demands, and gives.
The warriour saw and paus'd: his nod withheld
The crowd at awful distance, where their ears,
In mute attention, drank the sage's prayer.
"Parent of good, "he cried", behold the gifts
Thy humble votary brings, and may thy smile
Hallow his custom'd offering. Let the hand
That deals in blood, with blood thy shrines distain;
Be mine this harmless tribute. If it speaks
A grateful heart, can hecatombs do more?
Parent of good! they cannot. Purple pomp
May call thy presence to a prouder fane
Than this poor cave; but will thy presence there
Be more devoutly felt? Parent of good!
It will not. Here then, shall the prostrate heart,
That deeply feels thy presence, lift its pray'r.
But what has he to ask who nothing needs,
Save what, unask'd, is from thy Heav'n of Heav'ns
Giv'n in diurnal good? Yet, holy power!
Do all that call thee father thus exult
In thy propitious presence? Sidon sinks
Beneath a tyrant's scourge. Parent of good!
Oh free my captive country."—Sudden here
He paus'd and sigh'd. And now, the raptur'd crowd
Murmur applause: he heard, he turn'd, and saw
The king of Macedon with eager step
Burst from his warrior phalanx. From the youth,
Who bore its state, the conqueror's own right hand
Snatch'd the rich wreath, and bound it on his brow.
His swift attendants o'er his shoulders cast
The robe of empire, while the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd him king of Sidon. Stern he stood,
Or, if he smil'd, 'twas a contemptuous smile,
That held the pageant honours in disdain.
Then burst the people's voice, in loud acclaim,
And bade him be their father. At the word,
The honour'd blood, that warm'd him, flush'd his cheek;
His brow expanded; his exalted step
March'd firmer; graciously he bow'd the head,
And was the sire they call'd him. "Tell me, king,"
Young Ammon cry'd, while o'er his bright'ning form
He cast the gaze of wonder, "how a soul
Like thine could bear the toils of penury?"
"Oh grant me, gods!" he answer'd, "so to bear
This load of royalty. My toil was crown'd
With blessings lost to kings; yet, righteous powers!
If to my country ye transfer the boon,
I triumph in the loss. Be mine the chains
That fetter sov'reignty; let Sidon smile
With your best blessings, liberty and peace."

BOOK THE THIRD.

Clos'd is that curious ear, by Death's cold hand,
That mark'd each errour of my careless strain

With kind severity; to whom my Muse
Still lov'd to whisper, what she meant to sing
In louder accent; to whose taste supreme
She first and last appeal'd, nor wish'd for praise,
Save when his smile was herald to her fame.
Yes, thou art gone; yet friendship's fault'ring tongue
Invokes thee still; and still, by fancy sooth'd,
Fain would she hope her Gray attends the call.
Why then, alas! in this my fav'rite haunt
Place I the urn, the bust, the sculptur'd lyre,
Or fix this votive tablet, fair inscrib'd
With numbers worthy thee, for they are thine?
Why, if thou hear'st me still, these symbols sad
Of fond memorial? Ah! my pensive soul!
He hears me not, nor ever more shall hear
The theme his candour, not his taste approv'd.
Oft, "smiling as in scorn," oft would he cry,
"Why waste thy numbers on a trivial art,
That ill can mimic even the humblest charms
Of all-majestic Nature?" at the word
His eye would glisten, and his accents glow
With all the poet's frenzy, "Sov'reign queen!
Behold, and tremble, while thou view'st her state
Thron'd on the heights of Skiddaw: call thy art
To build her such a throne; that art will feel
How vain her best pretensions. Trace her march
Amid the purple craggs of Borrowdale;
And try like those to pile thy range of rock
In rude tumultuous chaos. See! she mounts
Her naiad car, and down Lodore's dread cliff
Falls many a fathom, like the headlong bard
My fabling fancy plung'd in Conway's flood;
Yet not like him to sink in endless night;
For, on its boiling bosom, still she guides
Her buoyant shell, and leads the wave along;
Or spreads it broad, a river, or a lake,
As suits her pleasure: will thy boldest song
E'er brace the sinews of enervate art
To such dread daring? Will it ev'n direct
Her hand to emulate those softer charms
That deck the banks of Dove, or call to birth
The bare romantic craggs, and copses green,
That sidelong grace her circuit, whence the rills,
Bright in their crystal purity, descend
To meet their sparkling queen? Around each fount
The haw-thorns crowd, and knit their blossom'd sprays
To keep their sources sacred. Here, even here,
Thy art, each active sinew stretch'd in vain,
Would perish in its pride. Far rather thou
Confess her scanty power, correct, control,
Tell her how far, nor farther, she may go;
And rein with reason's curb fantastic taste."
Yes I will hear thee, dear lamented shade,
And hold each dictate sacred. What remains
Unsung shall so each leading rule select
As if still guided by thy judgment sage;
While, as still modell'd to thy curious ear,
Flow my melodious numbers; so shall praise,
If ought of praise the verse I weave may claim,
From just posterity reward my song.
Erewhile to trace the path, to form the fence,
To mark the destin'd limits of the lawn,
The Muse with measur'd step, preceptive, pac'd.
Now from the surface with impatient flight
She mounts, Sylvanus! o'er thy world of shade
To spread her pinions. Open all thy glades,
Greet her from all thy echoes. Orpheus-like,
Arm'd with the spells of harmony she comes,
To lead thy forests forth to lovelier haunts;
Where Fancy waits to fix them: from the dell
Where now they lurk she calls them to possess
Conspicuous stations; to their varied forms
Allots congenial place; selects, divides,
And blends anew in one Elysian scene.
Yet, while I thus exult, my weak tongue feels
Its ineffectual powers, and seeks in vain
That force of ancient phrase which, speaking, paints,
And is the thing it sings. Ah Virgil! why,
By thee neglected, was this loveliest theme
Left to the grating voice of modern reed?
Why not array it in the splendid robe
Of thy rich diction, and consign the charge
To Fame, thy hand-maid, whose immortal plume
Had born its praise beyond the bounds of Time?
Countless is Vegetation's verdant brood
As are the stars that stud yon cope of Heaven;
To marshal all her tribes in order'd file,
Generic, or specific, might demand
His science, wond'rous Swede! whose ample mind,
Like ancient Tadmor's philosophic king,
Stretch'd from the hyssop creeping on the wall
To Lebanon's proudest cedars. Skill like this,
Which spans a third of Nature's copious realm,
Our art requires not, sedulous alone
To note those general properties of form,
Dimension, growth, duration, strength, and hue,
Then first imprest, when, at the dawn of time,
The form-deciding, life-inspiring word
Pronoune'd them into being. These prime marks
Distinctive, docile Memory makes her own,
That each its shadowy succour may supply
To her wish'd purpose; first, with needful shade,
To veil whate'er of wall, or fence uncouth
Disgusts the eye, which tyrant use has rear'd,
And stern necessity forbids to change.
Lur'd by their hasty shoots, and branching stems,
Planters there are who chuse the race of pine
For this great end, erroneous; witless they
That as their arrowy heads assault the sky,
They leave their shafts unfeather'd: rather thou
Select the shrubs that, patient of the knife,
Will thank thee for the wound, the hardy thorn,
Holly, or box, privet, or pyracanth.
They, thickening from their base, with tenfold shade
Will soon replenish all thy judgment prun'd.
But chief, with willing aid, her glittering green
Shall England's laurel bring; swift shall she spread
Her broad-leav'd shade, and float it fair, and wide,
Proud to be call'd an inmate of the soil.
Let England prize this daughter of the East
Beyond that Latian plant, of kindred name,
That wreath'd the head of Julius; basely twin'd
Its flattering foliage on the traitor's brow
Who crush'd his country's freedom. Sacred tree,
Ne'er be thy brighter verdure thus debas'd!
Far happier thou, in this sequester'd bower,
To shroud thy poet, who, with fost'ring hand,
Here bade thee flourish, and with grateful strain
Now chants the praise of thy maturer bloom.
And happier far that poet, if secure
His hearth and altars from the pilfering slaves
Of power, his little eve of lonely life
May here steal on, blest with the heartfelt calm
That competence and liberty inspire.
Nor are the plants which England calls her own
Few, or unlovely, that, with laurel join'd
And kindred foliage of perennial green,

Will form a close-knit curtain. Shrubs there are
Of bolder growth, that, at the call of Spring,
Burst forth in blossom'd fragrance; lilacs rob'd
In snow-white innocence, or purple pride;
The sweet syringa yielding but in scent
To the rich orange; or the woodbine wild
That loves to hang, on barren boughs remote,
Her wreaths of flowery perfume. These, beside
Myriads that here the Muse neglects to name,
Will add a vernal lustre to thy veil.
And what if chance collects the varied tribes,
Yet fear not thou but unexpected charms
Will from their union start. But if our song
Supply one precept here, it bids retire
Each leaf of deeper dye, and lift in front
Foliage of paler verdure, so to spread
A canvas, which when touch'd by Autumn's hand
Shall gleam with dusky gold, or russet rays.
But why prepare for her funereal hand
That canvas? she but comes to dress thy shades,
As lovelier victims for their wintry tomb.
Rather to flowery Spring, to Summer bright,
Thy labour consecrate; their laughing reign,
The youth, the manhood of the growing year,
Deserves that labour, and rewards its pain.
Yet, heedful ever of that ruthless time
When Winter shakes their stems, preserve a file
With ever-during leaf to brave his arm,
And deepening spread their undiminish'd gloom.
But, if the tall defect demands a screen
Of forest shade high tow'ring, some broad roof
Perchance of glaring tile that guards the stores
Of Ceres; or the patch'd disjointed choir
Of some old fane, whose steeple's Gothic pride
Or pinnacled, or spir'd, would bolder rise
"In tufted trees high bosom'd," here allot
Convenient space to plant that lofty tribe
Behind thy underwood, lest, o'er it's head
The forest tyrants shake their lordly arms,
And shed their baleful dews. Each plant that springs
Holds, like the people of some free-born state,
Its rights fair franchis'd: rooted to a spot
It yet has claim to air; from liberal Heav'n
It yet has claim to sunshine, and to showers:
Air, showers, and sunshine are its liberty.
That liberty secur'd, a general shade,
Dense and impervious, to thy wish shall rise
To hide each form uncouth; and, this obtain'd,
What next we from the Dryad powers implore
Is grace, is ornament: for see! our lawn,
Though cloth'd with softest verdure, though reliev'd
By many a gentle fall and easy swell,
Expects that harmony of light, and shade,
Which foliage only gives. Come then, ye plants!
That, like the village troop when Maia dawns,
Delight to mingle social; to the crest
Of yonder brow we safely may conduct
Your numerous train; no eye obstructed there
Will blame your interpos'd society:
But, on the plain below, in single stems
Disparted, or in sparing groups distinct,
Wide must ye stand, in wild, disorder'd mood,
As if the seeds from which your scyons sprang
Had there been scatter'd from the affrighted beak
Of some maternal bird whom the fierce hawk
Pursued with felon claw. Her young meanwhile,
Callow, and cold, from their moss-woven nest
Peep forth; they stretch their little eager throats
Broad to the wind, and plead to the lone spray
Their famish'd plaint importunately shrill.
Yet in this wild disorder Art presides,
Designs, corrects, and regulates the whole,
Herself the while unseen. No cedar broad
Drops his dark curtain where a distant scene
Demands distinction. Here the thin abele
Of lofty bole, and bare, the smooth-stem'd beech,
Or slender alder, give our eye free space
Beneath their boughs to catch each lessening charm
Ev'n to the far horizon's azure bound.
Nor will that sov'reign arbitress admit,
Where'er her nod decrees a mass of shade,
Plants of unequal size, discordant kind,
Or rul'd by foliation's different laws;
But for that needful purpose those prefers
Whose hues are friendly, whose coeval leaves
The earliest open, and the latest fade.
Nor will she, scorning truth and taste, devote
To strange, and alien soils, her seedling stems;
Fix the dank sallow on the mountain's brow,
Or, to the moss-grown margin of the lake,
Bid the dry pine descend. From Nature's laws
She draws her own: Nature and she are one.
Nor will she, led by fashion's lure, select,
For objects interpos'd, the pigmy race
Of shrubs, or scatter with unmeaning hand
Their offspring o'er the lawn, scorning to patch
With many a meagre and disjointed tuft
Its sober surface: sidelong to her path
And polish'd foreground she confines their growth
Where o'er their heads the liberal eye may range.
Nor will her prudence, when intent to form
One perfect whole, on feeble aid depend,
And give exotic wonders to our gaze.
She knows and therefore fears the fastidious train;
Sagely she calls on those of hardy class
Indigenous, who, patient of the change
From heat to cold which Albion hourly feels,
Are brac'd with strength to brave it. These alone
She plants and prunes, nor grieves if nicer eyes
Pronounce them vulgar. These she calls her friends,
That veteran troop who will not for a blast
Of nipping air, like cowards, quit the field.
Far to the north of thy imperial towers,
Augusta! in that wild and Alpine vale,
Thro' which the Swale, by mountain-torrents swell'd,
Flings his redundant stream, there liv'd a youth
Of polish'd manners; ample his domain,
And fair the site of his paternal dome.
He lov'd the art I sing; a deep adept
In Nature's story, well he knew the names
Of all her verdant lineage: yet that skill
Misled his taste; scornful of every bloom
That spreads spontaneous, from remotest Ind
He brought his foliage; careless of its cost,
Ev'n of its beauty careless: it was rare,
And therefore beauteous. Now his laurel screen,
With rose and woodbine negligently wove,
Bows to the axe; the rich magnolias claim
The station; now Herculean beeches fell'd
Resign their rights, and warm Virginia sends
Her cedars to usurp them; the proud oak
Himself, ev'n he the sov'reign of the shade,
Yields to the fir that drips with Gilead's balm.
Now, Albion, gaze at glories not thy own!
Pause, rapid Swale! and see thy margin crown'd
With all the pride of Ganges: vernal showers
Have fix'd their roots; nutricious summer suns
Favour'd their growth; and mildest Autumn smil'd

Benignant o'er them: vigorous, fair, and tall,
They waft a gale of spices o'er the plain.
But Winter comes, and with him watry Jove,
And with him Boreas in his frozen shroud:
The savage spirit of old Swale is rous'd;
He howls amidst his foam. At the dread sight
The aliens stand aghast; they bow their heads.
In vain the glassy penthouse is supply'd:
The pelting storm with icy bullets breaks
Its fragile barrier; see! they fade, they die.
Warn'd by his errour, let the planter slight
These shiv'ring rarities; or if, to please
Fastidious fashion, he must needs allot
Some space for foreign foliage, let him chuse
A sidelong glade, shelter'd from east and north,
And free to southern and to western gales;
There let him fix their station, thither wind
Some devious path, that, from the chief design
Detach'd, may lead to where they safely bloom.
So in the web of epic song sublime
The bard Mæonian interweaves the charm
Of softer episode, yet leaves unbroke
The golden thread of his majestic theme.
What else to shun of formal, false, or vain,
Of long-lin'd vistas, or plantations quaint
Our former strains have taught. Instruction now
Withdraws; she knows her limits; knows that grace
Is caught by strong perception, not from rules;
That undrest Nature claims for all her limbs
Some simple garb peculiar, which, howe'er
Distinct their size and shape, is simple still:
This garb to chuse, with clothing dense, or thin,
A part to hide, another to adorn,
Is Taste's important task; preceptive song
From er[illegible] the choice can only warn.
But vain that warning voice; vain ev'ry aid
Of genius, judgment, fancy, to secure
The planter's lasting fame: there is a power,
A hidden power, at once his friend, and foe;
'Tis vegetation. Gradual to his groves
She gives their wish'd effect; and, that display'd,
Oh, that her power would pause! but active still,
She swells each stem, prolongs each vagrant bough,
And darts with unremitting vigour bold
From grace to wild luxuriance. Happier far
Are you, ye sons of Claude! who, from the mine,
The earth, or juice of herb or flower concrete,
Mingle the mass whence your Arcadias spring:
The beauteous outline of your pictur'd shades
Still keeps the bound you gave it; time, that pales
Your vivid hues, respects your pleasing forms.
Not so our landscapes: though we paint like you,
We paint with growing colours; ev'ry year
O'erpassing that which gives the breadth of shade
We sought, by rude addition mars our scene.
Rouse then, ye hinds! e'er yet yon closing
Blot out the purple distance, swift prevent [boughs
The spreading evil: thin the crowded glades,
While yet of slender size each stem will thrive
Transplanted: twice repeat the annual toil;
Nor let the axe its beak, the saw its tooth
Refrain, whene'er some random branch has stray'd
Beyond the bounds of beauty; else full soon,
Ev'n ere the planter's life has past its prime,
Will Albion's garden frown an Indian wild.
Foreboding fears, avaunt! be ours to urge
Each present purpose by what favouring means
May work its end design'd. Why deprecate
The change that waits on sublunary things,
Sad lot of their existence? Shall we pause
To give the charm of water to our scene,
For that the congregated rains may swell
Its tide into a flood? or that yon Sun,
Now on the Lion mounted, to his noon
Impells him, shaking from his fiery mane
A heat may parch its channel? O, ye caves,
Deepen your dripping roofs! this feverish hour
Claims all your coolness; in your humid cells
Permit me to forget the planter's toil;
And while I woo your Najads to my aid,
Involve me in impenetrable gloom.
Blest is the man (if bliss be human boast)
Whose fertile soil is wash'd with frequent streams,
And springs salubrious: he disdains to toss
In rainbow dews their crystal to the Sun;
Or sink in subterranean cisterns deep;
That so, through leaden siphons upward drawn,
Those streams may leap fantastic. He his ear
Shuts to the tuneful trifling of the bard,
Who trick'd a gothic theme with classic flowers,
And sung of fountains bursting from the shells
Of brazen Tritons, spouting through the jaws
Of Gorgons, Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
Peace to his manes! let the nymphs of Seine
Cherish his fame. Thy poet, Albion! scorns,
Ev'n for a cold unconscious element,
To forge the fetters he would scorn to wear.
His song shall reprobate each effort vile,
That aims to force the genius of the stream
Beyond his native height; or dares to press
Above that destin'd line th' unwilling wave.
Is there within the circle of thy view
Some sedgy flat, where the late-ripen'd sheaves
Stand brown with unblest mildew? 'tis the bed
On which an ample lake in crystal peace
Might sleep majestic. Pause we yet; perchance
Some midway channel, where the soil declines,
Might there be delv'd, by levels duly led
In bold and broken curves: for water loves
A wilder outline than the woodland path,
And winds with shorter bend. To drain the rest
The shelving spade may toil, till wintry showers
Find their free course down each declining bank.
Quit then the thought: a river's winding form,
With many a sinuous bay, and island green,
At less expense of labour and of land,
Will give thee equal beauty! Seldom Art
Can emulate that broad and bold extent
Which charms in native lakes; and failing there,
Her works betray their character and name,
And dwindle into pools. Not that our strain,
Fastidious, shall disdain a small expanse
Of stagnant fluid, in some scene confin'd,
Circled with varied shade, where, thro' the leaves,
The half-admitted sunbeam trembling plays
On its clear bosom; where aquatic fowl
Of varied tribe, and varied feather sail;
And where the finny race their glittering scales
Unwillingly reveal: there, there alone,
Where bursts the general prospect on our eye,
We scorn these wat'ry patches: Thames himself,
Seen in disjointed spots, where sallows hide
His first bold presence, seems a string of pools;
A chart and compass must explain his course.
He, who would seize the river's sov'reign charm,
Must wind the moving mirror through his lawn
Ev'n to remotest distance; deep must delve
The gravelly channel that prescribes its course;

Closely conceal each terminating bound
By hill or shade oppos'd; and to its bank
Lifting the level of the copious stream,
Must there retain it. But if thy faint springs
Refuse this large supply, steel thy firm soul
With stoic pride; imperfect charms despise:
Beauty, like virtue, knows no groveling mean.
Who but must pity that penurious taste,
Which down the quick-descending vale prolongs,
Slope below slope, a stiff and unlink'd chain
Of flat canals; then leads the stranger's eye
To some predestin'd station, there to catch
Their seeming union, and the fraud approve?
Who but must change that pity into scorn,
If down each verdant slope a narrow flight
Of central steps decline, where the spare stream
Steals trickling; or, withheld by cunning skill,
Hoards its scant treasures, till the master's nod
Decree its fall: then down the formal stairs
It leaps with short-liv'd fury; wasting there,
Poor prodigal! what many a summer's rain
And many a winter's snow shall late restore.
Learn that, whene'er in some sublimer scene
Imperial Nature of her headlong floods
Permits our imitation, she herself
Prepares their reservoir; conceal'd perchance
In neighb'ring hills, where first it well behoves
Our toil to search, and studiously augment
The wat'ry store with springs and sluices drawn
From pools, that on the heath drink up the rain.
Be these collected, like the miser's gold,
In one increasing fund, nor dare to pour,
Down thy impending mound, the bright cascade,
Till richly sure of its redundant fall.
That mound to raise alike demands thy toil,
Ere Art adorn its surface. Here adopt
That facile mode which his inventive powers
First plann'd, who led to rich Mancunium's mart
His long-drawn line of navigated stream.
Stupendous task! in vain stood tow'ring hills
Oppos'd; in vain did ample Irwell pour
Her tide transverse: he pierc'd the tow'ring hill,
He bridg'd the ample tide, and high in air,
And deep through earth, his freighted barge he bore.
This mode shall temper ev'n the lightest soil
Firm to thy purpose. Then let taste select
The unhewn fragments, that may give its front
A rocky rudeness; pointed some, that there [smooth,
The frothy spouts may break; some slanting
That there in silver sheet the wave may slide.
Here too infix some moss-grown trunks of oak
Romantic, turn'd by gelid lakes to stone,
Yet so dispos'd as if they owed their change
To what they now control. Then open wide
Thy flood-gates; then let down thy torrent: then
Rejoice; as if the thund'ring Tees himself
Reign'd there amid his cataracts sublime. [selves,
And thou hast cause for triumph! Kings them-
With all a nation's wealth, an army's toil,
If Nature frown averse, shall ne'er achieve
Such wonders: Nature's was the glorious gift;
Thy art her menial handmaid. Listening youths!
To whose ingenuous hearts I still address
The friendly strain, from such severe attempt
Let prudence warn you. Turn to this clear rill,
Which, while I bid your bold ambition cease,
Runs murmuring at my side: o'er many a rood
Your skill may lead the wanderer; many a mound
Of pebbles raise, to fret her in her course
Impatient: louder then will be her song:
For she will plain, and gurgle, as she goes,
As does the widow'd ring-dove. Take, vain pomp!
Thy lakes, thy long canals, thy trim cascades,
Beyond them all true taste will dearly prize
This lit'e dimpling treasure. Mark the cleft,
Through which she bursts to day. Behind that rock
A Naiad dwells; Lincia is her name;
And she has sisters in contiguous cells,
Who never saw the Sun. Fond Fancy's eye,
Tho' only gives locality and form
To what she prizes best, full oft pervades
Those hidden caverns, where pale chrysolites,
And glittering spars dart a mysterious gleam
Of inborn lustre, from the garish day
Unborrow'd. There, by the wild goddess led,
Oft have I seen them bending o'er their urns,
Chanting alternate airs of Dorian mood, [locks
While smooth they comb'd their moist cerulean
With shells of living pearl. Yes, let me own,
To these, or classic deities like these,
From very childhood was I prone to pay
Harmless idolatry. My infant eyes
First open'd on that bleak and boist'rous shore,
Where Humber weds the nymphs of Trent and Ouse
To his, and Ocean's Tritons: thence full soon
My youth retir'd, and left the busy strand
To commerce and to care. In Margaret's grove,
Beneath whose time-worn shade old Camus sleeps,
Was next my tranquil station: Science there
Sat musing: and to those that lov'd the lore
Pointed, with mystic wand, to truths involv'd
In geometric symbols, scorning those,
Perchance too much, who woo'd the thriftless Muse.
Here, though in warbling whisper oft breath'd
The lay, were wanting, what young Fancy deems
The life-springs of her being, rocks, and caves,
And huddling brooks, and torrent-falls divine.
In quest of these, at summer's vacant hour,
Pleas'd would I stray, when in a northern vale,
So chance ordain'd, a Naiad sad I found
Robb'd of her silver vase; I sooth'd the nymph
With song of sympathy, and curst the fiend
Who stole the gift of Thetis. Hence the cause
Why, favour'd by the blue-ey'd sisterhood,
They sooth with songs my solitary ear.
Nor is Lincia silent—"Long," she cries,
"Too long has man wag'd sacrilegious war,
With the vext elements, and chief with that,
Which elder Thales, and the bard of Thebes
Held first of things terrestrial; nor misdeem'd:
For, when the Spirit creative deign'd to move,
He mov'd upon the waters. O revere
Our power: for were its vital force withheld,
Where then were vegetation's vernal bloom,
Where its autumnal wealth? but we are kind,
As powerful; O let reverence lead to love,
And both to emulation! Not a rill,
That winds its sparkling current o'er the plain,
Reflecting to the Sun bright recompense
For ev'ry beam he lends, but reads thy soul
A generous lecture. Not a pansy pale,
That drinks its daily nurture from that rill,
But breathes in fragrant accents to thy soul,
'So by thy pity cheer'd, the languish'd head
Of Poverty might smile.' Who e'er beheld
Our humble train forsake their native vale
To climb the haughty hill? Ambition, speak!
He blushes, and is mute. When did our streams,

By force unpent, in dull stagnation sleep?
Let Sloth unfold his arms and tell the time.
Or, if the tyranny of Art infring'd
Our rights, when did our patient floods submit
Without recoil? Servility retires,
And clinks his gilded chain. O, learn from us,
And tell it to thy nation, British bard!
Uncurb'd Ambition, unresisting Sloth,
And base Dependence are the fiends accurst
That pull down mighty empires. If they scorn
The awful truth, be thine to hold it dear.
So, through the vale of life, thy flowing hours
Shall glide serene; and, like Lineïa's rill,
Their free, yet not licentious course fulfill'd,
Sink in the ocean of eternity."

BOOK THE FOURTH.

Nor yet, divine Simplicity, withdraw
That aid auspicious, which, in Art's domain,
Already has reform'd whate'er prevail'd
Of foreign, or of false; has led the curve
That Nature loves thro' all her sylvan haunts;
Has stol'n the fence unnotic'd that arrests
Her vagrant herds; giv'n lustre to her lawns,
Gloom to her groves, and, in expanse serene,
Devolv'd that wat'ry mirror at her foot,
O'er which she loves to bend and view her charms.
And tell me thou, whoe'er hast new-arrang'd
By her chaste rules thy garden, if thy heart
Feels not the warm, the self-dilating glow
Of true benevolence. Thy flocks, thy herds,
That browze luxurious o'er those very plots
Which once were barren, bless thee for the change;
The birds of air (which thy funereal yews,
Of shape uncouth, and leaden sous of earth,
Antæus and Enceladus, with clubs
Uplifted, long had frighted from the scene)
Now pleas'd return, they perch on ev'ry spray,
And swell their little throats, and warble wild
Their vernal minstrelsy; to Heav'n and thee
It is a hymn of thanks: do thou, like Heav'n,
With tutelary care reward their song.
Ere-while the Muse, industrious to combine
Nature's own charms, with these alone adorn'd
The genius of the scene; but other gifts
She has in store, which gladly now she brings,
And he shall proudly wear. Know, when she broke
The spells of fashion, from the crumbling wreck
Of her enchantments sagely did she cull
Those reliques rich of old Vitruvian skill,
With what the sculptor's hand in classic days
Made breathe in brass or marble; these the hag
Had purloin'd, and dispos'd in Folly's fane;
To him these trophies of her victory
She bears; and where his awful nod ordains
Conspicuous means to place. He shall direct
Her dubious judgment, from the various hoard
Of ornamental treasures, how to chuse
The simplest and the best; on these his seal
Shall stamp great Nature's image and his own,
To charm for unborn ages.—Fling the rest
Back to the beldame, bid her whirl them all
In her vain vortex, lift them now to day,
Now plunge in night, as, thro' the humid rack
Of April cloud, swift flits the trembling beam.

But precepts tire, and this fastidious age
Rejects the strain didactic: try we then
In livelier narrative the truths to veil
We dare not dictate. Sons of Albion, hear!
The tale I tell is full of strange event,
And piteous circumstance; yet deem not ye,
If names I feign, that therefore facts are feign'd:
Nor hence refuse (what most augments the charm
Of storied woe) that fond credulity
Which binds th' attentive soul in closer chains.
At manhood's prime Alcander's piteous tear
Fell on his father's grave. The fair domain,
Which then became his ample heritage,
That father had reform'd; each line destroy'd
Which Belgic dulness plann'd; and Nature's self
Restor'd to all the rights she wish'd to claim.
Crowning a gradual hill his mansion rose
In ancient English grandeur: turrets, spires,
And windows, climbing high from base to roof
In wide and radiant rows, bespoke its birth
Coëval with those rich cathedral fanes,
(Gothic ill-nam'd) where harmony results
From disunited parts; and shapes minute,
At once distinct and blended, boldly form
One vast majestic whole. No modern art
Had marr'd with misplac'd symmetry the pile.
Alcander held it sacred: on a height,
Which westering to its site the front survey'd,
He first his taste employ'd: for there a line
Of thinly scatter'd beech too tamely broke
The blank horizon. "Draw we round yon knowl,"
Alcander cry'd, "in stately Norman mode,
A wall embattled; and within its guard
Let every structure needful for a farm
Arise in castle-semblance; the huge barn
Shall with a mock portcullis arm the gate;
Where Ceres entering, o'er the flail-proof floor
In golden triumph rides; some tower rotund
Shall to the pigeons and their callow young
Safe roost afford; and ev'ry buttress broad,
Whose proud projection seems a mass of stone,
Give space to stall the heifer, and the steed.
So shall each part, tho' turn'd to rural use,
Deceive the eye with those bold feudal forms
That Fancy loves to gaze on." This achiev'd
Now nearer home he calls returning Art
To hide the structure rude where Winter pounds
In conic pit his congelations hoar,
That Summer may his tepid beverage cool
With the chill luxury; his dairy too
There stands of form unsightly: both to veil,
He builds of old disjointed moss-grown stone
A time-struck abbey. An impending grove
Screens it behind with reverential shade;
While bright in front the stream reflecting spreads,
Which winds a mimic river o'er his lawn.
The fane conventual there is dimly seen,
The mitred window, and the cloister pale,
With many a mouldering column's ivy soon
Round the rude chinks her net of foliage spreads;
Its verdant meshes seem to prop the wall.
One native glory, more than all sublime,
Alcander's scene possest: 'twas Ocean's self——
He, boist'rous king, against the eastern cliffs
Dash'd his white foam; a verdant vale between
Gave splendid ingress to his world of waves.
Slanting this vale the mound of that clear stream
Lay hid in shade, which slowly lav'd his lawn:
But there set free, the rill resum'd its pace,

And hurried to the main. The dell it past
Was rocky and retir'd: here Art with ease
Might lead it o'er a grot, and filter'd there,
Teach it to sparkle down its craggy sides,
And fall and tinkle on its pebbled floor.
Here then that grot he builds, and conchs with spars,
Moss petrified with branching corallines
In mingled mode arranges: all found here
Propriety of place; what view'd the main
Might well the shelly gifts of Thetis bear,
Not so the inland cave: with richer store [yield
Than those the neighb'ring mines and mountains
To hang its roof, would seem incongruous pride,
And fright the local genius from the scene.
One vernal morn, as urging here the work
Surrounded by his hinds, from mild to cold
The season chang'd, from cold to sudden storm,
From storm to whirlwind. To the angry main
Swiftly he turns and sees a laden ship
Dismasted by its rage. "Hie, hie we all,"
Alcander cry'd, "quick to the neighb'ring beach."
They flew; they came but only to behold,
Tremendous sight! the vessel dash its poop
Amid the boiling breakers. Need I tell
What strenuous arts were us'd, when all were us'd,
To save the sinking crew? One tender maid
Alone escap'd, sav'd by Alcander's arm,
Who boldly swam to snatch her from the plank
To which she feebly clung; swiftly to shore,
And swifter to his home the youth convey'd
His clay-cold prize, who at his portal first
By one deep sigh a sign of life betray'd.
A maid so sav'd, if but by Nature blest
With common charms, had soon awak'd a flame
More strong than pity, in that melting heart
Which pity warm'd before. But she was fair
As poets picture Hebe, or the Spring;
Graceful withal, as if each limb were cast
In that ideal mould whence Raphael drew
His Galatea: yes, th' impassion'd youth
Felt more than pity when he view'd her charms.
Yet she, (ah strange to tell) tho' much he lov'd,
Suppress as much that sympathetic flame
Which love like his should kindle: did he kneel
In rapture at her feet? she bow'd the head,
And coldly bad him rise; or did he plead,
In terms of purest passion, for a smile?
She gave him but a tear: his manly form,
His virtues, ev'n the courage that preserv'd
Her life, beseem'd no sentiment to wake
Warmer than gratitude; and yet the love
Withheld from him she freely gave his scenes;
On all their charms a just applause bestow'd;
And, if she e'er was happy, only then [display'd.
When wand'ring where those charms were most
As thro' a neighb'ring grove, where ancient beech
Their awful foliage flung, Alcander led
The pensive maid along, "Tell me," she cry'd,
"Why, on these forest features all intent,
Forbears my friend some scene distinct to give
To Flora and her fragrance? Well I know
That in the general landscape's broad expanse
Their little blooms are lost; but here are glades,
Circled with shade, yet pervious to the Sun,
Where, if enamell'd with their rainbow-hues,
The eye would catch their splendour: turn thy taste,
Ev'n in this grassy circle where we stand, [bower,
To form their plots; there weave a woodbine
And call that bower Nerina's." At the word
Alcander smil'd; his fancy instant form'd
The fragrant scene she wish'd; and Love, with Art
Uniting, soon produc'd the finish'd whole.
Down to the south the glade by nature lean'd;
Art form'd the slope still softer, opening there
Its foliage, and to each Etesian gale
Admittance free dispensing; thickest shade
Guarded the rest.—His taste will best conceive
The new arrangement, whose free footsteps, us'd
To forest haunts, have pierc'd their opening dells,
Where frequent tufts of sweetbriar, box, or thorn,
Steal on the green sward, but admit fair space
For many a mossy maze to wind between.
So here did Art arrange her flow'ry groups
Irregular, yet not in patches quaint,
But interpos'd between the wand'ring lines
Of shaven turf which twisted to the path,
Gravel or sand, that in as wild a wave
Stole round the verdant limits of the scene;
Leading the eye to many a sculptur'd bust
On shapely pedestal, of sage or bard,
Bright heirs of fame, who living lov'd the haunts
So fragrant, so sequester'd. Many an urn
There too had place, with votive lay inscrib'd
To Freedom, Friendship, Solitude, or Love. [change,
And now each flow'r that bears transplanting
Or blooms indigenous, adorn'd the scene:
Only Nerina's wish, her woodbine bower,
Remain'd to crown the whole. Here, far beyond
That humble wish, her lover's genius form'd
A glittering fane, where rare and alien plants
Might safely flourish; where the citron sweet,
And fragrant orange, rich in fruit and flowers,
Might hang their silver stars, their golden globes,
On the same odorous stem: yet scorning here
The glassy penthouse of ignoble form,
High on lonic shafts he had it tower
A proud rotunda; to its sides conjoin'd
Two broad piazzas in theatric curve,
Ending in equal porticos sublime.
Glass roof'd the whole, and sidelong to the south
'Twixt ev'ry fluted column, lightly rear'd
Its wall pellucid. All within was day,
Was genial Summer's day, for secret stoves
Thro' all the pile solstitial warmth convey'd.
These led thro' isles of fragrance to the dome,
Each way in circling quadrant. That bright space
Guarded the spicy tribes from Afric's shore,
Or Ind, or Araby, Sabæan plants
Weeping with nard, and balsam. In the midst
A statue stood, the work of Attic art;
Its thin light drapery, cast in fluid folds,
Proclaim'd its ancientry; all save the head,
Which stole, (for Love is prone to gentle thefts)
The features of Nerina; yet that head,
So perfect in resemblance; all its air
So tenderly impassion'd; to the trunk,
Which Grecian skill had form'd, so aptly join'd,
Phidias himself might seem to have inspir'd
The chissel, brib'd to do the am'rous fraud.
One graceful hand held forth a flow'ry wreath,
The other prest her zone; while round the base
Dolphins and Triton shells, and plants marine
Proclaim'd, that Venus, rising from the sea,
Had veil'd in Flora's modest vest her charms.
Such was the fane, and such the deity
Who seem'd, with smile auspicious, to inhale
That incense which a tributary world
From all its regions round her altar breath'd:

And yet, when to the shrine Alcander led
His living goddess, only with a sigh,
And starting tear, the statue and the dome
Reluctantly she view'd. And "Why," she cry'd,
"Why would my best preserver here erect,
With all the fond idolatry of love,
A wretch's image whom his pride should scorn,
(For so his country bids him)? Drive me hence,
Transport me quick to Gallia's hostile shore,
Hostile to thee, yet not, alas! to her,
Who there was meant to sojourn: there, perchance,
My father, wafted by more prosp'rous gales,
Now mourns his daughter lost; my brother there
Perhaps now sooths that venerable age [chance
He should not sooth alone. Vain thought! per-
Both perish'd at Esopus—do not blush,
It was not thou that lit the ruthless flame;
It was not thou, that, like remorseless Cain,
Thirsted for brother's blood: thy heart disdains
The savage imputation. Rest thee there,
And, tho' thou pitiest, yet forbear to grace,
A wretched alien, and a rebel deem'd,
With honours ill-beseeming her to claim.
My wish, thou know'st, was humble as my state;
I only begg'd a little woodbine bower,
Where I might sit and weep, while all around
The lillies and the blue bells hung their heads
In seeming sympathy." "Does then the scene
Displease?" the disappointed lover cry'd;
"Alas! too much it pleases," sigh'd the fair;
"Too strongly paints the passion which stern Fate
Forbids me to return;" "Dost thou then love
Some happier youth?" "No; tell thy generous soul
Indeed &c." More she would have said,
But gushing grief prevented. From the fane
Silent he led her, as from Eden's bower
The sire of men his weeping partner led,
Less lovely, and less innocent than she.

Yet still Alcander hop'd what last she sigh'd
Spoke more than gratitude: the war might end;
Her father might consent; for that alone
Now seem'd the duteous barrier to his bliss.
Already had he sent a faithful friend
To learn if France the reverend exile held:
That friend return'd not. Mean-while ev'ry sun
Which now (a year elaps'd) diurnal rose
Beheld her still more pensive; inward pangs
From grief's concealment, hourly seem'd to force
Health from her cheek, and quiet from her soul.
Alcander mourn'd the change, yet still he hop'd;
For Love to Hope his flickering taper lends,
When Reason with his steady torch retires:
Hence did he try by ever-varying arts,
And scenes of novel charm her grief to calm.

Nor did he not employ the syren powers
Of music and of song; or Painting, thine,
Sweet source of pure delight! But I record
Those arts alone, which form my sylvan theme.

At stated hours, full oft had he observ'd,
She fed with welcome grain the household fowl
That trespass'd on his lawn; this wak'd a wish
To give her feather'd fav'rites space of land,
And lake appropriate: in a neighb'ring copse
He plann'd the scene; for there the crystal spring,
That form'd his river, from a rocky cleft
First bubbling broke to day; and spreading there
Slept on its rushes. "Here my delving hinds,"
He cry'd, "shall soon the marshy soil remove,
And spread, in brief extent, a glittering lake
Chequer'd with isles of verdure; on yon rock
A sculptur'd river-god shall rest his urn;
And thro' that urn the native fountain flow.
Thy wish'd-for bower, Nerina, shall adorn
The southern bank; the downy race, that swim
The lake, or pace the shore, with livelier charms
Yet no less rural, here will meet thy glance,
Than flowers inanimate." Full soon was scoopt
The wat'ry bed, and soon by margin green
And rising banks enclos'd; the highest gave
Site to a rustic fabric, shelving deep
Within the thicket, and in front compos'd
Of three unequal arches, lowly all
The surer to expel the noontide glare,
Yet yielding liberal inlet to the scene;
Woodbine with jasmine carelessly entwin'd
Conceal'd the needful masonry, and hung
In free festoons, and vested all the cell.
Hence did the lake, the islands, and the rock,
A living landscape spread; the feather'd fleet,
Led by two mantling swans, at ev'ry creek
Now touch'd, and now unmoor'd; now on full sail,
With pennons spread and oary feet they ply'd
Their vagrant voyage; and now, as if becalm'd,
'Tween shore and shore at anchor seem'd to sleep
Around those shores the fowl that fear the stream
At random rove: hither hot Guinea sends
Her gadding troop; here midst his speckled dames
The pigmy Chanticleer of Bantam winds
His clarion; while, supreme in glittering state,
The peacock spreads his rainbow train, with eyes
Of sapphire bright, irradiate each with gold.
Mean-while from ev'ry spray the ringdoves coo,
The linnets warble, captive none, but lur'd
By food to haunt the umbrage: all the glade
Is life, is music, liberty, and love.

And is there now to pleasure or to use
One scene devoted in the wide domain
Its master has not polish'd? rumour spreads
Its praises far, and many a stranger stops
With curious eye to censure or admire.
To all his lawns are pervious; oft himself
With courteous greeting will the critic hail,
And join him in the circuit. Give we here
(If candour will with patient ear attend)
The social dialogue Alcander held
With one, a youth of mild yet manly mein,
Who seem'd to taste the beauties he survey'd.

"Little, I fear me' will a stranger's eye
Find here to praise, where rich Vitravian art
Has rear'd no temples, no triumphal arcs;
Where no Palladian bridges span the stream,
But all is homebred Fancy." "For that cause,
And chiefly that," the polish'd youth reply'd,
"I view each part with rapture. Ornament,
When foreign or fantastic, never charm'd
My judgment; here I tread on British ground;
With British annals all I view accords,
Some Yorkist, or Lancastrian baron bold,
To awe his vassals, or to stem his foes,
Yon massy bulwark built; on yonder pile,
In ruin beauteous, I distinctly mark
The ruthless traces of stern Henry's hand."

"Yet," cry'd Alcander, (interrupting mild
The stranger's speech) "if so yon ancient seat,
Pride of my ancestors, had mock'd repair,
And by proportion's Greek or Roman laws
That pile had been rebuilt, thou wouldst not then,

I trust, have blam'd, if there on Doric shafts
A temple rose; if some tall obelisk
O'ertopt yon grove, or bold triumphal arch
Usurpt my castle's station."—"Spare me yet
Yon solemn ruin," the quick youth return'd,
"No mou'l'ring aqueduct, no yawning crypt
Sepulchral, will console me for its fate."
"I mean not that," the master of the scene
Reply'd; "tho' classic rules to modern piles
Should give the just arrangement, shun we here
By those to form our ruins; much we own
They please, when, by Payini's pencil drawn;
Or darkly grav'd by Piranesi's hand,
And fitly might some Tuscan garden grace:
But Time's rude mace has here all Roman piles
Bevell'd so low, that who, on British ground
Attempts the task, builds but a splendid lye
Which mocks historic credence. Hence the cause
Why Saxon piles or Norman here prevail:
Form they a rude, 'tis yet an English whole."
"And much I praise thy choice," the stranger cry'd;
"Such chaste selection shames the common mode,
Which, mingling structures of far distant times,
Far distant regions, here, perchance, erects
A fane to Freedom, where her Brutus stands
In act to strike the tyrant; there a tent,
With crescent crown'd, with scymitars adorn'd,
Meet for some Bajazet; northward we turn,
And lo! a pigmy pyramid pretends
We tread the realms of Pharoah; quickly thence
Our southern step presents us heaps of stone
Rang'd in a Druid circle. Thus from age
To age, from clime to clime incessant borne,
Imagination flounders headlong on,
Till, like fatigu'd Villario, soon we find
We better like a field." "Nicely thy hand
The childish landscape touches," cries his host,
For Fashion ever is a wayward child;
Yet sure we might forgive her faults like these,
If but in separate or in single scenes
She thus with Fancy wanton'd. Should I lead
Thy step, my friend, (for our accordant tastes
Prompt me to give thee that familiar name)
Behind this screen of elm, thou there might'st find
I too had idly play'd the truant's part, [there,"
And broke the bounds of judgment." "Lead me
Briskly the youth return'd, "for having prov'd
Thy epic genius here, why not peruse
Thy lighter ode or eclogue?" Smiling thence
Alcander led him to the woodbine bower
Which last our song describ'd, who seated there,
In silent transport view'd the lively scene.
"I see," his host resum'd, "my sportive art
Finds pardon here; not ev'n yon classic form,
Pouring his liquid treasures from his vase,
Tho' foreign from the soil, provokes thy frown.
Try we thy candour farther: higher art
And more luxurious, haply too more vain,
Adorns yon southern coppice." On they past
Thro' a wild thicket, till the perfum'd air
Gave to another sense its prelude rich
On what the eye should feast. But now the grove
Expands; and now the rose, the garden's queen,
Amidst her blooming subjects' humbler charms,
On ev'ry plot her crimson pomp displays.
"Oh Paradise!" the ent'ring youth exclaim'd,
"Grows whose rich trees weep odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hang amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only." Thus, in Milton's phrase
Sublime, the youth his admiration pour'd,
While passing to the dome; his next short step
Unveil'd the central statue: "Heav'ns! just Heav'ns,
He cry'd, "tis my Nerina." "Thine, mad youth,"
Forego the word," Alcander said, and paus'd;
His utterance fail'd; a thousand clust'ring thoughts,
And all of blackest omen to his peace,
Recoil'd upon his brain, deaden'd all sense,
And at the statue's base him headlong cast,
A lifeless load of being.—Ye, whose hearts
Are ready at humanity's soft call
To drop the tear, I charge you weep not yet,
But fearfully suspend the bursting woe:
Nerina's self appears; the further isle
She, fate-directed, treads. Does she too faint?
Would Heav'n she could! it were a happy swoon
Might soften her fixt form, more rigid now
Than is her marble semblance. One stiff hand
Lies leaden on her breast; the other rais'd
To Heav'n, and half-way clench'd; stedfast her eyes,
Yet viewless; and her lips, which op'd to shriek,
Can neither shriek nor close. So might she stand
For ever: he, whose sight caus'd the dread change,
Tho' now he clasps her in his anxious arm,
Fails to unbend one sinew of her frame;
'Tis ice; 'tis steel, But see, Alcander wakes;
And waking, as by magic sympathy,
Nerina whispers, "All is well, my friend;
'Twas but a vision; I may yet revive——
But still his arm supports me; aid him, friend,
And bear me swiftly to my woodbine bower;
For there indeed I wish to breathe my last."
So saying, her cold cheek, and parched brow,
Turn'd to a livid paleness; her dim eyes
Sunk in their sockets; sharp contraction prest
Her temples, ears and nostrils; signs well known
To those that tend the dying. Both the youths
Perceiv'd the change; and had stern Death himself
Wav'd his black banner visual o'er their heads,
It could not more appall. With trembling step,
And silent, both convey'd her to the bower.
Her languid limbs there decently compos'd,
She thus her speech resum'd: "Attend my words,
Brave Cleon! dear Alcander! generous pair:
For both have tender interest in this heart
Which soon shall beat no more. That I am thine
By a dear father's just commands I own,
Much-honour'd Cleon! take the hand he gave,
And with it, oh, if I could give my heart,
Thou wert its worthy owner. All I can,
(And that preserv'd with chastest fealty)
Duteous I give thee, Cleon, it is thine;
Not ev'n this dear preserver, e'er could gain
More from my soul than friendship—that be his;
Yet let me own, what, dying, sooths the pang,
That, had thyself and duty ne'er been known,
He must have had my love." She paus'd; and dropt
A silent tear; then prest the stranger's hand;
Then bow'd her head upon Alcander's breast,
And "Bless them both, kind Heav'n!" she pray'd,
and died.
"And blest art thou," cry'd Cleon, (in a voice
Struggling with grief for utterance) "blest to die
Ere thou hadst question'd me, and I perforce
Had told a tale which must have sent thy soul

In horrour from thy bosom. Now it leaves
A smile of peace upon those pallid lips,
That speaks its parting happy. Go fair saint!
Go to thy palm-crown'd father! thron'd in bliss,
And seated by his side, thou wilt not now
Deplore the savage stroke that seal'd his doom;
Go hymn the Fount of Mercy, who, from ill
Educing good, makes ev'n a death like his,
A life surcharg'd with tender woes like thine,
The road to joys eternal. Maid, farewell!
I leave the casket that thy virtues held
To him whose breast sustains it; more belov'd,
Perhaps more worthy, yet not loving more
Than did thy wretched Cleon." At the word
He bath'd in tears the hand she dying gave,
Return'd it to her side, and hasty rose.
Alcander, starting from his trance of grief, [stay,"
Cry'd "Stay, I charge thee stay!" "And shall he
Cleon replied, "whose presence stabb'd thy peace?
Hear this before we part: that breathless maid
Was daughter to a venerable sage,
Whom Boston, when with peace and safety blest,
In rapture heard pour from his hallow'd tongue
Religion's purest dictates. 'Twas my chance,
In early period of our civil broils,
To save his precious life: and hence the sire
Did to my love his daughter's charms consign;
But, till the war should cease, if ever cease,
Deferr'd our nuptials. Whither she was sent
In search of safety, well, I trust, thou know'st;
He meant to follow; but those ruthless flames,
That spar'd nor friend nor foe, nor sex nor age,
Involv'd the village, where on sickly couch
He lay confin'd, and whither he had fled
Awhile to sojourn. There (I see thee shrink)
Was he that gave Nerina being, burnt!
Burnt by thy countrymen! to ashes burnt!
Fraternal hands and christian lit the flame.—
Oh thou hast cause to shudder. I meanwhile
With his brave son a distant warfare wag'd;
And him, now I have found the prize I sought,
And finding lost, I hasten to rejoin;
Vengeance and glory call me." At the word,
Not fiercer does the tigress quit her cave
To seize the hinds that robb'd her of her young,
Than he the bower. ("Stay, I conjure thee, stay,"
Alcander cry'd, but ere the word was spoke
Cleon was seen no more. "Then be it so,"
The youth continu'd, clasping to his heart
The beauteous corse, and smiling as he spoke,
(Yet such a smile as far out-sorrows tears)
"Now thou art mine entirely—Now no more
Shall duty dare disturb us—love alone—
But hark! he comes again—Away vain fear!
'Twas but the fluttering of thy feather'd flock.
True to their custom'd hour, behold they troop
From island, grove, and lake. Arise, my love,
Extend thy hand—I lift it, but it falls.
Hence then, fond fools, and pine! Nerina's hand
Has lost the power to feed you. Hence and die."
Thus plaining, to his lips the icy palm
He lifted, and with ardent passion kist;
Then cry'd in agony, "On this dear hand,
Once tremblingly alive to love's soft touch,
I hop'd to seal my faith:" this thought awak'd
Another sad soliloquy, which they,
Who e'er have lov'd, will from their hearts supply,
And they who have not will but hear and smile.
And let them smile, but let the scorners learn
There is a solemn luxury in grief
Which they shall never taste; well known to those,
And only those, in solitude's deep gloom
Who heave the sigh sincerely: Fancy there
Waits the fit moment; and, when time has calm'd
The first o'erwhelming tempest of their woe,
Piteous she steals upon the mourner's breast
Her precious balm to shed: oh, it has power,
Has magic power to soften and to sooth,
Thus duly minister'd. Alcander felt
The charm, yet not till many a lag'ring Moon
Had hung upon her zenith o'er his couch,
And heard his midnight wailings. Does he stray
But near the fated temple, or the bower?
He feels a chilly monitor within,
Who bids him pause. Does he at distance view
His grot? 'tis darken'd with Nerina's storm,
Ev'n at the blaze of noon. Yet there are walks
The lost one never trod; and there are seats
Where he was never happy by her side,
And these he still can sigh in. Here at length,
As if by chance, kind Fancy brought her aid,
When wand'ring thro' a grove of sable yew,
Rais'd by his ancestors: their sabbath-path
Led thro' its gloom, what time too dark a stole
Was o'er religion's decent features drawn
By Puritanic zeal. Long had their boughs
Forgot the sheers; the spire, the holy ground
They banish'd by their umbrage. "What if here,"
Cry'd the sweet soother, in a whisper soft,
"Some open space were form'd, where other shades,
Yet all of solemn sort, cypress and bay
Funereal, pensive birch its languid arms
That droops, with waving willows deem'd to weep,
And shiv'ring aspens mixt their varied green?
What if yon trunk, shorn of its murky crest,
Reveal'd the sacred fane?" Alcander heard
The charmer; ev'ry accent seem'd his own,
So much they touch'd his heart's sad unison.
"Yes, yes," he cry'd, "why not behold it all?
That bough remov'd shows me the very vault
Where my Nerina sleeps, and where, when Heav'n
In pity to my plaint the mandate seals,
My dust with her's shall mingle." Now his hinds,
Call'd to the task, their willing axes wield;
Joyful to see, as witless of the cause,
Their much-lov'd lord his sylvan arts resume.
And next, within the centre of the gloom,
A shed of twisting roots and living moss,
With rushes thatch'd, with wattled oziers lin'd,
He bids them raise: it seem'd a hermit's cell;
Yet void of hour-glass, scull, and maple dish,
Its mimic garniture: Alcander's taste
Disdains to trick with emblematic toys
The place where he and Melancholy mean
To fix Nerina's bust, her genuine bust,
The model of the marble. There he hides,
Close as a miser's gold, the sculptur'd clay;
And but at early morn and latest eve
Unlocks the simple shrine, and heaves a sigh:
Then does he turn, and thro' the glimm'ring glade
Cast a long glance upon her house of death;
Then views the bust again, and drops a tear.
Is this idolatry, ye sage ones say?—
Or, if ye doubt, go view the num'rous train
Of poor and fatherless, his care consoles;
The sight will tell thee, he that dries their tears
Has unseen angels hov'ring o'er his head,
Who leave their Heav'n to see him shed his own.

Here close we, sweet Simplicity! the tale,
And with it let us yield to youthful bards
That Dorian reed we but awak'd to voice
When Fancy prompted, and when Leisure smil'd,
Hopeless of general praise, and well repaid,
If they of classic ear, unpall'd by rhyme, [free,
Whom changeful pause can please, and numbers
Accept our song with candour. They perchance,
Led by the Muse to solitude and shade,
May turn that art we sing to soothing use,
At this ill-omen'd hour, when Rapine rides
In titled triumph; when Corruption waves
Her banners broadly in the face of day,
And shows th' indignant world the host of slaves
She turns from Honour's standard. Patient there,
Yet not desponding, shall the sons of peace
Await the day, when, smarting with his wrongs,
Old England's genius wakes; when with him wakes
That plain integrity, contempt of gold,
Disdain of slav'ry, liberal awe of rule,
Which fixt the rights of people, peers, and prince,
And on them founded the majestic pile
Of British freedom; bad fair Albion rise
The scourge of tyrants; sovereign of the seas;
And arbitress of empires. Oh return,
Ye long-lost train of virtues! swift return
To save ('tis Albion prompts your poet's prayer)
Her throne, her altars, and her laureat bowers.

THE

ART OF PAINTING

OF

CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

EPISTLE

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

When Dryden, worn with sickness, bow'd with years
Was doom'd (my friend let pity warm thy tears)
The galling pang of penury to feel,
For ill-plac'd loyalty, and courtly zeal,
To see that laurel, which his brows o'erspread,
Transplanted droop on Shadwell's barren head,
The bard oppress'd, yet not subdu'd by fate,
For very bread descended to translate:
And he, whose fancy, copious as his phrase,
Could light at will expression's brightest blaze,
On Fresnoy's lay employ'd his studious hour;
But niggard there of that melodious power,
His pen in haste the hireling task to close,
Transform'd the studied strain to careless prose,
Which, fondly lending faith to French pretence,
Mistook its meaning, or obscur'd its sense.
Yet still he pleas'd, for Dryden still must please,
Whether with artless elegance and ease
He glides in prose, or from its tinkling chime,
By varied pauses, purifies his rhyme, [sublime.
And mounts on Maro's plumes, and soars his heights

This artless elegance, this native fire
Provok'd his tuneful heir[1] to strike the lyre,
Who, proud his numbers with that prose to join,
Wove an illustrious wreath for Friendship's shrine.
How oft, on that fair shrine when poets bind
The flowers of song, does partial passion blind
Their judgment's eye! How oft does Truth disclaim
The deed, and scorn to call it genuine fame!
How did she here, when Jervas was the theme,
Waft thro' the ivory gate the poet's dream!
How view, indignant, errour's base alloy
The sterling lustre of his praise destroy,
Which now, if praise like his my Muse could coin,
Current thro' ages, she would stamp for thine.
Let Friendship, as she eaus'd, excuse the deed;
With thee, and such as thee, she must succeed.
But what, if Fashion tempted Pope astray?
The witch has spells, and Jervas knew a day
When mode-struck belles and beaux were proud to come
And buy of him a thousand years of bloom[2].
Ev'n then I deem it but a venial crime:
Perish alone that selfish sordid rhyme,
Which flatters lawless sway, or tinsel pride;
Let black oblivion plunge it in her tide.
From fate like this my truth-supported lays,
Ev'n if aspiring to thy pencil's praise,
Would flow secure; but humbler aims are mine:
Know, when to thee I consecrate the line,
'Tis but to thank thy genius for the ray
Which pours on Fresnoy's rules a fuller day:
Those candid strictures, those reflections new,
Refin'd by taste, yet still as nature true,
Which, blended here with his instructive strains,
Shall bid thy art inherit new domains;
Give her in Albion as in Greece to rule,
And guide (what thou hast form'd) a British school.
And, O, if ought thy poet can pretend
Beyond his fav'rite wish to call thee friend,
Be it that here his tuneful toil has drest
The Muse of Fresnoy in a modern vest;
And, with what skill his fancy could bestow,
Taught the close folds to take an easier flow;
Be it, that here thy partial smile approv'd
The pains he lavish'd on the art he lov'd.

Oct. 10, 1782. W. MASON.

PREFACE.

The poem of M. Du Fresnoy, when considered as a treatise on painting, may unquestionably claim the merit of giving the leading principles of the art with more precision, conciseness, and accuracy, than any work of the kind that has either preceded or followed it; yet as it was published about the middle of the last century, many of the precepts it contains have been so frequently repeated by later writers, that they have lost the air of novelty, and will, consequently, now be held common; some of them too may, perhaps, not be so genc-

[1] Mr. Pope, in his Epistle to Jervas, has these lines,
Read these instructive leaves in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art with Dryden's native fire.

[2] Alluding to another couplet in the same epistle.
Beauty, frail flower, that every season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.

rally true as to claim the authority of absolute rules: Yet the reader of taste will always be pleased to see a Frenchman holding out to his countrymen the study of nature, and the chaste models of antiquity, when (if we except Le Sueur and Nicolo Poussin, who were Fresnoy's contemporaries) so few painters of that nation have regarded either of these architypes. The modern artist also will be proud to emulate that simplicity of style, which this work has for more than a century recommended, and which, having only very lately got the better of fluttering drapery and theatrical attitude, is become one of the principal tests of picturesque excellence.

But if the text may have lost somewhat of its original merit, the notes of Mr. Du Piles, which have hitherto accompanied it, have lost much more. Indeed it may be doubted whether they ever had merit in any considerable degree. Certain it is that they contain such a parade of common-place quotation, with so small a degree of illustrative science, that I have thought proper to expel them from this edition, in order to make room for their betters.

As to the poetical powers of my author, I do not suppose that these alone would ever have given him a place in the numerous libraries which he now holds; and I have, therefore, often wondered that M. De Voltaire, when he gave an account of the authors who appeared in the age of Louis XIV. should dismiss Fresnoy, with saying, in his decisive manner, that "his poem has succeeded with such persons as could bear to read Latin verse, not of the Augustan age [1]." This is the criticism of a mere [illegible] body, I should suppose, ever read Fresnoy to admire, or even criticise his versification, but either to be instructed by him as a painter, or improved as a virtuoso.

It was this latter motive only, I confess, that led me to attempt the following translation; which was begun in very early youth, with a double view of implanting in my own memory the principles of a favourite art, and of acquiring a habit of versification, for which purpose the close and condensed style of the original seemed peculiarly calculated, especially when considered as a sort of school exercise. However the task proved so difficult, that when I had gone through a part of it I remitted of my diligence, and proceeded at such separate intervals, that I had passed many posterior productions through the press before this was brought to any conclusion in manuscript; and, after it was so, it lay long neglected, and would certainly have never been made public, had not sir Joshua Reynolds requested a sight of it, and made an obliging offer of illustrating it by a series of his own notes. This prompted me to revise it with all possible accuracy; and as I had preserved the strictures which my late excellent friend Mr. Gray had made many years before on the version, as it then stood, I attended to each of them in their order with that deference which every criticism of his must demand. Besides this, as much more time was now elapsed since I had myself perused the copy, my own eye was become more open to its defects. I found the rule which my author had given to his painter full as useful to a writer,

Ast ubi consilium deerit sapientis amici
Id tempus dabit, atque mora intermissa labori.

And I may say, with truth, that having become from this circumstance, as impartial, if not as fastidious, to my own work, as any other critic could possibly have been, I hardly left a single line in it without giving it, what I thought, an emendation. It is not, therefore, as a juvenile work that I now present it to the public, but as one which I have improved to the utmost of my mature abilities, in order to make it more worthy of its annotator.

In the preceding epistle I have obviated, I hope, every suspicion of arrogance in attempting this work after Mr. Dryden. The single consideration that his version was in prose were in itself sufficient; because, as Mr. Pope has justly observed, verse and even rhyme is the best mode of conveying preceptive truths, "as in this way they are more shortly expressed, and more easily retained [2]." Still less need I make an apology for undertaking it after Mr. Wills, who, in the year 1754, published a translation of it in metre without rhyme [3].

This gentleman, a painter by profession, assumed for his motto,

Tractant fabrilia fabri;

but however adroit he might be in handling the tools of his own art, candour must own that the tools of a poet and a translator were beyond his management; attempting also a task absolutely impossible, that of expressing the sense of his author in an equal number of lines, he produced a version which (if it was ever read through by any person except myself) is now totally forgotten. Nevertheless I must do him the justice to own that he understood the original text; that he detected some errours in Mr. Dryden's translation, which had escaped Mr. Jervas (assisted, as it is said, by his friend Mr. Pope) in that corrected edition which Mr. Graham inscribed to the earl of Burlington; and that I have myself sometimes profited by his labours. It is also from his edition that I reprint the following life of the author, which was drawn up from Felibien and other biographers by the late Dr. Birch, who with his usual industry, has collected all they have said on Fresnoy's subject.

[1] Du Frenoi (Charles) né à Paris 1611, peintre & poëte. Son poeme de la peinture a reussi dupres de ceux qui peuvent lire d'autres vers latins que ceux du siecle d'Auguste. Siecle de Louis XIV. tom. i.

[2] See his Advertisement before the Essay on Man.

[3] I call it so rather than blank verse, because it was devoid of all harmony of numbers. The beginning, which I shall here insert, is a sufficient proof of the truth of this assertion.

As Painting, Poesy, so similar
To Poesy be Painting; emulous
Alike, each to her sister doth refer.
Alternate change the office and the name!
Mute verse is this, that speaking picture call'd.

From this little specimen the reader will easily form a judgment of the whole.

THE

LIFE

OF

MONS. DU FRESNOY.

CHARLES ALPHONSE DU FRESNOY was born at Paris in the year 1611. His father, who was an eminent apothecary in that city, intending him for the profession of physic, gave him as good an education as possible. During the first year which he spent at the college, he made a very considerable progress in his studies; but as soon as he was raised to the higher classes, and began to contract a taste of poetry, his genius for it opened itself, and he carried all the prizes in it, which were proposed to excite the emulation of his fellow-students. His inclination for it was heightened by exercise; and his earliest performances showed, that he was capable of becoming one of the greatest poets of his age, if his love of painting, which equally possessed him, had not divided his time and application. At last he laid aside all thoughts of the study of physic, and declared absolutely for that of painting, notwithstanding the opposition of his parents, who by all kinds of severity, endeavoured to divert him from pursuing his passion for that art, the profession of which they unjustly considered in a very contemptible light. But the strength of his inclination defeating all the measures taken to suppress it, he took the first opportunity of cultivating his favourite study.

He was nineteen or twenty years of age when he began to learn to design under Francis Perier; and having spent two years in the school of that painter, and of Simon Voüet, he thought proper to take a journey into Italy, where he arrived in the end of 1633, or the beginning of 1634.

As he had, during his studies, applied himself very much to that of geometry, he began, upon his coming to Rome, to paint landscapes, buildings, and ancient ruins. But, for the first two years of his residence in that city, he had the utmost difficulty to support himself, being abandoned by his parents, who resented his having rejected their advice in the choice of his profession; and the little stock of money, which he had provided before he left France, proving scarce sufficient for the expenses of his journey to Italy. Being destitute, therefore, of friends and acquaintance at Rome, he was reduced to such distress, that his chief subsistence for the greatest part of that time was bread and a small quantity of cheese. But he diverted the sense of his uneasy circumstances by an intense and indefatigable application to painting, till the arrival of the celebrated Peter Mignard, who had been the companion of his studies under Voüet, set him more at ease. They immediately engaged in the strictest friendship, living together in the same house, and being commonly known at Rome by the name of the "inseparables." They were employed by the cardinal of Lyons in copying all the best pieces in the Farnese palace. But their principal study was the works of Raphael and other great masters, and the antiques; and they were constant in their attendance every evening at the academy in designing after models. Mignard had superior talents in practice; but Du Fresnoy was a greater master of the rules, history, and theory of his profession. They communicated to each other their remarks and sentiments, Du Fresnoy furnishing his friend with noble and excellent ideas, and the latter instructing the former to paint with greater expedition and ease.

Poetry shared with painting the time and thoughts of Du Fresnoy, who, as he penetrated into the secrets of the latter art, wrote down his observations; and having at last acquired a full knowledge of the subject, formed a design of writing a poem upon it, which he did not finish till many years after, when he had consulted the best writers, and examined with the utmost care the most admired pictures in Italy.

While he resided there he painted several pictures, particular the ruins of the Campo Vaccino, with the city of Rome in the figure of a woman; a young woman of Athens going to see the monument of a lover; Æneas carrying his father to his tomb; Mars finding Lavinia sleeping on the banks of the Tyber, descending from his chariot, and lifting up the veil which covered her, which is one of his best pieces; the birth of Venus, and that of Cupid. He had a peculiar esteem for the works of Titian, several of which he copied, imitating that excellent painter in his colouring, as he did Carrache in his design.

About the year 1653 he went with Mignard to Venice [1], and travelled throughout Lombardy; and during his stay in that city painted a Venus for signor Mark Paruta, a noble Venetian, and a Madonna, a half length. These pieces showed that he had not studied those of Titian without success. Here the two friends separated, Mignard returning to Rome, and Du Fresnoy to France. He had read his poem to the best painters in all places through which he passed, and particularly to Albano and Guercino, then at Bologna; and he consulted several men famous for their skill in polite literature.

He arrived at Paris in 1656, where he lodged with Mons. Potel, greffier of the council, in the street Beautreillis, where he painted a small room: afterwards a picture for the altar of the church of St. Margaret in the suburb St. Antoine. Mons. Bordier, intendant of the finances, who was then finishing his house of Rinci, now Livry, having seen this picture, was so highly pleased with it, that he took Du Fresnoy to that house, which is but two leagues from Paris, to paint the saloon. In the ceiling was represented the burning of Troy; Venus is standing by Paris, who makes her remark how the fire consumes that great city; in the front is the god of the river which runs by it, and other deities: this is one of his best performances, both for disposition and colouring. He afterwards painted a consider-

[1] This is the account of Mons. Felibien, Entretiens sur les vies et sur les ouvrages des plus excellens peintres, tom. ii. edit. Lond. 1705, p. 333. But the late author of Abregé de la vie des plus fameux peintres, part ii. p. 284, edit. Par. 1745, in 4to, says, that Fresnoy went to Venice without Mignard; and that the latter, being importuned by the letters of the former, made a visit to him in that city.

able number of pictures for the cabinets of the curious, particularly an altarpiece for the church of Lagni, representing the assumption of the virgin, and the twelve apostles, all as large as life. At the Hotel d'Erval (now d'Armenonville) he painted several pictures, and among them a ceiling of a room with four beautiful landscapes, the figures of which were by Mignard. As he understood architecture very well, he drew for Mons. de Vilargelé all the designs of a house, which that gentleman built four leagues from Avignon; as likewise those for the Hotel de Lyonne, and for that of the Grand Prior de Souvré. The high altar of the Filles-Dieu, in the street St. Denis, was also designed by him.

Though he had finished his poem before he had left Italy, and communicated it, as has been already mentioned, to the best judges of that country; yet, after his return to France, he continued still to revise it, with a view to treat more at length of some things, which did not seem to him sufficiently explained. This employment took up no small part of his time, and was the reason of his not having finished so many pictures as he might otherwise have done. And tho' he was desirous to see his work in print, he thought it improper to publish it without a French translation, which he deferred undertaking from time to time, out of diffidence of his own skill in his native language, which he had in some measure lost by his long residence in Italy. Mons. de Piles was therefore at last induced, at his desire, and by the merit of the poem, to translate it into French, his version being revised by Du Fresnoy himself: and the latter had begun a commentary upon it, when he was seized with a palsy, and, after languishing four or five months under it, died at the house of one of his brothers at Villiers-le-bel, four leagues from Paris, in 1665, at the age of fifty-four, and was interred in the parish church there. He had quitted his lodgings at Mons. Potel's upon Mignard's return to Paris in 1658, and the two friends lived together from that time till the death of Du Fresnoy.

His poem was not published till three years after his death, when it was printed at Paris in 12mo. with the French version and remarks of Mons. de Piles, and has been justly admired for its elegance and perspicuity.

THE ART OF PAINTING.

True Poetry the painter's power displays;
True Painting emulates the poet's lays;
The rival sisters, fond of equal fame,
Alternate change their office and their name;
Bid silent poetry the canvas warm,
The tuneful page with speaking picture charm.
What to the ear sublimer rapture brings,
That strain alone the genuine poet sings;
That form alone where glows peculiar grace,
The genuine painter condescends to trace:
No sordid theme will verse or paint admit,
Unworthy colours if unworthy wit.
From you, blest pair! Religion deigns to claim
Her sacred honours; at her awful name
High o'er the stars you take your soaring flight,
And rove the regions of supernal light;
Attend to lays that flow from t[illegible]nes divine;
Undazzled gaze where charms seraphic shine;
Trace beauty's beam to its eternal spring,
And pure to man the fire celestial bring.
Then round this globe oft joint pursuit ye stray,
Time's ample annals studiously survey;
And from the eddies of oblivion's stream,
Propitious snatch each memorable theme. [sea,
Thus to each form, in Heav'n, and earth, and
That wins with grace, or awes with dignity,
To each exalted deed, which dares to claim
The glorious meed of an immortal fame,
That meed ye grant. Hence, to remotest age,
The hero's soul darts from the poet's page;
Hence, from the canvas, still, with wonted state,
He lives, he breathes, he braves the frown of Fate.
Such powers, such praises, heav'n-born pair belong,
To magic colouring, and creative song.
But here I pause, nor ask Pieria's train,
Nor Phœbus self to elevate the strain;
Vain is the flow'ry verse, when reasoning sage,
And sober precept fill the studied page;
Enough if there the fluent numbers please,
With native clearness, and instructive ease.
Nor shall my rules the artist's hand confine,
Whom practice gives to strike the free design;
Or banish fancy from her fairy plains,
Or fetter genius in didactic chains:
No, 'tis their liberal purpose to convey
That scientific skill which wins its way

DE ARTE GRAPHICA.

Ut Pictura Poesis erit; similisque Poesi
Sit Pictura; refert par æmula quæque sororem,
Alternantque vices & nomina; muta poesis
Dicitur hæc, pictura loquens solet illa vocari.
Quod fuit auditu gratum cecinere poetæ;
Quod pulchrum aspectu pictores pingeré curant:
Quæque poetarum numeris indigna fuêre,
Non eadem pictorum operam studiumq; merentur:
Ambæ quippe sacros ad religionis honores
Sydereos superant ignes, aulamque tonantis
Ingressæ, divûm aspectu, alloquioque fruuntur;
Oraque magna deûm, & dicta observata reportant,
Cœlestemque suorum operum mortalibus ignem.
Inde per hunc orbem studiis coëuntibus errant,
Carpentes quæ digna sui, revolutaque lustrant
Tempora, quærendis consortibus argumentis.
Denique quæcunq; in cœlo, terrâque, marique
Longius in tempus durare, ut pulchra, merentur,
Nobilitate suâ, claroque insignia casu,
Dives & ampla manet pictores atque poetas
Materies; inde alta sonant per sæcula mundo
Nomina, magnanimis heroibus inde superstes
Gloria, perpetuoque operum miracula restant:
Tantus inest divis honor artibus atque potestas.
Non mihi Pieridium chorus hic, nec Apollo
vocandus,
Majus ut eloquium numeris, aut gratia fandi
Dogmaticis illustret opus rationibus horrens:
Cum nitidâ tantum & facili digestâ loquelâ,
Ornari præcepta negent, contenta doceri.
Nec mihi mens animusve fuit constringere nodos
Artificium manibus, quos tantùm dirigit usus;
Indolis ut vigor inde potens obstrictus hebescat,
Normarum numero immani, geniumq; moretur:

On docile nature, and transmits to youth,
Talents to reach, and taste to relish truth;
While inborn genius from their aid receives
Each supplemental art that practice gives.
'Tis painting's first chief business to explore
What lovelier forms in nature's boundless store
Are best to art and antient taste allied,
For ancient taste those forms has best applied.
'Till this be learn'd, how all things disagree;
How all one wretched, blind barbarity!
The fool to native ignorance confin'd,
No beauty beaming on his clouded mind;
Untaught to relish, yet too proud to learn,
He scorns the grace his dulness can't discern.
Hence reason to caprice resigns the stage,
And hence that maxim of the ancient sage,
"Of all vain fools with coxcomb talents curst,
Bad painters and bad poets are the worst."
When first the orient rays of beauty move
The conscious soul, they light the lamp of love,
Love wakes those warm desires that prompt our chace,
To follow and to fix each flying grace:
But earth-born graces sparingly impart
The symmetry supreme of perfect art;
For tho' our casual glance may sometimes meet
With charms that strike the soul, and seem com-plete,
Yet if those charms too closely we define,
Content to copy nature line for line,
Our end is lost. Not such the master's care,
Curious he culls the perfect from the fair;
Judge of his art, thro' beauty's realm he flies,
Selects, combines, improves, diversifies;
With nimble step pursues the fleeting throng,
And clasps each Venus as she glides along.
Yet some there are who indiscreetly stray,
Where purblind practice only points the way,
Who ev'ry theoretic truth disdain,
And blunder on, mechanically vain.

Sed rerum ut pollens ars cognitione, gradatim
Naturæ sese insinuet, verique capacem
Transeat in genium; geniusq; usu induat artem.
Præcipua imprimis artisque potissima pars est,
Nôsse quid in rebus natura creârit ad artem tam:
Pulchrius, idque modum juxta, mentemque vetus-tum
Quâ sine barbaries cæca & temeraria pulchrum
Negligit, insultans ignotæ audacior arti,
Ut curare nequit, quæ non modo noverit esse;
Illud apud veteres fuit unde notabile dictum,
"Nil pictore malo securius atque poetâ."
Cognita amas, & amata cupis, sequerisq; cupita;
Passibus assequeris tandem quæ fervidus urges:
Illa tamen quæ pulchra decent; non omnia casus
Qualiacumque dabunt, etiamve simillima veris:
Nam quamcumque modo servili haud sufficit ipsam
Naturam exprimere ad vivum; sed ut arbiter artis,
Seliget ex illâ tantùm pulcherrima pictor. ipse
Quodque minus pulchrum, aut mendosum, corriget
Marte suo, formæ Veneres captando fugaces.
Utque manus grandi nil nomine practica dignum
Assequitur, primum arcanæ quam deficit artis
Lumen, & in præceps abitura ut cæca vagatur;
Sic nihil ars operâ manuum privata supremum
Exequitur, sed languet iners uti vincta lacertos;
Dispositumque typum non linguâ pinxit Apelles.
Ergo licet totâ normam haud possimus in arte
Ponere (cum nequeant quæ sunt pulcherrima dici)

Some too there are within whose languid breasts
A lifeless heap of embryo knowledge rests,
When nor the pencil feels their drowsy art,
Nor the skill'd hand explains the meaning heart.
In chains of sloth such talents droop confin'd:
'Twas not by words Apelles charm'd mankind.
Hear then the Muse; tho' perfect beauty towers
Above the reach of her descriptive powers,
Yet will she strive some leading rules to draw
From sovereign Nature's universal law;
Stretch her wide view o'er ancient art's domain,
Again establish reason's legal reign,
Genius again correct with science sage,
And curb luxuriant fancy's headlong rage.
"Right ever reigns its stated bounds between,
And taste, like morals, loves the golden mean."
Some lofty theme let judgment first supply,
Supremely fraught with grace and majesty;
For fancy copious, free to ev'ry charm
That lines can circumscribe or colours warm,
Still happier if that artful theme dispense
A poignant moral and instructive sense.
Then let the virgin canvas smooth expand,
To claim the sketch and tempt the artist's hand:
Then, bold Invention, all thy powers diffuse,
Of all thy sisters thou the noblest Muse.
Thee ev'ry art, thee ev'ry grace inspires,
Thee Phœbus fills with all his brightest fires.
Chuse such judicious force of shade and light
As suits the theme, and satisfies the sight;
Weigh part with part, and with prophetic eye,
The future power of all thy tints descry;
And those, those only on the canvas place,
Whose hues are social, whose effect is grace.
Vivid and faithful to the historic page,
Express the customs, manners, forms, and age;
Nor paint conspicuous on the foremost plain
Whate'er is false, impertinent or vain;

Nitimur hæc paucis, scrutati summa magistræ
Dogmata Naturæ, artisque exemplaria prima
Altius intuiti; sic mens habilisque facultas
Indolis excolitur, geniumque scientia complet;
Luxuriansque in monstra furor compescitur arte.
"Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum."
His positis, erit optandum thema nobile, pul-chrum,
Quodque venustatum, circa formam atque colorem,
Sponte capax amplam emeritæ mox præbeat arti
Materiam, retegens aliquid salis & documenti.
Tandem opus aggredior; primoq; occurrit in albo
Disponenda typi, concepta potente Minervâ,
Machina, quæ nostris Inventio dicitur oris.
Illa quidem priùs ingenuis instructa sororum
Artibus Aonidum, & Phœbi sublimior æstu.
Quærendasque inter posituras, luminis, umbræ,
Atque futurorum jam præsentire colorum rustum,
Par erit harmoniam, captando ab utrisque ve-
Sit thematis genuina ac viva expressio, juxtà
Textum antiquorum, propriis cum tempore formis.
Nec quod inane, nihil facit ad rem, sive videtur
Improprium, miniméque urgens, potiora tenebit
Ornamenta operis; tragicæ sed lege sororis,
Summa ubi res agitur, vis summa requiritur artis.
Ista labore gravi, studio, monitisque magistri
Ardua pars, nequit addisci: rarissima namque,

But like the tragic Muse, thy lustre throw,
Where the chief action claims its warmest glow.
This rare, this arduous task no rules can teach,
No skill'd preceptor point, no practice reach;
'Tis taste, 'tis genius, 'tis the heav'nly ray
Prometheus ravish'd from the car of day.
In Egypt first the infant art appear'd,
Rude and unform'd; but when to Greece she steer'd
Her prosperous course, fair Fancy met the maid;
Wit, reason, judgment, lent their powerful aid;
Till all complete the gradual wonder shone,
And vanquish'd Nature own'd herself outdone.
'Twas there the goddess fixt her blest abodes,
There reign'd in Corinth, Athens, Sicyon, Rhodes.
Her various vot'ries various talents crown'd,
Yet each alike her inspiration own'd:
Witness those marble miracles of grace,
Those tests of symmetry, where still we trace
All art's perfection: with reluctant gaze
To these the genius of succeeding days
Looks dazzled up, and, as their glories spread,
Hides in his mantle his diminish'd head.
Learn then from Greece, ye youths, proportion's law,
Inform'd by her, each just position draw;
Skilful to range each large unequal part,
With varied motion and contrasted art;
Full in the front the nobler limbs to place,
And poise each figure on its central base.
But chief from her that flowing outline take,
Which floats, in wavy windings, like the snake,
Or lambent flame; which, ample, broad, and long,
Reliev'd not swell'd, at once both light and strong,
Glides thro' the graceful whole. Her art divine
Cuts not, in parts minute, the tame design,
But by a few bold strokes, distinct and free,
Calls forth the charms of perfect symmetry.
True to anatomy, more true to grace,
She bids each muscle know its native place;
Bids small from great in just gradation rise,
And, at one visual point, approach the eyes.
Yet deem not, youths, that perspective can give
Those charms complete by which your works shall live;
What tho' her rules may to your hand impart
A quick mechanic substitute for art;
Yet formal, geometric shapes she draws;
Hence the true genius scorns her rigid laws,
By nature taught he strikes th' unerring lines,
Consults his eye, and as he sees designs.
Man's changeful race, the sport of chance and time,
Varies no less in aspect than in clime;
Mark well the difference, and let each be seen
Of various age, complexion, hair, and mein.
Yet to each sep'rate form adapt with care
Such limbs, such robes, such attitude and air,
As best befit the head, and best combine
To make one whole, one uniform design;
Learn action from the dumb, the dumb shall teach
How happiest to supply the want of speech.
Fair in the front in all the blaze of light,
The hero of thy piece should meet the sight,
Supreme in beauty; lavish here thine art,
And bid him boldly from the canvas start;
While round that sov'reign form th' inferior train
In groups collected fill the pictur'd plain:
Fill, but not crowd: for oft some open space
Must part their ranks, and leave a vacant place,
Lest, artlessly dispers'd, the sever'd crew
At random rush on our bewilder'd view;
Or parts with parts, in thick confusion bound,
Spread a tumultuous chaos o'er the ground.
In ev'ry figured group the judging eye
Demands the charms of contrariety,
In forms, in attitudes, expects to trace
Distinct inflections, and contrasted grace,
Where art diversely leads each changeful line,
Opposes, breaks, divides the whole design;

Ni priùs æthereo rapuit quod ab axe Prometheus
Sit jubar infusum menti cum flamine vitæ.
Mortali haud cuivis divina hæc munera dantur;
Non uti Dædaleam licet omnibus ire Corinthum.
Ægypto informis quondam pictura reperta,
Græcorum studiis, & mentis acumine crevit:
Egregiis tandem illustrata & adulta magistris,
Naturam visa est miro superare labore.
Quos inter, graphidos gymnasia prima fuêre
Portus Athenarum, Sicyon, Rhodos, atque Corinthus,
Disparia inter se modicùm ratione laboris;
Ut patet ex veterum statuis, formæ atque decoris
Archetypis; queis posterior nil protulit ætas
Condignum, & non inferius longè, arte modoque.
Horum igitur vera ad normam positura legetur:
Grandia, inæqualis, formosaque partibus amplis
Anteriora dabit membra, in contraria motu
Diverso variata, suo libratáque centro;
Membrorumque sinus ignis flammantis ad instar,
Serpenti undantes flexu; sed lævia, plana,
Magnaque signa, quasi sine tubere subdita tactu,
Ex longo deducta fluant, non secta minutim.
Insertisque toris sint nota ligamina, juxta
Compagem anatomes, & membrificatio Græco
Deformata modo, paucisque expressa lacertis,
Qualis apud veteres; totoque Eurythmia partes
Componat; genitumque suo generante sequenti
Sit minus, & puncto videantur cuncta sub uno.
Regula certa licet nequeat prospectica dici,
Aut complementum graphidos; sed in arte juvamen,
Et modus accelerans operandi: at corpora falso
Sub visu in multis referens, mendosa labascit:
Nam Geometralem nunquam sunt corpora juxtà
Mensuram depicta oculis, sed qualia visa.
Non eadem formæ species, non omnibus ætas
Æqualis, similesque color, crinesque figuris:
Nam, variis velut orta plagis, gens dispare vultu est.
Singula membra, suo capiti conformia, fiant
Unam idemque simul corpus cum vestibus ipsis:
Mutorumque silens positura imitabitur actus.
Prima figurarum, seu princeps dramatis, ultrò
Prosiliat media in tabula, sub lumine primo
Pulchrior ante alias, reliquis nec operta figuris.
Agglomerata simul sint membra, ipsæque figuræ
Stipentur, circumque globos locus usque vacabit;
Nè, malè dispersis dum visus ubique figuris
Dividitur, cunctisque operis fervente tumultu
Partibus implicitis, crepitans confusio surgat.
Inque figurarum cumulis non omnibus idem
Corporis inflexus, motusque; vel artubus omnes
Conversis pariter non comitantur eodem;
Sed quædam in diversa trahant contraria membra,
Transverséque aliis pugnent, & cætera frangant.
Pluribus adversis aversam oppone figuram,
Pectoribusque humeros, & dextera membra sinistris,
Seu multis constabit opus, paucisve figuris.

Thus when the rest in front their charms display.
Let one with face averted turn away,
Shoulders oppose to breasts, and left to right,
With parts that meet and parts that shun the sight,
This rule in practice uniformly true
Extends alike to many forms or few.
Yet keep thro' all the piece a perfect poize:
If here in frequent troops the figures rise,
There let some object tower with equal pride;
And so arrange each correspondent side
That, thro' the well-connected plan appear
No cold vacuity, no desert drear.
Say, does the poet glow with genuine rage,
Who crowds with pomp and noise his bustling stage?
Devoid alike of taste that painter deem,
Whose flutt'ring works with num'rous figures teem;
A task so various how shall art fulfill,
When oft the simplest forms elude our skill?
But, did the toil succeed, we still should lose
That solemn majesty, that soft repose,
Dear to the curious eye, and only found,
Where few fair objects fill an ample ground.
Yet if some grand important theme demand
Of many needful forms a busy band,
Judgment will so the several groups unite,
That one compacted whole shall meet the sight.
The joints in each extreme distinctly treat,
Nor e'er conceal the outline of the feet:
The hands alike demand to be exprest
In half-shown figures rang'd behind the rest.
Nor can such forms with force or beauty shine,
Save when the head and hands in action join.
Each air constrain'd and forc'd, each gesture rude,
Whate'er contracts or cramps the attitude,
With scorn discard. When squares or angles join,
When flows in tedious parallel the line,
Acute, obtuse, whene'er the shapes appear,
Or take a formal geometric air,
These all displease, and the disgusted eye
Nauseates the tame and irksome symmetry.
Mark then our former rule; with contrast strong
And mode transverse the leading lines prolong,
For these in each design, if well exprest,
Give value, force, and lustre to the rest.
Nor yet to nature such strict homage pay
As not to quit when genius leads the way;
Nor yet, tho' genius all his succour sends,
Her mimic pow'rs tho' ready mem'ry lends,
Presume from nature wholly to depart,
For nature is the arbitress of art,
In errour's grove ten thousand thickets spread,
Ten thousand devious paths our steps mislead;
'Mid curves, that vary in perpetual twine,
Truth owns but one direct and perfect line.
Spread then her genuine charms o'er all the piece,
Sublime and perfect as they glow'd in Greece.
Those genuine charms to seize, with zeal explore
The vases, medals, statues, form'd of yore,
Relievos high that swell the column's stem,
Speak from the marble, sparkle from the gem:
Hence, all-majestic on th' expanding soul,
In copious tide the bright ideas roll;
Fill it with radiant forms unknown before,
Forms such as demigods and heroes wore:
Here pause and pity our enervate days,
Hopeless to rival their transcendant praise.
Peculiar toil on single forms bestow,
There let expression lend its finish'd glow;
There each variety of tint unite'
With the full harmony of shade and light.
Free o'er the limbs the flowing vesture cast,
The light broad folds with grace majestic plac'd;
And as each figure turns a different way,
Give the large plaits their corresponding play;
Yet devious oft and swelling from the part,
The flowing robe with ease should seem to start;

Altera pars tabulæ vacuo neu frigida campo,
Aut deserta siet, dum pluribus altera formis
Fervida mole sua supremam exsurgit ad oram.
Sed tibi sic positis respondeat utraque rebus,
Ut si aliquid sursum se parte attollat in unâ,
Sic aliquid parte ex aliâ consurgat, & ambas
Æquiparet, geminas cumulando æqualiter oras.
Pluribus implicitum personis dramo supremo
In genere, ut rarum est, multis ita densa figuris
Rarior est tabula excellens; vel adhuc ferè nulla
Præstitit in multis, quod vix-bene præstat in unâ:
Quippe solet rerum nimio dispersa tumultu,
Majestate carere gravi, requieque decora;
Nec speciosa nitet, vacuo nisi libera campo.
Sed si opere in magno, plures thema grande requirat
Esse figurarum cumulos, spectabitur unà
Machina tota rei; non singula quæque seorsim.
Præcipua extremis raro internodia membris
Abdita sint; sed summa pedum vestigia nunquam.
Gratia nulla manet, motusque, vigorque figuras
Retro aliis subter majori ex parte latentes,
Ni capitis motum manibus comitentur agendo.
Difficiles fugito aspectus, contractaque visu
Membra sub ingrato, motusque, actusque coactos;
Quodque refert signis, rectos quodammodo tractus,
Sive parallelos plures simul, & vel acutas,
Vel geometrales (ut quadra, triangula) formas;
Ingratamque pari signorum ex ordine quandam
Symmetriam: sed præcipua in contraria semper
Signa volunt duci transversa, ut diximus ante.
Summa igitur ratio signorum habeatur in omni
Composito; dat enim reliquis pretium, atque vigorem.
Non ita naturæ astanti sis cuique revinctus,
Hanc præter nihil ut genio studioque relinquas;
Nec sine teste rei natura, artisque magistra,
Quidlibet ingenio, memor ut tantummodo rerum,
Pingere posse putes; errorum est plurima sylva,
Multiplicesque viæ, bene agendi terminus unus,
Linea recta velut sola est, & mille recurvæ;
Sed juxta antiquos naturam imitabere pulchram,
Qualem forma rei propria, objectumque requirit.
Non te igitur lateant antiqua numismata, gemmæ
Vasa, typi, statuæ cælataque marmora signis,
Quodque refert specie veterum post sæcula mentem;
Splendidior quippe ex illis assurgit imago,
Magnaque se rerum facies aperit meditanti;
Tunc nostri tenuem sæcli miserebere sortem,
Cùm spes nulla iet srediturae æqualis in ævum.
Exquisita siet formâ, dum sola figura
Pingitur; & multis variata coloribus esto.
Lati, amplique sinus pannorum, & nobilis ordo
Membra sequens, subter latitantia lumine & umbrâ
Exprimet; ille licet transversus sæpe feratur,
Et circumfusos pannorum porrigat extra
Membra rigus, non contiguos, ipsisque figuræ
Partibus impressos, quasi pannus adhæreat illis;

Not on the form in stiff adhesion laid,
But well reliev'd by gentle light and shade.
Where'er a flat vacuity is seen,
There let some shadowy bending intervene,
Above, below, to lead its varied line,
As best may teach the distant folds to join;
And as the limbs by few bold strokes exprest
Excel in beauty, so the liberal vest
In large, distinct, unwrinkled folds should fly;
Beauty's best handmaid is Simplicity.
To diff'rent ranks adapt their proper robe;
With ample pall let monarchs sweep the globe;
In garb succinct and coarse, array the swain,
In light and silken veils, the virgin train.
Where in black shade the deeper hollow lies,
Assisting art some midway fold supplies,
That gently meets the light, and gently spreads,
To break the hardness of opposing shades.
Each nobler symbol classic sages use
To mark a virtue, or adorn a Muse,
Ensigns of war, of peace, or rites divine,
These in thy work with dignity may shine:
But sparingly thy earth-born stores unfold,
Nor load with gems, nor lace with tawdry gold;
Rare things alone are dear in custom's eye,
They lose their value as they multiply.
Of absent forms the features to define,
Prepare a model to direct thy line;
Each garb, each custom, with precision trace,
Unite in strict decorum time with place;
And emulous alone of genuine fame,
Be grace, be majesty thy constant aim,
That majesty, that grace, so rarely given
To mortal man, not taught by art but Heav'n.
In all to shew propriety attend,
Nor sink the clouds, nor bid the waves ascend;
Lift not the mansions drear of Hell or Night
Above the thunderer's lofty arch of light;

Nor build the column on an osier base,
But let each object know its native place.
Thy last, thy noblest task remains untold,
Passion to paint, and sentiment unfold;
Yet how these motions of the mind display!
Can colours catch them, or can lines portray?
Who shall our pigmy pencils arm with might
To seize the soul and force her into sight?
Jove, Jove alone; his highly-favour'd few
Alone can call such miracles to view.
But this to rhet'ric and the schools I leave,
Content from ancient lore one rule to give,
"By tedious toil no passions are exprest, [best."
His hand who feels them strongest paints them
Yet shall the Muse with all her force proscribe
Of base and barbarous forms that Gothic tribe
Which sprang to birth, what time, thro' lust of sway,
Imperial Latium bad the world obey:
Fierce from the north the headlong demons flew,
The wreaths of science wither'd at their view,
Plagues were their harbingers, and War accurst,
And Luxury, of every fiend the worst;
Then did each Muse behold her triumphs fade,
Then pensive Painting droop'd the languish'd head;
And sorrowing Sculpture, while the ruthless flame
Involv'd each trophy of her sister's fame,
Fled to sepulchral cells her own to save,
And lurk'd a patient inmate of the grave.
Meanwhile beneath the frown of angry Heav'n,
Unworthy ev'ry boon its smile had given,
Involv'd in errour's cloud, and scorn'd of light,
The guilty empire sunk. Then horrid night,
And dulness drear their murky vigils kept,
In savage gloom the impious ages slept,
Till Genius, starting from his rugged bed,
Full late awoke the ceaseless tear to shed
For perish'd art; for those celestial hues,
Which Zeuxis, aided by the Attic Muse,

Sed modicè expressos cum lumine servet & umbris:
Quæque intermissis passim sunt dissita vanis,
Copulet, inductis subtèrve, supèrve lacernis.
Et membra, ut magnis, paucisque expressa lacertis,
Majestate aliis præstant, forma, atque decore:
Haud secus in pannis, quos supra optavimus amplos,
Perpaucos sinuum flexus, rugasque, striasque,
Membra super, versu faciles, inducere præstat.
Naturæque rei proprius sit pannus, abundans
Patriciis; succinctus erit, crassusque bubulcis,
Mancipiisque; levis teneris, gracilisque puellis.
Inque cavis maculisque umbrarum aliquando tumescet,
Lumen ut excipiens, operis quà massa requirit,
Latius extendat, sublatisque aggreget umbris.
Nobilia arma juvant virtutum ornantque figuras,
Qualia Musarum, belli, cultusque deorum.
Nec sit opus nimiùm gemmis auroque refertum;
Rara etenim magno in pretio, sed plurima vili.
Quæ deinde ex vero nequeant præsente videri,
Prototypum prius illorum formare juvabit.
Conveniat locus, atque habitus; ritusque decusque
Servetur: sit nobilitas, charitumque venustas,
(Rarum homini munus, cœlo, non arte petendum.)
Naturæ sit ubique tenor, ratioque sequenda.
Non vicina pedum tabulata excelsa tonantis
Astra domus depicta gerent, nubesque, notosque;
Nec mare depressum laquearia summa, vel oreum;

Marmoreamque ferat cannis vaga pergula molem:
Congrua sed propriâ semper statione locentur.
Hæc præter, motus animorum, & corde repostos
Exprimere affectus, paucisque coloribus ipsam
Pingere posse animam, atque oculis præbere videndam, [amavit
"Hoc opus, hic labor est. Pauci, quos æquus
Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,
Dis similes potuere" manu miracula tanta.
Hos ego rhetoribus tractandos desero; tantùm
Egregii antiquum memorabo sophisma magistri,
"Verius affectus animi vigor exprimit ardens,
"Solliciti nimiùm quam sedula cura laboris.
Denique nil sapiat Gothorum barbara trito
Ornamenta modo, sæclorum & monstra malorum:
Queis ubi bella, famem, & pestem, discordia, luxus,
Et Romanorum res grandior intulit orbi,
Ingenuæ periere artes, periere superbæ
Artificum moles; sua tunc miracula vidit
Ignibus absumi pictura, latere coacta
Fornicibus, sortem & reliquam confidere cryptis.
Marmoribusque diu sculptura jacere sepultis.
Imperium interea, scelerum gravitate fatiscens,
Horrida nox totum invasit, donoque superni
Luminis indignum, errorum caligine mersit,
Impiaque ignaris damnavit sæcla tenebris.
Unde coloratum Graiis huc usque magistris [que
Nil superest tantorum hominum, quod mente modo-

Gave to the wond'ring eye: she bad his name,
With thine, Apelles! gild the lists of fame,
With thine to colouring's brightest glories soar,
The gods applaud him, and the world adore.
Alas! how lost those magic mixtures all!
No hues of his now animate the wall;
How then shall modern art those hues apply,
How give design its finish'd dignity?
Return, fair Colouring! all thy lures prepare,
Each safe deception, every honest snare,
Which brings new lovers to thy sister's train,
Skilful at once to charm, and to retain;
Come, faithful siren! chaste seducer! say,
What laws control thee, and what powers obey.
Know, first, that light displays and shade destroys
Refulgent nature's variegated dyes.
Thus bodies near the light distinctly shine
With rays direct, and as it fades decline.
Thus to the eye oppos'd with stronger light
They meet its orb, for distance dims the sight.
Learn hence to paint the parts that meet the view
In spheric forms, of bright, and equal hue;
While, from the light receding or the eye,
The sinking outlines take a fainter dye.
Lost and confus'd progressively they fade,
Not fall precipitate from light to shade.
This nature dictates, and this taste pursues,
Studious in gradual gloom her lights to lose,
The various whole with soft'ning tints to fill
As if one single head employ'd her skill.
Thus if bold fancy plan some proud design,
Where many various groups divide or join,
(Tho' sure from more than three confusion springs)
One globe of light and shade o'er all she flings;
Yet skill'd the separate masses to dispose,
Where'er, in front, the fuller radiance glows,
Behind, a calm reposing gloom she spreads,
Relieving shades with light, and light with shades.

And as the centre of some convex glass
Draws to a point the congregated mass
Of dazzling rays, that, more than nature bright,
Reflect each image in an orb of light,
While from that point the scatter'd beams retire,
Sink to the verge and there in shade expire;
So strongly near, so softly distant throw
On all thy rounded groups the circling glow.
As is the sculptor's, such the painter's aim,
Their labour different, but their end the same;
What from the marble the rude chissel breaks,
The softer pencil from the canvas takes,
And, skill'd remoter distances to keep,
Surrounds the outline pale in shadows deep:
While on the front the sparkling lustre plays,
And meets the eye in full meridian blaze.
True colouring thus in plastic power excells,
Fair to the visual point her forms she swells,
And lifts them from their flat aëral ground
Warm as the life, and as the statue round.
In silver clouds in ether's blue domain,
Or the clear mirror of the watry plain,
If chance some solid substance claim a place,
Firm and opaque amid the lucid space,
Rough let it swell and boldly meet the sight,
Mark'd with peculiar strength of shade and light;
There blend each earthy tint of heaviest sort,
At once to give consistence and support,
While the bright wave, soft cloud, or azure sky,
Light and pellucid from that substance fly.
Permit not two conspicuous lights to shine
With rival radiance in the same design;
But yield to one alone the power to blaze
And spread th' extensive vigour of its rays,
There where the noblest figures are display'd;
Thence gild the distant parts and lessening fade:
As fade the beams which Phœbus from the east
Flings vivid forth to light the distant west,

Nostrates juvet artifices, doceatque laborem;
Nec qui chromaticês nobis, hoc tempore, partes
Restituat, quales Zeuxis tractaverat olim,
Hujus quando magâ velut arte æquavit Apellem
Pictorum archigraphum, meruitque coloribus altam
Nominis æterni famam, toto orbe sonantem.
Hæc quidem ut in tabulis fallax, sed grata venustas,
Et complementum graphidos, mirabile visu,
Pulchra vocabatur, sed subdola, lena sororis:
Non tamen hoc lenocinium, fucusque, dolusque
Dedecori fuit unquam; illi sed semper honori,
Laudibus & meritis; hanc ergo nosse juvabit.
Lux varium, vivumque dabit, nullum umbra, colorem.
Quo magis adversum est corpus, lucique propinquum,
Clarius est lumen; nam debilitatur eundo.
Quo magis est corpus directum, oculisque propinquum,
Conspicitur melius; nam visus hebescit eundo.
Ergo in corporibus, quæ visa adversa, rotundis,
Integra sunt, extrema abscedant perdita signis
Confusis, non præcipiti labentur in umbram
Clara gradu, nec adumbrata in clara alta repentè
Prorumpant; sed erit sensim hinc atque inde meatus
Lucis & umbrarum; capitisque unius ad instar,
Totum opus, ex multis quamquam sit partibus, unus
Luminis umbrarumque globus tantummodo fiet,
Sive duas, vel tres ad summum, ubi grandius esset

Divisum pegma in partes statione remotas.
Sintque ita discreti inter se, ratione colorum,
Luminis, umbrarumque, antrorsum ut corpora clara
Obscura umbrarum requies spectanda relinquat;
Claroque exiliant umbrata atque aspera campo.
Ac veluti in speculis convexis, eminet ante
Asperior reipsâ vigor, & vis aucta colorum
Partibus adversis; magis & fuga rupta retrorsum
Illorum est (ut visa minùs vergentibus oris)
Corporibus dabimus formas hoc more rotundas.
Mente modoque igitur plastes, & pictore, eodem
Dispositum tractabit opus; quæ sculptor in orbem
Atterit, hæc rupto procul abscedente colore
Assequitur pictor, fugientiaque illa retrorsum
Jam signata minùs confusa coloribus aufert:
Anteriora quidem directè adversa, colore
Integra vivaci, summo cum lumine & umbra
Antrorsum distincta refert, velut aspera visu;
Sicque super planum inducit leucoma colores,
Hos velut ex ipsâ naturâ immotus eodem
Intuitu circum statuas daret inde rotundas.
Densa figurarum solidis quæ corpora formis
Subdita sunt tactu, non translucent; sed opaca
In translucendi spatio ut super aëra, nubes,
Limpida stagna undarum, & inania cætera debent
Asperiora illis prope circumstantibus esse;
Ut distincta magis firmo cum lumine & umbra,
Et gravioribus ut sustenta coloribus, inter

Gradual those vivid beams forget to shine,
So gradual let thy pictur'd lights decline.
The sculptur'd forms which some proud circus
In Parian marble or Corinthian brass, [grace,
Illumin'd thus, give to the gazing eye,
Th' expressive head in radiant majesty,
While to each lower limb the fainter ray
Lends only light to mark, but not display:
So let thy pencil fling its beams around,
Nor e'er with darker shades their force confound,
For shades too dark dissever'd shapes will give,
And sink the parts their softness would relieve;
Then only well reliev'd, when like a veil
Round the full lights the wand'ring shadows steal;
Then only justly spread, when to the sight
A breadth of shade pursues a breadth of light.
This charm to give, great Titian wisely made
The cluster'd grapes his rule of light and shade.
White, when it shines with unstain'd lustre clear,
May bear an object back or bring it near;
Aided by black, it to the front aspires,
That aid withdrawn, it distantly retires;
But black unmixt, of darkest midnight hue,
Still calls each object nearer to the view.
Whate'er we spy thro' color'd light or air,
A stain congenial on their surface bear,
While neighb'ring forms by joint reflection give,
And mutual take, the dyes that they receive.
But where on both alike one equal light
Diffusive spreads, the blending tints unite.
For breaking colours thus (the ancient phrase
By artists us'd) fair Venice claims our praise;
She, cautious to transgress so sage a rule,
Confin'd to sober'st tints her learned school,
For tho' she lov'd by varied mode to join
Tumultuous crowds in one immense design,
Yet there we ne'er condemn such hostile hues
As cut the parts or glaringly confuse;
In tinsel trim no foppish form is drest,
Still flows in graceful unity the vest,
And o'er that vest a kindred mantle spreads,
Unvaried but by power of lights and shades,
Which mildly mixing, ev'ry social dye
Unites the whole in loveliest harmony.
When small the space, or pure the ambient air,
Each form is seen in bright precision clear;
But if thick clouds that purity deface,
If far extend that intervening space,
There all confus'd the objects faintly rise,
As if prepar'd to vanish from our eyes.
Give then each foremost part a touch so bright,
That, o'er the rest, its domineering light
May much prevail; yet, relative in all,
Let greater parts advance before the small.
Minuter forms, when distantly we trace,
Are mingled all in one compacted mass;
Such the light leaves that clothe remoter woods,
And such the waves on wide extended floods.
Let each contiguous part be firm allied,
Nor labour less the separate to divide;
Yet so divide that to th' approving eye
They both at small and pleasing distance lie.
Forbid two hostile colours close to meet,
And win with middle tints their union sweet,
Yet varying all thy tones, let some aspire
Fiercely in front, some tenderly retire.
Vain is the hope by colouring to display
The bright effulgence of the noontide ray,
Or paint the full-orb'd ruler of the skies
With pencils dipt in dull terrestrial dyes;
But when mild evening sheds her golden light;
When morn appears array'd in modest white;
When soft suffusion of the vernal shower
Dims the pale Sun; or, at the thund'ring hour,
When, wrapt in crimson clouds, he hides his head,
Then catch the glow and on the canvas spread.

Aërias species subsistant semper opaca:
Sed contra, procul abscedant perlucida, densis
Corporibus leviora; uti nubes, aër, & undæ.
Non poterunt diversa locis duo lumina eâdem
In tabulâ paria admitti, aut æqualia pingi:
Majus at in mediam lumen cadet usque tabellam
Latius infusum, primis qua summa figuris
Res agitur, circumque oras minuetur eundo:
Utque in progressu jubar attenuatur ab ortu
Solis, ad occasum paulatim, & cessat eundo;
Sic tabulis lumen, tota in compage colorum,
Primo à fonte, minus sensim declinat eundo.
Majus ut in statuis, per compita stantibus urbis,
Lumen habent partes superæ, minus inferiores;
Idem erit in tabulis; majorque nec umbra, vel ater
Membra figurarum intrabit color, atque seeabit:
Corpora sed circum umbra cavis latitabit oberrans;
Atquè ita quæretur lux opportuna figuris,
Ut late infusum lumen lata umbra sequatur.
Unde, nec immeritò, fertur Titianus ubique
Lucis & umbrarum normam appellâsse racemum.
Purum album esse potest propiusque magisque remotum:
Cum nigro antevenit propiùs; fugit absque, remotum;
Purum autem nigrum antrorsum venit usque propinquum.
Lux fucata suo tingit miscetque colore
Corpora, sicque suo, per quem lux funditur, aëre.

Corpora juncta simul, circumfusosque colores
Excipiunt, propriumque aliis radiosa reflectunt.
Pluribus in solidis liquidâ sub luce propinquis,
Participes, mixtosque simul decet esse colores.
Hanc normam Veneti pictores ritè sequuti,
(Quæ fuit antiquis corruptio dicta colorum)
Cùm plures opere in magno posuêre figuras,
Nè conjuncta simul variorum inimica colorum
Congeries formam implicitam, & concisa minutis
Membra daret pannis, totam unamquamque figuram
Affini, aut uno tantùm vestire colore.
Sunt soliti; variando tonis tunicamque, togamque,
Carbaseosque sinus, vel amicum in lumine & umbra
Contiguis circum rebus sociando colorem.
Qua minus est spacii aërei, aut quâ purior aër,
Cuncta magis distincta patent, speciesque reservant:
Quâque magis densus nebulis, aut plurimus aër
Amplum inter fuerit spatium porrectus, in auras
Confundet rerum species, & perdet inanes.
Anteriora magis semper finita, remotis
Incertis dominentur & abscedentibus, idque
More relativo, ut majora minoribus extent.
Cuncta minuta procul massam densantur in unam;
Ut folia arboribus sylvarum, & in æquore fluctus.
Contigua inter se coëant, sed dissita distent,
Distabuntque tamen grato, & discrimine parvo.
Extrema extremis contraria jungere noli;

Bodies of polish'd or transparent tone,
Of metal, chrystal, iv'ry, wood, or stone;
And all whose rough unequal arts are rear'd,
The shaggy fleece, thick fur, or bristly beard;
The liquid too; the sadly melting eye,
The well-comb'd locks that wave with glossy dye;
Plumage and silks; a floating form that take,
Fair nature's mirror the extended lake,
With what immers'd thro' its calm medium shines
By reflex light, or to its surface joins:
These first with thin and even shades portray,
Then, on their flatness, strike th' enlivening ray,
Bright and distinct, and last, with strict review,
Restore to every form its outline true.
By mellowing skill thy ground at distance cast,
Free as the air, and transient as its blast,
There all thy liquid colours sweetly blend,
There all the treasures of thy palette spend,
And ev'ry form retiring to that ground
Of hue congenial to itself compound.
The hand that colours well, must colour bright;
Hope not that praise to gain by sickly white;
But amply heap in front each splendid dye,
Then thin and light withdraw them from the eye,
Mix'd with that simple unity of shade,
As all were from one single palette spread.
Much will the mirror teach, or evening gray,
When o'er some ample space her twilight ray
Obscurely gleams; hence art shall best perceive
On distant parts what fainter hues to give.
Whate'er the form which our first glance commands,
Whether in front or in profile he stands,
Whether he rule the group, or singly reign,
Or shine at distance on some ample plain,
On that high-finish'd form let paint bestow
Her midnight shadow, her meridian glow.
The portrait claims from imitative art
Resemblance close in each minuter part,
And this to give, the ready hand and eye
With playful skill the kindred features ply;
From part to part alternately convey
The harmonizing gloom, the darting ray
With tones so just, in such gradation thrown,
Adopting Nature owns the work her own.
Say, is the piece thy hand prepares to trace
Ordain'd for nearer sight, or narrow space?
Paint it of soft and amicable hue:
But, if predestin'd to remoter view,
Thy stong unequal varied colours blend;
And ample space to ample figures lend
Where to broad lights the circumambient shade
In liquid play by labour just is laid;
Alike with liveliest touch the forms portray,
Where the dim window half excludes the day;
But, when expos'd in fuller light or air,
A brown and sober cast the group may bear.
Fly ev'ry foe to elegance and grace,
Each yawning hollow, each divided space;
Whate'er is trite, minute, abrupt, or dry,
Where light meets shade in flat equality;
Each theme fantastic, filthy, vile, or vain,
That gives the soul disgust, or senses pain;
Monsters of barbarous birth, chimeras drear,
That pall with ugliness, or awe with fear,
And all that chaos of sharp broken parts,
Where reigns confusion, or whence discord starts.
Yet hear me, youths! while zealous ye forsake
Detected faults, this friendly caution take,
Shun all excess; and with true wisdom deem,
That vice alike resides in each extreme.
Know, if supreme perfection be your aim,
If classic praise your pencils hope to claim,
Your noble outlines must be chaste, yet free,
Connected all with studied harmony;
Few in their parts, yet those distinct and great;
Your colouring boldly strong, yet softly sweet.

Sed medio sint usque gradu sociata coloris.
Corporum erit tonus atque color variatus ubique
Quærat amicitiam retro; ferus emicet ante.
Supremum in tabulis lumen captare diei,
Insanus labor artificum; cùm attingere tantum
Non pigmenta queant: auream sed vespere lucem,
Seu modicùm mane albentem; sive ætheris actam
Post hyemem nimbis transfuso sole caducam:
Seu nebulis fultam accipient, tonitruque rubentem.
Lævia quæ lucent, veluti crystalla, metalla,
Ligna, ossa, & lapides; villosa, ut vellera, pelles,
Barbæ, aqueique oculi, crines, holoserica, plumæ;
Et liquida, ut stagnans aqua, reflexæque sub undis
Corporeæ species, & aquis contermina cuncta,
Subter ad extremum liquidè sint picta, superque
Luminibus percussa suis, signisque repostis.
Area, vel campus tabulæ vagus esto, levisque
Abscedat latus, liquidèque bene unctus amicis
Tota ex mole coloribus, unâ sive patellâ;
Quæque cadunt retro in campum, confinia campo.
Vividus esto color, nimio non pallidus albo;
Adversisque locis ingestus plurimus, ardens:
Sed levitèr parcèque datus vergentibus oris.
Cuncta labore simul coëant, velut umbrâ in eâdem.
Tota siet tabula ex unâ depicta patellâ.
Multa ex naturâ speculum præclara docebit;
Quæque procul sero spatiis spectantur in amplis.
Dimidia effigies, quæ sola, vel integra plurus
Ante alias posita ad lucem, stat proxima visu,
Et latis spectanda locis, oculisque remota,
Luminis umbrarumque gradu sit picta supremo.
Partibus in minimis imitatio justa juvabit
Effigiem, alternas referendo tempore eodem
Consimiles partes, eum luminis atque coloris
Compositis, justisque tonis; tunc parta labore
Si facili & vegeto micat ardens, viva videtur.
Visa loco angusto tenerè pingantur, amico
Juncta colore, graduque; procul quæ picta, feroci
Sint & inæquali variata colore, tonoque.
Grandia signa volunt spatia ampla; ferosque colores,
Lumina lata, unctas simul undique copulet umbras
Extremus labor. In tabulas demissa fenestris
Si fuerit lux parva, color clarissimus esto;
Vividus at contra, obscurusque, in lumine aperto.
Quæ vacuis divisa cavis, vatare memento;
Trita, minuta, simul quæ non stipata dehiscunt,
Barbara, cruda oculis, rugis fucata colorum;
Luminis umbrarumque tonis æqualia cuncta;
Fœda, cruenta, cruces, obscœna, ingrata, chimeras,
Sordidaque & misera, & vel acuta, vel aspera tactu;
Quæque dabunt formæ, temerè congesta, ruinam,
Implicitas aliis confundent mixtaque partes.
Dumque fugis vitiosa, cave in contraria labi
Damna mali; vitium extremis nam semper inhæret.
Pulchra gradu summo, graphidos stabilita vetustæ
Nobilibus signis, sunt grandia, dissita, pura,

Know, he that well begins has half achiev'd
His destin'd work. Yet late shall be retriev'd
That time mispent, that labour worse than lost,
The young disciple, to his dearest cost,
Gives to a dull preceptor's tame designs:
His tawdry colours, his erroneous lines
Will to the soul that poison rank convey,
Which life's best length shall fail to purge away.
Yet let not your untutor'd childhood strive
Of Nature's living charms the sketch to give,
Till, skill'd her separate features to design,
You know each muscle's site, and how they join.
These while beneath some master's eye you trace,
Vers'd in the lore of symmetry and grace,
Boldly proceed, his precepts shall impart
Each sweet deception of the pleasing art;
Still more than precept shall his practice teach,
And add what self-reflection ne'er can reach.
Oft when alone the studious hour employ
On what may aid your art, and what destroy:
Diversity of parts is sure to please,
If all the various parts unite with ease;
As surely charms that voluntary style,
Which careless plays and seems to mock at toil:
For labour'd lines with cold exactness tire,
'Tis freedom only gives the force and fire
Ethereal, she, with alchymy divine,
Brightens each touch, ennobles ev'ry line;
Yet pains and practice only can bestow
This facile power of hand, whose liberal flow
With grateful fraud its own exertions veils:
He best employs his art who best conceals.
This to obtain, let taste with judgment join'd
The future whole infix upon thy mind,
Be there each line in truth ideal drawn,
Or e'er a colour on the canvas dawn;
Then as the work proceeds, that work submit
To sight instinctive, not to doubting wit;
The eye each obvious errour swift descries,
Hold then the compass only in the eyes.
Give to the dictates of the learn'd respect,
Nor proudly untaught sentiments reject,
Severe to self alone; for self is blind,
And deems each merit in its offspring join'd:
Such fond delusion time can best remove,
Conceasing for a while the child we love;
By absence then the eye impartial grown
Will, tho' no friend assist, each errour own;
But these subdued, let thy determin'd mind
Veer not with ev'ry critic's veering wind,
Or e'er submit thy genius to the rules
Of prating fops, or self-important fools;
Enough if from the learn'd applause be won:
Who dost on random praises, merit none.
By nature's sympathetic power, we see,
As is the parent, such the progeny:
Ev'n artists, bound by her instinctive law,
In all their works their own resemblance draw:
Learn then "to know thyself," that precept sage
Shall best allay luxuriant fancy's rage,
Shall point how far indulgent genius deigns
To aid her flight, and to what point restrains.
But as the blushing fruits, the breathing flowers,
Adorning Flora's and Pomona's bowers,
When forcing fires command their buds to swell,
Refuse their dulcet taste, their balmy smell;
So labour's vain extortion ne'er achieves
That grace supreme which willing genius gives.
Thus tho' to pains and practice much we owe,
Tho' thence each line obtains its easy flow,
Yet let those pains, that practice, ne'er be join'd,
To blunt the native vigour of the mind.
When shines the morn, when in recruited course
The spirits flow, devote their active force
To every nicer part of thy design,
But pass no idle day without a line:

Tersa, velut minimè confusa, labore ligata,
Partibus ex magnis paucisque efficta, colorum
Corporibus distincta feris, sed semper amicis.
Qui bene cæpit, uti facti jam fortur habere
Dimidium; picturam ita nil sub limine primo
Ingredieus, puer offendit damnosius arti,
Quàm varia errorum genera, ignorante magistro,
Ex pravis libare typis, mentemque veneno
Inficere, in toto quod non abstergitur ævo.
Nec graphidos rudis artis adhuc citò qualiacunque
Corpora viva super studium meditabitur, ante
Illorum quàm symmetriam, intornodia, formam
Noverit, inspectis, docto evolvente magistro,
Archetypis, dulcesque dolos præsenserit artis.
Plusque manu ante oculos quam voce docebitur usus. [repugnant.
Quære artem quæcunque juvant; fuge quæque
Corpora diversæ naturæ juncta placebunt;
Sic ea quæ facili contempta labore videntur:
Ætherens quippe ignis inest & spiritus illis;
Mente diu versata, manu celeranda repenti.
Arsque laborque operis grata sic fraude latebit:
Maxima deinde erit ars, nihil artis inesse videri.
Nec prius inducas tabulæ pigmenta colorum,
Expensi quàm signa typi stabilita niteseant,
Et menti præsens operis sit pegma futuri.
Prævaleat sensus rationi, quæ officit arti
Conspicuæ; inque oculis tantummodo circinus esto.

Utere doctorum monitis, nec sperne superbus
Discere, quæ de te fuerit sententia vulgi:
Est cæcus nam quisque suis in rebus, & expers
Judicii, prolemque suam miratur amatque.
Ast ubi consilium deerit sapientis amici,
Id tempus dabit, atque mora intermissa laboris.
Non facilis tamen ad nutus, & inania vulgi
Dicta, levis mutabis opus, geniumque relinques:
Nam qui parte sua sperat bene posse mereri
Multivaga de plebe, nocet sibi, nec placet ulli.
Cumque opere in proprio soleat se pingere pictor,
(Prolem adeo sibi ferre parem natura suevit)
Proderit imprimis pictori γνῶθι σεαυτὸν,
Ut data quæ genio colat, abstineatque negatis.
Fructibus utque suus nunquam est sapor, atque venustas
Floribus, insueto in fundo, præcoce sub anni
Tempore, quos cultus violentus & ignis adegit:
Sic nunquam, nimio quæ sunt extorta labore,
Et picta invito genio, nunquam illa placebunt.
Vera super meditando, manûs labor improbus adsit;
Nec tamen obtundat genium, mentisque vigorem.
Optima nostrorum pars matutina dierum,
Difficili hanc igitur potiorem impende labori.
Nulla dies abeat, quin linea ducta supersit:
Perque vias, vultus hominum, motusque notabis
Libertate sua proprios, positasque figuras

And wandering oft the crowded streets along,
The native gestures of the passing throng
Attentive mark, for many a casual-grace,
Th' expressive lines of each impassion'd face
That bears its joys or sorrows undisguis'd,
May by observant taste be there surpris'd,
Thus, true to art, and zealous to excel,
Ponder on nature's powers, and weigh them well;
Explore thro' earth and Heaven, thro' sea and skies,
The accidental graces as they rise;
And while each present form the fancy warms,
Swift on thy tablets fix its fleeting charms.

To temperance all our liveliest powers we owe,
She bids the judgment wake, the fancy flow;
For her the artist shuns the fuming feast,
The midnight roar, the Bacchanalian guest,
And seeks those softer opiates of the soul,
The social circle, the diluted bowl;
Crown'd with the freedom of a single life,
He flies domestic din, litigious strife;
Abhors the noisy haunts of bustling trade,
And steals serene to solitude and shade;
There calmly seated in his village bower,
He gives to noblest themes the studious hour,
While genius, practice, contemplation join
To warm his soul with energy divine:
For paltry gold let pining misers sigh,
His soul invokes a nobler deity;
Smit with the glorious avarice of fame,
He claims no less than an immortal name:
Hence on his fancy just conception shines,
True judgment guides his hand, true taste refines;
Hence ceaseless toil, devotion to his art,
A docile temper, and a generous heart;
Docile, his sage preceptor to obey,
Generous, his aid with gratitude to pay,
Blest with the bloom of youth, the nerves of health,
And competence, a better boon than wealth.

Great blessings these! yet will not these empower
His tints to charm at every labouring hour:
All have their brilliant moments, when alone
They paint as if some star propitious shone.
Yet then, ev'n then the hand but ill conveys
The bolder grace that in the fancy plays:
Hence, candid critics, this sad truth confest,
Accept what least is bad, and deem it best;
Lament the soul in errour's thraldom held,
Compare life's span with art's extensive field,
Know that, ere perfect taste matures the mind,
Or perfect practice to that taste be join'd,
Comes age, comes sickness, comes contracting pain,
And chills the warmth of youth in every vein.

Rise then, ye youths! while yet that warmth inspires,
While yet nor years impair, nor labour tires,
While health, while strength are yours, while that mild ray,
Which shone auspicious on your natal day,
Conducts you to Minerva's peaceful qure,
Sons of her choice, and sharers of her fire,
Rise at the call of art: expand your breast,
Capacious to receive the mighty guest,
While, free from prejudice, your active eye
Preserves its first unsullied purity;
While, new to beauty's charms, your eager soul
Drinks copious draughts of the delicious whole,
And memory on her soft, yet lasting page, [age.
Stamps the fresh image which shall charm thro'

When duly taught each geometric rule,
Approach with awful step the Grecian school,
The sculptur'd reliques of her skill survey,
Muse on by night, and imitate by day;
No rest, no pause, till, all her graces known,
A happy boldness makes each grace your own.

As years advance, to modern masters come,
Gaze on their glories in majestic Rome;

Ex sese faciles, ut inobservatus, habebis.
Mox quodcumque mari, terris, & in aëre pulchrum
Contigerit, chartis propera mandare paratis,
Dum præsens animo species tibi fervet hianti.
Non epulis nimis indulget pictura, meroque
Parcit: amicorum nisi cum sermone benigno
Exhaustam reparet mentem recreata; sed inde
Litibus, & curis, in cœlibe libera vita,
Secessus procul à turba, strepituque remotos,
Villarum, rurisque beata silentia quærit:
Namque recollecto, totâ incumbente Minervâ,
Ingenio, rerum species præsentior extat; [nem.
Commodiusque operis compagem amplectitur om-
Infami tibi non potior sit avara peculi
Cura, aurique fames, modicâ quam sorte beato,
Nominis æterni, & laudis pruritus habendæ,
Condignæ pulchrorum operum mercedis in ævum.
Judicium, docile ingenium, cor nobile, sensus
Sublimes, firmum corpus, florensque juventa,
Commoda res, labor, artis amor, doctusque magister;
Et quamcumque voles occasio porrigat ansam,
Ni genius quidam adfuerit, sydusque benignum,
Dotibus his tantis, nec adhuc ars tanta paratur.
Distat ab ingenio longè manus. Optima doctis
Censentur, quæ prava minus; latet omnibus error;
Vitaque tam longæ brevior non sufficit arti.
Desinimus nam posse senes, cùm scire periti
Incipimus, doctamque manum gravat ægra senectus;

Nec gelidis fervet juvenilis in artubus ardor.
Quare agite, O juvenes, placido quos sydere natos
Paciferæ studia allectant tranquilla Minervæ:
Quosque suo fovet igne, sibique optavit alumnos!
Eja agite, atque animis ingentem ingentibus artem
Exercete alacres, dum strenua corda juventus
Viribus exstimulat vegetis, patiensque laborum est;
Dum vacua errorum, nulloque imbuta sapore
Pura nitet mens, & rerum sitibunda novarum,
Præsentes haurit species, atque humida servat!
In geometrali prius arte parumper adulti
Signa antiqua super Graiorum addiscite formam;
Nec mora, nec requies, noctuque diuque labori,
Illorum menti atque modo, vos donec agendi
Praxis ab assiduo faciles assueverit usu.
Mox, ubi judicium emensis adoleverit annis,
Singula, quæ celebrant primæ exemplaria classis
Romani, Veneti, Parmenses, atque Bononi,
Partibus in cunctis pedetentim, atque ordine recto,
Ut monitum suprà est, vos expendisse juvabit.
Hos apud invenit Raphael miracula summo
Ducta modo, Veneresque habuit quas nemo deinceps.
Quidquid erat formæ scivit Bonarota potenter.
Julius à puero Musarum eductus in antris,
Aonias reseravit opes, graphicâque poesi,
Quæ non visa prius, sed tantùm audita poetis,
Ante oculos spectanda dedit sacraria Phœbi;

Admire the proud productions of their skill
Which Venice, Parma, and Bologna fill;
And rightly led by our preceptive lore,
Their style, their colouring, part by part, explore.
See Raphael there his forms celestial trace,
Unrivall'd sovereign of the realms of grace.
See Angelo, with energy divine,
Seize on the summit of correct design.
Learn how, at Julio's birth the Muses smil'd,
And in their mystic caverns nurs'd the child,
How, by th' Aonian powers their smile bestow'd,
His pencil with poetic fervour glow'd;
When faintly verse Apollo's charms convey'd,
He op'd the shrine, and all the god display'd:
His triumphs more than mortal pomp adorns,
With more than mortal rage his battle burns,
His heroes, happy heirs of fav'ring fame,
More from his art than from their actions claim.
Bright, beyond all the rest, Correggio flings
His ample lights, and round them gently brings
The mingling shade. In all his works we view
Grandeur of style, and chastity of hue.
Yet higher still great Titian dar'd to soar,
He reach'd the loftiest heights of colouring's power;
His friendly tints in happiest mixture flow,
His shades and lights their just gradations know,
He knew those dear delusions of the art,
That round, relieve, inspirit ev'ry part:
Hence deem'd divine, the world his merit own'd,
With riches loaded, and with honours crown'd.
From all their charms combin'd, with happy toil,
Did Annibal compose his wond'rous style:
O'er the fair fraud so close a veil is thrown,
That every borrow'd grace becomes his own.
If thou to praise like theirs your souls aspire,
Catch from their works a portion of their fire;
Revolve their labours all, for all will teach,
Their finish'd picture, and their slightest sketch.
Yet more than these to meditation's eyes
Great Nature's self redundantly supplies:
Her presence, best of models! is the source
Whence genius draws augmented power and force;
Her precepts, best of teachers! give the powers,
Whence art, by practice, to perfection soars.
These useful rules from time and chance to save,
In Latian strains the studious Fresnoy gave;

Quæque coronatis complevit bella triumphis
Heroum fortuna potens, casusque decoros,
Nobilius re ipsâ antiqua pinxisse videtur.
Clarior ante alios Corregius extitit, ampla
Luce superfusa, circum coëuntibus umbris,
Pingendique modo grandi, & tractando colore
Corpora. Amicitiamque, gradusque, dolosque colorum,
Compagemque ita disposuit Titianus, ut inde
Divus sit dictus, magnis et honoribus auctus,
Fortunæque bonis: quos sedulus Hannibal omnes
In propriam mentem, atque modum mirâ arte coëgit.
Plurimus inde labor tabulas imitando juvabit
Egregias, operumque typos; sed plura docebit
Natura ante oculos præsens; nam firmat & auget
Vim genii, ex illâque artem experientia complet.
Multa supersileo quæ *commentaria* dicent.
Hæc ego, dum memoror subitura volubilis ævi
Cuncta vices, variisque olim peritura ruinis,
On Tiber's peaceful banks the poet lay,
What time the pride of Bourbon urg'd his way,
Thro' hostile camps, and crimson fields of slain,
To vindicate his race and vanquish Spain;
High on the Alps he took his warrior stand,
And thence, in ardent volley from his hand
His thunder darted; (so the flatterer sings
In strains best suited to the ear of kings)
And like Alcides, with vindictive tread,
Crush'd the Hispanian lion's gasping head.
But mark the Proteus-policy of state:
Now, while his courtly numbers I translate,
The foes are friends, in social league they dare
On Britain to "let slip the dogs of war."
Vain efforts all, which in disgrace shall end,
If Britain, truly to herself a friend,
Thro' all her realms bids civil discord cease,
And heals her empire's wounds by arts of peace.
Rouse, then, fair Freedom! fan that holy flame
From whence thy sons their dearest blessings claim;
Still bid them feel that scorn of lawless sway,
Which interest cannot blind, nor power dismay:
So shall the throne, thou gav'st, the Brunswick line,
Long by that race adorn'd, thy dread palladium shine.

Pauca sophismata sum graphica immortalibus ausus
Credere pieriis, Romæ meditatus: ad Alpes,
Dum super insanas moles, inimicaque castra
Borbonidum decus & vindex Lodoicus avorum,
Fulminat ardenti dextrâ, patriæque resurgens
Gallicus Alcides premit Hispani ora leonis.

AN

HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNIGHT,

COMPTROLLER GENERAL OF *HIS* MAJESTY'S WORKS, AND AUTHOR OF A LATE DISSERTATION ON ORIENTAL GARDENING.—ENRICHED WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES, CHIEFLY EXTRACTED FROM THAT ELABORATE PERFORMANCE.

Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ.
Virgil.

PREFACE.

THIS poem was written last summer, immediately after the publication of sir William Chambers's Dissertation; but the bookseller, to whom it was offered, declined publishing it, till the town was full.—His reason for this is obvious; yet it would hardly have weighed with the author, had he not thought, that his hero's fame would increase in proportion to his publisher's profit. However he foresaw, that, by this delay, one inconvenience might arise, which this preface is written to remove.

Readers of the present generation are so very inattentive to what they read, that it is probable,

one half of sir William's may have forgotten the principles which this book inculcates. Let these, then, be reminded, that it is the author's profest aim in extolling the taste of the Chinese, to condemn that mean and paltry manner which Kent introduced, which Southcote, Hamilton, and Brown followed, and which, to our national disgrace, is called *the English* style of gardening. He shows the poverty of this taste, by aptly comparing it to a dinner, which consisted of three gross pieces, three times repeated; and proves to a demonstration, that Nature herself is incapable of pleasing, without the assistance of art, and that too of the most luxuriant kind. In short, such art as is displayed in the emperor's garden of Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin; where fine lizards, and fine women, human giants, and giant baboons, make but a small part of the superb scenery. He teaches us, that a perfect garden must contain within itself all the amusements of a great city; that urbs in rure, not rus in urbe, is the thing, which an improver of true taste ought to aim at. He says—but it is impossible to abridge all that he says:—let this therefore suffice, to tempt the reader again to peruse his invaluable Dissertation, since, without it, he will never relish half the beauties of the following Epistle; for (if her majesty's zebra, and the powder mills at Hounslow be excepted) there is scarce a single image in it, which is not taken from that work.

But though the images be borrowed, the author claims some small merit from his application of them. Sir William says too modestly, "that European artists must not hope to rival oriental splendour." The poet shows, that European artists may easily rival it; and, that Richmond gardens, with only the addition of a new bridge to join them to Brentford, may be new modelled, perfectly à la Chinois. He exhorts his knight to undertake the glorious task, and leaves no cause to doubt, but that, under the auspicious patronage he now so justly enjoys, added to the ready vote of those who furnish ways and means, the royal work will speedily be completed.

Knightsbridge. January 20th, 1773.

AN

HEROIC EPISTLE [1].

KNIGHT of the polar star! by fortune plac'd,
To shine the Cynosure of British taste [2];
Whose orb collects in one refulgent view
The scatter'd glories of Chinese virtù;
And spread their lustre in so broad a blaze,
That kings themselves are dazzled while they gaze.
O let the Muse attend thy march sublime,
And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme;
Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song,
With scenes of Yven-Ming, and sayings of Li-Tsong [3];
Like thee to scorn dame Nature's simple fence;
Leap each ha-ha of truth and common sense;
And proudly rising in her bold career,
Demand attention from *the gracious* ear
Of him, whom we and all the world admit,
Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.
Does envy doubt? Witness ye chosen train,
Who breathe the sweets of *his* Saturnian reign;
Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Sheabbeares,
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.
Let David Hume, from the remotest north,
In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth;
David, who there supinely deigns to lye
The fattest hog of Epicurus' sty;
Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
David shall bless Old England's halcyon days;
The mighty Home, bemir'd in prose so long,
Again shall stalk upon the stilts of *song*:
While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in ghosts to deal,
Bids candid Smollett from his coffin steal;
Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,
Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,
And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
To come from Hell, and warble Truth at Court [4].
There was a time, "in Esher's peaceful grove,
"When Kent and Nature vy'd for Pelham's love [5],"

[1] This poem was first published in May 1773.

[2] Cynosure, an affected phrase. "Cynosura is the constellation of Ursa Minor, or the Lesser Bear, the next *star to the pole*." Dr. Newton, on the word in Milton.

[3] "Many trees, shrubs and flowers," sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, "thrive best in low, moist situations; many on hills and mountains; some require a rich soil; but others will grow on clay, in sand, or even upon rocks, and in the water: to some a sunny exposition is necessary; but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but in general, shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations; knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants; and consequently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diss. p. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth, as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

[4] Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned, received a considerable pension in the time of lord Bute's administration.

[5] This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile are entirely borrowed from sir William's Dissertation. "Nature" (says the Chinese, or sir William for them) "affords us but few materials to work with. Plants, grounds and water, are her only productions; and though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of changes rung upon bells, which, though in reality different, still produce the

That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,
And own'd that beauty blest their mutual toil.
Mistaken bard! could such a pair design
Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line?
Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
Felt, as we feel, taste's oriental ray,
Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,
Call'd Kent a driveller, and the nymph a drab.
For what is Nature? Ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;
Prolong the peal, yet, spite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is still ground, plants and water.
So, when some John his dull invention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's;
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.
Come then, prolific Art, and with thee bring
The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring;
To Richmond come, for see, untutor'd Browne
Destroys those wonders which were once thy own.
Lo, from his melon ground the peasant slave
Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's cave;
Knock'd down the waxen wizzard, seiz'd his wand,
Transform'd to lawn what late was fairy land;
And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design
Of Stephen Duck, and good queen Caroline.
Haste, bid yon livelong terras re-ascend,
Replace each vista, straighten every bend;
Shut out the Thames; shall that ignoble thing
Approach the presence of great Ocean's king?
No! let barbaric glories feast his eyes [6],
August pagodas round his palace rise,
And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
"A work to wonder at, perhaps a Kew."
Nor—yet we here, but, at our magic call,
Monkies shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl [7];
Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,
Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love;
In some fair island will we turn to grass
(With the queen's leave) her elephant and ass.
Giants from Africa shall guard the glades, [maids;
Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar
Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring
Damsels, alike adroit to sport and sting.
Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight,
Join we the groves of horrour and affright;
This to achieve no foreign aids we try,
Thy gibbets, Bagshot! shall our wants supply [8];
Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terrour fills,
Shall with her gibbets lend her powder mills.
Here too, O king of vengeance, in thy fane [9],
Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain [10];
And round that fane on many a Tyburn tree,
Hang fragments dire of Newgate-history;
On this shall Holland's dying speech be read,
Here Bute's confession, and his wooden head;
While all the minor plunderers of the age
(Too numerous far for this contracted page)
The Bigbys, Calcrafts, Dysons, Bradshaws there,
In straw stuft effigy, shall kick the air.
But say, ye powers, who come when fancy calls,
Where shall our mimic London rear her walls [11]?

same uniform kind of gingling; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived." "Art must therefore supply the scantiness of Nature," &c. &c. page 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, like the honest bachelor's feast, which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; three legs of mutton and turnips, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple-pies." Preface, page 7.

[6] So Milton.

Where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

[7] "In their lofty woods serpents and lizards, of many beautiful sorts, crawl upon the ground. Innumerable monkies, cats, and parrots clamber upon the trees." Page 40. "In their lakes are many islands, some small, some large, amongst which are often seen stalking along, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, ostrich, and the giant-baboon." Page 66. "They keep in their enchanted scenes, a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles and animals, which are tamed by art, and guarded by enormous dogs of Tibet, and African giants, in the habits of magicians." Page 42. "Sometimes in this romantic excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbours of jessamine, vine, and roses; where beauteous Tartarean damsels, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich wines, &c. and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement, on Persian carpets, and beds of Camusakin down." Page 40.

[8] "Their scenes of terrour are composed of gloomy woods, &c. gibbets, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest mountains, foundries, lime-kilns, and glass-works, which send forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of volcanos." Page 37. "Here the passenger from time to time is surprised with repeated shocks of electrical impulse; the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air," &c. Page 39. Now to produce both these effects, viz. the appearance of volcanos and earthquakes, we have here substituted the occasional explosion of a powder mill, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of lime-kilns and electrical machines, and imitate thunder and the explosion of cannon into the bargain. Vide page 40.

[9] "In the most dismal recesses of the woods, are temples dedicated to the king of vengeance, near which are placed pillars of stone, with pathetic descriptions of tragical events; and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by outlaws and robbers." Page 37.

[10] This was written while Mr. Wilkes was sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as lord mayor.

[11] "There is likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin, a fortified town, with its ports, streets, public squares, temples, markets, shops, and tribunals of justice; in short, with every thing that is at Pekin, only on a smaller scale.

"In this town the emperors of China, who are too much the slaves of their greatness to appear in public, and their women, who are excluded from it by custom, are frequently diverted with the hurry and bustle of the capital, which is there represented,

That eastern feature, art must next produce,
Tho' not for present yet for future use,
Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould:
Who of three realms shall condescend to know
No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow;
For him that blessing of a better time,
The Muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime;
Surpass the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in design,
And o'er the Thames fling one stupendous line
Of marble arches, in a bridge, that outs [12]
From Richmond Ferry slant to Brentford Butts.
Brentford with London's charms will we adorn;
Brentford, the bishopric of parson Horne.
There at one glance, the royal eye shall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James's street;
Stout Talbot there shall ply with hackney chair [13]
And patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there [14].
Like distant thunder, now the coach of state
Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its weight.
The court hath crost the stream; the sports begin;
Now Noel preaches of rebellion's sin:
And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,
Lo, brazen tears fall from sir Fletcher's eyes [15].
While skulking round the pews, that babe of grace,
Who ne'er before at sermon show'd his face,
See Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop! stop thief [16]!
He's stol'n the earl of Denbigh's handkerchief.
Let Barrington arrest him in mock fury [17],
And Mansfield hang the knave without a jury [18].
But hark, the voice of battle shouts from far [19],
The Jews and maccaronis are at war:
The Jews prevail, and, thund'ring from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox [20].
Fair Schwellenbergen smiles the sport to see,
And all the maids of honour cry Te! He [21]!
Be these the rural pastimes that attend
Great Brunswick's leisure: these shall best unbend
His royal mind, whene'er from state withdrawn,
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;
These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
Tho' Europe's balance trembles on its beam.
And thou, sir William! while thy plastic hand
Creates each wonder, which thy bard has plann'd,
While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise
Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprise,
O! let that bard his knight's protection claim,
And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

several times in the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

[12] Sir William's enormous account of Chinese bridges, too long to be here inserted. Vide page 53.

[13] "Some of these eunuchs personate porters." Page 32.

[14] "Fruits and all sorts of refreshments are cried about the streets in this mock city." The name of a woman who kept a fruit-shop in St. James's street.

[15] "Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek." Milton.

[16] "Neither are thieves, pick-pockets, and sharpers forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a good number of the most dextrous eunuchs." Vide, ibid.

[17] "The watch seizes on the culprit." Vide, ibid.

[18] "He is conveyed before the judge, and sometimes severely bastinadoed." Ibid.

[19] "Quarrels happen—battles ensue." Ibid.

[20] "Every liberty is permitted, there is no distinction of persons." Ibid.

[21] "This is done to divert his imperial majesty, and the ladies of his train." Vide, ibid.

AN

HEROIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

THE PUBLIC,

OCCASIONED BY THEIR FAVOURABLE RECEPTION OF A LATE HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNIGHT, &c.

Sicelides Musæ, paullo majora canamus.
Virgil.

[*Published in* 1774.]

I THAT of late, sir William's bard, and squire [1],
March'd with his helm and buckler on my lyre,
(What time the knight prick'd forth in ill-starr'd haste,
Comptroller-general of the works of taste [2],)
Now to the public tune my grateful lays,
Warm'd with the sun-shine of the public praise;
Warm'd too with mem'ry of that golden time,
When Almon gave me reason for my rhyme;
—— glittering orbs, and what endear'd them more,
Each glittering orb the sacred features bore
Of George the good, the gracious and the great,
Unfil'd, unsweated, all of sterling weight;
Or, were they not, they pass'd with current ease,
Good seemings then were good realities:
No senate had convey'd, by smuggling art,
Pow'r to the mob to play Cadogan's part [3];
Now, thro' the land, that impious pow'r prevails,
All weigh their sov'reign in their private scales,
And find him wanting [4]: all save me alone,
For sad to say! my glittering orbs are gone.
But ill beseems a poet to repent,
Lightly they came, and full as lightly went.
Peace to their manes! may they never feel
Some keen Scotch banker's unrelenting steel;
While I again the Muse's sickle bring
To cut down dunces, wheresoe'er they spring,
Bind in poetic sheaves the plenteous crop,
And stack my full-ear'd load in Almon's shop.
For now, my Muse, thy fame is fixt as fate,
Tremble, ye fools I scorn, ye knaves I hate;

[1] Ille ego qui quondam, &c. Virgil, or somebody for him.

[2] Put synonimously for his majesty's works. See sir William's title page.

[3] Master of the mint.

[4] "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." Daniel, chap. 8, v. 27.

I know the vigour of thy eagle wings,
I know thy strains can pierce the ears of kings.
Did China's monarch here in Britain doze,
And was, like western kings, a king of prose [5],
Thy song could cure his Asiatic spleen,
And make him wish to see and to be seen.
That solemn vein of irony so fine [6],
Which, e'en reviewers own, adorns thy line,
Would make him soon against his greatness sin,
Desert his sofa, mount his palanquin,
And post where'er the goddess led the way,
Perchance to proud Spithead's imperial bay;
There should he see, as other folks have seen [7],
That ships have anchors, and that seas are green,
Should own the tackling trim, the streamers fine,
With Sandwich prattle, and with Bradshaw dine,
And then sail back, amid the cannon's roar,
As safe, as sage, as when he left the shore.

Such is thy pow'r, O goddess of the song,
Come then, and guide my careless pen along;
Yet keep it in the bounds of sense and verse,
Nor, like Mac-Homer, make me gabble Erse [8].
No, let the flow of these spontaneous rhymes
So truly touch the temper of the times,
That he who runs may read; while well he knows
I write in metre, what he thinks in prose;
So shall my song, undisciplin'd by art,
Find a sure patron in each English heart.
If this it's fate, let all the frippery things,
Be-plac'd, be-pension'd, and be-starr'd by kings,
Frown on the page, and with fastidious eye,
Like old young Fannius, call it blasphemy [9].
Let these prefer a levee's harmless talk,
Be ask'd how often, and how far they walk,
Read of a single word, nor hope for more,
Tho' Jenkinson is blest with many a score:

For other ears my honest numbers sound,
With other praise those numbers shall be crown'd,
Praise that shall spread, no pow'r can make it less,
While Britain boasts the bulwark of her press:
Yes, sons of freedom! yes, to whom I pay,
Warm from the heart, this tributary lay;
That lay shall live, tho' court and Grub-street sigh,
Your young Marcellus was not born to die.
The Muse shall nurse him up to man's estate,
And break the black asperity of fate—— [10]
Admit him then your candidate for fame,
Pleas'd if in your review he read his name,
Tho' not with Mason and with Goldsmith put,
Yet cheek by jowl with Garrick, Colman, Foote;
But if with higher bards that name you range,
His modesty must think your judgment strange—
So when o'er Crane-court's philosophic gods,
The Jove-like majesty of Pringle nods,
If e'er he chance to wake on Newton's chair,
He "wonders how the devil he came there."
Whate'er his fame or fate, on this depend;
He is and means to be his country's friend.
'Tis but to try his strength that now he sports
With Chinese gardens, and with Chinese courts:
But if that country claim a graver strain,
If real danger threat fair freedom's reign,
If hireling peers, in prostitution bold,
Sell her as cheaply as themselves they sold;
Or they, who, honour'd by the people's choice,
Against that people lift their rebel voice,
And, basely crouching for their paltry pay,
Vote the best birthright of her sons away,
Permit a nation's in-born wealth to fly
In mean, unkingly prodigality;
Nor, ere they give, ask how the sums were spent,
So quickly squander'd, tho' so lately lent—
If this they dare; the thunder of his song,
Rolling in deep ton'd energy along, [name,
Shall strike, with truth's dread bolt, each miscreant's
Who, dead to duty, senseless e'en to shame,
Betray'd his country. Yes, ye faithless crew,
His Muse's vengeance shall your crimes pursue,
Stretch you on satire's rack, and bid you lie
Fit garbage for the hell-hound, Infamy.

[5] Kien-Long, the present emperor of China, is a poet. M. de Voltaire did him the honour to treat him as a brother above two years ago; and my late patron, sir William Chambers, has given a fine and most intelligible prose version of an ode of his majesty upon tea, in his postscript to his Dissertation. I am, however, vain enough to think, that the emperor's composition would have appeared still better in my heroic verse; but sir William forestalled it; on which account I have entirely broke with him.

[6] "A fine vein of solemn irony runs through this piece." See Monthly Review, under the article of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.

[7] A certain naval event happened just about two calendar months after the publication of the Heroic Epistle. 'Twas impossible, considering the necessary preparations, it could have been sooner. Facts are stubborn things.

[8] See, if the reader thinks it worth while, a late translation of the Iliad.

[9] The noble personage here alluded to, being asked to read the Heroic Epistle, said "No, it was as bad as blasphemy."

Before I sent the MS. to the press, I discover that an accidental blot had made all but the first syllable of this name illegible. I was doubtful; therefore whether to print it Fannius or Fannia. After much deliberation, I thought it best to use the masculine termination. If I have done wrong, I ask pardon, not only of the author, but the lady.

[10] ——Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris. Virgil.

O D E

TO

MR. PINCHBECK,

UPON HIS NEWLY INVENTED

PATENT CANDLE-SNUFFERS:

BY MALCOLM M'GREGGOR, ESQ. AUTHOR OF THE HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, AND THE HEROIC POSTSCRIPT.

Quousque ergo frustra paseemus ignigenum istum?
Apulei Met. lib. 7.
Why should a patent be granted to this candle-snuffer in vain?

[*Published in* 1776.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

Ever since my first publication, the curiosity, not to say anxiety, of the world concerning my name, has been so great, that it has frequently given me pain to conceal what the world will now see it was not possibly in my power to discover.

In short, I had no name, till the royal favour lately restored my very ancient and honourable clan to its pristine title and honours. I was therefore in the same deplorable case with a certain nameless lady [1], whom I have long had the honour to call my neighbour, and who I sincerely hope, will soon, by the same favour, be restored to that title, which, upon my honour, I believe, she has erroneously, and not intentionally, forfeited.

I have only to add, that now, when the public is in possession of my real name, it will not, I hope, suffer any national prejudice to prevent it from receiving this my first lyrical attempt with its former candour. But I must needs say, that if this Ode does not sell as well as Mr. Cumberland's, I shall be apt to impute it, not to any inferiority of lyrical ordonance, but merely to its having being written by a Scotchman.

Knightsbridge, May 6, 1776.

[1] The dutchess of Kingston.

O D E.

Illustrious Pinchbeck! condescend,
Thou well-belov'd, and best king's-friend,
These lyric lines to view;
O! may they prompt thee, e'er too late,
To snuff the candle of the state,
That burns a little blue.

It once had got a stately wick,
When in its patent candlestick
The Revolution put it;
As white as wax we saw it shine
Thro' two whole lengths of Brunswick's line,
'Till Bute first dar'd to smut it.

Since then—but wherefore tell the tale?
Enough, that now it burneth pale,
And sorely wastes its tallow:
Nay, if thy poet rightly weens,
(Though little skill'd in ways and means)
Its save-all is but shallow.

Come then, ingenious artist, come,
And put thy finger, and thy thumb,
Into each polish'd handle:
On thee alone our hopes depend,
Thy king's, and eke thy country's friend,
To trim Old England's candle.

But first we pray, for its relief,
Pluck from its wick each tory thief,
It else must quickly melt it;
While N— and M— sputter there,
Thou'lt ne'er prevent with all thy care,
The melting of the suet.

There's Twitcher too, that old he-witch,
Sticks in its bole as black as pitch,
And makes a filthy pother [1];
When eurst with such a sorry fiend,
And lighted too at either end,
'Twill soon be in a smother.

I fear me much, in such a plight,
Those tapers blest would lose their light,
Canadian fanes that deck;
Which pious —*— ordains to blaze,
And gild with their establish'd rays,
Our lady of Quebec.

His arms, thou hallowed image! bless,
And surely thou canst do no less,
He is thy faith's defender;
Thou owest thy place to him alone,
As other Jacobites have done,
And not to the Pretender.

Haste then, and quash the hot turmoil,
That flames in Boston's angry soil,
And frights the mother-nation:
Know, lady! if its rage you stop,
Pinchbeck shall send you, from his shop,
A most superb oblation.

His patent snuffers, in a dish
Of burnish'd gold; if more you wish,
His Cyclops shall bestir
Their brawny stumps, and for thy sake,
Of Pinchbeck's own mixt-metal make
A huge extinguisher.

To form the mass, Germaine, thy zeal
Shall furnish that *well-temper'd steel*,
Thou didst at Minden brandish;
Nor yet shall Gloucester's reverend dean,
Counting its worth, refuse, I ween,
His ponderous leaden standish.

Poor doctor Johnson, I'm afraid,
Can give but metaphoric aid;
His style's case-harden'd graces:
M'Pherson, without shame, or fear,
Sir John Dalrymple, and Shebbeare
Shall melt their brazen faces.

And sure, this mixt metallic stuff,
Will yield materials large enough
To mould the mighty cone;
But how transport it, when 'tis cast
Across the deep Atlantic vast,
'Twill weigh some thousand stone?

"Leave that to me" our lady cries,
"Howe'er gigantic be its size,
I have a scheme in petto;
I'll fly with it from shore to shore,
Safe as my sooty sister bore,
Her cottage to Loretto.

"Swift to the congress with my freight
I'll speed, and on their heads its weight
Souse with such skill and care;
That Put'nam, Washington beneath,
And gasping Lee shall wish to breathe
A pint of Priestley's air [2].

[1] Our ingenious inventor's snuffers are peculiarly calculated to remedy this evil, to which indeed all candles are more or less subject.
See the Patentee's Advertisement.

[2] This great philosopher has lately discovered a method of fabricating a new species of air, of so

"The deed is done, thy foes are dead,
No longer England, shalt thou dread
Such Presbyterian huffers;
Thy candle's radiance ne'er shall fade,
With now and then a little aid,
From Pinchbeck's patent-snuffers."

infinitely superior salubrity and duration to that vulgar atmospherical air, which, for want of better, we have been obliged to breathe for upwards of five thousand years, that it is to be supposed that no macaroni, savoir vivre, or in plain English, no body that knows what's what, will in future condescend to respire any air, that is not sealed with the doctor's own arms, and signed with his own hand-writing. It is to be feared, however, that his pneumatic vials will be liable to be counterfeited, as our philosopher has not interest enough at court to procure a patent. Indeed were such a patent granted, it might supersede Mr. Pinchbeck's; because that in this air a candle is found to burn with so bright and continued a flame, that it could never want snuffing.

Vol. II. of Dr. Priestley's Experiments on Air.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

DR. SHEBBEARE:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

AN ODE

TO

SIR FLETCHER NORTON,

In imitation of Horace, Ode VIII. Book IV.

BY

MALCOLM M'GREGGOR, OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE, ESQ.

Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir Wm. Chambers, &c.

[*Published in* 1777.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH I look upon this poem, in point of elevation of diction and sublimity of sentiment, to be as highly heroical, as my Epistle to Sir William Chambers, yet I have not thought proper to add that epithet to it on the title-page. I am willing to wish that first production of my muse may preserve the distinction which it now possesses, of being called the Heroic Epistle, par excellence. Besides this consideration, the different ranks of the two persons, to whom these two works are addressed, require a difference to be made in this matter; and it would be unpardonable in me not to discriminate between a comptroller of his majesty's works, and the hackney scribbler of a newspaper; between a placeman and a pensioner, a knight of the polar star, and a broken apothecary.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

DR. SHEBBEARE.

O FOR a thousand tongues! and every tongue
Like Johnson's, arm'd with words of six feet long [1],
In multitudinous vociferation
To panegyricize this glorious nation,
Whose liberty results from her taxation.
O, for that passive, pensionary spirit,
That by its prostitution proves its merit!
That rests on right divine, all regal claims,
And gives to George, whate'er it gave to James:
Then should my tory numbers, old Shebbeare,
Tickle the tatter'd fragment of thy ear [2]!
Then all that once was virtuous, wise, or brave,
That quell'd a tyrant, that abhor'd a slave,
Then Sydney's, Russel's patriot fame should fall,
Besmear'd with mire, like black Dalrymple's gall;
Then, like thy prose, should my felonious verse
Tear each immortal plume from Nassau's hearse,
That modern monarchs, in that plumage gay,
Might stare and strut, the peacocks of a day.
But I, like Anstey, feel myself unfit
To run, with hollow speed, two heats of wit.
He, at first starting, won both fame and money,
The bets ran high on Bladud's Ciceronè [3];
Since distanc'd quite, like a gall'd jade he winces,
And lashes unknown priests, and praises well-known princes [4].
So I, when first I tun'd th' heroic lay,
Gain'd Pownall's praise, as well as Almon's pay.
In me the nation plac'd its tuneful hope,
Its second Churchill, or at least its Pope:

[1] Sesquipedalia verba. Hor.

[2] Churchill, in alluding to this capital anecdote in our doctor's life, says, in his poem called the Author,

The whole intent
Of that parade, was fame, not punishment.

Intimating that his ears received no detriment in the pillory. My line intimates, that they did. However, if my intimation be false, it is easily refuted: the doctor has only to expose his ears again to the public, and the real fact will be flagrant.

[3] Anglicè, Bath Guide.

[4] Without a note posterity will never understand this line. Two or three years ago this gentleman found himself libelled in a newspaper; and on suspecting a certain clergyman to be the author, he wrote a first canto of a poem, called the Priest Dissected, in which he prepared all chirurgical matters previous to the operation. In the mean time the parson proved an alibi, and saved his bacon. To this first and unique canto the author prefixed a something in which he exculpated himself from being the author of the Heroic Epistle, which it seems had been laid to his charge during the time the clan of Macgreggors continued without a name, and which, as the world well knows, was the only reason which prevented me from claiming the merit of that production. It is to this something, that the latter part of the line alludes. For in it he had told the public, that his majesty had ten children, which it knew very well before. Hence the epithet, well-known.

Proudly I prick'd along, sir William's squire,
Bade kings recite my strains and queens admire;
Chaste maids of honour prais'd my stout endeavour,
Sir Thomas [5] swore "The fellow was damn'd clever."
But popularity, alas! has wings,
And flits as soon from poets as from kings.
My pompous Postscript found itself disdain'd
As much as Milton's Paradise Regain'd——
And when I dar'd the Patent Snuffers handle,
To trim, with Pinchey's aid, Old England's candle,
The lyric Muse, so lame was her condition,
Could hardly hop beyond a fifth edition.
Yes, 'tis a general truth, and strange as true,
(Kenrick shall prove it in his next Review)
That no one bard, in these degenerate days,
Can write two works deserving equal praise.
Whether the matter of which minds are made
Be grown of late mephitic and decay'd,
Or wants phlogiston, I forbear to say,
The problem's more in doctor Priestley's way.
He knows of spirit the material whole,
For Priestley has the cure of Shelburne's soul [6].
Enough of souls, unless we waste a line,
Shebbeare! to pay a compliment to thine:
Which forg'd, of old, of strong Hibernian brass,
Shines through the Paris plaister of thy face,
And brouzes it, secure from shame, or sense,
To the flat glare of finish'd impudence.
Wretch! that from slander's filth art ever gleaning,
Spite without spite, malice without meaning:
The same abusive, base, abandon'd thing,
When pilloried, or pension'd by a king.
Old as thou art, methinks, 'twere sage advice,
That North should call thee off from hunting Price [7].
Some younger blood-hound of his bawling pack
Might sorer gall his presbyterian back.
Thy toothless jaws should free thee from the fight;
Thou canst but mumble, when thou mean'st to bite.
Say, then, to give a requiem to thy toils,
What if my Muse array'd her in thy spoils,
And took the field for thee, thro' pure good nature?
Courts prais'd by thee, are curst beyond her satire.
Yet, when she pleases, she can deal in praise:
Exempli gratia, hear her fluent lays
Extol the present, the propitious hour,
When Europe, trembling at *Britannia's* power,
Bids all her princes, with pacific care,
Keep neutral distance, while she wings the war
Cross the Atlantic vast; in dread array,
Herself to vanquish in America.
Where soon, we trust, the brother chiefs shall see
The congress pledge them in a cup of tea,
Toast peace and plenty to their mother nation,
Give three huzzas to George and to taxation,
And beg, to make their loyal hearts the lighter,
He'd send them q'er dean Tucker, with a mitre.

In fancy's eye, I ken them from afar
Circled with feather wreaths, unstain'd by tar:
In place of laurels, these shall bind their brow,
Fame, honour, virtue, all are feathers now.
Ev'n beauty's self, unfeather'd, if we spy,
Is hideous to our macaroni eye.
Foolish the bard, who, in such flimsy times,
Would load with satire or with sense his rhymes:
No, let my numbers flutter light in air,
As careless as the silken gossamer.
Or should I, playful, lift the Muse's scourge,
Thy cocks should lend their tails, my cocking George [8],
To make the rod. So fear not thou the song;
To whip a post, I ne'er will waste a thong.
Were I inclin'd to punish courtly tools,
I'd lash the knaves before I flapt the fools.
Gigantic vice should on my ordeal burn,
Long ere it came to thy poor pigmy turn.
But sure 'tis best, whate'er rash Whigs may say,
To sleep within a whole skin, while one may;
For Whigs are mighty prone to run stark mad,
If credence in archbishops may be had.
Therefore I'll keep within discretion's rule,
And turn true Tory of the Mansfield school.
So shall I 'scape that creature's tyger paw,
Which some call Liberty, and some call Law [9]:
Whose whale-like mouth is of that savage shape,
Whene'er his long-rob'd showman bids him gape,
With tusks so strong, with grinders so tremendous,
And such a length of gullet, Heaven defend us!
That should you peep into the red-raw track,
'Twould make your cold flesh creep upon your back?
A maw like that, what mortal may withstand,
'Twould swallow all the poets in the land.
Come, then, Shebbeare! and hear thy bard deliver
Unpaid-for praises to thy pension-giver. [muse [10]!
Hear me, like Tucker, swear, "So help me,
I write not for preferment's golden views."
But hold—'tis on thy province to intrude:
I would be loyal, but would not be rude.
To thee, my veteran, I his fame consign;
Take thou St. James's, be St. Stephen's mine.
Hail, genial hot-bed! whose prolific soil
So well repays all North's perennial toil,
Whence he can raise, if want or whim inclines,
A crop of votes, as plentiful as pines,
Wet-nurse of tavern-waiters and nabobs,
That empties first, and after fills their fobs:
(As Pringle, to procure a sane secretion,
Purges the primæ viæ of repletion.)
What scale of metaphor shall fancy raise,
To climb the heights of thy stupendous praise?
Thrice has the Sun compleu'd his annual ride,
Since, full of years and praise, thy mother died.
'Twas then I saw thee with exulting eyes,
A second phenix, from her ashes rise;
Mark'd all the graces of thy loyal crest,
Sweet with the perfume of its parent nest.

[5] The Petronius of the present age needs not the addition of a sirname to make the world certain who is meant by this appellative. He was better known by the name of Long Sir Thomas. (Robinson)

[6] It is not here insinuated, that the soul in question wants curing. The word cure is here put for care, in the sense in which ecclesiastical lawyers use, cura animarum.

[7] See a series of wretched letters, written by Shebbeare, in the Public Advertiser, and other papers.

[8] A great cock-fighter and little senator, who, in the last parliament, called the Heroic Postscript a libel.

[9] With courtiers and churchmen the terms are synonimous. See a late Sermon.

[10] The reverend dean took a solemn oath in one of his late pamphlets, that he would not be a bishop.

Rare chick; how worthy of all court caresses,
How soft, how echo-like, it chirp'd addresses.
Proceed, I cry'd, thy full-fledg'd plumes unfold,
Each true-blue feather shall be tipt with gold;
Ordain'd thy race of future fame to run,
To do, whate'er thy mother left undone.
In all her smooth, obsequious paths proceed,
For, know, poor Opposition wants a head.
With horn and hound her truant schoolboys roam,
And for a fox-chase quit St. Stephen's dome,
Forgetful of their grandsire Nimrod's plan,
"A mighty hunter, but his prey was man [11]."
The rest, at crouded Almack's nightly bett,
To stretch their own beyond the nation's debt.
Vote then secure; the needful millions raise,
That fill the privy-purse with means and ways.
And do it quickly too, to show your breeding,
The weazel Scots [12] are hungry, and want feeding.
Nor need ye wait for that more plenteous season,
When mad America is brought to reason,
Obsequious Ireland, at her sister's claim,
(Sister or step-dame, call her either name)
Shall pour profusely her Pactolian tide,
Nor leave her native patriots unsupply'd.
Earl Nugent sung [13], while yet but simple Clare,
That wretched Ireland had no gold to spare.
How couldst thou, simple Clare! that isle abuse,
Which prompts and pays thy linsey-woolsey Muse?

[11] A line of Mr. Pope's. If our younger senators would take the hint, and now and then hunt a minister instead of a fox, they might perhaps find some fun in it.

[12] It is not I, but Shakespeare, that gives my countrymen this epithet. See Hen. V. act 1. scene 2.

> For once the eagle England being in prey,
> To her unguarded nest the weazel Scot
> Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely
> eggs, &c.

[13] The intellect not only of posterity, but of the present reader, must here again be enlightened by a note: for this song was sung above two years ago, and is consequently forgotten. Yet if the reader will please to recollect how easily I brought to life sir William Chambers's prose dissertation which had been dead half that time, he will, I hope, give me credit for being able to recover this dead poem from oblivion also. It was sent to her majesty on her birthday, with a present of Irish grogram; and the newspaper of the day said (but I know not how truly) that the queen was graciously pleased to thank the noble author for both his pieces of stuff. The poet's exordium seemed to have been taken from that very ode in Horace which I have also attempted to imitate in this pamphlet. It began by assuring her majesty, that Ireland was too poor to present her with a piece of gold plate:

> Could poor Ierene gifts afford,
> Worthy the consort of her lord,
> Of purest gold a sculptur'd frame
> Just emblem of her zeal should flame.

This supposed poverty of his native country struck me at the time as a mere gratis-dictum. I have, therefore, endeavoured to refute it, for the honour of Ireland.

Mistaken peer! Her treasures ne'er can cease,
Did she not long pay Viry for our peace?
Say, did she not, till rang the royal knell,
Irradiate vestal majesty at Zell?
Sure then she might afford, to my poor thinking,
One golden tumbler, for queen Charlotte's drinking,
I care not, if her hinds, on fens and rocks [14],
Ne'er roast one shoulder of their fatted flocks,
Shall Irish hinds to mutton make pretensions?
Be theirs potatoes, and be ours their pensions.
If they refuse, great North, by me advis'd,
Enact, that each potatoe be excis'd.
Ah! hadst thou, North, adopted this sage plan,
And scorn'd to tax each British serving-man,
Thy friend Macgreggor, when he came to town,
(As poets should do) in his chaise and one,
Had seen his foot-boy Sawney, once his pride,
On stunt Scotch poney trotting by his side,
With frock of fustian, and with cape of red,
Nor grudg'd the guinea tax'd upon his head.
But tush, *I heed not—for my country's good*
I'll pay it—it will purchase Yankee blood—
And well I ween, for this heroic lay,
Atmon will give me wherewithal to pay.
Tax then, ye greedy ministers, your fill:
No matter, if with ignorance or skill.
Be ours to pay, and that's an easy task,
In these blest times to have is but to ask.
Ye know, whate'er is from the public prest,
Will sevenfold sink into your private chest.
For he, the nursing father, that receives,
Full freely tho' he takes, as freely gives.
So when great Cox, at his mechanic call,
Bids orient pearls from golden dragons fall,
Each little dragonet, with brazen grin,
Gapes for the precious prize, and gulps it in.
Yet when we peep behind the magic scene,
One master-wheel directs the whole machine:
The self-same pearls, in nice gradation, all
Around one common centre, rise and fall [15]:
Thus may our state-museum long surprise;
And what is sunk by votes in bribes arise;
Till mock'd and jaded with the puppet play,
Old England's genius turns with scorn away,
Ascends his sacred bark, the sails unfurl'd,
And steers his state to the wide western world:
High on the helm majestic Freedom stands,
In act of cold contempt she waves her hands.
"Take, slaves," she cries, "the realms that I disown,
Renounce your birth-right, and destroy my throne."

[14] Alluding to these lines in the same poem:

> Where starving hinds from fens and rocks,
> View pastures rich with herds and flocks.
> And only view—forbid to taste, &c.

And in a note on the passage, he tells us that these hinds never eat animal food; but says not one word about potatoes, that most nutritious of all aliments, which is surely very disingenuous.

[15] I was let into this secret by my late patron, sir William Chambers; who, as Mr. Cox's automata were very much in the Chinese taste, was very curious to discover their mechanism. I must do the knight the justice to own that some of my best things are borrowed from him.

O D E

TO

SIR FLETCHER NORTON,

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE VIII. BOOK IV.

Muse! were we rich in land, or stocks,
We'd send sir Fletcher (*a*) a gold box;
Who lately, to the world's surprise,
Advis'd his sovereign to be wise.
The zeal of cits should ne'er surpass us,
We'd make him speaker of Parnassus.
Or could I boast the mimic eye
Of (*b*) Townshend, or of Bunbury,
Whose art can catch, in comic guise,
"The manners living as they rise,"
And find it the same easy thing
To hit ( ) a Jollux [1] or a king;
I'd hangings weave, in fancy's loom,
For lady Norton's dressing room.
But (*d*) arts like these I don't pursue,
Nor (*e*) does sir Fletcher heed virtù.
Enough for me in these hard times,
When ev'ry thing is tax'd but rhymes,
To (*f*) tag a few of these together;
Tho' I am quite uncertain, whether
My verse will much rejoice the knight,
As (*g*) great a store as I set by't.
For verse, (I'd have sir Fletcher know it)
When written by a genuine poet,
Has more of meaning and intent,
Than (*h*) modern acts of parliament.
'Tis (*i*) fit and right, when heroes die,
The nation should a tomb supply;
Yet, (*k*) not the votes of both the houses,
Without th' assistance of the Muses,

Donarem pateras (*a*), grataque commodus,
Censorine, meis æra sodalibus:
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Graiorum: neque tu pessima munerum,
Ferres, divite me scilicet artium,
Quas aut (*b*) Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas;
Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus
Solers (*c*) nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.
Sed (*d*) non hæc mihi vis; nec (*e*) tibi talium
Res est, aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus: (*f*) carmina possumus [2]
Donare, (*g*) & pretium dicere muneris.
Non (*h*) incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per (*i*) quæ spiritus & vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus: (*k*) non celeres fugæ,
Rejectæque retrorsum Annibalis minæ,
Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,

[1] A phrase used by the bon ton for a fat parson. See a set of excellent caricatures published by Bretherton, in New Bond-Street.

[2] The imitator found himself obliged to deviate in this place a little further from his original, than perhaps the strict critic will tolerate. But as he was not quite so certain of sir Fletcher's fondness for poetry, as Horace seems to have been about the taste of Censorinus, he thought it best to express himself with a modest diffidence on that subject.

Can give that permanence of fame
That heroes from their country claim.
And tell me pray, to our good king,
What fame our present broils can bring,
Ev'n should the Howes (which some folks doubt)
Put Washington to total rout,
Unless his treasurer, in an ode [3],
Exalt the victor to a god.
A man, I know, may get a pension
Without the Muse's intervention;
Yet what are pensions to the praise
Wrapt up in (*l*) Caledonian lays?
Say, Johnson! where had been (*m*) Fingal,
But for Macpherson's great assistance?
The chieftain had been nought at all,
A non-existing non-existence.
Mac, like (*n*) a poet stout and good, [flood,
First (*o*) plung'd, then pluck'd him from oblivion's
And bad him bluster at his ease,
Among the fruitful Hebrides.
A (*p*) common poet can revive
The man who once has been alive:
But Mac revives, by magic power,
The man who never liv'd before.
Such hocus-pocus tricks, I own,
Belong to Gallic bards alone.
My (*q*) Muse would think her power enough,
Could she make some folks fever proof;
Dub them immortal from their birth,
And give them all their Heaven on Earth,
Then (*r*) doctor Kaye, that broad divine,
With lords and dukes should ever dine;
Post, prate, and preach, for years on years,
And puff himself in gazetteers.
Sandwich for aye, should shine (*s*) the star,
Propitious to our naval war;

Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ
Lucratus rediit, clariùs indicant
Laudes, quàm Calabræ (*l*) Pierides: neque
Si chartæ sileant quòd bene feceris
Mercedem tuleris.
Quid foret Iliæ
Mavortisque (*m*) puer, si taciturnitas
Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?
Ereptum (*n*) stygius fluctibus Æacum
Virtus, & favor, & (*o*) lingua potentium
Vatum, divitibus conscerat insulis.
Dignum laude virum Musa (*p*) vetat mori:
Cælo (*q*) Musa beat. Sic (*r*) Jovis interest
Optatis epulis impiger Hercules;
Clarum (*s*) Tyndaridæ sidus ab infimis

[3] The late promotion of a poet to the treasurership of the household, must necessarily give to all true votaries of the muses (as it does to me) great delectation. 'Tis whispered, by some people in the secret, that the very pacific cast of the laureat's birth-day ode, occasioned the noble bard's exaltation, as it was thought expedient to have another poetical placeman in readiness to celebrate the final overthrow of the American rebels. Nay, it is assured, that a reversionary grant of the office of laureat has in this instance been superadded to the treasurership, yet with the defalcation of the annual butt of sack, which the lord steward calculates will be a considerable saving to the nation.

Caulk all our vessels' (*t*) leaky sides,
And in the docks work double tides.
While Stormont [4] grac'd (*u*) with ribband green,
Keeps France from mixing in the riot,
Till Britain's lion vents his spleen,
And tears his rebel whelps in quiet.

Quassas (*t*) eripiunt æquoribus rates;
Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber (*u*) vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

THE

DEAN AND THE SQUIRE:

A

POLITICAL ECLOGUE.

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO

SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

By the Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, &c.

[*Published in* 1782.]

A CARD.

The Author presents his best respects to the reader, and begs that he would do him the favour to read the two first heads of Mr. Jenyns's seventh disquisition, before he cuts open this pamphlet; that he may perceive the full force of the allusions here made to that wonderful performance.

DEDICATION.

TO

SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

Sir,

When I lately read your disquisition on Government and Civil Liberty, it gave me much concern to find, that you had not written it in verse. Such images and such sentiments, such wit and such arguments, were surely too good to be wasted on prose. And you who have written verse so long, and with so much facility, are highly inexcusable for not having employed that talent on so important an occasion as the present, when you had taken upon you to confute "so many absurd principles concerning government and liberty, which have of late been disseminated with unusual industry," principles, let me add, which were still more industriously disseminated at the Revolution by Locke; at the accession by Hoadly; and a hundred years before either, by Hooker; "principles, which," you say, "are as false, as mischievous, as inconsistent with common sense, as with all human society, and which require nothing more than to be fairly stated, to be refuted."

The pious poet, Herbert, I think, tells us, that

A verse may catch him, who a sermon flies.

Why then should you discard verse, when you intended to catch such careless readers, as would be apt to fly a sermon? Why, by dividing your discourse into five methodical heads, should you make it appear as formal as the gravest pulpit-lecture ever delivered by old bishop Beveridge, or young bishop Bagot? I protest, Mr. Jenyns, I cannot account for this strange proceeding.

However, that such sort of readers may read you, I have attempted to do that for your benefit and theirs, which you would not do for them, or for yourself: and, unequal as I am to the task, have drest up your two first, and, as I think, principal topics, in as easy and fashionable metre as I was capable of writing. I know you would have done this much better. But, as my work is but a fragment, I am not without my hopes, that what I have done may be a spur to your indolence, and that you may be tempted not only to correct, but complete it.

But when I say that I have versified you, I take a pride in boasting, that I am not your mere versifier. I take a pleasure too in owning, that you yourself led me to attempt a nobler species of composition. I had read, some years ago, your very delectable Eclogue of the 'Squire and the Parson, written on occasion of that glorious peace, the honour of making which, is to be inscribed one day (may it be a late one!) on the mausoleum of the earl of Bute. This, sir, led me to think of giving my present performance a dramatic cast, so far as an eclogue can possess that title. On this idea, having resolved to make you my Tityrus, I had not far to seek for a Melibœus. A brother writer, who has of late endeavoured to disseminate principles, similar to some of yours, with unusual, though abortive industry, immediately occurred to my imagination; and as immediately I resolved to read his more elaborate treatise, in order to enable me to execute my plan with greater exactitude, and better preservation of sentiment and character.

Although I must own, that this exercitation of my patience cost me many a yawn, yet I found, to my great satisfaction, that this writer allowed for true, what you hold to be false, those two first principles of Mr. Locke, that men are equal, and that men are free [1]. I concluded, therefore, that he was a very proper person to dispute those points with you. Accordingly, without further ceremonial, I set you both down, not indeed sub tegmine fagi, but, for the sake of the costume, in a snug town coffee-house, and there entered you fairly into debate.

If on your part, sir, I have ever done more than elucidated any of those assertions which you call arguments, I humbly ask your pardon: and on the dean's, if I have made him a little too lively and spiritual, I as humbly ask his. I know nothing does so much harm to an ecclesiastic, in the road of preferment, as the bare suspicion of being witty. But, as the divine in question has long been a dean, and has sworn that he will never be a bishop, I hope no great harm is done.

That you may long remain on the illustrious list of pensioners, even after the useful board, from which you derive that right, shall be no more; that having changed from Tory to Whig in the

[4] At that time the British ambassador at Paris.

[1] See Tucker on Government, ch. 1st.

ministry of the duke of Neweastle, from Whig to Tory under those, or rather that of lords Bute and North, you may now again change from Tory to Whig under the new administration;—and (since we have it on very eloquent evidence, that it is now the fashion for persons of the greatest consequence to be no longer in shackles) that you may soon cease to be encumbered with your present slavish principles, is the sincere and fervent wish of, sir,

your most obsequious servant,

MALCOLM MAC-GREGGOR.

Knightsbridge, May 1st, 1782.

THE DEAN AND SQUIRE.

In coffee-house of good account,
Not far from Bond-street, call'd the Mount,
Soame Jenyns met the dean of Gloucester [1];
And, as they sate in lounging posture,
Each on his bench, and face to face,
The dean began in tone of bass:
While Jenyns, in his treble key,
Replied with much alacrity.
Repeat, my Muse, th' alternate strains,
That flow'd from these Arcadian swains,
Who both were equally alert,
Or to deny, or to assert [2].

DEAN.

'Squire Jenyns, since with like intent
We both have writ on government,
And both stand stubborn as a rock
Against the principles of Locke,
Let us, like brother meeting brother,
Compare our notes with one another.
'Tis true, I've not had time to look,
Tho' much I wish'd it, in your book.

'SQUIRE.

Doctor, my book is quickly read.

DEAN.

I'd other crotchets in my head [3],
But you, I guess, have studied mine.

'SQUIRE.

No, to my shame, not ev'n a line.

DEAN.

That's something strange—yet fortunate;
For now on par we shall debate.

'SQUIRE.

True. Who to play at whist regards,
When he, that deals, has seen the cards?

DEAN.

Well put. First then, 'tis fit, I deem,
You tell me how you treat your theme.

'SQUIRE.

I controvert those five positions,
Which Whigs pretend are the conditions
Of civil rule and liberty;
That men are equal born—and free—
That kings derive their lawful sway
All from the people's yea and nay—
That compact is the only ground,
On which a prince his rights can found—
Lastly, I scout that idle notion,
That government is put in motion,
And stopt again, like clock or chime,
Just as we want them to keep time.

DEAN.

'Sblood! do you controvert them all?

'SQUIRE.

Indeed I do, sir, great and small.

DEAN.

You're a bold man, my master Jenyns,
And have good right to count your winnings,
If you succeed.—But I, who dare
As much as most, to go so far
Had not the courage, I assure ye,
Tho' I suborned a Tory jury [4].

'SQUIRE.

That men were equal born at first,
I hold of all Whig lies the worst.
But yet, if only this they mean,
That you and I, good Mr. Dean,
Were equally produced, 'tis true;
For I was born as much as you.
But now, comparing size and strength,
Our body's bulk, our nose's length,
The periwigs, that grace our pate,
My little wit, your learning great,
We find, we are unequal quite.

DEAN.

My honest friend, you're too polite.
Your wit, lord Hardwicke deigns to own,
Surpasses every wit's in town;
And none e'er doubted Hardwicke's taste,
Who e'er were bid to Hardwicke's feast.
But yet, I fear, at this arch quibble
The Lockians will do more than nibble.
They say, and with them I agree,
That as to men's equality,
It rests on native rights they have,
Not to become another's slave,
Or tamely bear a tyrant's yoke [5]:
This truth you parry with a joke.

[1] Dr. Tucker.

[2] ——Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.
Virgil.

[3] The dean had been employed in writing his Cui Bono? to Mons. Neckar, which is said by persons who have read it, to contain many curious crotchets. *Cui Bono?*

[4] Before the dean published his elaborate treatise, he printed it first only for the perusal of certain friends, who were either Tories from principle or discretion. It may therefore reasonably be supposed, that (in Milton's phrase) it *numbered* many *choice intellects* among our great churchmen. The mitred author of the Letter to the Cocoa Tree, (written at the commencement of lord Bute's administration) was amongst these personages; and it is not to be doubted, but it would receive many improvements from his adroit and masterly hand.

[5] The passage in Mr. Locke's treatise, which the dean here alludes to, seems to be this; 'Though I said that all men are by nature equal, I cannot be supposed to understand all sorts of equality: age or virtue may give men a just precedency: excellency of parts and merit may place others above the common level: birth may subject some, and alliance or benefits others, to pay an observance to those, to whom nature, gratitude, or other respects may have made it due; and yet all this

'SQUIRE.

Jokes, Mr. Dean, I'd have you know,
Have parried many a stouter blow.
A joke like this, as I conceive,
Is reason's representative,
Who, vested with his rights, is sent
To disputation's parliament.

DEAN.

Yet scorns, like some they patriots call,
To vote as he instructs, at all.

'SQUIRE.

Sometimes he may—but to proceed—
All men at birth, it is agreed,
Have equal learning, wit and power,
Tho', at Lucina's squalling hour,
The new-born babes, in nurse's lap,
Have only power to suck her pap.
Good heavens! to talk of wit and learning
In infants void of all discerning,
Is just as if these Whigs disputed,
As most fools do, to be confuted,
Whether their teeth, in breadth and length,
Had equal size and equal strength;
When, bless each little slobbering mouth,
It had not cut a single tooth.

DEAN.

Your instance, I confess, is pretty:
I wish it were as apt as witty.

'SQUIRE.

But let us give them all they ask,
Their equal birth, a harder task
I think remains behind, to prove
That men through life must equal move;
None e'en assume a jot of power
More than he had at natal hour.
Strange doctrine this! ye Whigs, shall none
Be long and lank as Jenkinson,
None grow to full six feet or more,
Because some measure only four?
Or, because Hunter cannot treat us
With different size of same-aged fœtus?
Thus, Mr. Dean, the point I've prov'd:
And, if your reverence is so mov'd,
You'll find, with like facility
I prove they all are not born free:

DEAN,

My sprightly 'squire, if this be proving,
Then billing is the whole of loving.
Dame Logic knows, whene'er I meet her,
With more substantial sport I treat her.
These Whigs will answer your demand
With saying, all they understand
By power is, "That alone is just,
Which to a few the rest intrust;
And to assume without assent,
Is force, not legal government [6]."
As to your simile of size,
They'll say your brains are in your eyes.
But now go on.

'SQUIRE.

Their next assertion
You'll find affords me more diversion.
For how should men be e'er born free,
When to be born is slavery,
An imposition in itself.
Do parents ask the little elf,
Ere they beget him, his good leave
Or to beget or to conceive;
Or does he approbation give
By self, or representative?

DEAN.

Yet, when begot, in my opinion,
He's then the heir to self-dominion;
Has right both to be born and bred,
To suck the breast—

'SQUIRE.

And p— his bed.

DEAN.

He has. Nay more, I'd have you know,
Protection, while in embrio,
Is his, e'er you can justly date
His quasi-compact with the state [7].
Once, sir, I knew a pious lady,
Who, just as she was getting ready
For church, one Easter-Sunday morn,
With labour-pains was sorely torn.
The church, good soul! she lov'd so dearly,
That with her spouse she chose to parley;
Nor would she let the midwife lay her,
Till she had been at morning prayer;
When, lo! in midst of all this fray,
Before mama had time to pray,
Her heir, a free-born British boy,
Bolted to light and liberty.

'SQUIRE.

Your story, Mr. Dean, is pleasant,
And wrapt withal, in terms most decent.
Yet vainly sure such proof you bring,
One swallow does not make a spring.
I say, in spite of your strange tale,
For full nine months he lies in jail.
And what a jail! so little roomy,
So dank, so sultry and so gloomy,

consists with the equality, which all men are in, in respect of jurisdiction or dominion one over another: which was the equality I there (ch. 2d.) spoke of, as proper to the business in hand, being that equal right, that every man hath, to his natural freedom, without being subjected to the will or authority of any other man." Ch. 6, sec. 54. To this the dean accedes in his first chapter. "First then, I agree with Mr. Locke and his disciples, that there is a sense, in which it may be said, that no man is born the political subject of another."

[6] So Locke. "Government, into whatsoever hands it is put, being *intrusted* with this condition, and for this end, that men might have and secure their properties: the prince or senate, however it may have power to make laws for the regulating of property between the subjects one amongst another, yet can never have a power to take to themselves the whole or any part of the subjects property without their own consent, for this would be in effect to leave them no property at all." Ch. xi. sec. 139.

[7] "Children are entitled to protection, whilst in embrio, though they neither did nor could enter into any compact with the state for that purpose." Tucker on Civil Government, p. 2. I have taken the liberty to add the term quasi in my version of this passage, to make it more analogous to the learned writer's general sentiments, who allows of no compact, but what he is pleased to term quasi.

Howard, who ev'ry prison knows,
Ne'er ventur'd there to thrust his nose.
Yet there he lies, unlucky wight!
Depriv'd of sunshine and of sight,
Floating in brine, like a young porpus,
Till, by obstetric habeas corpus,
The brat is pluck'd to liberty.
But, tell me, is such freedom free?
In swaddling clothes he now is bound,
Like Styx [8], that gird him nine times round;
They squeeze his navel, press his head,
Feed him with water and with bread.
Thus nine months more he lies in chains,
And, when his freedom he regains,
He puts it to so bad a use,
'Tis found he must not yet go loose.
Tyrannic nurse then claims her right
To plague him both by day and night,
Then grave as pope, and gruff as Turk,
Pedantic schoolmaster, like York,
Thrashes the wretch with grammar's fail,
To mend his head corrects his tail,
And this with most despotic fury,
Heedless of mercy, law, and jury.

DEAN.

Sir, you've a happy vein for satire,
And touch it with a main du maitre.
Yet, why, sir, treat mild Markham thus?
His grace, you know, is one of us.

'SQUIRE.

I ask his pardon. At the time
He chanc'd to *hitch* into my rhyme— [9]
But to our point—thus far I've stated,
The boy is born and educated;
And now he walks the world at large;
Yet has he got a free discharge?
No; volens nolens, as at school,
He still must yield to civil rule;
A subject born, he's subject still,
Not govern'd by his mere self-will;
But, if he breaks the laws in force,
Or kills his man, or steals a horse,
Howe'er he may dispute their right,
And Coke with Burgersdicius fight,
Must make at Tyburn his confession.

DEAN.

I fear, sir, here you beg the question.
A subject born in any state
May, if he please, depatriate,
And go, for reasons weak or weighty,
To Zealand-New, or Otaheite.

'SQUIRE.

Yet there what freedom will he have,
When made queen Oberea's slave?
Her majesty may lay a tax,
I fear would weaken stronger backs,
Than ev'n was your's, my doughty dean,
When nerv'd with youth, and stout eighteen.

DEAN.

Perhaps she might. Then let's suppose
To some unpeopled isle he goes,
And takes a mistress in his sleeve,
To live as Adam did with Eve;
Or say, that he had luck to find
A hundred more of the same mind,
To migrate with their mates by dozens,
And there to live like cater-cousins,
We will not call them sirs, and madams,
But a cool hundred Eves and Adams;
I think they would, or soon, or late,
By quasi-compact found a state [10].
What think, you 'squire, of that Scotch peer [11],
Who wenching held so very dear,
(I don't aver his taste was right
In liking black girls more than white,
Not that I rashly would decide;
They know the best, who both have tried)
That, to indulge and take his fill,
He fenc'd an Apalachian hill,

[8] *Tho'* Fate had fast bound her,
With Styx nine times round her.
Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

[9] Had not this unlucky bolt been shot by the 'squire, it is probable the dean would not have been thrown off his scent, but would have answered all, that had been asserted, in some such manner as Mr. Locke does: "Children, I confess, are not born in this full state of equality, though they are born to it. Their parents have a sort of rule and jurisdiction over them, when they come into the world, and for some time after; but it is but a temporary one. The bonds of this subjection are like the swaddling clothes they are wrapt up in, and supported by, in the weakness of their infancy; age and reason, as they grow up, loosen them, till at length they drop quite off, and leave a man at his own free disposal." Ch. 6. sec. 55. This passage, and the other two already quoted, seem to be a sufficient answer to Mr. Jenyns on his two first heads. All his objections turn on the term born: whereas Locke's propositions are, "Men are by nature equal, and by nature free;" that is, have equal rights in their persons and liberty.

[10] Here the Dean turns aside to his own ingenious hypothesis, which he makes the true basis of civil government, and which, the more to disseminate it, I shall here briefly explain. He supposes, that a hundred Adams and Eves should all be produced full grown, and in conjugal pairs; and then concludes, that they would naturally herd together, and form a civil society, from their instinctive love of living together as gregarious animals. But, as some might object that another instinctive appetite would speedily disturb the peace of this society, and that Horace's 'teterrima belli causa' might make it a state of war, he sagely provides against this by noting "that the appetite between the sexes can have no place in the question, because it is not of that sort, which renders mankind gregarious." Yet, as he also owns, "that the most solitary animals at certain seasons converse in pairs," it is necessary for the support of his hypothesis, that all his Adams and Eves should be as chaste as turtles; and, therefore, I have called them a *cool* hundred, an epithet which, the reader sees, is here far from being an expletive, but highly emphatical; for, if the dean's hundred Adams and Eves were not more cool than an hundred pairs of people of fashion, whom I could mention, it is to be feared, that many of the males in his civil society, would not only be gregarious animals, but absolutely horned cattle. See Tucker on Government, p. 136.

[11] The late lord Fairfax, usually distinguished by the name of lord Fairfax of Virginia.

And, holding there supreme command,
" Scatter'd his image o'er the land," [12]
Till soon he got so large a race
Of little tawny babes of grace,
And these so soon begot a second,
And those a third, that quick he reckon'd
Subjects enough of his own blood,
To reign their sovereign great and good.
If such a man was not born free,
I know not what is liberty.

'SQUIRE.

Dear dean, you interrupt my theme.
I want to preach, but you to dream
Of negro girls and patriarch kings—
Pray clip your fancy's wayward wings.
My two points prov'd, I draw from hence
This truly Christian inference,
That all, whom we the factions call,
Who 'gainst court influence hourly bawl,
Who from their seats would dash contractors,
And be themselves the nation's factors,

[12] Dryden.

Are all of the old round-head leaven,
And therefore ne'er will get to Heav'n.

DEAN.

Right. This would give my mind much ease,
If drawn from sounder premises.
Locke and his crew, I know right well,
Have sent full many a fool to Hell,
But not from what you've prov'd, but I——

* * * * *

Hold Muse! nor give the 'squire's reply.
You've run two heats; to start a third
Would now, I think, be quite absurd;
'Tis much beyond an eclogue's length;
Come breathe a while, and gather strength.
You shall not tax, should it be willing,
The town beyond a single shilling:
Stop then in time your tinkling rill;
The reader's ears have drank their fill [13].

[13] Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt.
Virg.

THE

POEMS

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THE life of sir William Jones, one of the most illustrious characters of the eighteenth century, forms a history of unexampled talents, industry, and taste, employed to the most valuable purposes. In what he executed and in what he projected, there is a grasp of mind and a vigour of intellect to which no short narrative can do justice. Yet the purpose of the present sketch will be fully answered if it shall send the reader with eagerness to the more ample and satisfactory volume lately published by lord Teignmouth.

The family of this eminent scholar is ancient, and may be traced through a long catalogue of names, none of which have obtained a place in biography, except that of his father, who was highly and deservedly celebrated as a philosopher and mathematician during and after the time of sir Isaac Newton. He was a native of Anglesea, from which he removed to the humble occupation of teaching mathematics on board a man of war. After pursuing this course of life for some years, he became a teacher of the same science in London, and the author of some works in great esteem. His excellent character and talents recommended him to the acquaintance and patronage of lord Hardwicke, sir Isaac Newton, lord Macclesfield and others, which he enjoyed until his death in 1749. By his wife, Mary Nix, the daughter of a cabinet-maker in London, he had three children, George, who died in infancy; Mary, who became the wife of Mr. Rainsford a merchant, and lost her life in 1802, in consequence of her clothes taking fire, and William, the subject of the present memoir, who was born on the eve of the festival of St. Michael 1746.

As his father died when he had scarcely reached his third year, the care of his education devolved on his mother, whose talents and virtues eminently qualified her for the task. Her husband, with affectionate precision, characterised her as one who "was virtuous without blemish, generous without extravagance, frugal but not niggard, cheerful but not giddy, close but not sullen, ingenious but not conceited, of spirit but not passionate, of her company cautious, in her friendship trusty, to her parents dutiful, and to her husband ever faithful, loving and obedient." She must have been yet a more extraordinary woman than all this imports, for we are told that under

her husband's tuition she became a considerable proficient in algebra, and with a view to act as preceptor to her sister's son, who was destined for the sea, she made herself perfect in trigonometry, and the theory of navigation, sciences of which it is probable she knew nothing before marriage, and which she now pursued amidst the anxious, and, usually, monopolizing cares of a family.

In educating her son she appears to have preferred a method at once affectionate and judicious. Discovering in him a natural curiosity and thirst for knowledge, beyond what children generally display, she made the gratification of those passions to depend on his own industry, and constantly pointed to a book as the source of information. So successful was this method, that in his fourth year he was able distinctly and rapidly to read any English book, while his memory was agreeably exercised in getting by heart such popular pieces of poetry as were likely to engage the fancy of a child. His taste for reading gradually became a habit, and having in his fifth year, while looking over a bible, fallen upon the sublime description of the Angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, the impression which his imagination received from it was never effaced.

In his sixth year an attempt was made to teach him Latin, but the acquisition of a new language had as yet no charms. At Michaelmas 1753, when he had compleated his seventh year, he was placed at Harrow school, under the tuition of Dr. Thackeray. Here during the first two years he applied with diligence to his prescribed tasks, but without indicating that superiority of talents which in eminent characters biographers are desirous to trace to the earliest years. It was enough, however, that he learned what was taught, and it was fortunate that his mind was gradually informed without being perplexed. During the vacations his mother resumed her "delightful task," and initiated him in the art of drawing, in which she excelled. Her private instructions became more necessary, and indeed indispensable, when in his ninth year his thigh-bone was accidentally fractured. During his confinement, which lasted twelve months, his mother diverted his taste for reading to the best English poets, whom he already endeavoured to imitate, but whether any of these very early efforts are in existence his biographer has not informed us.

On his return to school, he was placed in the same class which he should have attained if the progress of his studies had not been interrupted. Whether this was from favour or caprice in the master, it might have been attended with fatal consequences to young Jones, had his temper been of that irascible and wayward kind which sometimes accompanies genius. He found himself in a situation in which he was necessarily a year behind his school-fellows, and yet his master affected to presume on his equal proficiency, and goaded him by punishment and degradation to perform tasks for which he had received no preparatory instructions. In a few months, however, he applied himself so closely during his leisure hours to recover what he had lost, that he soon reached the head of his class, and uniformly gained every prize offered for the best exercise. In his twelfth year he moved into the upper school, when he entered upon the study of the Greek, and, as was his practice when in the lower, exercised himself in various translations and compositions which, not being required by his instructors, elevated him in the eyes of his school-fellows, while his kindness prevented the usual effects of jealousy. They felt nothing unpleasant in the superiority of a

schoolfellow whose talents were employed in their service, either to promote their learning or their amusements. On one occasion when they proposed to act the play of the Tempest, but had no copy at hand, he wrote it for them so correctly from memory, that they acted it with as much reputation as they probably could have derived from the best edition. His own part was Prospero. On another occasion he composed a dramatic piece on the story of Meleager, which was acted by his school-fellows, as a tragedy. Such efforts of memory and invention at so early an age are truly wonderful. His tragedy, indeed, will not bear criticism, but the lines which his biographer has given as a specimen, will not suffer much by a comparison with the general strain of verses in the infant era of English tragedy.

His predilection for whatever concerned poetry appeared in the pains he now took to study the varieties of the Roman metre. His proficiency was indeed so superior to that of most of his associates in every pursuit, that they were glad to consult him as a preceptor, and to borrow from him as a friend those helps which they were otherwise unable to procure. During the holidays he learnt French and arithmetic, and as he was admitted to the company of the ingenious philosopher Mr. Baker, and his learned friends, his mother recommended to him the Spectacle de la Nature, as a book that might enable him to understand their conversation. He obeyed her injunction, as he uniformly did upon every occasion, and was probably not uninterested in many parts of that once instructive work, but he had not yet begun to make excursions into the field of natural history, and he acknowledged that he was more entertained with the Arabian Tales and Shakspeare.

Although he did not yet cease to be the boy, he frequently gave indications of the man, and perhaps in nothing more than the useful turn of his amusements, which generally had some reference to his studies, and proved that learning was uppermost in his mind. Of this disposition the following anecdote, related by lord Teignmouth, is pleasingly characteristic.—"He invented a political play, in which Dr. William Bennet, bishop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Dr. Parr, were his principal associates. They divided the fields in the neighbourhood of Harrow, according to a map of Greece, into states and kingdoms; each fixed upon one as his dominion, and assumed an ancient name. Some of their schoolfellows consented to be styled barbarians, who were to invade their territories and attack their hillocs, which were denominated fortresses. The chiefs vigorously defended their respective domains against the incursions of the enemy; and in these imitative wars, the young statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials, all doubtless very boyish, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legislation and civil government. In these unusual amusements, Jones was ever the leader; and he might justly have appropriated to himself the words of Catullus:

Ego gymnasii flos, ego decus olei.

Dr. Bennett informs us that "great abilities, great particularity of thinking, fondness for writing verses and plays of various kinds, and a degree of integrity and manly courage, distinguished him even at this period." And Dr. Thackeray, the master of the school, however niggardly in general of his praises before the objects of his esteem, confessed in private that "he was a boy of so active a mind, that if he were left naked

and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find the road to fame and riches."

When Dr. Sumner succeeded Dr. Thackeray in 1761, he more publickly distinguished Mr. Jones, as one whose proficiency was marked by uncommon diligence and success. To a critical knowledge of Greek and Latin, he began now to add some acquaintance with the Hebrew, and even learned the Arabic characters, while during the vacations he improved his former knowledge of the French and Italian languages. His ardent thirst for knowledge, however, at this time, induced him to study with so little intermission from sleep or exercise, that he was beginning to contract a weakness of sight. On this occasion his friends interposed their advice, and for some time he consented to relax from fatigues so unsuitable to his tender age. It is probable, however, that he had already gone too far, for weakness of sight was one of the first complaints which impeded his studies when in India.

A letter to his sister, written at the age of fourteen, which his biographer has inserted at this period of his history, contains reflections on the folly of sorrowing for the death of friends, which perhaps might be placed in a more just light, but from one of his age certainly indicate very extraordinary powers of thinking: and the transition from these to the common trifles of correspondence, shows an inclination to play the youthful philosopher, which gives considerable interest to this singular epistle. The reflections, it is true, are trite, but they could not have been trite to one just entering upon life, nor could so lively a youth have long revolved the uncertainties of fame and happiness.

When he had attained the age of seventeen, his friends determined to remove him to one of the universities, but his mother had been advised to place him in the office of some special pleader. He had in the course of his desultory reading, perused a few law books, and frequently amused his mother's visitors by discussing topics of legal subtlety. But the law had not taken a complete hold on his inclination, at this time, and his preceptor, Dr. Sumner, easily prevailed in recommending an academical course. He was accordingly, in the spring 1764, entered of University College, Oxford, in which city his mother now took up her residence. This latter circumstance was peculiarly grateful to Mr. Jones, who was as much distinguished above the mass of mankind for filial affection as for his literary accomplishments.

The passion he had imbibed for general learning, and the desultory manner in which his unremitting application left him at liberty to indulge it, were at first in danger of being interrupted by the necessity of attending to a routine of instructions from which he imagined he could derive very little advantage. But in time he became accustomed to the mode of study then prevalent, and without neglecting any thing which it was necessary to know, pursued at his leisure hours that course of classical and polite literature which had already proved that he was not to be satiated by the common allowances of education. Oriental literature presented itself to his mind with unusual charms, as if the plan of his future life and the avenues to his future fame had been regularly laid down before him; and he had not applied himself long to the Arabic and Persic, before he conceived that greater advantages were to be reaped from those languages than from the more popular treasures of Greece and Rome. Such was at the time his enthusiasm in this undertaking, that, having accidentally discovered one,

Mirza, a native of Aleppo, in London, he prevailed on him to accompany him to Oxford, not without hopes that he might induce some of his companions to avail themselves of this Syrian's labours, and assist him in defraying the expense of his maintenance; but in this he was disappointed, and for some months the whole of the burthen fell upon himself.

During his residence at Oxford, his time was regularly divided into portions, each of which was filled up with the study of the ancients or moderns, and there have been few examples of such extensive accumulation of knowledge by one so young: yet amidst this severe course of application, he regularly apportioned some time for the practice of those manly exercises which promote health.

As his residence at the university necessarily became expensive, he anxiously wished for a fellowship, that he might be enabled to relieve his mother from a burthen which she could ill support. He had obtained a scholarship a few months after his matriculation, but a fellowship appeared more remote, and he was beginning to despair of achieving this object when he received an offer to be private tutor to lord Althorpe, now earl Spencer. He had been recommended to the Spencer family by Dr. Shipley, who had seen and approved some of his performances at Harrow, and particularly a Greek oration in praise of Lyon who founded the school at that place in the reign of Elizabeth.

This proposal was cheerfully accepted by Mr. Jones, and, in the summer of 1765, he went for the first time to Wimbledon Park to take upon him the education of his pupil, who was just seven years old, and with whose manners he was delighted. It would be needless to point out the advantages of such a situation as this to a young man of Jones's accomplishments and expectations. It presented every thing he could wish, liberal patronage to promote his views, elegant society to form his manners, and opportunities for study which were inferior only to what he enjoyed at Oxford. In the course of the following summer, he obtained a fellowship, which, although not exceeding one hundred pounds, appeared to him a sufficient provision and a solid independency. His time was now divided between Oxford, London, Wimbledon, and Althorpe, and, in 1767, he visited the continent with the Spencer family, and during this trip, which was but short, acquired some knowledge of the German language. Before setting out, and in the twenty-first year of his age, he began his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, in imitation of Dr. Lowth's Prelections at Oxford, on the sacred poetry of the Hebrews, and soon after his return, in the winter of 1767, he nearly completed his Commentaries, transcribed an Asiatic manuscript on Egypt and the Nile, and copied the keys of the Chinese language, which he wished to add to his other acquisitions.

Into these pursuits Mr. Jones appears to have been insensibly led, without the hopes of higher gratification than the pleasure they afforded, but a circumstance now occurred which may be considered as the first step of his progress to what finally constituted his fame as a scholar and public character. The circumstance is thus related by lord Teignmouth nearly in Mr. Jones's words.

"The king of Denmark, then upon a visit to this country (1768) had brought with him an eastern manuscript, containing the life of Nadir Shah, which he was desirous of having translated in England. The secretary of state with whom the Danish

minister had conversed upon the subject, sent the volume to Mr. Jones, requesting him to give a literal translation of it in the French language; but he wholly declined the task, alleging for his excuse, the dryness of the subject, the difficulty of the style, and chiefly his want both of leisure and ability, to enter upon an undertaking so fruitless and laborious. He mentioned, however, a gentleman, with whom he was not then acquainted, but who had distinguished himself by the translation of a Persian history, and some popular tales from the Persic, as capable of gratifying the wishes of his Danish majesty. Major Dow, the writer alluded to, excused himself on account of his numerous engagements, and the application to Mr. Jones was renewed. It was hinted, that his compliance could be of no small advantage to him, at his entrance into life; that it would procure him some mark of distinction, which would be pleasing to him; and above all, that it would be a reflection upon this country, if the king should be obliged to carry the manuscript to France. Incited by these motives, and principally the last, unwilling to be thought churlish or morose, and eager for reputation, he undertook the work, and sent a specimen of it to his Danish majesty, who returned his approbation of the style and method, but desired that the whole translation might be perfectly literal, and the oriental images accurately preserved. The task would have been far easier to him, if he had been directed to finish it in Latin; for the acquisition of a French style was infinitely more tedious, and it was necessary to have every chapter corrected by a native of France, before it could be offered to the discerning eye of the public, since in every language there are certain peculiarities of idiom, and nice shades of meaning, which a foreigner can never attain to perfection. The work, however arduous and unpleasant, was completed in a year, not without repeated hints from the secretary's office, that it was expected with great impatience by the court of Denmark. The translation was not, however, published until 1770. Forty copies upon large paper were sent to Copenhagen: one of them, bound with uncommon elegance, for the king himself; and the others as presents to his courtiers."

What reward he received for this undertaking is but obscurely related. His Danish majesty, we are told, sent him a diploma, constituting him a member of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and recommended him, in the strongest terms, to the favour and benevolence of his own sovereign. In all this there seems but an inadequate recompense for a work which at that time perhaps no person could have executed but himself[1].

His noble pupil being removed to Harrow, Mr. Jones had an opportunity of renewing his intimacy with Dr. Sumner, who had always estimated his talents and learn-

[1] Mr. Jones, in a letter to one of his correspondents, says, "When he (the king of Denmark) was considering what recompense he should bestow upon me, a noble friend of mine informed his majesty, that I neither wished for nor valued money, but was anxious only for some honorary mark of his approbation." Whether Mr. Jones had instructed his noble friend to use this language does not appear, but it is certain that he felt a degree of disappointment. In 1773, when he published an abridged Life of Nadir Shah, in his preface he takes an opportunity to lament that the profession of literature leads to no benefit or true glory whatsoever, and adds "Unless a man can assert his own independence in active life, it will avail him little, to be favoured by the learned, esteemed by the eminent, or recommended even to kings." *C.*

ing at their full value. While here, he transcribed a Persian grammar, which he had three years before composed for the use of a school-fellow destined for India, and also began a dictionary of the Persian language, in which the principal words were illustrated from the most celebrated authors of the East; but he appears to have been aware of the expense attending this work, and was unwilling to continue it, unless the East India company would purchase it. In the year 1770, he issued proposals for a new edition of Meninski's Dictionary. This appears to be what his biographer alludes to. It was to have been published in 1773, but the scheme was dropt for want of encouragement.

Amidst these occupations, so far beyond the common reach of literary industry, he became a serious inquirer into the evidences of Christianity, about which he appears at this time to have entertained some doubts. In this, as in all his studies, his application was intense, and his inquiries conducted upon the fairest and most liberal principles. The result was a firm belief in the authenticity and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and a life dignified by purity of conduct and the exercise of every Christian virtue.

In 1770, he passed the winter on the continent with the Spencer family, during which, he informs one of his correspondents, his occupations were "music, with all its sweetness and feeling: difficult and abstruse problems in mathematics: and the beautiful and sublime in poetry and painting." He wrote also in English a tract on education in the analytical manner; a tragedy founded on the story of Mustapha who was put to death by his father Soliman; and made various translations from the oriental poets. He appears on this tour to have been less intent on those objects of curiosity which usually interest travellers, than on adding to his knowledge of languages, and habituating himself to composition in all its modes, from the gay and familiar letter of friendship, to the serious and philosophical disquisition. Of the tract on education just mentioned, a fragment only remains, which his biographer has published. It appears to include the plan which he pursued in his own case. The tragedy has been totally lost, except part of a preface, in which he professes to have taken Shakspeare for his model, not by adopting his sentiments, or borrowing his expressions, but by aiming at his manner, and by striving to write as he supposes he would have written himself, if he had lived in the eighteenth century. The loss of such a curiosity cannot be too much regretted, unless our regret should be lessened by reflecting on the hazard of any attempt to bring Shakspeare on the modern stage. It is surely not less difficult than that of Mason, who unsuccessfully strove to write as the Greek tragedians "would have written, had they lived in the eighteenth century."

On his return from this tour, he appears to have contemplated his situation as not altogether corresponding with the feelings of an independent mind, and with the views he entertained of aiming at the dignity and usefulness of a public character. The advice given by some of his friends, when he left Harrow school, probably now recurred to his memory, and was strengthened by additional and more urgent motives, for he finally determined on the law as a profession: and, having resigned his charge in lord Spencer's family, was admitted into the Temple on the nineteenth of September, 1770, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

'Those who consider the study of the law as incompatible with a mind devoted to

the acquisition of polite literature, and with a taste delighting in frequent excursions to the regions of fancy, will be ready to conclude that Mr. Jones would soon discover an invincible repugnance to his new pursuit. But the reverse was in a great measure the fact. He found nothing in the study of the law so dry or laborious as not to be overcome by the same industry which had enabled him to overcome, almost in childhood, the difficulties which frequently deter men of mature years: and he was stimulated by what appears to have predominated through life, an honest ambition to rise to eminence in a profession which, although sometimes successfully followed by men of dull capacity, does not exclude the most brilliant acquirements. Still, however, while labouring to qualify himself for the bar, he regarded his progress in literature as too important or too delightful to be altogether interrupted, and from the correspondence published by lord Teignmouth, it appears that he snatched many an hour from his legal inquiries, to meditate plans connected with his oriental studies. What he executed, indeed, did not always correspond with what he projected, but we find that within the first two years of his residence in the Temple, he sketched the plan of an epic poem, and of a Turkish history, and published a French letter to Anquetil du Perron, who, in his Travels in India had treated the university of Oxford, and some of its learned members and friends of Mr. Jones, with disrespect. In this letter he corrected the petulance of the French writer with more asperity than perhaps his maturer judgment would have approved, but yet without injustice, for Perron stood convicted not only of loose invective, but of absolute falsehood.—Besides these Mr. Jones published, in 1772, a small volume of poems, consisting chiefly of translations from the Asiatic languages, with two prose dissertations on Eastern poetry and on the arts commonly called imitative. As those elegant and original Essays are intimately connected with his Translations, no apology will be necessary for adding them to the present edition. Most of these poems had been written long before this period, but were kept back until they had received all the improvements of frequent revisal, and the criticisms of his friends.

From his first entrance into the university, until Michaelmas 1768, when he took his bachelor's degree, he had kept terms regularly, but from this period to 1773 only occasionally. During the Encænia, in Easter-term 1773, he took his master's degree, and composed an oration which he intended to have spoken in the theatre; but which was not published till about ten years after. In the beginning of the year 1774, he published his Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, which have been already noticed, as having been begun in 1766, and finished in 1769, when he was only in his twenty-third year. The same motives which induced him to keep back his poems prevailed in the present instance, a diffidence in his own abilities, and a wish to profit by more mature examination, as well as by the opinions of his friends. By the preface to this work it would appear that he was not perfectly satisfied with the profession in which he had engaged, and that had circumstances permitted he would have been better pleased to have devoted his days to an uninterrupted course of study. But such was his fate that he must now renounce polite literature; and having been admitted to the bar in 1774, he adhered to this determination inflexibly for some years [3], during

[3] About this time, he issued proposals for publishing his father's mathematical works, in which, however, either for want of time or encouragement, he proceeded no farther. *C.*

which his books and manuscripts, except such as related to law and oratory, remained locked up at Oxford. He seems to have been seriously convinced that the new science he was about to enter upon was too comprehensive to admit of union with other studies, and he accordingly pursued it with his usual avidity, endeavouring to embrace the whole of jurisprudence in its fullest extent, and to make himself not only the technical but the philosophical lawyer. For some time he had but little practice, but it gradually came in, and with it a very considerable share of reputation. Towards the end of the year 1776, he was appointed a commissioner of bankrupts, a favour which he seems inclined to estimate beyond the value usually put upon it by professional men.

Notwithstanding his determination to suspend the study of ancient literature, there was a gratification in it which he found impossible to resign, while his practice continued so scanty as to afford him any disposable time. In the year last mentioned, we find him reading the Grecian orators again and again, and translating the most useful orations of Isæus. Some part of his time likewise he devoted to philosophical experiments and discoveries, attended the meetings of the Royal Society, of which he had been elected a fellow in 1772, and kept up an extensive epistolary intercourse with many of the literati of Europe. In these letters, subjects of law seldom occur unless as an apology for his barrenness on topics more congenial. From the commencement of the unhappy contest between Great Britain and America, he was decidedly against the measures adopted by the mother country.

In 1778, he published his translation of the Orations of Isæus, in causes concerning the succession to property at Athens; with a prefatory discourse, notes historical and critical, and a commentary. This work he dedicated to earl Bathurst, who among all his illustrious friends, was as yet his only benefactor, by conferring on him the place of commissioner of bankrupts. The elegant style, profound research, and acute criticism displayed in this translation attracted the applause of every judge of classical learning.

His next publication was a Latin Ode to Liberty, under the title of *Julii Melesigoni ad Libertatem*, a name formed by the transposition of the letters *Gulielmus Jonesius*. In this ode, the author of which was soon known, he made a more ample acknowledgment of his political principles, and this, it is feared, had an unfavourable influence on the hopes which he was encouraged to entertain of promotion by the then administration. In 1780, there was a vacant seat on the bench of Fort William in Bengal, to which the kindness of lord North led him to aspire, but for some time, he had very little prospect of success[4]. During the time that this matter was in suspence, on the resignation of sir Roger Newdigate, he was advised to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the university of Oxford in parliament. But finding that there was no chance of success, he declined the contest before the day of election. His avowed principles on the great question of the American war were so decidedly hostile, not only to the measures pursued by administration, but to the sentiments entertained by the majority of the members of the university, that although he might be disappointed, he could not be surprised at his failure, and accordingly appears to have resigned himself to his former pursuits with tranquil satisfaction.

[4] This vacancy, if I mistake not, occurred in 1778 by the death of M. Le Maitre. In the newspapers Mr. Jones was at this time called "the extraordinary linguist." C.

During this year (1780) he published An Enquiry into the legal Mode of suppressing Riots, with a Constitutional Plan of Future Defence, a pamphlet suggested by the dreadful riots in London, of which he had been a witness. His object is to prove that the common and statute laws of the realm then in force, give the civil state in every country a power, which, if it were perfectly understood, and continually prepared, would effectually quell any riot or insurrection, without assistance from the military, and even without the modern riot-act. In a speech which he intended to have delivered at a meeting of the freeholders of Middlesex in September following, he more explicitly avowed his sentiments on public affairs, and in language rather stronger than usual with him, although suited to the state of popular opinion in that county.

During a short visit to Paris, he appears to have formed a design of writing a history of the war. On his return, however, he recurred to his more favourite studies, and his biographer had printed a curious memorandum, dated 1780, in which Mr. Jones resolves to learn no more rudiments of any kind, but to perfect himself in the languages he had already acquired, viz. Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, German, and English, as the means of acquiring a more accurate knowledge of history, arts and sciences. With such wonderful acquisitions, he was now only in his thirty-third year.

In the winter of 1780-1, he found leisure to complete his translation of seven ancient poems of the highest reputation in Arabia, which, however, were not published till 1783: and he celebrated, about the same time, the nuptials of lord Althorpe with Miss Bingham, in an elegant ode entitled The Muse Recalled. In his professional line he published an Essay on the Law of Bailments, a subject handled under the distinct heads of analysis, history and synthesis: in which mode he proposed at some future period to discuss every branch of English law, civil and criminal, private and public. His object in all his legal discussions was to advance law to the honours of a science. It may be doubted which at this time predominated in his mind, his professional plans, or his more favourite study of the Eastern poets. He now, however, undertook a work in which he might gratify both duty and inclination, by translating an Arabian poem on the Mahommedan law of succession to the property of intestates. The poem had indeed but few charms to reward his labour by delighting his fancy, but in the prospect of obtaining a judge's seat in India, he foresaw advantages from every opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the Mohammedan laws.

In 1782, he took a very active part among the societies formed to procure a more equal representation in the commons' house of parliament. The speech which he delivered at the London tavern on this subject was long admired for its elegance, perspicuity and independent spirit. He was also elected a member of the society for Constitutional Information, and bestowed considerable attention to the objects it professed. The Dialogue between a Farmer and a Country Gentleman on the Principles of Government, which he wrote some time before, was circulated by this society with much industry. When the dean of St. Asaph (afterwards his brother-in-law) was indicted for publishing an edition of it in Wales, Mr. Jones sent a letter to lord Kenyon, then chief justice of Chester, avowing himself to be the author, and maintaining that every position in it was strictly conformable to the laws and constitution of England.

On the succession of the Shelburne administration, whose views of political affairs were in some respects more consonant to Mr. Jones's principles than those of their predecessors, by the particular interest of lord Ashburton, he achieved the object to which for some time past he had anxiously aspired. In March 1783, he was appointed a judge of the supreme court of judicature at Fort William, on which occasion the honour of knighthood was conferred on him. In April following he married a young lady to whom he had been long attached, Anna Maria Shipley, eldest daughter of the bishop of St. Asaph. He had now secured, as his friend lord Ashburton congratulated him, "two of the first objects of human pursuit, those of ambition and love."

His stay in England after these events was very short, as he embarked for India in the month of April. During the voyage his mind was sensibly impressed with the importance of the public station he was now about to fill, and began to anticipate the objects of inquiry which would engage his attention, and the improvements he might introduce in India from the experience of a life, much of which had passed in acquiring a knowledge of its learning and laws. Among other designs, very honourable to the extent of his benevolent intentions, which he formed at his onset, we find the publication of the Gospel of St. Luke in the Arabic, the Psalms in Persian verse, and various law tracts in Persian and Arabic. He intended also to compose elements of the laws of England, a history of the American war, already noticed, and miscellaneous poems, speeches and letters, on subjects of taste, oratory or general polity. But the pressure of his official duties, during the short remainder of his life, prevented his completing most of those designs.

He arrived at Calcutta in September, and was eagerly welcomed by all who were interested in the acquisition of a magistrate of probity and independence, of a scholar who was confessedly at the head of oriental literature, and one in the prime and vigour of life, who bade fair to be long the ornament of the British dominions in India. His own satisfaction was not less lively and complete. He had left behind him the inconstancy and the turbulence of party, and felt no longer the anxieties of dependence and delay. New scenes were inviting his enthusiastic research, scenes which he had delighted to contemplate at a distance, and which promised to enlarge his knowledge as a scholar, and his usefulness as a public character. He was now brought into those regions whose origin, manners, language and religion had been the subject of his profound inquiries, and while his curiosity was heightened, he drew nearer to the means of gratification.

He had not been long in his new situation before he began, with his usual judgment, to divide his time into such regular portions, that no objects connected with duty or science should interfere. One of his first endeavours was to institute a society in Calcutta, the members of which might assist him in those scientific pursuits which he foresaw would be too numerous and extended for his individual labour; and he had no sooner suggested the scheme than it was adopted with avidity. The new association assembled for the first time in January 1784. The government of Bengal readily granted its patronage, and Mr. Hastings, then governor general, who had ever been a zealous encourager of Persian and Sanscrit literature, was offered the honorary title of president, but as his numerous engagements prevented his acquiescence, sir William Jones was immediately and unanimously placed in the chair. The importance of this

society has been long acknowledged, and their Transactions are a sufficient testimony of their learning, acuteness and perseverance, qualities the more remarkable that they have been found in men most of whom embarked for India, with views of a very different kind, and which might have occupied their whole attention without their incurring the imputation of neglect or remissness.—To detail the whole of sir William Jones's proceedings and labours as president of this society would be to abridge their Transactions, of which he lived to see three volumes published, but the following passage from lord Teignmouth's narrative appears necessary to complete the sketch now attempted.

Soon after his arrival, "he determined to commence the study of the Sanscrit. His reflection had before suggested, that a knowledge of this ancient tongue would be of the greatest utility, in enabling him to discharge with confidence and satisfaction to himself, the duties of a judge, and he soon discovered, what subsequent experience fully confirmed, that no reliance could be placed on the opinions or interpretations of the professors of the Hindu law, unless he were qualified to examine their authorities and quotations, and detect their errours and misrepresentations. On the other hand, he knew that all attempts to explore the religion or literature of India, through any other medium than a knowledge of the Sanscrit, must be imperfect and unsatisfactory: it was evident, that the most erroneous and discordant opinions on these subjects, had been circulated by the ignorance of those who had collected their information from oral communications only, and that the pictures exhibited in Europe, of the religion and literature of India, could only be compared to the maps constructed by the natives, in which every position is distorted, and all proportion violated. As a lawyer, he knew the value and importance of original documents and records, and as a scholar and man of science, he disdained the idea of amusing the learned world with secondary information on subjects which had greatly interested their curiosity, when he had the means of access to the original sources. He was also aware, that much was expected by the literati of Europe, from his superior abilities and learning, and he felt the strongest inclination to gratify their expectations in the fullest possible extent."

The plan to be promoted by his knowledge of the Sanscrit was at this time very distant as to probability of execution, but he had carefully weighed it in his mind, and was gradually preparing the way for its accomplishment. It was, indeed, worthy of his great and liberal mind, to provide for the due administration of justice among the Indians, by compiling a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws, similar to that which Justinian gave to his Greek and Roman subjects. When he had made such progress in the language as might enable him to take a principal part in this important design, he imparted his views to lord Cornwallis, then (1788) governor general, in a long letter, which will ever remain a monument of his extensive understanding, benevolence and public spirit. That his plan met with acceptance from lord Cornwallis will not appear surprising to those who knew that excellent nobleman, who, while contemplating the honour which such an undertaking would confer on his own administration, conceived the highest hopes from sir William Jones's offer to co-operate or rather to superintend the execution of it. "At the period," says his biographer, "when this work was undertaken by sir William Jones, he had not resided in India more than four years and a half, during which time he had not only acquired a thorough knowledge of the Sanscrit language, but had extended his reading in it so

far, as to be qualified to form a judgment upon the merit and authority of the authors to be used in the compilation of his work; and although his labour was only applied to the disposition of materials already formed, he was enabled by his previous studies to give them an arrangement superior to any existing, and which the learned natives themselves approved and admired. In the dispensations of Providence, it may be remarked, as an occurrence of no ordinary nature, that the professors of the Braminical faith should so far renounce their reserve and distrust, as to submit to the direction of a native of Europe, for compiling a digest of their own laws."

In 1789, the first volume of the Asiatic Researches was published, and the same year sir William Jones finished his translation of Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring, an ancient Indian drama, and one of the greatest curiosities that the literature of Asia had yet brought to light. In 1794, he published as an institute, prefatory to his larger work, a translation of the ordinances of Menu, who is esteemed by the Hindus the first of created beings, and not only the oldest, but the holiest of legislators. The judgment and candour of the translator, however, led him to appreciate this work no higher than it deserved, as not being calculated for general reading, but exhibiting the manners of a remarkable people in a remote age, as including a system of despotism, and priest-craft, limited by law, yet artfully conspiring to give mutual support, and as filled with conceits in metaphysics and natural philosophy which might be liable to misconstruction.—Amidst these employments, he still carried on his extensive correspondence with his learned friends in Europe, unfolding with candour his various pursuits and sentiments, and expressing such anxiety about every branch of science as proved that even what he called relaxation was but the diversion of his researches from one channel into another. In addition to the various studies already noticed, botany appears to have occupied a considerable share of his attention, and in this, as in every new acquisition, he disdained to stop at a moderate progress, or be content with a superficial knowledge.

The indisposition of lady Jones, in 1793, rendered it absolutely necessary that she should return to England, and her affectionate husband proposed to follow her in 1795, but still wished to complete the system of Indian laws before he left the situation in which he could promote this great work with most advantage. But he had not proceeded long in this undertaking before symptoms appeared of that disorder which deprived the world of one of its brightest ornaments. The following account of his dissolution is given in the words of his biographer.

"On the evening of the twentieth of April, or nearly about that date, after prolonging his walk to a late hour, during which he had imprudently remained in conversation, in an unwholesome situation, he called upon the writer of these sheets, and complained of aguish symptoms, mentioning his intention to take some medicine, and repeating jocularly an old proverb, that, "an ague in the spring is medicine for a king." He had no suspicion at the time of the real nature of his indisposition, which proved in fact to be a complaint common in Bengal, an inflammation in the liver. The disorder was, however, soon discovered by the penetration of the physician, who, after two or three days, was called in to his assistance; but it had then advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of the medicines usually prescribed, and they were administered in vain. The progress of the complaint was uncommonly rapid, and terminated fatally on the 27th of April, 1794. On the morning of that day, his attendants,

alarmed at the evident symptoms of approaching dissolution, came precipitately to call the friend who has now the melancholy task of recording the mournful event. Not a moment was left in repairing to his house. He was lying on his bed in a posture of meditation; and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which after a few seconds ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe: and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone, in our last moments, it can ever be found."

Thus ended the life of a man who was the brightest example of rational ambition, and of extensive learning, virtue and excellence that modern times have produced, a man who must ever be the subject of admiration, although it can happen to the lot of few to equal and perhaps of none to excel him. When we compare the shortness of his life with the extent of his labours, the mind is overpowered, yet his example, however disgraceful to the indolent, and even apparently discouraging to the humble scholar, will not be without the most salutary effects, if it be allowed to prove that no difficulties in science are insurmountable by regular industry, that the human faculties can be exalted by exercise beyond the common degrees with which we are apt to be satisfied, and that the finest taste is not incompatible with the profoundest studies. It was the peculiar felicity of this extraordinary man, that the whole plan of his life appears to have been the best that could have been contrived to forward his views and to accomplish his character. In tracing its progress we see very little that could have been more happily arranged: few adverse occurrences, and scarcely an object of serious regret, especially when we consider how gently his ambition was chastened and his integrity purified by the few delays which at one time seemed to cloud his prospects [5].

But it is foreign to the design of the present writer, and it must be left to a very superior pen, to discuss the character of sir William Jones as a scholar, a philosopher, and a lawyer. He is introduced in this collection as a poet, and his claims are such as, it is hoped, will justify this step. The greater part of his poems, indeed, consist of translations, but they indicate a taste so greatly refined, that there can be no scruple in admitting him to a very high rank among modern poets. He has presented to the English reader a new set of images, and opened new sources of the sublime and the pathetic by familiarizing the scenery and manners of the eastern regions. The judgment with which those are selected leads us to regret, that his original productions are few, since it is universally acknowledged that, independent of the language and versification, both polished to a high degree of excellence, they are distinguished for true poetical fancy, ardour, and sensibility.

[5] In 1799, his works were published in six volumes quarto, and have been since reprinted in thirteen volumes octavo, with the addition of his Life by lord Teignmouth, which first appeared in 1804. Among the public tributes to his memory, are, a monument by Flaxman, in University College, at the expense of lady Jones; a monument to be erected in St. Paul's, and a statue at Bengal, both voted by the honourable East India company. A society of gentlemen at Bengal, who were educated at Oxford, subscribed a sum for a prize dissertation on his character and merits, which was adjudged to Mr. Henry Philpots, M. A. of Magdalen College. Among the many poetical tributes paid to his memory, that by the rev. Mr. Maurice of the British Museum seems entitled to the preference, from his accurate knowledge of sir William Jones's character and studies. *C.*

PREFACE

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES,

TO

THE EDITION OF HIS POEMS IN 1772.

THE reader will probably expect, that, before I present him with the following miscellany, I should give some account of the pieces contained in it; and should prove the authenticity of those eastern originals, from which I profess to have translated them: indeed, so many productions, invented in France, have been offered to the public as genuine translations from the languages of Asia, that I should have wished, for my own sake, to clear my publication from the slightest suspicion of imposture; but there is a circumstance peculiarly hard in the present case; namely, that were I to produce the originals themselves, it would be impossible to persuade some men, that even they were not forged for the purpose, like the pretended language of Formosa. I shall, however, attempt in this short preface, to satisfy the reader's expectations.

The first poem in the collection, called Solima, is not a regular translation from the Arabic language; but most of the figures, sentiments, and descriptions in it, were really taken from the poets of Arabia: for when I was reading some of their verses on benevolence and hospitality, which they justly consider as their most amiable virtues, I selected those passages, that seemed most likely to run into our measure, and connected them in such a manner as to form one continued piece, which I suppose to be written in praise of an Arabian princess, who had built a caravansera with pleasant gardens for the refreshment of travellers and pilgrims; an act of munificence not uncommon in Asia. I shall trouble the reader with only one of the original passages, from which he may form a tolerable judgment of the rest:

Kad alama e'ddhaifo wa'l mojteduno
Idha aghbara of kon wahabbat shemalan,
Wakhalat an auladiha elmordhiato,
Wa lam tar ainon lemoznin belalan,
Beenca conto 'errabio el moghitho
Leman yatarica, waconto themalan,
Waconto' nehara behi shemsoho,
Waconto dagiyyi' lleili fihi helalan.

that is; "the stranger and the pilgrim well know, when the sky is dark, and the north-wind rages, when the mothers leave their sucking infants, when no moisture can be seen in the clouds, that thou art bountiful to them as the spring, that thou art their chief support, that thou art a sun to them by day, and a moon in the cloudy night [1]."

The hint of the next poem, or The Palace of Fortune, was taken from an Indian tale, translated a few years ago from the Persian by a very ingenious gentleman in the service of the India Company; but I have added several descriptions, and episodes from other Eastern writers, have given a different moral to the whole piece, and have made some other alterations in it, which may be seen by any one, who will take the pains to compare it with the story of Roshana, in the second volume of the tales of Inatulla.

I have taken a still greater liberty with the moral allegory, which, in imitation of the Persian poet Nezami, I have entitled The Seven Fountains; the general subject of it was borrowed from a story in a collection of tales by Ebn Arabshah, a native of Damascus, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and wrote several other works in a very polished style, the most celebrated of which is An History of the Life of Tamerlane: but I have ingrafted upon the principal allegory an episode from the Arabian

[1] See this passage versified, Solima, line 71, &c.

Tales of a thousand and one Nights [1], a copy of which work, in Arabic, was procured for me by a learned friend at Aleppo.

The song, which follows, was first printed at the end of a Persian grammar: but, for the satisfaction of those who may have any doubt of its being genuine, it seemed proper to set down the original of it in Roman characters at the bottom of the page. The ode of Petrarch was added, that the reader might compare the manner of the Asiatic poets with that of the Italians, many of whom have written in the true spirit of the Easterns: some of the Persian songs have a striking resemblance to the sonnets of Petrarch; and even the form of those little amatory poems, was, I believe, brought into Europe by the Arabians: one would almost imagine the following lines to be translated from the Persian,

Aura, che quelle chiome bionde e crespe
Circondi, e movi, e se' mossa da loro
Soavemente, e spargi quel dolce oro,
E poi 'l raccogli, e'n bei nodi l' increspe—

since there is scarce a page in the works of Hafez and Jami, in which the same image, of the breeze playing with the tresses of a beautiful girl, is not agreeably and variously expressed.

The elegy on the death of Laura was inserted with the same view of forming a comparison between the Oriental and the Italian poetry: the description of the fountain of Valchiusa, or Vallis Clausa, which was close to Petrarch's house, was added to the elegy in the year 1769, and was composed on the very spot, which I could not forbear visiting, when I passed by Avignon.

The Turkish Ode on the Spring was selected from many others in the same language, written by Mesihi, a poet of great repute at Constantinople, who lived in the reign of Soliman the Second, or the Lawgiver: it is not unlike the Vigil of Venus, which has been ascribed to Catullus; the measure of it is nearly the same with that of the Latin poem; and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every stanza: the works of Mesihi are preserved in the archives of the Royal Society.

It will be needless, I hope, to apologize for the Pastoral, and the poem upon Chess, which were done as early as at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, and were saved from the fire, in preference to a great many others, because they seemed more correctly versified than the rest.

It must not be supposed, from my zeal for the literature of Asia, that I mean to place it in competition with the beautiful productions of the Greeks and Romans; for I am convinced, that whatever changes we make in our opinions, we always return to the writings of the ancients, as to the standard of true taste.

If the novelty of the following poems should recommend them to the favour of the reader, it may, probably, be agreeable to him to know, that there are many others of equal or superior merit, which have never appeared in any language of Europe; and I am persuaded that a writer, acquainted with the originals, might imitate them very happily in his native tongue, and that the public would not be displeased to see the genuine compositions of Arabia and Persia in an English dress. The heroic poem of Ferdusi might be versified as easily as the Iliad, and I see no reason why the delivery of Persia by Cyrus should not be a subject as interesting to us, as the anger of Achilles, or the wandering of Ulysses. The Odes of Hafez, and of Mesihi, would suit our lyric measures as well as those ascribed to Anacreon; and the seven Arabic elegies, that were hung up in the temple of Mecca, and of which there are several fine copies at Oxford, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and the admirers of native genius; but when I propose a translation of these oriental pieces as a work likely to meet with success, I only mean to invite my readers, who have leisure and industry, to the study of the languages in which they are written, and am very far from insinuating that I have the remotest design of performing any part of the task myself; for, to say the truth, I should not have suffered even the following trifles to see the light, if I were not very desirous of recommending to the learned world a species of literature, which abounds with so many new expressions, new images, and new inventions.

[1] See the story of Prince Agib, or the third Calandar, in the Arabian Tales, Night 57, &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the present edition of sir William Jones's Poems, the plan is adopted of arranging them under the heads to which they severally belong; consequently those published in 1772, and dedicated to the Right Hon. the Countess Spencer, are not presented to the reader in the form they were then published; but, with the other poetical productions of sir William introduced in this collection, are assigned to their proper classes.

POEMS

OF

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE XIV. LIB. II.

WRITTEN AT FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

HOW quickly fades the vital flow'r!
Alas, my friend! each silent hour
Steals unperceiv'd away:
The early joys of blooming youth,
Sweet innocence, and dove-ey'd truth,
Are destin'd to decay.

Can zeal, drear Pluto's wrath restrain?
No; tho' an hourly victim stain
His hallow'd shrine with blood,
Fate will recall her doom for none;
The sceptred king must leave his throne,
To pass the Stygian flood.

In vain, my Parnell, wrapt in ease,
We shun the merchant-marring seas:
In vain we fly from wars;
In vain we shun th' autumnal blast;
(The slow Cocytus must be pass'd;)
How needless are our cares!

Our house, our land, our shadowy grove,
The very mistress of our love,
Ah me, we soon must leave!
Of all our trees, the hated boughs
Of cypress shall alone diffuse
Their fragrance o'er our grave.

To others shall we then resign
The num'rous casks of sparkling wine,
Which, frugal, now we store;
With them a more deserving heir,
(Is this our labour, this our care?)
Shall stain the stucco floor.

1760.

ARCADIA,

A PASTORAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following pastoral was written in the year 1762; but the author, finding some tolerable passages in it, was induced to correct it afterwards, and to give it a place in this collection, [published in 1772.] He took the hint of it from an allegory of Mr. Addison, in the thirty-second paper of the Guardian; which is set down in the margin, that the reader may see where he has copied the original, and where he has deviated from it. In this piece, as it now stands, Menalcas, king of the shepherds, means Theocritus, the most ancient, and perhaps the best, writer of pastorals: and by his two daughters, Daphne and Hyla, must be understood the two sorts of pastoral poetry; the one elegant and polished, the other simple and unadorned; in both of which he excelled. Virgil, whom Pope chiefly followed, seems to have borne away the palm in the higher sort; and Spenser, whom Gay imitated with success, had equal merit in the more rustic style: these two poets, therefore, may justly be supposed in this allegory to have inherited his kingdom of Arcadia.

IN those fair plains, where glitt'ring Ladon roll'd
His wanton labyrinth o'er sands of gold,
Menalcas reign'd [1]: from Pan his lineage came;
Rich were his vales, and deathless was his fame.

[1] IMITATIONS.—GUARDIAN, No 32.—"In ancient times there dwelt, in a pleasant vale of Arcadia, a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas, who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age."

When youth impell'd him, and when love inspir'd,
The list'ning nymphs his Doric lays admir'd:
To hear his notes the swains with rapture flew;
A softer pipe no shepherd ever blew.
But, now, oppress'd beneath the load of age,
Belov'd, respected, venerable, sage,—
Of heroes, demigods, and gods he sung [2];
His reed neglected on a poplar hung,
Yet all the rules, that young Arcadians keep,
He kept; and watch'd, each morn, his bleating sheep.
Two lovely daughters were his dearest care;
Both mild as May, and both as April fair:
Love, where they mov'd, each youthful breast inflam'd;
And Daphne this, and Hyla that was nam'd.
The first was bashful as a blooming bride [3],
And all her mien display'd a decent pride;
Her tresses, braided in a curious knot,
Were close confin'd, and not a hair forgot,—
Where many a flower, in mystic order plac'd,
With myrtle twin'd, her silken fillet grac'd;
Nor with less neatness was her robe dispos'd,
And every fold a pleasing art disclos'd;
Her sandals of the brightest silk were made,
And, as she walk'd, gave lustre to the shade;
A graceful ease in every step was seen,
She mov'd a shepherdess, yet look'd a queen.
Her sister scorn'd to dwell in arching bowers,
Or deck her locks with wreaths of fading flowers;
O'er her bare shoulder flow'd her auburn hair,
And, fann'd by zephyrs, floated on the air;
Green were her buskins, green the vest she wore,
And in her hand a knotty crook she bore.
The voice of Daphne might all pains disarm [4];
Yet, heard too long, its sweetness ceas'd to charm:
But none were tir'd when artless Hyla sung,
Though something rustic warbled from her tongue.
Thus, both in beauty grew, and both in fame,
Their manners different, yet their charms the same.
The young Arcadians, tuneful from their birth,
To love devoted, and to rural mirth,
Beheld, and fondly lov'd the royal maids,
And sung their praise in valleys, lawns, and glades;—
From morn to latest eve they wept, and sigh'd;
And some for Daphne, some for Hyla, died:
Each day new presents to the nymphs they bore,
And in gay order spread the shining store;
Some beechen bowls and polish'd sheephooks brought,
With ebon knots, and studs of silver wrought;

[2] This couplet alludes to the higher Idyllia of Theocritus; as the Ἐγκώμιον εἰς Πτολεμαῖον, the Διόσκουροι, and others which are of the heroic kind.

[3] "He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but, having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree."

[4] "She had a voice that was exceedingly sweet; yet had a rusticity in her tone, which however, to most who heard her, seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation, in general, she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received."

Some led in flowery bands the playful fawn,
Or bounding roe, that spurn'd the grassy lawn;
The rest on nature's blooming gifts relied,
And rais'd their slender hopes on beauty's pride:
—But the coy maids, regardless of their pain,
Their vows derided, and their plaintive strain.
Hence some, whom love with lighter flames had fir'd,
Broke their soft flutes, and in despair retir'd;
To milder damsels told their amorous tale,
And found a kinder Daphne in the vale.
It happen'd, on a cheerful morn of May,
When every meadow smil'd in fresh array,
The shepherds, rising at an early hour,
In crowds assembled round the regal bower,
There hail'd in sprightly notes the peerless maids,
And tender accents trembled through the glades.
Menalcas, whom the larks with many a lay
Had call'd from slumber at the dawn of day,
By chance was roving through a bordering dale,
And heard the swains their youthful woes bewail.
He knew the cause; for long his prudent mind
To sooth their cares indulgently design'd;
Slow he approach'd; then wav'd his awful hand,
And, leaning on his crook, address'd the list'ning band.
"Arcadian shepherds! to my words attend;
In silence, hear your monarch, and your friend.
Your fruitless pains, which none can disapprove,
Excite my pity, not my anger move.
Two gentle maids, the solace of my age,
Fill all my soul, and all my care engage;
When death shall join me to the pale-ey'd throng,
To them my sylvan empire will belong;
But, lest with them the royal line should fail,
And civil discord fill this happy vale,
Two chosen youths the beauteous nymphs must wed,
To share their power, and grace the genial bed;
So may the swains our ancient laws obey [5],
And all Arcadia own their potent sway.
But what sage counsel can their choice direct?
Whom can the nymphs prefer, or whom reject?
So like your passion, and so like your strain,
That all deserve, yet cannot all obtain.
Hear then my tale: as late, by fancy led
To steep Cyllene's ever-vocal head,
With winding steps I wander'd through the wood,
And pour'd wild notes; a Faun before me stood;
A flute he held, which as he softly blew,
The feather'd warblers to the sound he drew;
Then to my hand the precious gift consign'd,
And said, 'Menalcas, ease thy wond'ring mind:
This pipe, on which the god of shepherds play'd,
When love inflam'd him, and the viewless maid [6],
Receive: ev'n Pan thy tuneful skill confess'd,
And after Pan thy lips will grace it best.
Thy daughter's beauty every breast inspires,
And all thy kingdom glows with equal fires:

[5] "For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family; but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe, of an antique form, from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the fairy, with a particular charge, not to bestow his daughter on any one, who could not play the same tune upon it, as at that time he entertained him with."

[6] Echo.

But let those favor'd youths alone succeed,
Who blow with matchless art this heavenly reed.'
This said, he disappear'd. Then hear my will [7]:
Be bold, ye lovers, and exert your skill;
Be they my sons, who sing the softest strains,
And tune to sweetest notes their pleasing pains;
But mark! whoe'er shall, by too harsh a lay,
Offend our ears, and from our manners stray,
He, for our favour, and our throne unfit,
To some disgraceful penance must submit."

He ends: the shepherds at his words rejoice,
And praise their sovereign with a grateful voice.
Each swain believes the lovely prize his own,
And sits triumphant on th' ideal throne;
Kind vanity their want of art supplies,
And gives indulgent what the Muse denies;
Gay vests and flowery garlands each prepares,
And each the dress, that suits his fancy, wears.

Now deeper blushes ting'd the glowing sky,
And evening rais'd her silver lamp on high;
When in a bower, by Ladon's lucid stream,
Where not a star could dart his piercing beam,
So thick the curling eglantines display'd,
With woodbines join'd, an aromatic shade—
The father of the blooming nymphs reclin'd,
His hoary locks with sacred laurel twin'd:
The royal damsels, seated by his side,
Shone like two flow'rs in summer's fairest pride:

The swains before them crowded in a ring,
Prepar'd to blow the flute, or sweetly sing.

First, in the midst a graceful youth arose,
Born in those fields where crystal Mele flows:
His air was courtly, his complexion fair;
And rich perfumes shed sweetness from his hair,
That o'er his shoulder wav'd in flowing curls,
With roses braided, and inwreath'd with pearls:
A wand of cedar for his crook he bore;
His slender foot th' Arcadian sandal wore,
Yet that so rich, it seem'd to fear the ground,
With beaming gems and silken ribands bound;
The plumage of an ostrich grac'd his head,
And with embroider'd flow'rs his mantle was o'erspread.
He sung the darling of th' Idalian queen [8],
Fall'n in his prime on sad Cythera's green;
When weeping Graces left the faded plains,
And tun'd their strings to elegiac strains;
While mourning loves the tender burden bore,
"Adonis, fair Adonis, charms no more."
The theme displeas'd the nymph, whose ruder ear
The tales of simple shepherds lov'd to hear.
The maids and youths, who saw the swain advance,
And take the fatal pipe, prepar'd to dance:
So wildly, so affectedly, he play'd,
His tune so various and uncouth he made,
That not a dancer could in cadence move,
And not a nymph the quaver'd notes approve:
They broke their ranks, and join'd the circling train,
While bursts of laughter sounded o'er the plain.
Menalcas rais'd his hand, and bade retire
The silken courtier from th' Arcadian choir:
Two eager shepherds, at the king's command,
Rent his gay plume, and snapp'd his polish'd wand;
They tore his vest, and o'er his bosom threw
A weed of homely grain and russet hue;
Then fill'd with wither'd herbs his scented locks,
And scornful drove him to the low-brow'd rocks;
There doom'd to rove, deserted and forlorn,
Till thrice the Moon had arch'd her silver horn.

The next that rose, and took the mystic reed,
Was wrapp'd, ungraceful, in a sordid weed [9];
A shaggy hide was o'er his shoulder spread;
And wreaths of noxious darnel bound his head;
Unshorn his beard, and tangled was his hair;
He rudely walk'd, and thus address'd the fair:
"My kids I fondle, and my lambs I kiss;
Ah! grant, sweet maid, a more delighful bliss."

[7] "When the time, that he designed to give her in marriage, was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise, that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those, who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies. The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers; and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had her sheephook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other. The first, who approached her, was a youth of a graceful presence and a courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut, indeed, after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted, from considering the mode of the garment, by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheephook glittered with gold and enamel. He applied the pipe to his lips, and began a tune, which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses, who had paired themselves in order to dance, could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day."

[8] See Bion, Moschus, &c.

[9] "The second, that appeared, was in a very different garb. He was clothed in a garment of rough goat-skins, his air was matted, his beard neglected; in his person uncouth, and awkward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her, 'He had hugged his lambs and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter.' The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed, secretly, against him as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with great difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried out one and all that he understood no music. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more."

The damsels blush with anger and disdain,
And turn indignant from the shameless swain;
To Pan in silence, and to Love, they pray,
To make his music hateful as his lay.
The gods assent: the flute he roughly takes,
And scarce, with pain, a grating murmur makes:
But when, in jarring notes, he forc'd his song,
Just indignation fir'd the rural throng:
"Shame of Arcadia's bowers!" the youth exclaim,
"Whose tuneless lays disgrace a shepherd's name!"
The watchful heralds, at Menalcas' nod,
Pursued the rustic with a vengeful rod;
Condemn'd three summers on the rocky shore
To feed his goats, and touch a pipe no more.
Now to the ring a portly swain advanc'd,
Who neither wholly walk'd nor wholly danc'd [10];
Yet mov'd in pain, so close his crimson vest
Was clasp'd uneasy o'er his straining breast:
"Fair nymph!" said he, "the roses, which you wear,
Your charms improve not, but their own impair [11]."
The maids, unus'd to flowers of eloquence, [sense.
Smil'd at the words, but could not guess their
When in his hand the sacred reed he took,
Long time he view'd it with a pensive look;
Then gave it breath, and rais'd a shriller note
Then when the bird of morning swells his throat;
Through every interval, now low, now high,
Swift o'er the stops his fingers seem'd to fly:
The youths, who heard such music with surprise,
Gaz'd on the tuneful bard with wond'ring eyes:
He saw with secret pride their deep amaze,
Then said, "Arcadia shall resound my praise,
And every clime my powerful art shall own;
This, this, ye swains, is melody alone:
To me Amphion taught the heavenly strains,
Amphion, born on rich Hesperian plains [12]."
To whom Menalcas: "Stranger! we admire
Thy notes melodious, and thy rapturous fire;
But ere to these fair valleys thou return,
Adopt our manners, and our language learn:
Some aged shepherd shall thy air improve,
And teach thee how to speak, and how to move."

Soon to the bow'r a modest stripling came,
Fairest of swains [13], and Tityrus his name [14]:
Mild was his look; an easy grace he show'd;
And o'er his beauteous limbs a decent mantle flow'd:
As through the crowd he press'd, the sylvan choir
His mien applauded, and his neat attire;
And Daphne, yet untaught in amorous lore,
Felt strange desires, and pains unknown before.
He now begins: the dancing hills attend,
And knotty oaks from mountain-tops descend:—
He sings of swains beneath the beechen shade,
When lovely Amaryllis fill'd the glade [15];
Next, in a sympathizing lay, complains
Of love unpitied, and the lover's pains:
But when with art the hallow'd pipe he blew,
What deep attention hush'd the rival crew,
He play'd so sweetly, and so sweetly sung,
That on each note th' enraptur'd audience hung;
Ev'n blue-hair'd nymphs from Ladon's limpid stream,
Rais'd their bright heads, and listen'd to the theme;
Then, through the yielding waves, in transport glanc'd;
Whilst on the banks the joyful shepherds danc'd:
"We oft," said they, "at close of evening flow'rs,
Have heard such music in the vocal bow'rs:
We wonder'd; for we thought some amorous god,
That on a silver moonbeam swiftly rode,
Had fann'd, with starry plumes, the floating air,
And touch'd his harp, to charm some mortal fair."
He ended; and, as rolling billows loud,
His praise resounded from the circling crowd.
The clamorous tumult softly to compose,
High in the midst, the plaintive Colin [16] rose,
Born on the lilied banks of royal Thame,
Which oft had rung with Rosalinda's name;
Fair, yet neglected; neat, yet unadorn'd;
The pride of dress, and flowers of art, he scorn'd:
And, like the nymph who fir'd his youthful breast,
Green were his buskins, green his simple vest:
With careless ease his rustic lays he sung,
And melody flow'd smoothly from his tongue:
Of June's gay fruits and August's corn he told,
The bloom of April and December's cold;

[10] "The third that advanced, appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move in pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look, and stately pace, and said, 'Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed.' As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood still like people astonished and confounded."

[11] See Tasso, Guarini, Fontinelle, Camoens, Garcilasso, and Lope de la Vega; and other writers of pastorals in Italian, French, Portuguese, and Spanish.

[12] "In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of music, compos'd by the most skilful master of Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit *him*, and teach him how to speak plain."

[13] "The fourth, that stepped forward, was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore, that day, the same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy, but unassured air: she blushed as he came near her; and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that, though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance; and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such music by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities."

[14] The name supposed to be taken by Virgil in his first pastoral.

[15] Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvam.
Virg.

[16] Colin is the name that Spenser takes in his pastorals; and Rosalinda is that, under which he celebrates his mistress.

The loves of shepherds, and their harmless cheer
In every month that decks the varied year [17].
Now on the flute with equal grace he play'd,
And his soft numbers died along the shade;
The skilful dancers to his accents mov'd,
And every voice his easy tune approv'd;
Ev'n Hyla, blooming maid, admir'd the strain,
While through her bosom shot a pleasing pain.
Now all were hush'd: no rival durst arise;
Pale were their cheeks, and full of tears their eyes.
Menalcas, rising from his flowery seat,
Thus, with a voice majestically sweet,
Address'd th' attentive throng: "Arcadians, hear!
The sky grows dark, and beamy stars appear:
Haste to the vale; the bridal bowers prepare:
And hail with joy Menalcas' tuneful heir.
Thou, Tityrus, of swains the pride and grace,
Shalt clasp soft Daphne in thy fond embrace:
And thou, young Colin, in thy willing arms
Shalt fold my Hyla, fair in native charms.
O'er these sweet plains divided empire hold,
And to your latest race transmit an age of gold.
What splendid visions rise before my sight,
And fill my aged bosom with delight!
Henceforth of wars and conquest shall you sing [18],
'Arms and the man' in every clime shall ring:
Thy Muse, bold Maro, Tityrus no more,
Shall tell of chiefs that left the Phrygian shore,
Sad Dido's love and Venus' wandering son,
The Latians vanquish'd, and Lavinia won.
And thou, O Colin! heaven-descended youth,
Shalt hide in fiction's veil the charms of truth;
Thy notes the sting of sorrow shall beguile,
And smooth the brow of anguish till it smile;
Notes, that a sweet Elysian dream can raise,
And lead th' enchanted soul through fancy's maze;
Thy verse shall shine with Gloriana's name,
And fill the world with Britain's endless fame."
To Tityrus, then, he gave the sacred flute,
And bade his sons their blushing brides salute [19];
Whilst all the train a lay of triumph sung,
Till mountains echo'd, and till valleys rung.
While thus, with mirth, they tun'd the nuptial strain [20],
A youth, too late, was hastening o'er the plain,
Clad in a flowing vest of azure hue;
Blue were his sandals, and his girdle blue [21]:
A slave, ill-dress'd and mean, behind him bore
An osier basket, fill'd with fishy store,—
The lobster, with his sable armour bold;
The tasteful mullet, deck'd with scales of gold;
Bright perch, the tyrant of the finny breed;
And greylings sweet, that crop the fragrant weed:
Among them shells of many a tint appear;
The heart of Venus, and her pearly ear [22];
The nautilus, on curling billows born;
And scallops, by the wandering pilgrim worn;
Some dropp'd with silver, some with purple dye;
With all the race that seas or streams supply:—
A net and angle o'er his shoulder hung:
Thus was the stranger clad:—and thus he sung:
"Ah! lovely damsel, leave thy simple sheep;
'Tis sweeter in the sea-worn rock to sleep;
There, shall thy line the scaly shoals betray,
And sports, unknown before, beguile the day;
To guide o'er rolling waves the dancing skiff,
Or pluck the samphire from th' impending cliff:
My raptrous notes the blue-ey'd Nereids praise,
And silver-footed Naiads hear my lays."
"To them," Menalcas said, "thy numbers pour;
Insult our flocks and blissful vales no more."
He spoke: the heralds knew their sovereign's will,
And hurl'd the fisher down the sloping hill:
Headlong he plung'd beneath the liquid plain;
(But not a nymph receiv'd the falling swain;)
Then, dropping, rose; and, like the rushing wind,
Impetuous fled, nor cast a look behind;
He sought the poplar'd banks of winding Po [23],
But shunn'd the meads where Ladon's waters flow,
Ere through nine radiant signs the flaming Sun
His course resplendent in the zodiac run [24],
The royal damsels, bashful now no more,
Two lovely boys on one glad morning bore;
From blooming Daphne fair Alexis sprung,
And Colinet on Hyla's bosom hung;
Both o'er the vales of sweet Arcadia reign'd,
And both the manners of their sires retain'd:
Alexis, fairer than a morn of May [25],
In glades and forests tun'd his rural lay,
More soft than rills that through the valley flow,
Or vernal gales that o'er the violets blow:
He sung the tender woes of artless swains,
Their tuneful contests, and their amorous pains;
When early spring has wak'd the breathing flow'rs,
Or winter hangs with frost the silv'ry bow'rs:—
But Colinet in ruder numbers tells
The loves of rustics, and fair-boding spells [26];

[17] See the Shepherd's Kalendar.

[18] This prophecy of Menalcas alludes to the Æneid of Virgil, and the Fairy-Queen of Spenser.

[19] "The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation."

[20] "While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person, in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the midst of the ring. He had an angling rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back; and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him. Being asked, whence he came, and what he was, he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore; that his substance consisted in sea calves; and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and Naiads. 'Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?' said Menalcas, 'to them shalt thou return.' The shepherds immediately hoisted him up, as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

[21] See Sannazaro, Ongaro, Phineas Fletcher, and other writers of piscatory eclogues.

[22] Venus's heart and Venus's ear are the names of two very beautiful shells.

[23] This alludes to the Latin compositions of Sannazarius; which have great merit in their kind.

[24] "Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil. Virgil left his to his son Spenser, and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips."

[25] See Pope's Pastorals.

[26] See the Shepherd's Week, of Gay.

Sings how they simply pass the livelong day;
And softly mourn, or innocently play.
Since them no shepherd rules th' Arcadian mead,
But silent hangs Menalcas' fatal reed.

CAISSA:

OR

THE GAME OF CHESS:

A POEM.

[*Written in* 1763.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first idea of the following piece, was taken from a Latin poem of Vida, entitled Scacchia Ludus, which was translated into Italian by Marino, and inserted in the fifteenth canto of his Adonis: the author thought it fair to make an acknowledgment, in the notes, for the passages which he borrowed from those two poets; but he must also do them the justice to declare, that most of the descriptions, and the whole story of Caissa, which is written in imitation of Ovid, are his own, and their faults must be imputed to him only. The characters in the poem are no less imaginary than those in the episode; in which the invention of chess is poetically ascribed to Mars, though it is certain that the game was originally brought from India.

OF armies on the chequer'd field array'd [1],
And guiltless war in pleasing form display'd;
When two bold kings contend with vain alarms,
In ivory this, and that in ebon arms;
Sing, sportive maids, that haunt the sacred hill
Of Pindus, and the fam'd Pierian rill.
Thou, joy of all below, and all above [2],
Mild Venus, queen of laughter, queen of love;
Leave thy bright island, where on many a rose
And many a pink thy blooming train repose:
Assist me, goddess! since a lovely pair
Command my song, like thee divinely fair.
Near yon cool stream, whose living waters play,
And rise translucent, in the solar ray;
Beneath the covert of a fragrant bow'r,
Where Spring's soft influence purpled every flow'r;
Two smiling nymphs reclin'd in calm retreat,
And envying blossoms crowded round their seat;
Here, Delia was enthron'd; and, by her side,
The sweet Sirena; both, in beauty's pride:

IMITATIONS.

[1] Ludimus effigiem belli, simulataque veris
Prælia, buxo acies fictas, et ludicra regna:
Ut gemini inter se reges, albusque nigerque,
Pro laude oppositi certent bicoloribus armis.
Dicite, Seriades Nymphæ, certamina tanta.
Vida.

[2] Æneadum genitrix, hominum divûmque voluptas,
Alma Venus! &c. Lucretius.

Thus shine two roses, fresh with early bloom,
That from their native stalk dispense perfume;
Their leaves unfolding to the dawning day,
Gems of the glowing mead, and eyes of May.
A band of youths and damsels sat around,
Their flowing locks with braided myrtle bound;
Agatis, in the graceful dance admir'd,
And gentle Thyrsis, by the Muse inspir'd;
With Sylvia, fairest of the mirthful train;
And Daphnis, doom'd to love, yet love in vain.
Now, whilst a purer blush o'erspreads her cheeks,
With soothing accents thus Sirena speaks: [light,
"The meads and lawns are ting'd with beamy
And wakeful larks begin their vocal flight:
Whilst on each bank the dew-drops sweetly smile;
What sport, my Delia, shall the hours beguile?
Shall heavenly notes, prolong'd with various art,
Charm the fond ear, and warm the rapturous heart?
At distance shall we view the sylvan chase;
Or catch with silken lines the finny race?"
Then Delia thus: "Or, rather since we meet
By chance astembled in this cool retreat,
In artful contest let our warlike train
Move, well-directed, o'er the colour'd plain;
Daphnis, who taught us first, the play shall guide;
Explain its laws, and o'er the field preside:
No prize we need, our ardour to inflame;
We fight with pleasure, if we fight for fame."
The nymph consents: the maids and youths pre-
To view the combat, and the sport to share; [pare
But Daphnis most approv'd the bold design,
Whom Love instructed, and the tuneful Nine.
He rose; and on the cedar table plac'd
A polish'd board, with diff'ring colours grac'd;
Squares eight times eight in equal order lie [3],
These bright as snow, those dark with sable dye;
Like the broad target by the tortoise born,
Or like the hide by spotted panthers worn.
Then from a chest, with harmless heroes stor'd,
O'er the smooth plain two well-wrought hosts he
pour'd;
The champions burn'd, their rivals to assail,
Twice eight in black, twice eight in milkwhite
mail [4];
In shape and station different, as in name,
Their motions various, nor their pow'r the same.
Say, Muse! (for Jove has nought from thee con-
Who form'd the legions on the level field? [ceal'd)
High in the midst, the reverend kings appear,
And o'er the rest their pearly sceptres rear:
One solemn step, majestically slow,
They gravely move, and shun the dangerous foe;
If e'er they call, the watchful subjects spring,
And die with rapture if they save their king;

[3] Sexaginta insunt et quatuor ordine sedes
Octono; parte ex omni, via limite quadrat
Ordinibus paribus; necnon forma omnibus una
Sedibus, æquale et spatium, sed non color unus:
Alternant semper variæ, subeuntque vicissim
Albentes nigris; testudo picta superne.
Qualia devexo gestat discrimina tergo.
Vida.

[4] Agmina bina pari numeroque, et viribus æquis,
Bis niveâ cum veste octo, totidemque nigranti.
Ut variæ facies, pariter sunt et sua cuique
Nomina, diversum munus, non æqua protectas.
Vida.

On him the glory of the day depends,
He once imprison'd, all the conflict ends.
The queens exulting near their consorts stand;
Each bears a deadly falchion in her hand;
Now here, now there, they bound with furious pride,
And thin the trembling ranks from side to side:
Swift as Camilla flying o'er the main,
Or lightly skimming o'er the dewy plain:
Fierce as they seem, some bold plebeian spear
May pierce their shield, or stop their full career.
The valiant guards, their minds on havoc bent,
Fill the next squares, and watch the royal tent;
Though weak their spears, though dwarfish be their height,
Compact they move, the bulwark of the fight [5].
To right and left the martial wings display
Their shining arms, and stand in close array.
Behold! four archers, eager to advance,
Send the light reed, and rush with sidelong glance:
Through angles, ever, they assault the foes,
True to the colour, which at first they chose.
Then four bold knights, for courage fam'd and speed,
Each knight exalted on a prancing steed:
Their arching course no vulgar limit knows [6],
Transverse they leap, and aim insidious blows:
Nor friends, nor foes, their rapid force restrain,
By one quick bound two changing squares they gain;
From varying hues renew the fierce attack,
And rush from black to white, from white to black.
Four solemn elephants the sides defend;
Beneath the load of pond'rous towers they bend;
In one unalter'd line they tempt the fight;
Now crush the left, and now o'erwhelm the right.
Bright in the front the dauntless soldiers raise
Their polish'd spears; their steely helmets blaze:
Prepar'd they stand the daring foe to strike;
Direct their progress, but their wounds oblique.
Now swell the embattled troops with hostile rage,
And clang their shields, impatient to engage;
When Daphnis thus; "A varied plain behold;
Where fairy kings their mimic tents unfold,
As Oberon, and Mab, his wayward queen,
Lead forth their armies on the daisied green.
No mortal had the wondrous sport contriv'd,
By gods invented, and from gods deriv'd;
From them the British nymphs receiv'd the game [7],
And play each morn beneath the crystal Thame;

Hear then the tale, which they to Colin sung,
As idling o'er the lucid wave he hung.
"A lovely Dryad rang'd the Thracian wild,
Her air enchanting and her aspect mild;
To chase the bounding hart was all her joy,
Averse from Hymen, and the Cyprian boy;
O'er hills and valleys was her beauty fam'd,
And fair Caïssa was the damsel nam'd.
Mars saw the maid; with deep surprise he gaz'd,
Admir'd her shape, and every gesture prais'd:
His golden bow the child of Venus bent,
And through his breast a piercing arrow sent:
The reed was hope; the feathers, keen desire;
The point, her eyes; the barbs, ethereal fire.
Soon to the nymph he pour'd his tender strain;
The haughty Dryad scorn'd his amorous pain:
He told his woes, where'er the maid he found,
And still he press'd, yet still Caïssa frown'd;
But ev'n her frowns (ah, what might smiles have done!)
Fir'd all his soul, and all his senses won.
He left his car, by raging tigers drawn,
And lonely wander'd o'er the dusky lawn;
Then lay desponding near a murmuring stream,
And fair Caïssa was his plaintive theme.
A Naiad heard him from her mossy bed,
And through the crystal rais'd her placid head;
Then mildly spake: 'O thou, whom love inspires,
Thy tears will nourish, not allay thy fires.
The smiling blossoms drink the pearly dew;
And ripening fruit the feather'd race pursue;
The scaly shoals devour the silken weeds;
Love on our sighs, and on our sorrow feeds.
Then weep no more; but, ere thou canst obtain
Balm to thy wounds, and solace to thy pain,
With gentle art thy martial look beguile;
Be mild, and teach thy rugged brow to smile.
Canst thou no play, no soothing game devise,
To make thee lovely in the damsel's eyes?
So may thy prayers assuage the scornful dame,
And ev'n Caïssa own a mutual flame.'
'Kind nymph' said Mars, 'thy counsel I approve:
Art, only art, her ruthless breast can move.
But when? or how? Thy dark discourse explain:
So may thy stream ne'er swell with gushing rain;
So may thy waves in one pure current flow,
And flowers eternal on thy border blow!'
"To whom the maid replied with smiling mien:
'Above the palace of the Paphian queen
Love's brother dwells, a boy of graceful port [8],
By gods nam'd Euphron, and by mortals Sport;
Seek him; to faithful ears unfold thy grief,
And hope, ere morn return, a sweet relief.
His temple hangs below the azure skies;
See'st thou yon argent cloud? 'Tis there it lies.'
This said, she sunk beneath the liquid plain,
And sought the mansion of her blue-hair'd train.
"Meantime the god, elate with heart-felt joy,
Had reach'd the temple of the sportful boy;
He told Caïssa's charms, his kindled fire,
The Naiad's counsel, and his warm desire.
'Be swift,' he added, 'give my passion aid;
A god requests.'—He spake, and Sport obey'd.
He fram'd a tablet of celestial mold,
Inlay'd with squares of silver and of gold;

[5] The chief art in the tactics of Chess consists, in the nice conduct of the royal pawns; in supporting them against every attack; and, if they are taken, in supplying their places with others equally supported: a principle, on which the success of the game in great measure depends, though it seems to be omitted by the very accurate Vida.

[6] Il cavallo leggier per dritta lista,
Come gli altri, l'arringo unqua non fende,
Mà la lizza attraversa, e fiero in vista
Curvo in giro, e lunato il salto stende,
E sempre nel saltar due case acquista,
Quel colore abbandona, e questo prende.
Marino, Adone. 15.

[7] Quæ quondam sub aquis gaudent spectacla tueri
Nereides, vastique omnis gens accola ponti;
Siquando placidum mare, et humida regna quierant.
Vida.

[8] Ecco d' astuto ingegno, e pronta mano
Garzon, che sempre scherza, e vola ratto,
Gioco s'apella, ed é d' amor germano.
Marino, Adone. 15.

Then of two metals form'd the warlike band,
That here, compact, in show of battle stand;
He taught the rules that guide the pensive game,
And call'd it Cassa from the Dryad's name:
(Whence Albion's sons, who most its praise confess,
Approv'd the play, and nam'd it thoughtful Chess.)
The god delighted thank'd indulgent Sport;
Then grasp'd the board, and left his airy court.
With radiant feet he pierc'd the clouds; nor stay'd,
Till in the woods he saw the beauteous maid:
Tir'd with the chase the damsel sat reclin'd,
Her girdle loose, her bosom unconfin'd.
He took the figure of a wanton Faun,
And stood before her on the flowery lawn;
Then show'd his tablet: pleas'd, the nymph survey'd
The lifeless troops, in glittering ranks display'd;
She ask'd the wily sylvan to explain
The various motions of the splendid train;
With eager heart she caught the winning lore,
And thought ev'n Mars less hateful than before:
'What spell,' said she, 'deceiv'd my careless mind?
The god was fair, and I was most unkind.'
She spoke, and saw the changing Faun assume
A milder aspect, and a fairer bloom;
His wreathing horns, that from his temples grew,
Flow'd down in curls of bright celestial hue;
The dappled hairs, that veil'd his loveless face,
Blaz'd into beams, and show'd a heavenly grace;
The shaggy hide, that mantled o'er his breast,
Was soften'd to a smooth transparent vest,
That through its folds his vigorous bosom show'd,
And nervous limbs, where youthful ardour glow'd;
(Had Venus view'd him in those blooming charms,
Not Vulcan's net had forc'd her from his arms.)
With goatlike feet no more he mark'd the ground,
But braided flowers his silken sandals bound.
The Dryad blush'd; and, as he press'd her, smil'd,
Whilst all his cares one tender glance beguil'd."

He ends; "To arms," the maids and striplings cry;
"To arms," the groves and sounding vales reply.
Sirena led to war the swarthy crew,
And Delia those that bore the lilly's hue.
Who first, O Muse, began the bold attack;
The white refulgent, or the mournful black?
Fair Delia first, as favouring lots ordain,
Moves her pale legions tow'rd the sable train:
From thought to thought her lively fancy flies,
Whils't o'er the board she darts her sparkling eyes.
At length the warrior moves with haughty strides;
Who from the plain the snowy king divides:
With equal haste his swarthy rival bounds;
His quiver rattles, and his buckler sounds:
Ah! hapless youths, with fatal warmth you burn;
Laws, ever fix'd, forbid you to return.
Then from the wing a short-liv'd spearman flies,
Unsafely bold, and see! he dies, he dies:
The dark-brow'd hero, with one vengeful blow
Of life and place deprives his ivory foe.
Now rush both armies o'er the burnish'd field,
Hurl the swift dart, and rend the bursting shield.
Here furious knights on fiery coursers prance,
Here archers spring, and lofty towers advance.
But see the white-rob'd Amazon beholds
Where the dark host its opening van unfolds:
Soon as her eye discerns the hostile maid,
By ebon shield, and ebon helm betray'd;
Seven squares she passes with majestic mien,
And stands triumphant o'er the falling queen.
Perplex'd, and sorrowing at his consort's fate,
The monarch burn'd with rage, despair, and hate:
Swift from his zone th' avenging blade he drew,
And, mad with ire, the proud virago slew.
Meanwhile sweet-smiling Delia's wary king
Retir'd from fight behind his circling wing.

Long time the war in equal balance hung;
Till, unforeseen, an ivory courser sprung,
And, wildly prancing in an evil hour,
Attack'd at once the monarch and the tower:
Sirena blush'd; for, as the rules requir'd,
Her injur'd sovereign to his tent retir'd;
Whilst her lost castle leaves his threat'ning height,
And adds new glory to th' exulting knight.

At this, pale fear oppress'd the drooping maid,
And on her cheek the rose began to fade:
A crystal tear, that stood prepar'd to fall,
She wip'd in silence, and conceal'd from all;
From all but Daphnis: he remark'd her pain,
And saw the weakness of her ebon train;
Then gently spoke. "Let me your loss supply,
And either nobly win, or nobly die;
Me oft has fortune crown'd with fair success,
And led to triumph in the fields of Chess."
He said: the willing nymph her place resign'd,
And sat at distance on the bank reclin'd.
Thus, when Minerva call'd her chief to arms,
And Troy's high turret shook with dire alarms,
The Cyprian goddess, wounded, left the plain,
And Mars engag'd a mightier force in vain.

Straight Daphnis leads his squadron to the field;
(To Delia's arms 'tis ev'n a joy to yield.)
Each guileful snare, and subtle art he tries,
But finds his art less pow'rful than her eyes:
Wisdom and strength superior charms obey;
And beauty, beauty, wins the long-fought day.
By this,—a hoary chief, on slaughter bent,
Approach'd the gloomy king's unguarded tent;
Where, late, his consort spread dismay around,
Now her dark corse lies bleeding on the ground.
Hail, happy youth! thy glories not unsung
Shall live eternal on the poet's tongue;
For thou shalt soon receive a splendid change,
And o'er the plain with nobler fury range.
The swarthy leaders saw the storm impend,
And strove in vain their sovereign to defend:
Th' invader wav'd his silver lance in air,
And flew like lightning to the fatal square;
His limbs, dilated, in a moment grew
To stately height, and widen'd to the view;
More fierce his look, more lion-like his mien,
Sublime he mov'd, and seem'd a warrior queen.
As when the sage on some unfolding plant
Has caught a wandering fly, or frugal ant,
His hand the microscopic frame applies,
And lo! a bright-hair'd monster meets his eyes:
He sees new plumes in slender cases roll'd;
Here stain'd with azure, there bedropp'd with gold
Thus, on the alter'd chief both armies gaze,
And both the kings are fix'd with deep amaze.
The sword, which arm'd the snow-white maid before
He now assumes, and hurls the spear no more;
Then springs indignant on the dark-rob'd band,
And knights and archers feel his deadly hand.
Now flies the monarch of the sable shield,
His legions vanquish'd, o'er the lonely field;
So when the morn, by rosy coursers drawn [9],
With pearls and rubies sows the verdant lawn,

[9] ——Medio rex æquore inermis
Constitit amissis sociis: velut æthere in alto
Expulit ardentes flammas ubi lutea bigis

Whilst each pale star from Heav'n's blue vault re-
Still Venus gleams, and last of all expires: [tires,
He hears, where'er he moves, the dreadful sound;
"Check" the deep vales, and "Check" the woods rebound:—
No place remains: he sees the certain fate,
And yields his throne to ruin, and Checkmate.

A brighter blush o'erspreads the damsel's cheeks,
And mildly thus the conquer'd stripling speaks:
"A double triumph, Delia, hast thou won,
By Mars protected, and by Venus' son;
The first with conquest crowns thy matchless art,
The second points those eyes at Daphnis heart."
She smil'd; the nymphs and amorous youths arise,
And own, that beauty gain'd the nobler prize.

Low in their chest the mimic troops were lay'd,
And peaceful slept the sable hero's shade [10].

Luciferis Aurora, tuus pulcherrimus ignis
Lucet adhuc, Venus, et cœlo mox ultimus exit.
Vida, ver. 604.

[10] A parody of the last line in Pope's translation of the Iliad,

And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.

THE

SEVEN FOUNTAINS:

AN EASTERN ALLEGORY.

[*Written in* 1767.]

Deck'd with fresh garlands like a rural bride,
And with the crimson streamer's waving pride,
A wanton bark was floating o'er the main,
And seem'd, with scorn, to view the azure plain:
Smooth were the waves; and scarce a whispering
Fann'd with his gentle plumes the silken sail. [gale
High, on the burnish'd deck, a gilded throne
With orient pearls and beaming diamonds shone;
On which reclin'd a youth of graceful mien,
His sandals purple, and his mantle green;
His locks, in ringlets, o'er his shoulders roll'd,
And on his cheek appear'd the downy gold.
Around him stood a train of smiling boys,
Sporting with idle cheer and mirthful toys;
Ten comely striplings [1], girt with spangled wings,
Blew piercing flutes, or touch'd the quivering
Ten more, in cadence to the sprightly strain, [strings;
Wak'd with their golden oars the slumbring main:
The waters yielded to their guiltless blows,
And the green billows sparkled as they rose.

Long time the barge had danc'd along the deep,
And on its glassy bosom seem'd to sleep;
But, now, a glittering isle [2] arose in view,
Bounded with hillocks of a verdant hue:
Fresh groves and roseate bowers appear'd above;
(Fit haunts, be sure, of pleasure and of love;)
And, higher still, a thousand blazing spires
Seem'd with gilt tops to threat the heavenly fires.
Now, each fair stripling plied his laboring oar,
And straight the pinnace struck the sandy shore.
The youth arose, and, leaping on the strand,
Took his lone way along the silver sand;
While the light bark, and all the airy crew,
Sunk like a mist beneath the briny dew.

With eager steps, the young adventurer stray'd
Through many a grove, and many a winding glade:
At length, he heard the chime of tuneful strings,
That sweetly floated on the Zephyr's wings;
And, soon, a band of damsels blithe and fair [3],
With flowing mantles and dishevel'd hair,
Rush'd, with quick pace, along the solemn wood,
Where rapt in wonder and delight he stood:
In loose transparent robes they were array'd,
Which half their beauties hid, and half display'd.
A lovely nymph approach'd him with a smile,
And said, "O, welcome to this blissful isle;
For thou art he, whom ancient bards foretold,
Doom'd in our clime to bring an age of gold:
Hail, sacred king! and from thy subject's hand,
Accept the robes and sceptre of the land."
"Sweet maid," said he, "fair learning's heavenly beam [gleam;
O'er my young mind ne'er shed her favouring
Nor has my arm e'er hurl'd the fatal lance,
While desperate legions o'er the plain advance.
How should a simple youth, unfit to bear
The steely mail, that splendid mantle wear!"
"Ah!" said the damsel, "from this happy shore,
We banish wisdom, and her idle lore;
No clarions here the strains of battle sing,—
With notes of mirth our joyful valleys ring.
Peace to the brave:—o'er us, the beauteous reign,
And ever-charming pleasures form our train."

This said, a diadem, inlay'd with pearls,
She plac'd respectful on his golden curls;
Another, o'er his graceful shoulder, threw
A silken mantle of the rose's hue, [flow'd,
Which, clasp'd with studs of gold, behind him
And through the folds his glowing bosom show'd.
Then in a car, by snow-white coursers drawn,
They led him o'er the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Through groves of joy and arbors of delight,
With all that could allure his ravish'd sight;
Green hillocks, meads, and rosy grots he view'd,
And verdurous plains with winding streams be-
On every bank, and under every shade, [dew'd.
A thousand youths, a thousand damsels play'd;
Some wantonly were tripping in a ring
On the soft border of a gushing spring;
While some, reclining in the shady vales,
Told to their smiling loves their amorous tales:
But when the sportful train beheld from far
The nymphs returning with the stately car,
O'er the smooth plain with hasty steps they came,
And hail'd their youthful king with loud acclaim;
With flowers of every tint the paths they strow'd,
And cast their chaplets on the hallow'd road.

At last, they reach'd the bosom of a wood,
Where, on a hill, a radiant palace stood;
A sumptuous dome, by hands immortal made,
Which, on its walls and on its gates, display'd
The gems that in the rocks of Tibet glow,
The pearls that in the shells of Ormus grow.
And now a numerous train advance to meet
The youth, descending from his regal seat;
Whom to a rich and spacious hall they led,
With silken carpets delicately spread:
There on a throne with gems unnumber'd grac'd,
Their lovely king six blooming damsels plac'd [4];

[1] The follies of youth. [2] The world.

[3] The follies and vanities of the world.

[4] The pleasures of the senses.

And, meekly kneeling, to his modest hand
They gave the glittering sceptre of command;
Then on six smaller thrones they sat reclin'd,
And watch'd the rising transports of his mind:
When thus the youth a blushing nymph address'd,
And, as he spoke, her hand with rapture press'd:
"Say, gentle damsel, may I ask unblam'd
How this gay isle, and splendid seats are nam'd?
And you, fair queens of beauty and of grace,
Are you of earthly or celestial race?
To me the world's bright treasures were unknown,
Where late I wander'd, pensive and alone;
And, slowly winding on my native shore,
Saw the vast ocean roll, but saw no more;
Till from the waves with many a charming song,
A barge arose, and gayly mov'd along;
The jolly rowers reach'd the yielding sands,
Allur'd my steps, and wav'd their shining hands:
I went, saluted by the vocal train,
And the swift pinnace cleav'd the waves again;
When on this island struck the gilded prow,
I landed full of joy: the rest you know.
Short is the story of my tender years: [ears."
Now speak, sweet nymph, and charm my listening
"These are the groves, for ever deck'd with flowers,"—
The maid replied, "and these the fragrant bowers,
Where Love and Pleasure hold their airy court,
The seat of bliss, of sprightliness, and sport;
And we, dear youth! are nymphs of heavenly line;
Our souls immortal, as our forms divine:
For Maia, fill'd with Zephyr's warm embrace,
In caves and forests cover'd her disgrace:
At last she rested on this peaceful shore,
Where, in yon grot, a lovely boy she bore,
Whom, fresh and wild and frolique from his birth,
She nurs'd in myrtle bowers, and call'd him Mirth.
He on a summer's morning chanc'd to rove
Through the green labyrinth of some shady grove,
Where, by a dimpled rivulet's verdant side,
A rising bank, with woodbine edg'd, he spied:
There, veil'd with flowerets of a thousand hues,
A nymph lay bath'd in slumber's balmy dews;
(This maid by some, for some our race defame,
Was Folly call'd, but Pleasure was her name:)
Her mantle, like the sky in April, blue,
Hung on a blossom'd branch that near her grew;
For, long disporting in the silver stream,
She shunn'd the blazing day-star's sultry beam;
And, ere she could conceal her naked charms,
Sleep caught her trembling in his downy arms:
Borne on the wings of Love, he flew, and press'd
Her breathing bosom to his eager breast.
At his wild theft the rosy morning blush'd,
The rivulet smil'd, and all the woods were hush'd.
Of these fair parents, on this blissful coast,
(Parents like Mirth and Pleasure who can boast!)
I with five sisters, on one happy morn,
All fair alike, behold us now! were born.
When they to brighter regions took their way,
By Love invited to the realms of day,
To us they gave this large, this gay domain,
And said departing, 'Here let beauty reign.'
Then reign, fair prince! in thee all beauties shine,
And, ah! we know thee of no mortal line."
She said: the king with rapid ardour glow'd,
And the swift poison through his bosom flow'd:
But, while she spoke, he cast his eyes around
To view the dazzling roof, and spangled ground;
Then, turning with amaze from side to side,
Seven golden doors, that richly shone, he spied,
And said, "Fair nymph, (but let me not be bold)
What mean those doors that blaze with burnish'd gold?"
"To six gay bowers," the maid replied, "they lead,
Where spring eternal crowns the glowing mead;
Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,
Rise to the Sun with many a color'd ray."
"But the seventh door," said he, "what beauties grace?"
"O, 'tis a cave; a dark and joyless place,
A scene of nameless deeds, and magic spells,
Where day ne'er shines, and pleasure never dwells:
Think not of that. But come, my royal friend,
And see what joys thy favour'd steps attend."
She spoke; and pointed to the nearest door:
Swift he descends; the damsel flies before;
She turns the lock; it opens at command;
The maid and stripling enter hand in hand.
The wondering youth beheld an opening glade,
Where in the midst a crystal fountain play'd [5];
The silver sands, that on its bottom grew,
Were strown with pearls and gems of varied hue;
The diamond sparkled like the star of day,
And the soft topaz shed a golden ray;
Clear amethysts combin'd their purple gleam
With the mild emerald's sight-refreshing beam;
The sapphire smil'd like yon blue plain above,
And rubies spread the blushing tint of love.
"These are the waters of eternal light,"
The damsel said, "the stream of heavenly sight;
See, in this cup," (she spoke, and stoop'd to fill
A vase of jasper with the sacred rill),
"See, how the living waters bound and shine,
Which this well-polish'd gem can scarce confine!"
From her soft hand, the lucid urn he took,
And quaff'd the nectar with a tender look:
Straight from his eyes a cloud of darkness flew,
And all the scene was open to his view;
Not all the groves, where ancient bards have told,
Of vegetable gems, and blooming gold;
Not all the bowers which, oft, in flowery lays
And solemn tales Arabian poets praise—
Though streams of honey flow'd through every mead,
Though balm and amber dropp'd from every reed
Held half the sweets that Nature's ample hand
Had pour'd luxuriant o'er this wondrous land:
All flowerets here their mingled rays diffuse,
The rainbow's tints to these were vulgar hues;
All birds that in the stream their pinion dip,
Or from the brink the liquid crystal sip,
Or show their beauties to the sunny skies,
Here wav'd their plumes that shone with varying dyes;
But chiefly he, that o'er the verdant plain
Spreads the gay eyes which grace his spangled train;
And he, who, proudly sailing, loves to show
His mantling wings and neck of downy snow;
Nor absent he, who learns the human sound,
With wavy gold and moving emeralds crown'd;
Whose head and breast with polish'd sapphires glow,
And on whose wing the gems of Indus grow.
The monarch view'd their beauties o'er and o'er,
He was all eye, and look'd from every pore.
But now the damsel calls him from his trance;
And o'er the lawn, delighted, they advance:

[5] Sight.

They pass the hall adorn'd with royal state,
And enter now with joy, the second gate [6].
A soothing sound he heard, (but tasted first
The gushing stream that from the valley burst,)
And in the shade beheld a youthful quire
That touch'd with flying hands the trembling lyre:
Melodious notes, drawn out with magic art,
Caught with sweet ecstasy his ravish'd heart;
An hundred nymphs their charming descants play'd,
And melting voices died along the glade;
The tuneful stream that murmur'd as it rose,
The birds that on the trees bewail'd their woes,
The boughs, made vocal by the whispering gale,
Join'd their soft strain, and warbled through the vale.
The concert ends: and now the stripling hears
A tender voice that strikes his wondering ears;
A beauteous bird, in our rude climes unknown,
That on a leafy arbour sits alone,
Strains his sweet throat, and waves his purple wings,
And thus in human accents softly sings;

"Rise, lovely pair, a sweeter bower invites
Your eager steps, a bower of new delights;
Ah! crop the flowers of pleasure while they blow,
Ere winter hides them in a veil of snow.
Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
His silken leaf, and in a morn decays.
See, gentle youth! a lily-bosom'd bride;
See, nymph! a blooming stripling by thy side.
Then haste, and bathe your souls in soft delights,
A sweeter bow'r your wandering steps invites."

He ceas'd; the slender branch, from which he
Bent its fair head, and sprinkled pearly dew. [flew,
The damsel smil'd; the blushing youth was pleas'd,
And by her willing hand his charmer seiz'd:
The lovely nymph, who sigh'd for sweeter joy,
To the third gate [7] conducts the amorous boy;
She turns the key, her cheeks like roses bloom,
And on the lock her fingers drop perfume.

His ravish'd sense a scene of pleasure meets,
A maze of joy, a paradise of sweets;
But first his lips had touch'd th' alluring stream,
That through the grove display'd a silver gleam.
Through jasmine bowers, and violet-scented vales,
On silken pinions flew the wanton gales,
Arabian odours on the plants they left,
And whisper'd to the woods their spicy theft:
Beneath the shrubs, that spread a trembling shade
The musky roes, and fragrant civets play'd.
As when, at eve, an eastern merchant roves
From Hadramut to Aden's spikenard groves,
Where some rich caravan, not long before,
Has pass'd, with cassia fraught, and balmy store,
Charm'd with the scent that hills and vales diffuse,
His grateful journey gayly he pursues;
Thus pleas'd, the monarch fed his eager soul,
And from each breeze a cloud of fragrance stole.

Soon the fourth door [8] he pass'd with eager haste.
And the fourth stream was nectar to his taste.
Before his eyes, on agate columns rear'd,
On high a purple canopy appear'd;
And under it, in stately form, was plac'd
A table with a thousand vases grac'd;
Laden with all the dainties that are found
In air, in seas, or on the fruitful ground.
Here the fair youth reclin'd with decent pride,
His wanton nymph was seated by his side:
All that could please the taste the happy pair
Cull'd from the loaded board with curious care:
O'er their enchanted heads, a mantling vine
His curling tendrils wove with amorous twine;
From the green stalks the glowing clusters hung,
Like rubies on a thread of emeralds strung;
With these were other fruits of every hue,
The pale, the red, the golden, and the blue.
An hundred smiling pages stood around,
Their shining brows with wreaths of myrtle bound:
They, in transparent cups of agate, bore
Of sweetly-sparkling wines a precious store;
The stripling sipp'd and revel'd, till the Sun
Down Heaven's blue vault his daily course had run;
Then rose, and, follow'd by the gentle maid,
Op'd the fifth door [9]: a stream before them play'd.

The king, impatient for the cooling draught,
In a full cup the mystic nectar quaff'd;
Then with a smile, (he knew no higher bliss)
From her sweet lip he stole a balmy kiss:
On the smooth bank of violets they reclin'd;
And, whilst a chaplet for his brow she twin'd,
With his soft cheek her softer cheek he press'd;
His pliant arms were folded round her breast.
She smil'd; soft lightning darted from her eyes,
And from his fragrant seat she bade him rise;
Then, while a brighter blush her face o'erspread,
To the sixth gate [10] her willing guest she led.

The golden lock she softly turn'd around;
The moving hinges gave a pleasing sound:
The boy delighted ran with eager haste,
And to his lips the living fountain plac'd;
The magic water pierc'd his kindled brain,
And a strange venom shot from vein to vein.
Whatever charms he saw in other lowers,
Were here combin'd, fruits, music, odours, flowers;
A couch besides, with softest silk o'erlaid;
And, sweeter still, a lovely yielding maid,—
Who now more charming seem'd, and not so coy,
And in her arms infolds the blushing boy;
They sport and wanton, till, with sleep oppress'd,
Like two fresh rose-buds on one stalk, they rest.

When morning spread around her purple flame,
To the sweet couch the five fair sisters came;
They hail'd the bridegroom with a cheerful voice,
And bade him make, with speed, a second choice.
Hard task to choose, when all alike were fair!
Now this, now that, engag'd his anxious care;
Then to the first who spoke, his hand he lent;
The rest retir'd, and whisper'd as they went.
The prince enamour'd view'd his second bride;
They left the bower, and wander'd side by side;
With her he charm'd his ears, with her his sight;
With her he pass'd the day, with her the night.
Thus, all by turns the sprightly stranger led,
And all by turns partook his nuptial bed;
Hours, days, and months, in pleasure flow'd away;
All laugh'd, all sweetly sung, and all were gay.

So had he wanton'd threescore days and seven,
More blest, he thought, than any son of Heaven:
Till on a morn, with sighs and streaming tears,
The train of nymphs before his bed appears;
And thus the youngest of the sisters speaks,
Whilst a sad shower runs trickling down her cheeks:
"A custom which we cannot, dare not fail,
(Such are the laws that in our isle prevail,)

[6] Hearing. [7] Smell. [8] Taste.

[9] Touch.

[10] The sensual pleasures united.

Compels us, prince! to leave thee here alone,
Till thrice the Sun his rising front has shewn:
Our parents, whom, alas! we must obey,
Expect us at a splendid feast to day;
What joy to us can all their splendour give?
With thee, with only thee, we wish to live.
Yet may we hope, these gardens will afford
Some pleasing solace to our absent lord!
Six golden keys, that ope yon blissful gates,
Where joy, eternal joy, thy steps awaits,
Accept: the seventh (but that you heard before)
Leads to a cave, where ravening monsters roar;
A sullen, dire, inhospitable cell,
Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell.
Farewell, dear youth!—how will our bosoms burn
For the sweet moment of our blest return!" [vain,
The king, who wept, yet knew his tears were
Took the seven keys, and kiss'd the parting train.
A glittering car, which bounding coursers drew,
They mounted straight, and through the forest flew.
The youth, unknowing how to pass the day,
Review'd the bowers, and heard the fountains play;
By hands unseen whate'er he wish'd was brought;
And pleasures rose obedient to his thought.
Yet all the sweets, that ravish'd him before,
Were tedious, now, and charm'd his soul no more:
Less lovely still, and still less gay they grew;
He sigh'd, he wish'd, and long'd for something new:
Back to the hall he turn'd his weary feet,
And sat repining on his royal seat.
Now on the seventh bright gate he casts his eyes;
And in his bosom rose a bold surmise;
"The nymph," said he, "was sure dispos'd to jest,
Who talk'd of dungeons in a place so blest;
What harm to open, if it be a cell
Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell?
If dark or foul, I need not pass the door;
If new or strange,—my soul desires no more."
He said, and rose; then took the golden keys,
And op'd the door: the hinges mov'd with ease.
Before his eyes, appear'd a sullen gloom,
Thick, hideous, wild; a cavern, or a tomb.
Yet, as he longer gaz'd, he saw afar
A light that sparkled like a shooting star.
He paus'd:—at last, by some kind angel led,
He enter'd; and advanc'd, with cautious tread.
Still, as he walk'd, the light appear'd more clear:
Hope sooth'd him, then, and scarcely left a fear.
At length an aged sire surpris'd he saw,
Who fill'd his bosom with a sacred awe [11];
A book he held, which, as reclin'd he lay,
He read, assisted by a taper's ray;
His beard, more white than snow on winter's breast,
Hung to the zone that bound his sable vest;
A pleasing calmness on his brow was seen,
Mild was his look, majestic was his mien.
Soon as the youth approach'd the reverend sage,
He rais'd his head, and clos'd the serious page;
Then spoke: "O son! what chance has turn'd thy
To this dull solitude, and lone retreat?" [feet
To whom the youth: "First, holy father! tell,
What force detains thee in this gloomy cell?
This isle, this palace, and those balmy bowers,
Where six sweet fountains fall on living flowers,
Are mine; a train of damsels chose me king,
And through my kingdom smiles perpetual spring.
For some important cause, to me unknown,
This day they left me joyless and alone;
But, ere three morns with roses strow the skies,
My lovely brides will charm my longing eyes."
"Youth," said the sire, "on this auspicious day
Some angel hither led thy erring way:
Hear a strange tale, and tremble at the snare,
Which for thy steps thy pleasing foes prepare.
Know, in this isle prevails a bloody law;
List, stripling, list! (the youth stood fix'd with awe:)
But seventy days [12] the hapless monarchs reign,
Then close their lives in exile and in pain;
Doom'd in a deep and frightful cave to rove,
Where darkness hovers o'er the iron grove.
Yet know, thy prudence and thy timely care
May save thee, son! from this destructive snare.
Not far from this, a lovelier island lies [13],
Too rich, too splendid, for unhallow'd eyes:
On that blest shore, a sweeter fountain flows
Than this vain clime, or this gay palace knows,
Which if thou taste, whate'er was sweet before
Will bitter seem, and steal thy soul no more.
But ere these happy waters thou canst reach,
Thy weary steps must pass yon rugged beach,
Where the dark sea with angry billows raves [14],
And, fraught with monsters, curls his howling
If to my words, obedient, thou attend, [waves.
Behold in me thy pilot and thy friend:
A bark I keep, supplied with plenteous store,
That now lies anchor'd on the rocky shore;
And, when of all thy regal toys bereft,
In the rude cave an exile thou art left,
Myself will find thee on the gloomy lea,
And waft thee safely o'er the dangerous sea."
The boy was fill'd with wonder as he spake,
And from a dream of folly seem'd to wake:
All day the sage his tainted thoughts refin'd;
His reason brighten'd, and reform'd his mind:
Through the dim cavern hand in hand they walk'd,
And much of truth, and much of Heaven they talk'd.
At night the stripling to the hall return'd;
With other fires his alter'd bosom burn'd.
O! to his wiser soul how low, how mean,
Seem'd all he e'er had heard, had felt, had seen!
He view'd the stars; he view'd the crystal skies;
And bless'd the Power All-good, All-great, All-wise.
How lowly now appear'd the purple robe,
The rubied sceptre, and the ivory globe!
How dim the rays that gild the brittle earth!
How vile the brood of Folly, and of Mirth!
When the third morning, clad in mantle grey,
Brought in her rosy car her seventieth day,
A band of slaves, who rush'd with furious sound,
In chains of steel the willing captive bound;
From his young head the diadem they tore,
And cast his pearly bracelets on the floor;
They rent his robe that bore the rose's hue,
And o'er his breast a hairy mantle threw;
Then dragg'd him to the damp and dreary cave,
Drench'd by the gloomy sea's resounding wave.
Meanwhile, the voices of a numerous crowd
Pierc'd the dun air, as thunder breaks a cloud:
The nymphs another hapless youth had found,
And then were leading o'er the guilty ground:
They hail'd him king, (alas, how short his reign!)
And with fresh chaplets strow'd the fatal plain.

[11] Religion.

[12] The life of man. [13] Heaven. [14] Death.

The happy exile, monarch now no more,
Was roving slowly o'er the lonely shore;
At last the sire's expected voice he knew,
And tow'rd the sound with hasty rapture flew.
The promis'd pinnace just afloat he found,
And the glad sage his fetter'd hands unbound;
But when he saw the foaming billows rave,
And dragons rolling o'er the fiery wave,
He stopp'd: his guardian caught his lingering hand,
And gently led him o'er the rocky strand;
Soon as he touch'd the bark, the ocean smil'd,
The dragons vanish'd, and the waves were mild.
For many an hour with vigorous arms they row'd,
While not a star one friendly sparkle show'd;
At length a glimmering brightness they behold,
Like a thin cloud which morning dyes with gold:
To that they steer; and now, rejoic'd, they view
A shore begirt with cliffs of radiant hue.
They land: a train, in shining mantles clad,
Hail their approach, and bid the youth be glad;
They led him o'er the lea with easy pace,
And floated, as they went, with heavenly grace.
A golden fountain soon appear'd in sight,
That o'er the border cast a sunny light.
The sage, impatient, scoop'd the lucid wave
In a rich vase, which to the youth he gave:
He drank; and straight a bright celestial beam
Before his eyes display'd a dazzling gleam;
Myriads of airy shapes around him gaz'd;
Some prais'd his wisdom, some his courage prais'd;
Then o'er his limbs a starry robe they spread,
And plac'd a crown of diamonds on his head.
His aged guide was gone, and in his place
Stood a fair cherub flush'd with rosy grace;
Who smiling, spake: "Here ever wilt thou rest,
Admir'd, belov'd, our brother, and our guest;
So all shall end, whom vice can charm no more
With the gay follies of that perilous shore.
See yon immortal towers their gates unfold,
With rubies flaming, and no earthly gold!
There joys, before unknown, thy steps invite;
Bliss without care, and morn without a night.
But now farewel! my duty calls me hence;
Some injur'd mortal asks my just defence.
To yon pernicious island I repair,
Swift as a star." He speaks, and melts in air.
The youth o'er walks of jasper takes his flight;
And bounds and blazes in eternal light.

SOLIMA;

AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE.

[*Written in* 1768.]

"Ye maids of Aden! hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bow'r, or dale.
—The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;
The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing summer-air;
Love-tinctur'd cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,
And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume;
Invite no more the wild unpolish'd lay,
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.
Then farewel, love! and farewel, youthful fires!
A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
Far bolder notes the list'ning wood shall fill:
Flow smooth, ye rivulets; and, ye gales, be still.
"See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
Where every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
And every shrub the scent of musk exhales!
See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green!
Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bow'rs,
Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flow'rs,
Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?
Fair Solima[1]! the hills and dales will sing;
Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring.
But not with idle shows of vain delight,
To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight;
At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
Where bloom intwin'd the lily, pink, and rose;
Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;—
Ah! not for this she taught those bowers to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:
Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the traveller numb'd with winter's cold;
The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct:—
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can Heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?
Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
Ye friendless orphans, and ye dowerless maids!
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble; and, ye sick, that grieve;
Here shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade;
Here rosy health the sweets of life will shower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.
Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears?
Stoops there a sire beneath a weight of years?
Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail;
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest gains her easy way:
She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,
What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress;
And, as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye:
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears
Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.
"When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts, and through tangled groves;
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,

[1] It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope in the known description of the Man of Ross.

While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horrour howls in every blast;
She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night; [ray,
Darts through the quivering shades her heavenly
And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.
"Ye Heavens, for this in showers of sweetness shed
Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head!
Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,
Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays!
And, like an odorous plant, whose blushing flow'r
Paints every dale, and sweetens every bow'r,
Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom!
These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;
O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hagar's grove."
So sung the youth, whose sweetly-warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains.
Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,
The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm;
The camels bounded o'er the flowery lawn,
Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn;
Their silken bands the listening rose-buds rent,
And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent:
He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flowers beneath the night-dew wept;
Then ceas'd, and slumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest.
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapturous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.

LAURA,

AN

ELEGY FROM PETRARCH.

In this fair season, when the whispering gales [1]
Drop show'rs of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,—
From bow'r to bow'r the vernal warblers play;
The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay;
The nightingale in many a melting strain
Sings to the groves, "Here Mirth and Beauty reign."
But me, for ever bath'd in gushing tears,
No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers:
The birds that warble, and the flowers that bloom,
Relieve no more this solitary gloom.
I see where late the verdant meadow smil'd,
A joyless desert, and a dreary wild:—
For those dear eyes, that pierc'd my heart before,
Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more:
Lost are those tresses, that outshone the morn,
And pale those cheeks, that might the skies adorn.
Ah, Death! thy hand has croppd the fairest flower [2],
That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bower;
Thy dart has lay'd on yonder sable bier
All my soul lov'd, and all the world held dear;
Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,
Soft-ey'd benevolence, and white-rob'd truth.
Hard fate of man, on whom the Heavens bestow [3]
A drop of pleasure for a sea of woe!
Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes consum'd,
Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd!
How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light:
But soon the gathering clouds o'ershade the skies,
Red lightnings play, and thundering storms arise!
How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years!
Not far remov'd, yet hid from distant eyes [4],
Low in her secret grot, a Naiad lies.
Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem, and native throne:
There, in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
Yet, when the waking flowers of April blow,
And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd snow;
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains;
Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies;
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar;
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam;—
From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,
And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride,
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains;
And crown the labour of the joyful swains.
First, on these banks, (ah, dream of short delight!)
The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight;

Imitations.

[1] Petrarch. Sonnet 270.

Zesiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena,
E' i fiori, e l' erbe, sua dolce famiglia;
E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomela;
E primavera candida, e vermiglia:
Ridono i prati, e'l ciel si rasserena;
Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia;
L'aria, e l'acque, e la terra e d'amor piena;
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia:
Ma per me, lasso, tornano i piu gravi
Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
Quella ch' al ciel se ne portò le chiavi:
E cantar' augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
E'n belle donne oneste atti soavi,
Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

[2] Sonnet 243.

Discolorato ai, morte, il piu bel volto
Che mai si vede, e'i plu begli occhi spenti;
Spirto piu acceso di virtuti ardenti
Del piu leggiadro, e piu bel nodo ai sciolto!

[3] Sonnet 230.

O nostra vita, ch'è si bella in vista!
Com' perde agevolmente in un' mattina
Quel che'n molt' anni a gran pena s' acquista.

[4] See a description of this celebrated fountain in a poem of madame Deshoulieres.

Entre de hauts rochers, dont l'aspect est terrible,
Des pres toujours fleuris, des arbres toujours verds,
Une source orgueilleuse et pure,
Dont l' eau sur cent rochers divers
D' une mousse verte couverts,
S' épanche, bouillonne, et murmure;
Des agneaux bondissans sur la tendre verdure,
Et de leurs conducteurs les rustiques concerts, &c.

Charms, that the bliss of Eden might restore,
That Heaven might envy, and mankind adore.
I saw—and O! what heart could long rebel?
I saw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewel.
Where'er she mov'd, the meads were fresh and gay,
And every bower exhal'd the sweets of May,
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew the gale;
The rising flowers impurpled every dale;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene:
But when in Death's cold arms entranc'd she lay,
(Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day [5]!)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead;
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew;
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.
Go, plaintive breeze! to Laura's flowery bier,
Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender tear.
There to the awful shade due homage pay,
And softly thus address the sacred clay:
"[6] Say, envied earth! that dost those charms infold,
Where are those cheeks, and where those locks of gold?
Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung?
Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting tongue?
Ye radiant tresses! and thou, nectar'd smile!
Ye looks, that might the melting skies beguile!
You robb'd my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep;
You taught me how to love, and how to weep."
No shrub o'erhangs the dew-bespangled vale [7],
No blossom trembles to the dying gale,
No floweret blushes in the morning rays,
No stream along the winding valley plays,
But knows what anguish thrills my tortur'd breast,
What pains consume me, and what cares infest.
At blush of dawn, and in the gloom of night [8],
Her pale-eyed phantom swims before my sight,
Sits on the border of each purling rill,
Crowns every bower, and glides o'er every hill.

[5] Laura was first seen by Petrarch on the sixth of April in the year 1327; and she died on the same day in 1348.

[6] Sonnet. 260.

Quanta invidia ti porto, avara terra,
Ch' abbracci quella, cui veder m' è tolto.

And Sonnet. 259.

Ov' è la fronte, che con picciol cenno
Volgea 'l mio core in questa parte, e'n quella?
Ov' è 'l bel ciglio, e l' una e l' altra stella,
Ch' al corso del mio viver lume denno? &c.

[7] Sonnet. 248.

Non è sterpe, nè sasso in questi monti,
Non ramo o fronda verde in queste piagge;
Non fior' in queste valli, o foglia d'erba;
Stilla d' acque non ven di queste fonti,
Ne fiere an questi boschi si selvagge,
Che non sappian quant' è mia pena acerba.

[8] Sonnet. 241.

Or' in forma di ninfa, o d' altra diva,
Che del piu chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,
E pongasi a seder' in su la riva:
Or' l' o veduta su per l'erba fresca
Calcar' i fior, com' una donna viva,
Mostrando in vista, che di me le'ncresca.

Flows the loud rivulet down the mountain's brow [9]?
Or pants the Zephyr on the waving bough?
Or sips the labouring bee her balmy dews,
And with soft strains her fragrant toil pursues?
Or warbles from yon silver-blossom'd thorn
The wakeful bird, that hails the rising morn?
—My Laura's voice, in many a soothing note,
Floats through the yielding air, or seems to float:
"Why fill thy sighs," she says, "this lonely bower?
Why down thy bosom flows this endless shower?
Complain no more: but hope ere long to meet
Thy much-lov'd Laura in a happier seat.
Here, fairer scenes detain my parted shade;
Suns that ne'er set, and flowers that never fade:
Through crystal skies I wing my joyous flight,
And revel in eternal blaze of light;
See all thy wanderings in that vale of tears,
And smile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears:
Death wak'd my soul, that slept in life before,
And op'd these brighten'd eyes, to sleep no more."
She ends: the Fates, that will no more reveal,
Fix on her closing lips their sacred seal.
"Return, sweet shade!" I wake, and fondly say,
"O, cheer my gloom with one far-beaming ray!
Return: thy charms my sorrow will dispel,
And snatch my spirit from her mortal cell,
Then mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fly,
And bound enraptur'd through her native sky."
She comes no more: my pangs more fierce return;
Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom burn.
Ye banks, that oft my weary limbs have borne [10],
Ye murmuring brooks, that learnt of me to mourn;
Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay;
Ye groves, where love once taught my steps to stray;
You, ever sweet and ever fair, renew
Your strains melodious, and your blooming hue:
But not in my sad heart can bliss remain,
My heart, the haunt of never-ceasing pain!
Henceforth,—to sing in smoothly-warbled lays
The smiles of youth, and beauty's heavenly rays;

[9] Sonnet. 239.

Se lamentar' augelli, o verdi fronde
Mover soavemente all' aura estiva,
O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
S'ode d'una siorita e frosca riva,
La v' io seggia d' amor pensoso, e schriva;
Lei che'l ciel ne mostró, terra nasconde,
Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo, ch' ancor viva
Di si lontano a' sospir miei risponde.
Deh! perche innanzi tempo ti consume?
Mi dice con pietate, a che pur versi
Dagli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?
Di me non pianger tu; che miei di fersi,
Morendo, eterni, e nell' eterno lume,
Quando mostrai ci chiuder gl' occhi, apersi.

[10] Sonnet. 261.

Valle, che de' lamenti miei se' piena;
Fiume, che spesso del mio pianger cresci?
Fere selvestre, vaghi augelli, e pesci,
Che l' una, e l' altra verde riva affrena;
Aria de' miei sospir' calda e serena;
Dolce sentier, che si amaro riesci;
Colle, che mi piacesti, or mi rincresci;
Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena;
Ben riconosco in voi l'usate forme,
Non, lasso, in me, che da si lieta vista,
Son fatto albergo d'infinita doglia.

To see the morn her early charms unfold [11],
Her cheeks of roses, and her curls of gold;
Led by the sacred Muse, at noon to rove [12]
O'er tufted mountain, vale, or shady grove;
To watch the stars, that gild the lucid pole,
And view yon orbs in mazy order roll;
To hear the tender nightingale complain,
And warble to the woods her amorous strain:—
No more shall these my pensive soul delight,
But each gay vision melts in endless night.
Nymphs! who in glimmering glades by moonlight dance [13],
And ye, who through the liquid crystal glance,
Who oft have heard my sadly-pleasing moan;
Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.
Ah! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies;
Clouds! fold me round; and, gather'd darkness! rise!
Bear me, ye gales! in death's soft slumber lay'd;
And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting shade.

[11] Sonnet. 251.
Quand' io veggio dal ciel scender l'Aurora,
Con la fronte di rose, e co' crin d' oro.

[12] Sonnet. 272.
Ne per sereno ciel ir vaghe stelle;
Ne per tranquillo mar legni spalmati;
Ne per campagne cavalieri armati;
Ne per bei boschi allegre fere e snelle;
Ne d' aspettato ben fresche novelle,
Ne dir d'Amore in stili alti ed ornati;
Ne tra chiare fontane, e verdi prati
Dolce cantare oneste donne e belle;
Ne altro sarà mai ch' al cor m' aggiunga,
Si seco il seppe quella sepellire,
Che sola a gli occhi miei fu lume e speglio.

[13] Sonnet. 263.
O vaghi abitator de' verdi boschi,
O Ninfe, e voi, che'l fresco erboso fondo
Del liquido cristallo alberga e pasce.

WRITTEN

FOR

A FETE CHAMPETRE

IN WALES.

Fair Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine bow'rs,
Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glowing,
While friendship and mirth claim these labourless hours!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which prospects can give;
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the odour of jasmine and roses,
That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings!
Perhaps for Bleanpant [1] fresh perfume he composes,
Or tidings from Bronwith [2] auspiciously brings;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure which odours can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet was the strain that enliven'd the spirit,
And cheer'd us with numbers so frolic and free!
The poet is absent: be just to his merit;
Ah! may he in love be more happy than we;
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure the Muses can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
Where stately Kilgarran [3] o'erhangs the brown dale;
Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
To sing a wild song, or repeat a wild tale!
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that friendship can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

No longer then pore over dark gothic pages,
To cull a rude gibberish from Neatheam or Brooke;
Leave year-books and parchments to grey-bearded sages;
Be nature and love, and fair woman, our book;
For weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that learning can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Admit that our labours were crown'd with full measure,
And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flow'rs,
That India supplied us with long-hoarded treasure,
That Dinevor [4], Slebeck [5], and Coidsmore [6], were ours;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that riches can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Or say, that preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
We gain'd the bright ermine robes, purple and red;
And peep'd thro' long perukes, like owlets thro' ivy,
Or say, that bright coronets blaz'd on our head;
Yet weak is our vaunt, while something we want,
More sweet than the pleasure that honours can give:
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan,
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

[1] The seat of W. Brigstocke, esq.
[2] The seat of Thos. Lloyd, esq.
[3] A ruin of a castle on the banks of the Tivey.
[4] Seat of lord Dinevor's, near Landelo, in Carmarthen.
[5] Seat of —— Phillips, esq. near Haverford West.
[6] Seat of Thomas Lloyd, esq. near Cardigan.

ON SEEING

MISS * * *

RIDE BY HIM, WITHOUT KNOWING HER.

[*Written in* 1780.]

So lightly glanc'd she o'er the lawn,
So lightly through the vale,
That not more swiftly bounds the fawn,
In Sidon's palmy dale.

Full well her bright-hair'd courser knew,
How sweet a charge he bore,
And proudly shook the tassels blue,
That on his neck he wore.

Her vest, with liveliest tincture glow'd,
That summer-blossoms wear,
And wanton down her shoulders flow'd,
Her hyacinthine hair.

Zephyr in play had loos'd the string,
And with it laughing flown,
Diffusing from his dewy wing,
A fragrance not his own.

Her shape was like the slender pine,
With vernal buds array'd,
O Heav'n! what rapture would be mine,
To slumber in its shade.

Her cheeks—one rose had Strephon seen,
But dazzled with the sight,
At distance view'd her nymph-like mien,
And fainted with delight.

He thought Diana from the chace,
Was hastening to her bow'r;
For more than mortal seem'd a face,
Of such resistless pow'r.

Actæon's fatal change he fear'd,
And trembled at the breeze;
High antlers had his fancy rear'd,
And quiv'ring sunk his knees.

He well might err—that morn confess'd,
The queen with silver beam,
Shone forth, and Sylvia thus address'd,
By Tivy's azure stream:

"Let us this day our robes exchange;
Bind on my waxing moon;
Then through yon woods at pleasure range,
And shun the sultry noon.

"Whilst I at Cardigan prepare
Gay stores of silk and lace,
Like thine, will seem my flowing hair,
Like thine, my heav'nly grace.

"My brother Phœbus lost his heart
When first he view'd thy charms,
And would this day, with dang'rous art,
Allure thee to his arms.

"But Cynthia, friend to virgins fair,
Thy steps will ever guide,
Protect thee from th' enchanting snare,
And o'er thy heart preside.

"In vain his wiles he shall essay,
And touch his golden lyre;
Then to the skies shall wing his way,
With pale, yet raging fire.

"Should he with lies traduce the fair,
And boast how oft he kiss'd her,
The gods shall laugh while I declare,
He flirted with his sister."

TO

LADY JONES.

FROM THE ARABIC.

[*Written in* 1783.]

While sad suspense and chill delay
Bereave my wounded soul of rest,
New hopes, new fears, from day to day,
By turns assail my lab'ring breast.

My heart, which ardent love consumes,
Throbs with each agonizing thought;
So flutters with entangled plumes,
The lark in wily meshes caught.

There she, with unavailing strain,
Pours thro' the night her warbled grief:
The gloom retires, but not her pain;
The dawn appears, but not relief.

Two younglings wait the parent bird,
Their thrilling sorrows to appease:
She comes—ah! no: the sound they heard
Was but a whisper of the breeze.

FROM THE

PERSIAN POEM OF HATIFI,

IN THE MEASURE OF THE ORIGINAL.

With cheeks where eternal paradise bloom'd,
Sweet Laili, the soul of Kais had consum'd.
Transported her heavenly graces he view'd:
Of slumber no more he thought, nor of food.
Love rais'd in their glowing bosoms his throne,
Adopting the chosen pair as his own.
Together on flowery seats they repos'd:
Their lips not one idle moment were clos'd.
To mortals they gave no hint of their smart:
Love only the secret drew from each heart.

TRANSPOSITION [1].

With cheeks where paradise eternal bloom'd,
Sweet Laili had the soul of Kais consum'd.
Her heav'nly graces he transported view'd:
No more he thought of slumber, nor of food.
Love in their glowing bosoms rais'd his throne,
The chosen pair adopting as his own.
On flowery seats together they repos'd:
Their lips one idle moment were not clos'd.
No hint they gave to mortals of their smart:
Love only drew the secret from each heart.

EXTEMPORE OPINION

ON

NATIVE TALENT,

IN ANSWER TO LINES FROM A FRIEND.

Ah! but too well, dear friend, I know
My fancy weak, my reason slow,

[1] The reader will perceive in this transposition that the stations of the words are only changed, by which simple means the five couplets are transposed to Iambic measure.

My memory by art improv'd,
My mind by baseless trifles mov'd.
Give me (thus high my pride I raise)
The ploughman's or the gard'ner's praise,
With patient and unceasing toil,
To meliorate a stubborn soil.
And say, (no higher meed I ask)
" With zeal hast thou perform'd thy task ;"
Praise, of which virtuous minds may boast,
They best confer who merit most.

WRITTEN AFTER A PERUSAL

OF THE

EIGHTH SERMON OF BARROW, 1786.

As meadows parch'd, brown groves, and withering flow'rs,
Imbibe the sparkling dew and genial show'rs ;
As chill dark air inhales the morning beam,
As thirsty harts enjoy the gelid stream ;
Thus to man's grateful soul from Heav'n descend,
The mercies of his Father, Lord, and Friend.

THE CONCLUDING SENTENCE OF

BERKLEY'S SIRIS, IMITATED.

Before thy mystic altar, heav'nly Truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth :
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray :
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow [1].

AN EPODE

FROM A CHORUS IN THE UNFINISHED TRAGEDY OF SOHRAB.

What pow'r, beyond all pow'rs elate,
Sustains this universal frame ?
'Tis not nature, 'tis not fate,
'Tis not the dance of atoms blind,
Ethereal space, or subtile flame ;
No ; 'tis one vast eternal mind,
Too sacred for an earthly name.
He forms, pervades, directs the whole ;
Not like the macrocosm's imag'd soul,
But provident of endless good,
By ways nor seen nor understood,
Which e'en his angels vainly might explore.
High, their highest thoughts above,
Truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, love,
Wrought in his heav'nly essence, blaze and soar.
Mortals, who his glory seek,
Rapt in contemplation meek,
Him fear, him trust, him venerate, him adore.

[1] These lines were written by sir William Jones in Berkley's Siris; they are, in fact, a beautiful version of the last sentence of the Siris, amplified and adapted to himself; " He that would make a real progress in knowledge, must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the first fruits, at the altar of Truth."

EX

FERDUSII

POETÆ PERSICI POEMATE HEROICO.

Samus, ut aurato cinctum diademate regem
Vidit ovans, excelsa ferebat ad atria gressum ;
Quem rex ad meritos facilis provexit honores,
Et secum in solio jussit considere eburneo,
Cælato rutilanti auro, intsertisque pyropis.
Magnanimum affatus tum blandâ heroâ loquelâ,
Multa super sociis, super armis multa rogabat,
Jam, quantos aleret tellus Hyrcana gigantas,
Jam, quâ parta manu nova sit victoria Persis :
Cui dux hæc memori parens est voce locutus.
Venimus ad castra hostilis, rex maxime, gentis ;
Gens est dura, ferox ; non aspera sævior errat
Per dumeta leo, non sylvâ tigris in atrâ ;
Non equus in lætis Arabum it velocior agris.
Cùm subito trepidam pervenit rumor in urbem
Adventare acrem, queruli per tecta, per arces,
Auditi gemitûs, & non lætabile murmur :
Hicet æratâ fulgentes cassida turmas
Eduxere viri ; pars vastos fusa per agros,
Pars monte in rigido, aut depressa valle sedebat :
Horruit ære acies, tantæque a pulvere nubes
Exortæ, ut pulchrum tegeret jubar ætherius sol.
Quale in arenoso nigrarum colle laborat
Formicarum agmen, congestaque farra reponit ;
Aut qualis culicum leviter stridentibus alis
Turba volans, tenues ciet importuna susurros ;
Tales prosiluere. Nepos ante agmina Salmi
Cercius emicuit, quo non fuit ardua pinus
Altior, aut vernans excelso in monte cupressus.
At Persarum artûs gelidâ formidine solvi
Arguit & tremor, & laxato in corpore pallor :
Hoc vidi, & valido torquens hastile lacerto
Per medias jussi, duce me, penetrare phalangas ;
Irruit alatus sonipes, ceu torvus in arvis
Æthiopum latis elephas, neque sensit habenam :
Militibus vires redière, & pristina virtus.
Ac velut, undantis cùm surgant flumina Nili,
Et refluant, avidis haud injucunda colonis,
Pinguia frugiferes implentur fluctibus arva ;
Sic terra innumeris agitata est illa catervis :
Cum strepitum audierit nostrum, ingentemque fragorem
Findentis galeas & ferrea scuta bipennis,
Cercius, horrifico complens loca vasta boatu,
In me flexit equum, me crudeli ense petebat,
Captivumque arcto voluit constringere nodo :
Frustra ; nam, lunans habilem nec segniter arcum,
Populeas misi duro mucrone sagittas,
Flammarum ritu, aut per nubila fulminis acti :
Ille tamen celeri ruit impete, nosque morantes
Increpitat, letum minitans, rigidasve catenas :
Ut verò accessit violenti turbinis instar,
Pulsus ut & clypeus clypeo est, & cassida crassis
Illum insurgentem, dirumque infigere vulnus
Conantem, arripui, qua discolor alia cinxit
Balteus, & rutilis subnexa est fibula baccis.
Strenua tum valido molimine brachia versans
E stratis evulsi equitem, qui pronus, inermis,
Decidit, & rabido frendens campum ore momordit ;
Pectora cui nivea, & ferratâ cuspide costas
Transfodi, madidam defluxit sanguis in herbam
Purpureus, tristisque elapsa est vita sub umbras.
Haud mora, diffugiunt hostes, ductore perempto,
Saxa per & colles ; nostris victoria turmis
Affulsit, cæsosque doles, Hyrcania, natos.

Sic pereant, quicunque tuo, rex optime, sceptro,
Qui premis imperio stellas, parere recusent!
Dixit; & heroas Persarum rector ovantes
Laudibus in cœlum tollit; jubet inde beatas
Instaurari epulas, & pocula dulcia poni:
Conventum est, textoque super discumbitur auro.

ELEGIA ARABICA.

Fulgur an è densâ vibratum nube coruscat?
An roseas mudat Leila pudica genas?
Bacciferumne celer fruticetum devorat ignis?
Siderea an Solimæ lumina dulcè micant?
Nardus an Hageri, an spirant violaria Mecæ,
Candida odoriferis an venit Azza comis?
Quàm juvat ah! patrios memori tenuisse recessûs
Mente, per ignotos dum vagor exul agros?
Valle sub umbrosâ, pallens ubi luget amator,
Num colit assuetos mollis amica lares?
Jamne cient raucum præfracta tonitrua murmur
Montibus, effusæ quos rigat imber aquæ?
An tua, dum fundit primum lux alma ruborem,
Lympha, Azibe, meam pellet, ut ante, sitim?
Quot mea felices vidistis gaudia, campi,
Gaudia væ! misero non renovanda mihi?
Ecquis apud Nagedi lucos aut pascua Tudæ
Pastor amatorum spesque metusque canit?
Ecquis ait, gelidâ Salæ dum valle recumbit,
"Heu! quid Cademeo in monte sodalis agit?"
Num graciles rident hyemalia frigora myrti?
Num viret in solitis lotos amata locis?
Num vernant humiles in aprico colle myricæ?
Ne malus has oculus, ne mala lædat hyems!
An mea Alegiades, dulcissima turba, puellæ
Curant, an Zephyris irrita vota dabunt?
An viridem saliunt, nullo venante, per hortum
Hinnuleique citi, capreolique leves?
Visamne umbriferos, loca dilectissima, saltus,
Ducit ubi facilem læta Noama chorum?
Num Daregi ripas patulâ tegit arbutus umbrâ,
Ah! quoties lacrymis humida facta meis?
Grata quis antra colit, nobis absentibus, Amri,
Antra puellarum quàm bene nota gregi?
Forsan amatores Meccanâ in valle reductos
Absentis Solimæ commeminisse juvat.
Tempus erit, levibus quo pervigilata cachinnis
Nox dabit unanimi gaudia plena choro;
Quo dulces juvenum spirabit cœtus amores,
Et lætos avidâ combibet aure modos.

AD MUSAM.

Vale, Camena, blanda cultrix ingeni,
Virtutis altrix, mater eloquentiæ!
Linquenda alumno est laurus & chelys tuo:
At tu dearum dulcium dulcissima,
Seu Suada mavis sive Pitho dicier,
A te receptus in tuâ vivam fide:
Mihi sit, oro, non inutilis toga,
Nec indiserta lingua, nec turpis manus.

ODES.

AN

ODE OF PETRARCH,

TO THE

FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.

Ye clear and sparkling streams!
(Warm'd by the sunny beams,)
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd;
Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade [1];
Sweet herbs! and blushing flowers!
That crown yon vernal bowers
For ever fatal, yet for ever dear;
And ye, that heard my sighs
When first she charm'd my eyes,
Soft-breathing gales! my dying accents hear.
If Heaven has fix'd my doom,
That love must quite consume
My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;
Ah! grant this slight request,—
That, here, my urn may rest,
When to its mansion flies my vital breath.

Canzone 27.

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei, che sola a me par donna;
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con sospir mi rimembra)
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;
Erba, e fior', che la gonna
Leggiadra ricoverse
Coll' angelico seno;
Aer sacro sereno
Ov' Amor co' begli occhi il cor m' aperse;
Date udienza insieme
Alle dolenti mie parole estreme.
S' egli è pur mio destino,
E'l cielo in ciò s' adopra,
Ch' amor questi occhi lagrimando chiuda,
Qualche grazia il meschino
Corpo fra voi ricopra;
E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda:
La morte fia men cruda,

[1] M. de Voltaire has given us a beautiful paraphrase of this first stanza, though it is certain that he had never read the ode in the original, or at most only the three first lines of it; for he asserts that the Italian song is irregular, and without rhymes; whereas the stanzas are perfectly regular, and the rhymes very exact. His design was to give madame du Chatelet, for whom he wrote his history, an idea of Petrarch's style; but, if she had only read his imitation, she could have but an imperfect notion of the Italian, which the reader will easily perceive by comparing them.

This pleasing hope will smooth
My anxious mind, and sooth
The pangs of that inevitable hour;
My spirit will not grieve
Her mortal veil to leave
In these calm shades, and this enchanting bow'r.
Haply the guilty maid
Through yon accustom'd glade
To my sad tomb will take her lonely way:
Where first her beauty's light
O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,
When Love on this fair border bade me stray;
There, sorrowing, shall she see,
Beneath an aged tree,
Her true, but hapless, lover's lowly bier;
Too late, her tender sighs
Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.
O! well-remember'd day,
When on yon bank she lay,
Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
The young and blooming flowers,
Falling in fragrant showers,
Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd:
Some on her mantle hung,
Some in her locks were strung,
Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
Some, in a spicy cloud,
Descending, call'd aloud,
"Here Love and youth the reins of empire hold."
I view'd the heavenly maid;
And, rapt in wonder, said

Se questa speme porto
A quel dubbioso passo;
Che lo spirito lasso
Non poria mai in piu riposato porto
N'en piu tranquilla fossa
Fuggir la carne travagliata, e l'ossa.
Tempo verra ancor forse
Ch' all' usato soggiorno
Torni la fera bella e mansueta;
E là, ov' ella mi scorse
Nel benedetto giorno
Volga la vista desiosa e lieta,
Cercandomi, ed, o pieta,
Già terra infra le pietre
Vedendo, Amor l'inspiri
In guisa che sospiri
Si dolcemente che mercè m'impetre,
E faccia forza al cielo
Asciugandosi gli occhi col bel velo.
Da' bei rami scendea
Dolce nella memoria
Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo;
Ed ella si sedea,
Humile in tanta gloria
Coverta già dell' amoroso nembo:
Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
Qual sulle treccie bionde,
Ch' oro forbito e perle
Eran quel dì a vederle,
Qual si posava in terra, e quel sull' onde;
Qual con un vago errore
Girando parea dir, "Qui regna Amore."
Quante volte diss'io
Allor pien di spavento

"The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;"
Her look, her voice, her smile,
That might all Heaven beguile,
Wafted my soul above the realms of Earth:
The star-bespangled skies
Were open'd to my eyes:
Sighing I said, "Whence rose this glittering scene?"
Since that auspicious hour,
This bank, and odorous bower,
My morning couch, and evening haunt, have been.
Well mayst thou blush, my song,
To leave the rural throng,
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;
But, were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that Heaven might stoop to hear.

"Costei per fermo nacque in paradiso,"
Cosi carco d' oblio
Il divin portamento
E'l volto, e le parole, e'l dolce riso
M' aveano, e si diviso
Dall' imagine vera,
Ch' i' dicea sospirando,
"Qui come venn' io, o quando?"
Credendo esser' in ciel, non là dov' era.
Da indi *in* quà mi piace
Questa erba si ch' altrove non o pace.
Se tu avessi ornamenti quant' in voglia,
Potresti arditamente
Uscir del bosco, e gir' infra la gente.

M. DE VOLTAIRE'S

PARAPHRASE

OF THE FIRST STANZA,

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque, &c.

Claire fontaine, onde aimable, onde pure,
Ou là beauté qui consume mon cœur,
Seule beauté, qui soit dans la nature,
Des feux du jour evite la chaleur;
Arbre heureux, dont le feuillage
Agite par les Zephirs
La couvris de son ombrage,
Qui rappelles mes soupirs,
En rappellant son image,
Ornemens de ces bords, et filles du matin,
Vous dont je suis jaloux, vous moins brillantes [son sein,
qu'elle,
Fleurs, qu'elle embellissait, quand vous touchiez
Rossignols, dont la voix est moins douce et moins [belle,
Air devenu plus pur, adorable séjour,
Immortalisé par ses charmes.
Lieux dangereux *et chers, ou de ses tendres armes*
L'amour a blessé tous mes sens,
Ecoutez mes derniers accens,
Recevez mes dernieres larmes.

AN

ODE ON [illegible],

IN THE PERSIAN FORM AND MEASURE.

How sweet the gale of morning breathes!
News, that the rose will soon approach
Soon will a thousand parted souls
Since tidings, which in every heart
Late near my charmer's flowing robe
Thence, odour to the rose-bud's veil,
Painful is absence, and that pain
Thou know'st, dear maid! when to thine ear
Why should I trace love's mazy path,
Black destiny! my lot is woe,
In vain, a friend his mind disturbs,
When sage physician to the couch,
A roving stranger in thy town
Till this his name, and rambling lay

Sweet news of my *delight* he brings,
the tuneful bird of *night*, he brings.
be led, his captives; through the sky,
must ardent flames *excite*, he brings.
he pass'd, and kiss'd the fragrant hem;
and jasmine's mantle *white*, he brings.
to some base rival oft is ow'd;
false tales, contriv'd in *spite*, he brings.
since destiny my bliss forbids?
to me no ray of *light* he brings.
in vain a childish trouble gives,
of heartsick love-lorn *wight*, he brings.
no guidance can sad Jami find,
to thine all-piercing *sight* he brings.

THE MUSE RECALLED;

AN ODE

ON THE NUPTIALS OF

LORD VISCOUNT ALTHORP,

AND

MISS LAVINIA BINGHAM,

ELDEST DAUGHTER OF CHARLES, LORD LUCAN,

MARCH 6, 1781.

Return, celestial Muse!
By whose bright fingers o'er my infant head,
Lull'd with immortal symphony, were spread
Fresh bays and flow'rets of a thousand hues;
Return! thy golden lyre,
Chorded with sunny rays of temper'd fire,
Which in Astræa's fane I fondly hung,
Bold I reclaim: but ah, sweet maid,
Bereft of thy propitious aid
My voice is tuneless, and my harp unstrung.
In vain I call—What charm, what potent spell
Shall kindle into life the long-unwaken'd shell?
Haste! the well-wrought basket bring [1],
Which two sister Graces wove,
When the third, whose praise I sing,
Blushing sought the bridal grove,
Where the slow-descending Sun
Gilt the bow'rs of Wimbledon.
In the vase mysterious fling
Pinks and roses gemm'd with dew,
Flow'rs of ev'ry varied hue,
Daughters fair of early spring,
Laughing sweet with sapphire eyes,
Or with Iris' mingled dyes:
Then around the basket go,
Tripping light with silent pace,
While, with solemn voice and slow
Thrice pronouncing thrice I trace
On the silken texture bright,
Character'd in beamy light,

Names of more than mortal pow'r,
Sweetest influence to diffuse;
Names, that from her shadiest bow'r
Draw the soft enchantment's use.
First, I with living gems enchase
The name of her, whom for this festive day
With zone and mantle elegantly gay
The Graces have adorn'd, herself a Grace,
Molesworth—hark! a swelling note
Seems on Zephyr's wing to float,
Or has vain hope my flatter'd sense beguil'd?
Next her who braided many a flow'r
To deck her sister's nuptial bow'r,
Bingham, with gentle heart and aspect mild:
The charm prevails—I hear, I hear
Strains nearer yet, and yet more near.
Still ye nymphs and youths advance,
Sprinkle still the balmy show'r,
Mingle still the mazy dance.
Two names of unresisted pow'r,
Behold, in radiant characters I write:
O rise! O leave thy secret shrine,
For they, who all thy nymphal train outshine,
Duncannon [2], heavenly Muse, and Devonshire [3] invite.
Saw ye not yon myrtle wave?
Heard ye not a warbled strain?
Yes! the harp, which Clio gave,
Shall his ancient sound regain.
One dearer name remains. Prepare, prepare!
She comes—how swift th' impatient air
Drinks the rising accent sweet!
Soon the charm shall be complete.
Return and wake the silent string;
Return, sweet Muse, for Althorp bids me sing.
'Tis she—and, as she smiles, the breathing lyre
Leaps from his silken bands, and darts ethereal fire.
Bright son of ev'ning, lucid star,
Auspicious rise thy soften'd beam,
Admir'd ere Cynthia's pearly car
O'er Heav'n's pure azure spreads her gleam:

[1] Miss Louisa Bingham, and Miss Frances Molesworth her cousin, decked a basket with ribbands and flowers to hold the nuptial presents.

[2] Lady Henrietta Spencer, second daughter of John earl Spencer, and wife of the *lord viscount* Duncannon, eldest son of the earl of Besborough.

[3] Lady Georgiana, eldest daughter of earl Spencer, and wife of William Cavendish, fifth duke of Devonshire.

Thou saw'st the blooming pair,
Like thee serenely fair,
By love united and the nuptial vow,
Thou see'st the mirthful train
Dance to th' unlabour'd strain,
See'st bound with myrtle ev'ry youthful brow.
Shine forth, ye silver eyes of night, [light.
And gaze on virtues crown'd with treasures of de-

And thou, the golden-tressed child of morn,
Whene'er thy all-inspiring heat
Bids bursting rose-buds hill and mead adorn,
See them with every gift that Jove bestows,
With ev'ry joy replete,
Save, when they melt at sight of human woes.
Flow smoothly, circling hours,
And o'er their heads unblended pleasure pour;
Nor let your fleeting round
Their mortal transports bound,
But fill their cup of bliss, eternal pow'rs,
Till Time himself shall cease, and suns shall blaze no more.

Each morn, reclin'd on many a rose
Lavinia's [4] pencil shall disclose
New forms of dignity and grace,
Th' expressive air, th' impassion'd face,
The curled smile, the bubbling tear,
The bloom of hope, the snow of fear,
To some poetic tale fresh beauty give,
And bid the starting tablet rise and live;
Or with swift fingers shall she touch the strings,
And in the magic loom of harmony
Notes of such wondrous texture weave,
As lift the soul on seraph wings,
Which, as they soar above the jasper sky [leave.
Below them suns unknown and worlds unnumber'd

While thou by list'ning crowds approv'd,
Lov'd by the Muse and by the poet lov'd,
Althorp, shouldst emulate the fame
Of Roman Patriots and th' Athenian name;
Shouldst charm with full persuasive eloquence,
With all thy mother's [5] grace, and all thy father's sense,
Th' applauding senate; whilst, above thy head,
Exulting Liberty should smile,
Then, bidding dragon-born Contention cease,
Should knit the dance with meek-ey'd Peace,
And by thy voice impell'd should spread
An universal joy around her cherish'd isle.
But ah! thy public virtues, youth! are vain
In this voluptuous, this abandon'd age,
When Albion's sons with frantic rage,
In crimes alone and recreant baseness bold,
Freedom and Concord, with their weeping train,
Repudiate; slaves of vice, and slaves of gold!
They, on starry pinions sailing
Through the crystal fields of air
Mourn their efforts unavailing,
Lost persuasions, fruitless care:
Truth, Justice, Reason, Valour, with them fly
To seek a purer soil, a more congenial sky.

Beyond the vast Atlantic deep
A dome by viewless genii shall be raised,
The walls of adamant compact and steep,
The portals with sky-tinctur'd gems emblazed:
There on a lofty throne shall Virtue stand;
To her the youth of Delaware shall kneel;
And, when her smiles rain plenty o'er the land,
Bow, tyrants, bow beneath the avenging steel!
Commerce with fleets shall mock the waves,
And arts, that flourish not with slaves,
Dancing with every Grace and ev'ry Muse,
Shall bid the vallies laugh and heav'nly beams diffus

She ceases; and a strange delight
Still vibrates on my ravish'd ear:
What floods of glory drown my sight!
What scenes I view! what sounds I hear!
This for my friend—but, gentle nymphs, no more
Dare I with spells divine the Muse recall:
Then, fatal harp, thy transient rapture o'er,
Calm I replace thee on the sacred wall.
Ah! see how lifeless hangs the lyre,
Not lightning now, but glitt'ring wire!
Me to the brawling bar and wrapgles high
Bright-hair'd Sabrina calls and rosy-bosom'd Wy

[4] Lady Althorp has an extraordinary talent for drawing historic subjects, and expressing the passions in the most simple manner.

[5] Georgiana Poyntz, countess Spencer.

AN ODE

IN IMITATION OF

ALCÆUS.

Οὐ λίθοι, οὐδὲ ξύλα, οὐδὲ
Τέχυα τειχέων αἱ πόλεις εἶσιν
Ἀλλ' ὅπᾳ ποτ' ἂν ὦσιν ΑΝΔΡΕΣ
Αὐτὰς σώζειν ἐδόκησε,
Ἐνθαῦθα τύχη καὶ πόλεις.

Alc. quoted by Aristides.

What constitutes a state?
Not high rais'd battlement or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—Men, high minded men,
With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state,
And sov'reign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend, Discretion, like a vapour sinks,
And e'en th' all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this Heav'n lov'd isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Abergavenny, March 31, 1781.

AN ODE

IN IMITATION OF

CALLISTRATUS.

Ἐν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω,
Ὥσπερ Ἁρμόδιος καὶ Ἀριστογείτων,
Ὅτε τὸν τύραννον κτανέτην
Ἰσονόμους τ' Ἀθήνας ἐποιησάτην.

Quod si post Idus illias Martias e Tyrannoctonis quispiam tale aliquod carmen plebi tradidisset inque Suburram et fori circulos et in ora vulgi intulisset, actum profecto fuisset de partibus deque dominatione Cæsarum; plus mehercule valuisset unum Ἁρμόδιε μέλος quam Ciceronis Philippicæ omnes.

Lowth De Sacra Poesi, Prælect. 1.

VERDANT myrtle's branchy pride,
Shall my biting falchion wreathe:
Soon shall grace each manly side
Tubes that speak, and points that breathe.
Thus, Harmodius! shone thy blade;
Thus, Aristogiton! thine:
Whose, when Britain sighs for aid,
Whose shall now delay to shine?
Dearest youths, in islands blest,
Not, like recreant idlers dead,
You with fleet Pelides rest,
And with godlike Diomed.
Verdant myrtle's branchy pride
Shall my thirsty blade entwine:
Such, Harmodius! deck'd thy side;
Such, Aristogiton! thine.
They the base Hipparchus slew
At the feast of Pallas crown'd:
Gods!—how swift their poniards flew!
How the monster ting'd the ground!
Then in Athens all was peace,
Equal laws and liberty:
Nurse of arts and age of Greece!
People valiant, firm, and free!
Not less glorious was thy deed,
Wentworth! fix'd in virtue's cause;
Not less brilliant be thy meed,
Lenox! friend to equal laws.
High in Freedom's temple rais'd,
See Fitz-Maurice beaming stand,
For collected virtues prais'd,
Wisdom's voice and Valour's hand!
Ne'er shall Fate their eyelids close:
They, in blooming regions blest,
With Harmodius shall repose;
With Aristogiton rest.
No, blest chiefs! a hero's crown
Let th' Athenian patriots claim:
You less fiercely won renown;
You assum'd a milder name.
They through blood for glory strove,
You more blissful tidings bring;
They to death a tyrant drove,
You to fame restor'd a king.
Rise Britannia! dauntless rise!
Cheer'd with triple harmony,
Monarch good, and nobles wise,
People valiant, firm, and free!

THE FIRST NEMEAN ODE[1]

OF PINDAR.

I. 1.

Calm breathing-place of Alpheus dead
Ortygia, *graceful* branch of Syracuse renown'd,
Young Dina's *rosy* bed,
Sister of Delos, thee, with sweet, *yet lofty*, sound
Bursting numbers call, to raise
Of tempest-footed steeds the trophies glorious
(Thus Etnean Jove we praise;)
While Chromius' car invites, and Nemea's plain
For *noble* acts victorious
To weave th' encomiastic strain.

I. 2.

From *prosp'ring* gods the song begins; [meeds:
Next hails that godlike man and virtue's holy
He the flow'r of greatness wins, [deeds
Whom smiling fortune crowns; and vast heroic
Ev'ry Muse delights to sing.
Now wake to that *fair* isle the splendid story,
Which the *great* Olympian king,
Jove, gave to Proserpine, and wav'd his locks
Vowing, that, supreme in glory,
Fam'd for sweet fruits, and *nymph'd-lov'd* rocks,

I. 3.

Sicilia's full nutritious breast
With tow'r'd and wealthy cities he would crown.
Her the son of Saturn bless'd
With suitors brazen-arm'd for war's renown
By lance and fiery steed; yet oft thy leaves,
Olympic olive! bind their hair
In wreathy gold. Great subjects I prepare;
But none th' immortal verse deceives.

II. 1.

Oft in the portals was I plac'd
Of that guest-loving man, and pour'd the dulcet
Where becoming dainties grac'd [strain,
His hospitable board; for ne'er with efforts vain
Strangers to his mansion came:
And thus the virtuous, when detraction rages,
Quench with lib'ral streams her flame,
Let each in virtue's path right onward press,
As each his art engages,
And, urg'd by genius, win success.

II. 2.

Laborious action strength applies,
And wary conduct, *sense*: the future to forese
Nature gives to few, the wise.
Agesidamus' son, she frankly gave to thee
Pow'rful might and wisdom deep.
I see not in dark cells the hoarded treasure
Grov'ling with low care to keep,
But, as wealth flows, to spread it, and to hear
Loud fame, with ample measure
Cheering my friends, since hope and fear

II. 3.

Assail disastrous men. The praise
Of Hercules with rapture I embrace:

[1] This ode is translated word for word with the original; those epithets and phrases only being necessarily added which are printed in italic letters. See Argument of the Hymns to Pacriti.

On the heights, which virtues raise,
The rapid legend old his name shall place;
For, when he *brook'd no more the cheerless gloom,*
And burst into the blaze of day,
The child of Jove with his twin-brother lay,
Refulgent from the sacred womb.

III. 1.

Not unobserv'd the godlike boy
By Juno golden-thron'd the saffron'd cradle press'd;
Straight Heav'n's queen with furious joy [fest:
Bade *hideous* dragons fleet th' *unguarded* floor in-
They, the portals op'ning wide, [*mendous,*
Roll'd through the chamber's broad recess *tre-*
And in jaws *fire-darting* tried
The slumb'ring babe to close. He, starting light,
Rear'd his *bold* head *stupendous,*
And first in battle prov'd his might.

III. 2.

With both resistless hands he clasp'd [with death;
Both *struggling horrid* pests, and cloth'd their necks
They expiring, as he grasp'd, [venom'd breath.
Pour'd from their throats compress'd the foul en-
Horror seiz'd the female train,
Who near Alcmena's *genial* couch attended:
She, from agonizing pain
Yet weak, *unsandal'd and* unmantled rush'd,
And her lov'd charge defended,
Whilst he the *fiery* monsters crush'd.

III. 3.

Swift the Cadmean leaders ran
In brazen mail precipitately bold:
First Amphitryon, dauntless man,
Bar'd his rais'd falchion from its sheathing gold,
While griding anguish pierc'd his *flutt'ring* breast;
For private woes most keenly bite
Self-loving man; but soon the heart is light,
With sorrow not its own oppress'd.

IV. 1.

Standing in deep amazement wild [mous force,
With rapt'rous pleasure mix'd, he saw th' enor-
Saw the valour of his child: [their course,
And fated heralds prompt as Heav'n had shap'd
Wafted round the varied tale:
Then call'd he from high Jove's contiguous region,
Him, whose warnings never fail,
Tiresias *blind,* who told, in diction sage,
The chief and througing legion
What fortunes must his boy engage;

IV. 2.

What lawless tyrants of the wood, [main,
What serpents he would slay, what monsters of the
What proud foe to human good, [*stain,*
The worst of monstrous forms, *that holy manhood*
His huge arm to death would dash: [*hasting,*
How, when Heav'n's host, o'er Phlegra's champaign
With embattled giants *rash*
Vindictive warr'd, his pond'rous mace would storm
With dreadful strokes *wide-wasting,*
And dust their glitt'ring locks deform,

IV. 3.

He told; and how in blissful peace
Through cycles infinite of gliding time,
When his mortal task should cease,
Sweet prize of perils hard and toil sublime,
In gorgeous mansions he should hold entrane'd
Soft Hebe, fresh with blooming grace,
And crown, exalting his majestic race,
The bridal feast near Jove advanc'd.

A CHINESE ODE

PARAPHRASED.

Behold, where yon blue riv'let glides
Along the laughing dale;
Light reeds bedeck its verdant sides,
And frolic in the gale:

So shines our prince! In bright array
The virtues round him wait;
And sweetly smil'd th' auspicious day,
That grais'd him o'er our state.

As pliant hands in shapes refin'd
Rich iv'ry carve and smooth,
His laws thus mould each ductile mind,
And every passion soothe.

As gems are taught by patient art
In sparkling ranks to beam,
With manners thus he forms the heart,
And spreads a gen'ral gleam.

What soft, yet awful, dignity!
What meek, yet manly, grace!
What sweetness dances in his eye,
And blossoms in his face!

So shines our prince! A sky-born crowd
Of virtues round him blaze:
Ne'er shall oblivion's murky cloud
Obscure his deathless praise.

THE VERBAL TRANSLATION.

"Behold yon reach of the river Ki;
Its green reeds how luxuriant! how luxuriant!
Thus is our prince adorned with virtues;
As a carver, as a filer of ivory,
As a cutter, as a polisher, of gems. [composed!
O how elate and sagacious! O how dauntless and
How worthy of fame! How worthy of reverence!
We have a prince adorned with virtues,
Whom to the end of time we cannot forget."

A TURKISH ODE

OF MESIHI.

Hear! how the nightingales, on every spray,
Hail, in wild notes, the sweet return of May!
—The gale that o'er yon waving almond blows,
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows;
The smiling season decks each flowery glade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air!
Hills, dales, and woods, their loveliest mantles wear,
Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May?

"Thou hearest the tale of the nightingale, 'that the vernal season approaches.' The spring has spread a bower of joy in every grove, where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last."

"The groves and hills are again adorned with all sorts of flowers: a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasure, is raised in the garden. Who knows

Ev'n Death, perhaps, our vallies will invade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The tulip now its varied hue displays,
And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.
Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue!
Will not these notes your timorous minds persuade?
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,
Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
Attend, ye nymphs! a poet's words are sage;
While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The fresh-blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
The charms of youth at once are seen and past;
And nature says, "They are too sweet to last."
So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

See! yon anemonies their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming and with living gold. [scend,
—While crystal showers from weeping clouds de-
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend:
Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's lay'd,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head:
The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bowers,
And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers;
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

Clear drops, each morn, impearl the rose's bloom;
And from its leaf the Zephyr drinks perfume;

The dewy buds expand their lucid store:
Be this our wealth: ye damsels ask no more.
Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The dewdrops sprinkled, by the musky gale,
Are chang'd to essence ere they reach the dale.
The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
Without our labour, o'er our favour'd heads.
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade:—
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

Late, gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
Soft, in his reign, the notes of love resound,
And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

May this rude lay from age to age remain,
A true memorial of this lovely train.
Come, charming maid! and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of spring:
Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

---

which of us will be alive when the fair season ends? Be cheerful," &c.

"The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed: among the plants the fortunate tulips represent his companions. Come, O people of Mohammed! this is the season of merriment. Be cheerful," &c.

"Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the water of a bright scymitar. The dewdrops fall through the air on the garden of roses. Listen to me, listen to me, if thou desirest to be delighted. Be cheerful," &c.

"The roses and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beautiful maids, in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew. Deceive not thyself, by thinking that these charms will have a long duration. Be cheerful," &c.

"Tulips, roses, and anemonies, appear in the gardens: the showers and the sunbeams, like sharp lancets, tinge the banks with the colour of blood. Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a prudent man. Be cheerful," &c.

"The time is passed in which the plants were sick, and the rose-bud hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The season comes in which mountains and rocks are coloured with tulips. Be cheerful," &c.

"Each morning the clouds shed gems over the rose-garden: the breath of the gale is full of Tartarian musk. Be not neglectful of thy duty through too great a love of the world. Be cheerful," &c.

"The sweetness of the bower has made the air so fragrant, that the dew, before it falls, is changed into rose-water. The sky spreads a pavilion of bright clouds over the garden. Be cheerful," &c.

"Whoever thou art, know that the black gusts of autumn had seized the garden; but the king of the world again appeared dispensing justice to all: in his reign the happy cupbearer desired and obtained the flowing wine. Be cheerful," &c.

"By these strains I hoped to celebrate this delightful valley: may they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them of this assembly, and these fair maids! Thou art a nightingale with a sweet voice, O Mesihi, when thou walkest with the damsels, whose cheeks are like roses. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the spring passes soon away: it will not last!"

THE SAME,

IN IMITATION OF

THE PERVILIGIUM VENERIS.

Alites audis loquaces per nemora, per arbutos,
Veris adventum canentes tinnulo modulamine;
Dulcè luget per virentes mollis aura amygdalas:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver
fugit, abit!

Ecce jam flores refulgent gemmeis honoribus,
Quique prata, quique saltûs, quique sylvulas amant;
Quis scit an nox una nobis dormienda æterna sit?
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver
fugit, abit!

Quantûs est nitor rosarum! quantus hyacinthi decor!
Non ocellus, cùm renidet, est puellæ lætior! [cor!
Hic levi dies amori est, hic voluptati sacer:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver
fugit, abit!

Ecce baccatæ recentis guttulæ roris micant,
Per genam rosæ cadentes, perque mite lilium:
Auribus gratum, puellæ, sit meum vestris melos,
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit, abit!

Ut rosa in prato refulget, sic teres virgo nitet,
Hæc onusta margaritis, illa roris gemmulis:
Ne perenne vel puellæ vel rosæ speres decus.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit, abit!

Aspice, ut roseta amictu discolori splendeant,
Prata dum fœcundat æther læta gratis imbribus,
Fervidos inter sodales da voluptati diem.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit, abit!

Jam situ deformis ægro non jacet rosæ calyx;
Ver adest, ver pingit hortos purpurantes floribus,
Perque saxa, perque colles, perque lucos emicat:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit, abit!

Ecce, per rosæ papillas suavè rident guttulæ,
Quas odorifer resolvit lenis auræ spiritus:
Hæ pyropis, hæ smaragdis cariores Indicis.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit, abit!

Is tenellis per vireta spirat è rosis odor,
Ut novum stillans amomum ros in herbas decidat,
Suavè olentibus coronans lacrymis conopeum.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit, abit!

Acris olim cum malignis sæviit ventis hyems;
Sed roseto, solis instar, regis affulsit nitor;
Floruit nemus renidè, dulce manavit merum:
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit, abit!

His iners modis, Mesihi, melleam aptabas chelyn;
Veris ales est poeta; verna cantat gaudia,
Et rosas carpit tepentes è puellarum genis.
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; floreum ver fugit, abit!

CARMINUM LIBER.

I. *ODE SINICA.*

Vides ut agros dulce gemmatos lavet
Argenteus rivi latex;
Virides ut aura stridulo modulamine
Arundines interstrepat:
Sic, sic, amœno cincte virtutum choro
Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Ut maximo labore, & arte maximâ
Effingit artifex ebur,
Sic ad benignitatem amica civium
Blandè figuras pectora.
Ut delicata gemmulam expolit manus
Fulgore lucentem aureo,
Sic civitatem mitium gaudes tuam
Ornare morum lumine.
O quàm verenda micat in oculis lenitas!
Minantur & rident simul.
O quanta pulchro dignitas vultu patet,
Et quantus incessû decor!
Scilicet, amœno cincte virtutum choro
Princeps, amabiliter nites.
Annon per omne, veris instar, seculum
Memoria florescet tui?

II. *ODE PERSICA.*

Jam rosa purpureum caput explicat. *Adsit, amicæ*
Suavis voluptatum cohors:
Sic monuêre senes.
Nunc læti sumus; at citius læta avolat ætas,
Quin sacra mutemus mero
Strangula nectareo?
Dulcè gemit zephyrus: ridentem mitte puellam,
Quam molli in amplexu tenens
Pocula læta bibam.
Tange chelyn. Sævit fortuna; at mitte querelas:
Cur non canoros barbiti
Elicimus modulos?
En! florum regina nitet rosa. Fundite vini,
Quòd amoris extinguat facem,
Nectareos latices.
Suavè loquens Philomela vocor: quî fiat ut umbr
Tectus rosarum nexili
(Veris avis) taceam?

III. *ALTERA.*

Affer scyphos, & dulcè ridentis meri
Purpureos latices
Effunde largiùs, puer.
Nam vinum amores lenit adolescentium,
Difficilesque senum
Emollit ægritudines.
Solem merum æmulatur, & lunam calix;
Nectareis foveat
Die luna solem amplexibus.
Flammas nitentes sparge: vini scilicet
Fervidioris aquam
Flammæ nitentis æmulam.
Quòd si rosarum fragilis avolat decor,
Sparge, puer, liquidas
Vini rubescentis rosas.
Si devium Philomela descrit nemus,
Pocula læta canant
Non elaboratum melos.
Injuriosæ sperne fortunæ minas:
Lætaque mœstitiam
Depellat informem chelys.
Somnus beatos, somnus amplexûs dabit:
Da mihi dulce merum
Sumnum quod alliciat levem.
Dulce est madere vino. Da calicès novos,
Ut placidâ madidus
Oblivione perfruar.
Scyphum affer alterum, puer, deinde alterum:
Seu vetitum fuerit,
Amice, seu licitum, bibam.

IV. *ODE ARABICA.*

AD FABULLUM.

Dulci tristitiam vino lavere, aut, nitente lunâ,
Multâ reclines in rosâ

Urgere blandis osculis puellas ;
Aut, dum prata levi pulsat pede delicata virgo
Comam renodans auream,
Molli cupidinis tepere flammâ :
Aut, dum blanda aures recreat lyra, floreo sub
Ad suave zephyrorum melos [antro
Rore advocati spargier soporis :
Hæc ver purpureum dat gaudia, comis & juventas,
His, mite dum tempus favet,
Decet vacare, dumque ridet annus.
Quicunque aut rerum dominî sumus, aut graves
Curas egestatis pati, [coacti
Rebamur asperæ, Fabulle, morti.

V. *AD LÆLIUM.*

Vestimenta tuis grata sororibus,
Et donem lapides, quos vel alit Tagi
Fluctus, vel celer undâ
Ganges auriferâ lavit,
Læli, si mea sit dives opum domus :
Quid mittam addubito. Scilicet haud mea
Servo carmina blandis
Nympharum auribus insolens,
Quarum tu potior pectora candidis
Mulces alloquiis, te potiorem amat
Musa, utcunque puellæ,
Pulsas Æoliæ fides.
Quin illis acies mittere commodus
Tornatas meditor, quæ bicoloribus
Armis conspiciendæ
Bella innoxia destinant,
Qualis propter aquas aut Lacedæmoni
Eurotæ gelidas, aut Tiberis vada,
Cornicum manus albis
Nigrans certat oloribus.
Cur non sub viridi ludimus ilicis
Umbrâ supposîti ? Dic veniat genis
Ridens Lydia pulchris,
Et saltare decens Chloe :
Dic reddant mihi me. Ludite, virgines,
Me testudineis aut Venerem modis
Dicente, aut juvenilis
Telum dulce Cupidinis.

VI. *AD LUNAM.*

Cœli dulcè nitens decus,
Lentâ lora manu, Cynthia, corripe :
Pulchræ tecta peto Chloës,
Et labrum roseo nectare suavius.
Non prædator ut improbus,
Per sylvas propero, te duce, devias ;
Nec, dum lux radiat tua,
Ultricem meditor figere cuspidem.
Quem tu, mitis Amor, semel
Placatum tepidâ lenieris face,
Illum deseruit furor,
Et telum facili decidit è manu.
Nec delicta per & nefas
Furtiva immeritus gaudia persequor ;
Blandâ victa Chloë prece
Peplum rejiciet purpureum libens.

VII. *AD VENEREM.*

Oro te teneri blanda Cupidinis
Mater, cœruleis edita fluctibus,
Quæ grati fruticeta accolis Idali,
Herbosamque Amathunta, & viridem Cnidon,
Oro, Pyrrha, meis cedat amoribus,
Quæ nunc, Tænariâ immitior æsculo,
Mœrentis Licini sollicitum melos
Ridet. Non liquidæ carmine tibiæ,
Non illam Æoliis illacrymabilem
Plectris dimoveat, lenis ut arduam
Cervicem tepidum flectat ad osculum,
(Quantum est & vacuis nectar in osculis !)
Quod si carminibus mitior applicet
Aures illa meis, si (rigidum gelu
Te solvente) pari me tepeat face,
Te propter liquidum fonticuli vitrum,
Ponam conspicuo marmore lucidam,
Te cantans Paphiam, teque Amathusiam
Pellam gramineum ter pede cespitem,
Tum nigranti hederâ & tempora laureâ
Cingam, tunc hilares eliciam modos :
At nunc me juvenum prætereuntium
Me ridet comitum cœtus amabilis ;
Et ludens puerorum in plateis cohors
Ostendit digitis me, quia langueo
Demissis oculis, me, quia somnia
Abrupta haud facili virgine saucium
Monstrant, & violâ pallidior gena.

VIII. *AD EANDEM.*

Perfido ridens Erycina vultu,
Seu Joci mater, tenerique Amoris,
Seu Paphi regina potens, Cyprique
Lætior audis,
Linque jucundam Cnidon, & coruscum
Dirigens currum levis huc vocanti,
Huc veni, & tecum properet soluto
Crine Thalia.
Jam venis ! nubes placidi serenas
Passeres findunt ; super albicantes
Dum volat sylvas, celeresque versant
Leniter alas.
Rursus ad cœlum fugiunt. Sed almâ
Dulcè subridens facie, loquelam
Melle conditam liquido jacentis
Fundis in aurem.
" Qua tepes, inquis, Licini, puellâ.
Lucidis venanti oculis amantes ?
Cur doces mœstas resonare lucum,
Care, querelas ?
" Dona si ridet tua, dona mittet ;
Sive te molli roseos per hortos
Hinnulo vitat levior, sequetur
Ispa fugacem."
Per tuos oro, dea mitis, ignes,
Pectus ingratæ rigidum Corinnæ
Leniag. Et te, Venus alma, amore
Forsit Adonis.

AD

LIBERTATEM CARMEN [1].

Virtus renascens quem jubet ad sonos
Spartanam avitos ducere tibiam?
Quis fortium cœtûs in auras
Ætherias juvenum ciebit,
Quos, Marti amicos, aut hyacinthinis
Flavâ in palæstrâ conspicuos comis;
Aut alma Libertas in undis
Egelidis agiles videbat,
Cœleste ridens? Quis modulabitur
Excelsa plectro carmina Lesbio;
Quæ dirus, Alcæo sonante,
Audiit et tremuit dynastes?
Quis myrteâ ensem fronde reconditum
Cantabit? Illum, civibus Harmodi
Dilecte servatis, tenebas:
Tuque fidelis Aristogiton.
Vix se refrænat fulmineus chalybs:
Mox igne divino emicat, exilit;
Et cor reluctantis tyranni
Perforat ictibus haud remissis:
O ter placentem Palladi victimam!
Nec tu minorem Roma dabas Jovi;
Ex ore cum Bruti sonaret,
Sanguine Cæsareo rubentis,
Vox grata Divis,—grataque Tullio!
Ah! lacrymarum he scatebræ fluant,
Afflicta Libertas, tuarum:
(O pudor! O miseri Quirites!)
Vafri tacebo carnificis dolos,
Cui nomen Augustè impia plebs dedit;
Fletura et infandas Neronum
Nequitias odiosiorum.
Noto tyrannorum improbioribus
Sanctum inquinari nominibus melos,
Quos turpis ætas in Latinæ
Dedecus exitiumque gentis
Produxit. His te, Diva, furentibus,
Ad templa cœli et sidereas domos
Vidit jugatis subvolantem
Musa aquilis nitidoque curru.
At Roma, vasti molibus imperî
Sublata, centum nubila brachiis
Differt, colosseoque Olympi
Vertice verticibus minatur.
Sed, fervidi instar diluvii ruens,
Septem relictis turba trionibus
Formidolosorum gigantum
Hesperios populatur agros.
Qui plurimo conamine, plurimis
Immane adorti monstrum ululatibus,
Vix diro anhelan tesque frenden
—tesque trahunt strepitu ruinam.
Gens, te remotâ, nulla diu potest
Florere. Mox tu purpureas, Dea,
Sedes reliquisti piorum,
Ausa novas habitare terras.
Tum vitibus Florentia vestiens
Colles apricos, et nemora aureo
Splendore malorum coronans,
Te coluit,—coluitque musas;
Casura amatâ, (væ miseræ!) manu.
At tu petebas pratula mollium
Pisarum, olivetumque Lucæ,
Et scopulos tenuis Marini.
Vix te vocabat, nec docilem sequi,
Dux gloriosæ gemmifer Adriæ;
Qui scandit, haud pauper maritus,
Cœruleum Thetidos cubile.
Post exulem te, nobilis insula,
Tutis recepit Corsica rupibus:
Quâ Marte non uno subactâ,
Sæve Ligur, nimium superbis.
Nunc te nivosas, Diva, libentius
Quæro per Alpes; durus ubi gelu
Helvetius frangit ligone, aut
Remigiis agitat Lemanum:
Quæro per urbes, dona maris, novas,
Et fida sacris tecta eiconiis:
Quæro paludosos per agros,
Et validæ saliceta gentis;
Quæ fulmen Albani haud timuit ducis.
Hinc pulsa migras? quo, Dea, quo fugis?
Ah! grata dilectis Britannis
Nympha, tuos video recessûs.
Olim, hæc recluisit musa vetustior:
Inter feracis littora Galliæ
Interque divisum Albionis
Nulla solum resonabat unda:
At sæpe ab Icci, non madido pede,
Saxis verendas ad Doroberniæ
Sedes adornati ambulabant
Glandiferâ Druidæ coronâ.
Tunc æstuantes ad mare Suevicum
Fluctus ruebant tramite dissito,
Quo belluosis horret Orcas,
Montibus et glaciata Thule.
Sed mox resurgens oceanus manum
Effert minacem; et, dum croceum æthera
Scindunt repercussis procellæ
Fulguribus, valido tridente
Divellit agros dissociabiles:
Tunc enatabas, pulchra Britannia,
Silvisque, et arvis, et sonoris
Amnibus egregiè triumphans.
Gemmata multâ tum Thetis insulâ
Risit: sacratis Mona, parens mea,
Ornata quercetis refulsit;
Et Zephyro recreata Vectis.
Hæc facta nutu, Diva potens, tuo:
Nam lassa dulcis pomiferas Vagæ
Ripas, et undantis Sabrinæ,
Nobilo perfugium, eligebas;
Remota Gallis:—Galli eternim truces,
(Psychen ut antêhac barbari amabilem,)
Te reppulerunt exulantem;
Gens meritas luitura pœnas!
Tunc, in recessu fertilis insulæ
Lecto, sacratum nominibus tuis
Fanum smaragdis emicabat
Consitum et ætheris pyropis.
Ventura jam tum fama Britanniæ,
Mirâ arte, miris pictæ coloribus,
Postesque et excelsum lacunar,
Et variam irradiabat aulam.
Depictus ensem protulit et stylum
Sidneius; heros, quem neque judicis
Vultus, nec infamis tyranni

[1] It may be proper, though unnecessary, to inform the classical reader, that some stanzas of this Alcaic are little more than a liberal translation from Collins's Ode to Liberty.

Terruit ira diu reposta.
Effulsit ardenti et gladio et lyra
Miltonus audens, cui nitidam nimis
Te, nuda Libertas, videnti
Nox oculos tenebrosa clausit:
Nunc templo in ipso, (quâ radiat vetor
Orâ, profani, dicere,) vatibus
Insertus heroumque turmæ
Verba canit recitanda Divis.
O nympha! nocstam grata Britanniam,
Ni tu revises, percita civium
Non mite nepenthes levabit
Corda, salutiferumve moly.
Altaribus te jam tredecim vocat,
Te thure templisque urget America:
Audis: Atlanteumque pennis
Ire paras levibus per æquor.
Ah! ne roseta et flumina deseras
Dilecta nuper: nam piget,—heu piget
Martis nefasti fratricidæ,
Imperiique malè arrogati.
Jam, veris instar, præniteas novo
Pacata vultu: Pax tibi sit comes;
Quæ blanda civilis duelli
Sopiat ignivomos dracones.
Cum transmarinis juncta sororibus,
Nectat choream læta Britannia.
Neu mitis absit, jam solutis
Mercibus, haud violanda Ilerne.
O! quæ paratur copia fulminis,
Centum reposti navibus, improbos
Gallos et audaces Iberos,
Civibus haud nocitura, frangat.
Idibus Martiis
MDCCLXXX.

HYMNS.

A
HYMN TO CAMDEO.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Hindu god, to whom the following poem is addressed, appears evidently the same with the Grecian Eros and the Roman Cupido; but the Indian description of his person and arms, his family, attendants, and attributes, has new and peculiar beauties.

According to the mythology of Hindustan, he was the son of Maya, or the general attracting power, and married to Retty or Affection: and his bosom friend is Bessent or Spring: he is represented as a beautiful youth, sometimes conversing with his mother and consort, in the midst of his gardens and temples; sometimes riding by moonlight on a parrot or lory, and attended by dancing-girls or nymphs, the foremost of whom bears his colours, which are a fish on a red ground. His favorite place of resort is a large tract of country round Agra, and principally the plains of Matra, where Krishen also, and the nine Gopia, who are clearly the Apollo and Muses of the Greeks, usually spend the night with music and dance. His bow of sugar-cane, or flowers, with a string of bees, and his five arrows, each pointed with an Indian blossom of a maiming quality, are allegories equally new and beautiful. He has at least twenty-three names, most of which are introduced in the hymn: that of Cam, or Cama, signifies desire, a sense which it also bears in ancient and modern Persian; and it is possible that the words Dipne and Cupid, which have the same signification, may have the same origin, since we know that the old Hetruscans, from whom great part of the Roman language and religion was derived, and whose system had a near affinity with that of the Persians and Indians, used to write their lines alternately forwards and backwards, as furrows are made by the plough; and, though the two last letters of Cupido may only be the grammatical termination, as in libido and capedo, yet the primary root of cupio is contained in the three first letters. The seventh stanza alludes to the bold attempt of this deity to wound the great god Mahadeo, for which he was punished by a flame consuming his corporeal nature, and reducing him to a mental essence; and hence his chief dominion is over the minds of mortals, or such deities as he is permitted to subdue.

THE HYMN.

WHAT potent God from Agra's orient bow'rs
Floats thro' the lucid air, whilst living flow'rs
With sunny twine the vocal arbours wreathe,
And gales enamour'd heav'nly fragrance breathe?
Hail, pow'r unknown! for at thy beck
Vales and groves their bosoms deck,
And ev'ry laughing blossom dresses
With gems of dew his musky tresses.
I feel, I feel thy genial flame divine,
And hallow thee, and kiss thy shrine.

"Know'st thou not me?" Celestial sounds I hear!
"Know'st thou not me?" Ah, spare a mortal ear!
"Behold"—My swimming eyes entranc'd I raise,
But oh! they sink before th' excessive blaze.
Yes, son of Maya, yes, I know
Thy bloomy shafts and canny bow,
Cheeks with youthful glory beaming,
Locks in braids ethereal streaming,
Thy scaly standard, thy mysterious arms,
And all thy pains and all thy charms.

God of each lovely sight, each lovely sound,
Soul-kindling, world-inflaming, star-ycrown'd,
Eternal Cama! Or doth Smara bright,
Or proud Ananga give the more delight?
Whate'er thy seat, whate'er thy name,
Seas, earth, and air, thy reign proclaim:
Wreathy smiles and roseate pleasures
Are thy richest, sweetest treasures.

All animals to thee their tribute bring,
And hail thee universal king!
Thy consort mild, Affection ever true,
Graces thy side, her vest of glowing hue,
And in her train twelve blooming girls advance,
Touch golden strings and knit the mirthful dance.
Thy dreaded implements they bear,
And wave them in the scented air,
Each with pearls her neck adorning,
Brighter than the tears of morning.

Thy crimson ensign, which before them flies,
Decks with new stars the sapphire skies.

God of the flow'ry shafts and flow'ry bow,
Delight of all above and all below!
Thy lov'd companion, constant from his birth,
In Heav'n clep'd Bessent, and gay Spring on Earth,
Weaves thy green robe and flaunting bow'rs,
And from thy clouds draws balmy shew'rs,
He with fresh arrows fills thy quiver,
(Sweet the gift, and sweet the giver!)
And bids the many-plumed warbling throng
Burst the pent blossoms with their song.

He bends the luscious cane, and twists the string
With bees, how sweet! but ah, how keen their sting!
He with five flow'rets tips thy ruthless darts,
Which thro' five senses pierce enraptur'd hearts:
Strong Chumpa, rich in od'rous gold,
Warm Amer, nurs'd in heavenly mould,
Dry Nagkeser in silver smiling,
Hot Kiticum our sense beguiling,
And last, to kindle fierce the scorching flame,
Loveshaft, which gods bright Bela name.

Can men resist thy pow'r, when Krishen yields,
Krishen, who still in Matra's holy fields
Tunes harps immortal, and to strains divine
Dances by moonlight with the Gopia nine?
But, when thy daring arm untam'd
At Mahadeo a loveshaft aim'd,
Heaven shook, and, smit with stony wonder,
Told his deep dread in bursts of thunder,
Whilst on thy beauteous limbs an azure fire
Blaz'd forth, which never must expire.

O thou for ages born, yet ever young,
For ages may thy Bramin's lay be sung!
And, when thy lory spreads his em'rald wings
To waft thee high above the tow'rs of kings,
Whilst o'er thy throne the Moon's pale light
Pours her soft radiance thro' the night,
And to each floating cloud discovers
The haunts of blest or joyless lovers,
Thy mildest influence to thy bard impart,
To warm, but not consume his heart.

TWO HYMNS

TO

PRACRITI.

THE ARGUMENT.

In all our conversations with learned Hindus, we find them enthusiastic admirers of poetry, which they consider as a divine art, that had been practised for numberless ages in Heaven, before it was revealed on Earth by Valmic, whose great heroic poem is fortunately preserved: the Brahmans of course prefer that poetry, which they believe to have been actually inspired; while the Vaidyas, who are in general perfect grammarians and good poets, but are not suffered to read any of the sacred writings except the Ayurveda, or body of medical tracts, speak with rapture of their innumerable popular poems, epic, lyric, and dramatic, which were composed by men not literally inspired, but called, metaphorically, the sons of Sereswati, or Minerva; among whom the Pandits of all sects, nations, and degrees, are unanimous in giving the prize of glory to Calidasa, who flourished in the court of Vicramaditya, fifty-seven years before Christ. He wrote several dramas, one of which, entitled Sacontala, is in my possession; and the subject of it appears to be as interesting as the composition is beautiful: besides these he published the Meghaduta, or cloud-messenger, and the Nalodaya, or rise of Nala, both elegant love-tales; the Raghuvansa, an heroic poem; and the Cumara Sambhava, or birth of Cumara, which supplied me with materials for the first of the following odes. I have not indeed yet read it; since it could not be correctly copied for me during the short interval in which it is in my power to amuse myself with literature: but I have heard the story told, both in Sanscrit and Persian, by many Pandits, who had no communication with each other; and their outline of it coincided so perfectly, that I am convinced of its correctness: that outline is here filled up, and exhibited in a lyric form, partly in the Indian, partly in the Grecian taste; and great will be my pleasure, when I can again find time for such amusements, in reading the whole poem of Calidasa, and in comparing my descriptions with the original composition. To anticipate the story in a preface would be to destroy the interest, that may be taken in the poem; a disadvantage attending all prefatory arguments, of which those prefixed to the several books of Tasso, and to the dramas of Metastasio, are obvious instances; but, that any interest may be taken in the two hymns addressed to Pracriti, under different names, it is unnecessary to render them intelligible by a previous explanation of the mythological allusions, which could not but occur in them.

Iswara or Isa, and Isani or Isi, are unquestionably the Osiris and Isis of Egypt; for though neither a resemblance of names, nor a similarity of character, would separately prove the identity of Indian and Egyptian deities, yet, when they both concur with the addition of numberless corroborating circumstances, they form a proof little short of demonstration. The female divinity, in the mythological systems in the East, represents the active power of the male; and that Isi means active nature, appears evidently from the word *s'acta*, which is derived from *s'acti*, or power, and applied to those Hindus, who direct their adoration principally to that goddess: this feminine character of Pracriti, or created nature, is so familiar in most languages, and even in our own, that the gravest English writers, on the most serious subjects of religion and philosophy, speak of her operations, as if she were actually an animated being; but such personifications are easily misconceived by the multitude, and have a strong tendency to polytheism. The principal operations of nature are, not the absolute annihilation and new creation of what we call material substances, but the temporary extinction and reproduction, or, rather in one word, the transmutation of forms; whence the epithet Polymorphos is aptly given to Nature by European philosophers: hence Iswara, Siva, Hara (for those are his names and near a thousand more,) united with Isi, represent the secondary causes, whatever they may be, of natural phenomena, and principally those of temporary destruction and regeneration; but the Indian Isis ap-

pears in a variety of characters, especially in those of Parvati, Cali, Durga, and Bhavani, which bear a strong resemblance to the Juno of Homer, to Hecate, to the armed Pallas, and to the Lucretian Venus.

The name Parvati took its rise from a wild poetical fiction. Himalaya, or the Mansion of Snow, is the title given by the Hindus to that vast chain of mountains, which limits India to the north, and embrace it with its eastern and western arms, both extending to the ocean; the former of those arms is called Chandrasec'hara, or the Moon's Rock; and the second, which reaches as far west as the mouth of the Indus, was named by the ancients Montes Parveti. These hills are held sacred by the Indians, who suppose them to be the terrestrial haunt of the god Iswara. The mountain Himalaya, being personified, is represented as a powerful monarch, whose wife was Mena: their daughter is named Parvati, or mountain-born, and Durga, or of difficult access; but the Hindus believe her to have been married to Siva in a pre-existent state, when she bore the name of Sati. The daughter of Himalaya had two sons; Ganesa, or the lord of spirits, adored as the wisest of deities, and always invoked at the beginning of every literary work, and Cumara, Scanda, or Carticeya, commander of the celestial armies.

The pleasing fiction of Cama, the Indian Cupid, and his friend Vasanta, or the Spring, has been the subject of another poem; and here it must be remembered, that the god of love is named also Smara, Candarpa, and Ananga. One of his arrows is called mellica, the nyctanthes of our botanists, who very unadvisedly reject the vernacular names of most Asiatic plants: it is beautifully introduced by Cálidása into this lively couplet:

Mellicamucule bhati gunjanmattamadhuvratah,
Prayane panchaoanasya sanc'hamapurayanniva.

"The intoxicated bee shines and murmurs in the fresh blown Mellica, like him who gives breath to a white conch in the procession of the God with five arrows."

A critic to whom Cálidása repeated this verse observed, that the comparison was not exact: since the bee sits on the blossom itself, and does not murmur at the end of the tube, like him who blows a conch. "I was aware of that," said the poet, "and, therefore, described the bee as intoxicated: a druniken musician would blow the shell at the wrong end;" There was more than wit in this answer: it was a just rebuke to a dull critic; for poetry delights in general images, and is so far from being a perfect imitation, that a scrupulous exactness of descriptions and similies, by leaving nothing for the imagination to supply, never fails to diminish or destroy the pleasure of every reader, who has an imagination to be gratified.

It may here be observed, that nymphœa, not lotos, is the generic name in Europe of the flower consecrated to Isis: the Persians know by the name of nilufer that species of it which the botanists ridiculously call nelumbo, and which is remarkable for its curious pericarpium, where each of the seeds contains in miniature the leaves of a perfect vegetable. The lotos of Homer was probably the sugar-cane, and that of Linnæus is a papilionaceous plant; but he gives the same name to another species of the nymphœa; and the word is so constantly applied among us in India to the nilúfer, that any other would be hardly intelligible: the blue lotos grows in Cashmír and in Persia, but not in Bengal, where we see only the red and white; and hence occasion is taken to feign, that the lotos of Hindustan was dyed crimson by the blood of Siva.

Cuvéra, mentioned in the fourteenth stanza, is the god of wealth, supposed to reside in a magnificent city, called Alacà; and Vrihaspati, or the genius of the planet Jupiter, is the preceptor of the gods in Swerga or the firmament: he is usually represented as their orator, when any message is carried from them to one of their superior deities.

The lamentations of Reti, the wife of Cama, fill a whole book in the Sanscrit poem, as I am informed by my teacher, a learned Vaidya; who is restrained only from reading the book, which contains a description of the nuptials; for the ceremonies of a marriage where Brahmá himself officiated as the father of the bridegroom, are too holy to be known by any but Bráhmans.

The achievements of Durgá in her martial character as the patroness of virtue, and her battle with a demon in the shape of a buffalo, are the subject of many episodes in the puránas and cávyas, or sacred and popular poems; but a full account of them would have destroyed the unity of the ode, and they are barely alluded to in the last stanza.

It seemed proper to change the measure, when the goddess was to be addressed as Bhaváni, or the power of fecundity; but such a change, though very common in Sanscrit, has its inconveniencies in European poetry: a distinct hymn is therefore appropriated to her in that capacity; for the explanation of which we need only premise, that Lacshmi is the goddess of abundance; that the cetata is a fragrant and beautiful plant of the dicecian kind, known to botanists by the name pandanus; and that the dúrgótsava, or great festival of Bhaváni at the close of the rains, ends in throwing the image of the goddess into the Ganges, or other sacred waters.

I am not conscious of having left unexplained any difficult allusion in the two poems; and have only to add (lest European critics should consider a few of the images as inapplicable to Indian manners) that the ideas of snow and ice are familiar to the Hindus; that the mountains of Himalaya may be clearly discerned from a part of Bengal; that the Grecian Hæmus is the Sanscrit word haimas, meaning snowy; and that funeral urns may be seen perpetually on the banks of the river.

The two hymns are neither translations from any other poems, nor imitations of any; and have nothing of Pindar in them except the measures, which are nearly the same, syllable for syllable, with those of the first and second Nemean Odes: more musical stanzas might perhaps have been formed; but, in every art, variety and novelty are considerable sources of pleasure. The style and manner of Pindar have been greatly mistaken; and, that a distinct idea of them may be conceived by such, as have not access to that inimitable poet in his own language, I cannot refrain from subjoining the first Nemean Ode [1], not only in the same measure as

[1] See page 467.

nearly as possible, but almost word for word with the original; those epithets and phrases only being necessarily added, which are printed in Italic letters.

THE HYMN TO DURGA.

I. 1.

From thee begins the solemn air,
Ador'd Ganésá; next, thy sire we praise
(Him, from whose red clust'ring hair
A new-born crescent sheds propitious rays,
Fair as Gangá's curling foam,)
Dread Is'wara; who lov'd o'er awful mountains,
Rapt in prescience deep, to roam,
But chiefly those, whence holy rivers gush,
Bright from their secret fountains,
And o'er the realms of Brahmá rush.

I. 2.

Rock above rock they ride sublime,
And lose their summits in blue fields of day,
Fashion'd first, when rolling Time,
Vast infant, in his golden cradle lay,
Bidding endless ages run
And wreathe their giant heads in snows eternal
Gilt by each revolving sun;
Though neither morning beam, nor noontide glare,
In wintry sign or vernal,
Their adamantine strength impair;

I. 3.

Nor e'en the fiercest summer heat
Could thrill the palace, where their monarch reign'd
On his frost-impearled seat,
(Such height had unremitted virtue gain'd!)
Himálaya, to whom a lovely child,
Sweet Parvati, sage Ména bore,
Who now, in earliest bloom, saw Heav'n adore
Her charms; Earth languish, till she smil'd.

II. 1.

But she to love no tribute paid;
Great Iswara her pious cares engag'd:
Him, who Gods and fiends dismay'd,
She sooth'd with off'rings meek, when most he rag'd.
On a morn, when, edg'd with light,
The lake-born flow'rs their sapphire cups expanded
Laughing at the scatter'd night,
A vale remote and silent pool she sought,
Smooth-footed, lotos-handed,
And braids of sacred blossoms wrought;

II. 2.

Not for her neck, which, unadorn'd,
Bade envying antelopes their beauties hide:
Art she knew not, or she scorn'd;
Nor had her language e'en a name for pride.
To the god, who, fix'd in thought,
Sat in a crystal cave new worlds designing,
Softly sweet her gift she brought,
And spread the garland o'er his shoulders broad,
Where serpents huge lay twining,
Whose hiss the round creation aw'd.

II. 3.

He view'd, half-smiling, half-severe, [rocks
The prostrate maid—that moment through the
He, who decks the purple year,
Vasanta, vain of odorif'rous locks,
With Cama, hors'd on infant breezes flew:
(Who knows not Cama, nature's king?)
Vasanta barb'd the shaft and fix'd the string;
The living bow Candarpa drew.

III. 1.

Dire sacrilege! The chosen reed,
That Smara pointed with transcendant art,
Glanc'd with unimagin'd speed,
And ting'd its blooming barb in Siva's heart:
Glorious flow'r, in Heaven proclaim'd
Rich mettica, with balmy breath delicious,
And on earth nyctanthes nam'd!
Some drops divine, that o'er the lotos blue
Trickled in rills auspicious,
Still mark it with a crimson hue.

III. 2.

Soon clos'd the wound its hallow'd lips;
But nature felt the pain: Heav'n's blazing eye
Sank absorb'd in sad eclipse,
And meteors rare betray'd the trembling sky;
When a flame, to which compar'd
The keenest lightnings were but idle flashes,
From that orb all-piercing glar'd,
Which in the front of wrathful Hara rolls,
And soon to silver ashes
Reduc'd the inflamer of our souls.

III. 3.

Vasant, for thee a milder doom,
Accomplice rash, a thund'ring voice decreed:
"With'ring live in joyless gloom,
While ten gay signs the dancing seasons lead.
Thy flow'rs, perennial once, now annual made,
The fish and ram shall still adorn;
But, when the bull has rear'd his golden horn,
Shall, like yon idling rainbow, fade."

IV. 1.

The thunder ceas'd; the day return'd;
But Siva from terrestrial haunts had fled:
Smit with rapt'rous love he burn'd,
And sigh'd on gemm'd Cailása's viewless head.
Lonely down the mountain steep,
With flutt'ring heart, soft Parvati descended;
Nor in drops of nectar'd sleep
Drank solace through the night, but lay alarm'd,
Lest her mean gifts offended
The god her powerful beauty charm'd.

IV. 2.

All arts her sorr'wing damsels tried, [smoothe.
Her brow, where wrinkled anguish low'r'd, to
And, her troubled soul to soothe,
Sagacious Mena mild reproof applied;
But nor art nor counsel sage,
Nor e'en her sacred parent's tender chiding,
Could her only pain assuage:
The mountain drear she sought, in mantling shade
Her tears and transports hiding,
And oft to her adorer pray'd.

IV. 3.

There on a crag whose icy rift
Hurl'd night and horrour o'er the pool profound,
That with madding eddy swift
Revengeful bark'd his rugged base around,
The beauteous hermit sat; but soon perceiv'd
A Brahman old before her stand,
His rude staff quiv'ring in his wither'd hand,
Who, falt'ring, ask'd for whom she griev'd.

V. 1.

" What graceful youth, with accents mild,
Eyes like twin stars, and lips like early morn,
Has thy pensive heart beguil'd ?"
" No mortal youth," she said with modest scorn,
" E'er beguil'd my guiltless heart :
Him have I lost, who to these mountains hoary
Bloom celestial could impart.
Thee I salute, thee ven'rate, thee deplore,
Dread Siva, source of glory,
Which on these rocks must gleam no more !"

V. 2.

" Rare object of a damsel's love,"
The wizard bold replied, " who, rude and wild
Leaves eternal bliss above,
And roves o'er wastes where nature never smil'd,
Mounted on his milkwhite bull !
Seek Indra with aërial bow victorious,
Who from vases ever full
Quaffs love and nectar ; seek the festive hall,
Rich caves, and mansion glorious
Of young Cuvera, lov'd by all ;

V. 3.

" But spurn that sullen wayward God,
That three-ey'd monster, hideous, fierce, untam'd,
Unattir'd, ill-girt, unshod——"
" Such fell impiety," the nymph exclaim'd,
Who speaks, must agonize ; who hears, must die ;
Nor can this vital frame sustain
The pois'nous taint, that runs from vein to vein ;
Death may atone the blasphemy."

VI. 1.

She spoke, and o'er the rifted rocks
Her lovely form with pious phrenzy threw ;
But beneath her floating locks
And waving robes a thousand breezes flew,
Knitting close their silky plumes,
And in mid-air a downy pillow spreading ;
Till, in clouds of rich perfumes
Embalmed, they bore her to a mystic wood ;
Where streams of glory shedding,
The well-feign'd Brâhman, Siva, stood.

VI. 2.

The rest my song conceal :
Unhallow'd ears the sacrilege might rue.
Gods alone to gods reveal
In what stupendous notes th' immortals woo.
Straight the sons of light prepar'd
The nuptial feast, Heav'n's opal gates unfolding,
Which th' empyreal army shar'd ;
And sage Himalaya shed blissful tears
With aged eyes beholding
His daughter empress of the spheres.

VI. 3.

Whilst ev'ry lip with nectar glow'd,
The bridegroom blithe his transformation told :
Round the mirthful goblet flow'd,
And laughter free o'er plains of ether roll'd :
" Thee too, like Vishnu," said the blushing queen,
" Soft Maya, guileful maid, attends ;
But in delight supreme the phantasm ends ;
Love crowns the visionary scene."

VII. 1.

Then rose Vrihaspati, who reigns
Beyond red Mangala's terrific sphere,
Wand'ring o'er cereulean plains :
His periods eloquent Heav'n loves to hear
Soft as dew on waking flow'rs.
He told, how Taraca with snaky legions,
Favions of supernal pow'rs,
Had menac'd long old Méru's golden head,
And Indra's beaming regions
With desolation wild had spread :

VII. 2.

How, when the gods to Brahma flew
In routed squadrons, and his help deplor'd ;
" Sons !" he said, " from vengeance due
The fiend must wield secure his fiery sword
(Thus th' unerring Will ordains,)
Till from the Great Destroyer's pure embraces,
Knit in love's mysterious chains
With her, who, daughter to the mountain-king,
Yon snowy mansion graces,
Cumara, warrior-child, shall spring ;

VII. 3.

" Who bright in arms of heav'nly proof,
His crest a blazing star, his diamond mail
Colour'd in the rainbow's woof,
The rash invaders fiercely shall assail,
And, on a stately peacock borne, shall rush
Against the dragon of the deep ;
Nor shall his thund'ring mace insatiate sleep,
Till their infernal chief it crush."

VIII. 1.

" The splendid host with solemn state
(Still spoke th' ethereal orator unblam'd)
Reason'd high in long debate ;
Till, through my counsel provident, they claim'd
Hapless Cama's potent aid :
At Indra's wish appear'd the soul's inflamer,
And, in vernal arms array'd,
Engag'd (ah, thoughtless !) in the bold emprize
To tame wide nature's tamer,
And soften him who shakes the skies.

VIII. 2.

" See now the god, whom all ador'd,
An ashy heap, the jest of every gale !
Loss by Heav'n and Earth deplor'd !
For, love extinguish'd, Earth and Heav'n must fail.
Mark how Reti bears his urn,
And tow'rd her widow'd pile with piercing ditty
Points the flames—ah, see it burn !
How ill the fun'ral with the feast agrees !
Come Love's pale sister, Pity ;
Come, and the lover's wrath appease."

VIII. 3.

Tumultuous passions whilst he spoke
In heav'nly bosoms mix'd their bursting fire,
Scorning frigid Wisdom's yoke,
Disdain, revenge, devotion, hope, desire :
Then grief prevail'd ; but pity won the prize.
Not Siva could the charm resist :
" Rise, holy love," he said, and kiss'd
The pearls, that gush'd from Durga's eyes.

IX. 1.

That instant through the blest abode,
His youthful charms renew'd, Ananga came :
High on em'rald plumes he rode
With Reti brighten'd by th' eluded flame ;
Nor could young Vasanta mourn
(Officious friend !) his darling lord attending,
Though of annual beauty shorn :
" Love-shafts enow one season shall supply,
He mena'd unoffending,
To rule the rulers of the sky."

IX. 2.

With shouts the boundless mansion rang;
And, in sublime accord, the radiant quire
Strains of bridal rapture sang
With glowing conquest join'd and martial ire:
"Spring to life, triumphant son,
Hell's future dread, and Heav'n's eternal wonder!
Helm and flaming habergeon
For thee, behold, immortal artists weave,
And edge with keen blue thunder
The blade, that shall th' oppressor cleave."

IX. 3.

O Durga, thou hast deign'd to shield
Man's feeble virtue with celestial might,
Gliding from yon jasper field,
And, on a lion borne, hast brav'd the fight;
For, when the demon Vice thy realms defied,
And arm'd with death each arched horn,
Thy golden lance, O Goddess mountain-born,
Touch'd but the pest—He roar'd and died.

THE HYMN TO BHAVANI.

When Time was drown'd in sacred sleep,
And raven Darkness brooded o'er the deep,—
Reposing on primeval pillows
Of tossing billows,
The forms of animated nature lay;
Till o'er the wide abyss where Love
Sat like a nestling dove,
From Heav'n's dun concave shot a golden ray.

Still brighter and more bright it stream'd,
Then, like a thousand suns, resistless gleam'd;
Whilst on the placid waters blooming,
The sky perfuming,
An op'ning lotos rose, and smiling spread
His azure skirts and vase of gold,
While o'er his foliage roll'd
Drops, that impearl Bhavani's orient bed.

Mother of gods, rich nature's queen,
Thy genial fire emblaz'd the bursting scene;
For, on th' expanded blossom sitting,
With sun-beams knitting
That mystic veil for ever unremov'd,
Thou bad'st the softly-kindling flame
Pervade this peopled frame,
And smiles, with blushes ting'd, the work approv'd.

Goddess, around thy radiant throne
The scaly shoals in spangled vesture shone,
Some slowly, through green waves advancing,
Some swiftly glancing,
As each thy mild mysterious pow'r impell'd:
E'en orcs and river-dragons felt
Their iron bosoms melt
With scorching heat; for love the mightiest quell'd.

But straight ascending vapours rare
O'ercanopied thy seat with lucid air,
While, through young Indra's new dominions
Unnumber'd pinions
Mix'd with thy beams a thousand varying dyes,
Of birds or insects, who pursued
Their flying loves, or woo'd
Them yielding, and with music fill'd the skies.

And now bedeck'd with sparkling isles
Like rising stars, the wat'ry desert smiles;
Smooth plains by waving forests bounded,
With hillocks rounded,
Send forth a shaggy brood, who, frisking light
In mingled flocks or faithful pairs,
Impart their tender cares:
All animals to love their kind invite.

Nor they alone: those vivid gems,
That dance and glitter on their leafy stems,
Thy voice inspires, thy bounty dresses,
Thy rapture blesses,
From yon tall palm, who, like a sunborn king,
His proud tiara spreads elate,
To those, who throng his gate,
Where purple chieftains vernal tribute bring.

A gale so sweet o'er Ganga breathes,
That in soft smiles her graceful cheek she wreaths.
Mark, where her argent brow she raises,
And blushing gazes
On yon fresh Cétaca, whose am'rous flow'r
Throws fragrance from his flaunting hair,
While with his blooming fair
He blends perfume, and multiplies the bow'r.

Thus, in one vast eternal gyre,
Compact or fluid shapes, instinct with fire,
Lead, as they dance, this gay creation,
Whose mild gradation
Of melting tints illudes the visual ray:
Dense earth in springing herbage lives,
Thence life and nurture gives
To sentient forms, that sink again to clay.

Ye maids and youths on fruitful plains,
Where Laschmi revels and Bhavani reigns,
Oh, haste! oh, bring your flow'ry treasures,
To rapid measures
Tripping at eve these hallow'd banks along:
The pow'r, in yon dim shrines ador'd,
To primal waves restor'd,
With many a smiling race shall bless your song.

HYMN TO INDRA.

THE ARGUMENT.

So many allusions to Hindu mythology occur in the following ode, that it would be scarce intelligible without an explanatory introduction, which, on every account, and on all occasions, appears preferable to notes in the margin.

A distinct idea of the god, whom the poem celebrates, may be collected from a passage in the ninth section of the Gità, where the sudden change of measure has an effect similar to that of the finest modulations.

te punyamasadya surendra locam
asnanti divyan dividevabhogan,
te tam bhuctwa swergalocam visalam
eshine punye mertyalocam visanti.

"These, having through virtue reached the mansion of the king of Sura's, feast on the exquisite heavenly food of the gods: they, who have enjoyed this lofty region of Swerga, but whose virtue is exhausted, revisit the habitation of mortals."

Indra, therefore, or the king of immortals, corresponds with one of the ancient Jupiters (for several

of that name were worshipped in Europe), and particular with Jupiter the Conductor, whose attributes are so nobly described by the Platonic philosophers; one of his numerous titles is Dyupeti, or, in the nominative case before certain letters, Dyupetir; which means the lord of Heaven, and seems a more probable origin of the Hetruscan word than Juvans Pater; as Diespiter was probably, not the father, but the lord, of day. He may be considered as the Jove of Ennius in his memorable line:

Aspice hoc sublime candens, quem invocant omnes
Jovem—

where the poet clearly means the firmament, of which Indra is the personification. He is the god of thunder and the five elements, with inferior genii under his command; and is conceived to govern the eastern quarter of the world, but to preside, like the genius or agathodæmon of the ancients, over the celestial bands, which are stationed on the summit of Meru or the north-pole, where he solaces the gods with nectar and heavenly music: hence, perhaps, the Hindus, who give evidence, and the magistrates, who hear it, are directed to stand fronting the east or the north.

This imaginary mount is here feigned to have been seen in a vision at Varanassi, very improperly called Banaris, which takes its name from two rivulets that embrace the city; and the bard, who was favoured with the sight, is supposed to have been Vyasa, surnamed Dwaipayana, or dwelling in an island; who, if he really composed the Gità, makes very flattering mention of himself in the tenth chapter. The plant latà, which he describes weaving a net round the mountain Mandara, is transported by a poetical liberty to Sumeru, which the great author of the Mahabharat has richly painted in four beautiful couplets: it is the generic name for a creeper, though represented here as a species, of which many elegant varieties are found in Asia.

The genii named Cinnaras are the male dancers in Swerga, or the Heaven of Indra; and the Apsaras are his dancing-girls, answering to the fairies of the Persians, and to the damsels called in the Koran bhúru'lûyún, or with antelopes' eyes. For the story of Chitrarat'ha, the chief musician of the Indian paradise, whose painted car was burned by Arjun, and for that of the Chaturdesaretna, or fourteen gems, as they are called, which were produced by churning the ocean, the reader must be referred to Mr. Wilkins's learned annotations on his accurate version of the Bhagavadgità. The fable of the pomegranate-flower is borrowed from the popular mythology of Nepal and Tibet.

In this poem the same form of stanza is repeated with variations, on a principle entirely new in modern lyric poetry, which on some future occasion may be explained.

THE HYMN.

But ah! what glories yon blue vault emblaze?
What living meteors from the zenith stream?
Or hath a rapt'rous dream
Perplex'd the isle-born bard in fiction's maze?
He wakes; he hears; he views no fancied rays.
'Tis Indra mounted on the Sun's bright beam;
And round him revels his empyreal train:
How rich their tints! how sweet their strain!

Like shooting stars around his regal seat
A veil of many-colour'd light they weave,
That eyes unholy would of sense bereave:
Their sparkling hands and lightly-tripping feet
Wild gales and panting clouds behind them leave.
With love of song and sacred beauty smit,
The mystic dance they knit;
Pursuing, circling, whirling, twining, leading,
Now chasing, now receding;
Till the gay pageant from the sky descends
On charm'd Sumeru, who with homage bends.

Hail, mountain of delight,
Palace of glory, bless'd by glory's king!
With prosp'ring shade embow'r me, whilst I sing
Thy wonders yet unreach'd by mortal flight.
Sky-piercing mountain! In thy bow'rs of love
No tears are seen, save where medicinal stalks
Weep drops balsamic o'er the silver'd walks;
No plaints are heard, save where the restless dove
Of coy repulse and mild reluctance talks;
Mantled in woven gold, with gems unchas'd,
With em'rald hillocks grac'd,
From whose fresh laps in young fantastic mazes
Soft crystal bounds and blazes
Bathing the lithe convolvulus, that winds
Obsequious, and each flaunting arbour binds.

When sapient Brahma this new world approv'd,
On woody wings eight primal mountains mov'd:
But Indra mark'd Sumeru for his own,
And motionless was ev'ry stone.

Dazzling the Moon, he rears his golden head:
Nor bards inspir'd, nor Heav'n's all perfect speech,
Less may unhallow'd rhyme his beauties teach,
Or paint the pavement which th' immortals tread;
Nor thought of man his awful height can reach:
Who sees it, maddens; who approaches, dies;
For, with flame-darting eyes,
Around it roll a thousand sleepless dragons;
While from their diamond flagons
The feasting gods exhaustless nectar sip,
Which glows and sparkles on each fragrant lip.
This feast in mem'ry of the churned wave
Great Indra gave, when Amrit first was won
From impious demons, who to Máyá's eyes
Resign'd the prize, and rued the fight begun.

Now, while each ardent Cinnara persuades
The soft-ey'd Apsara to break the dance,
And leads her loth, yet with love-beaming glance,
To banks of marjoram and champac shades,
Celestial genii tow'rd their king advance
(So call'd by men, in Heav'n Gandharvas nam'd)
For matchless music fam'd.
Soon, where the bands in lucid rows assemble,
Flutes breathe, and citherns tremble;
Till Chitraratha sings—His painted car,
Yet unconsum'd, gleams like an orient star.

Hush'd was ev'ry breezy pinion,
Ev'ry breeze his fall suspended:
Silence reign'd; whose sole dominion
Soon was rais'd, but soon was ended.

He sings, how "whilom from the troubled main
The sov'reign elephant Airavan sprang;
The breathing shell, that peals of conquest rang;
The parent cow, whom none implores in vain;
The milk-white steed, the bow with deaf'ning clang;
The goddesses of beauty, wealth, and wine;
Flow'rs, that unfading shine,

Narayan's gem, the moonlight's tender languish;
Blue venom, source of anguish:
The solemn leech, slow-moving o'er the strand,
A vase of long-sought amrit in his hand.
To soften human ills dread Siva drank
The pois'nous flood, that stain'd his azure neck;
The rest thy mansions deck,
High Swerga! stor'd in many a blazing rank.
Thou, god of thunder! sat'st on Meru thron'd,
Cloud-riding, mountain-piercing, thousand-ey'd,
With young Pulomaja, thy blooming bride,
Whilst air and skies thy boundless empire own'd;
Hail, Dyupetir, dismay to Bala's pride!
Or speaks Purander best thy martial fame,
Or Sacra, mystic name?
With various praise in odes and hallow'd story
Sweet bards shall hymn thy glory.
Thou, Vasava, from this unmeasur'd height
Shed'st pearl, shed'st odours o'er the sons of light!"

The genius rested; for his pow'rful art
Had swell'd the monarch's heart with ardour vain,
That threaten'd rash disdain and seem'd to low'r
On gods of loftier pow'r and ampler reign.

He smil'd; and, warbling in a softer mode,
Sang "the red lightning, hail, and whelming rain
O'er Gocul green and Vraga's nymph-lov'd plain
By Indra hurl'd, whose altars ne'er had glow'd,
Since infant Crishna rul'd the rustic train
Now thrill'd with terrour—Them the heav'nly child
Call'd, and with looks ambrosial smil'd,
Then with one finger rear'd the vast Govèrdhen,
Beneath whose rocky burden
On pastures dry the maids and herdsmen trod:
The lord of thunder felt a mightier god!"

What furies potent modulation sooths!
E'en the dilated heart of Indra shrinks:
His ruffled brow he smooths,
His lance half-rais'd with listless languor sinks.

A sweeter strain the sage musician chose:
He told, how, "Sachi, soft as morning light,
Blythe Sachi, from her lord Indrani hight,
When through clear skies their car ethereal rose
Fix'd on a garden trim her wand'ring sight,
Where gay pomegranates, fresh with early dew,
Vaunted their blossoms new: [dresses
'Oh!' pluck, she said, yon gems, which nature
To grace my darker tresses.'
In form a shepherd's boy, a god in soul,
He hasten'd, and the blooming treasure stole.

"The reckless peasant, who those glowing flow'rs,
Hopeful of rubied fruit, had foster'd long,
Seiz'd and with cordage strong
Shackled the god, who gave him show'rs.
Straight from sev'n winds immortal genii flew,
Green Varuna, whom foamy waves obey,
Bright Vahni flaming like the lamp of day,
Cuvera sought by all, enjoyed by few,
Marut, who bids the winged breezes play,
Stern Yama, ruthless judge, and Isa cold
With Nairrit mildly bold:
They with the ruddy flash, that points his thunder,
Rend his vain bands asunder.
Th' exulting god resumes his thousand eyes,
Four arms divine, and robes of changing dyes;—"

Soft memory retrac'd the youthful scene;
The thund'rer yielded to resistless charms,
Then smil'd enamour'd on his blushing queen,
And melted in her arms.

Such was the vision, which—on Varan's breast
Or Asi pure with offer'd blossoms fill'd—
Dwaipayan slumb'ring saw; (thus Nared will'd)
For waking eye such glory never bless'd,
Nor waking ear such music ever thrill'd.
It vanish'd with light sleep: he, rising, prais'd
The guarded mount high-raised, [sures,
And pray'd the thund'ring power, that sheafy trea-
Mild show'rs and vernal pleasures,
The lab'ring youth in mead and vale might cheer,
And cherish'd herdsmen bless th' abundant year.
Thee, darter of the swift blue bolt! he sang;
Sprinkler of genial dews and fruitful rains
O'er hills and thirsty plains!
"When through the waves of war thy charger sprang,
Each rock rebellow'd and each forest rang,
Till vanquish'd Asurs felt avenging pains.
Send o'er their seats the snake, that never dies,
But waft the virtuous to thy skies!"

A

HYMN TO SURYA.

ARGUMENT.

A PLAUSIBLE opinion has been entertained by learned men, that the principal source of idolatry among the ancients was their enthusiastic admiration of the Sun; and that, when the primitive religion of mankind was lost amid the distractions of establishing the regal government, or neglected amid the allurements of vice, they ascribed to the great visible luminary, or to the wonderful fluid, of which it is the general reservoir, those powers of pervading all space and animating all nature, which their ancestors had attributed to one eternal Mind, by whom the substance of fire had been created as an inanimate and secondary cause of natural phenomena. The mythology of the east confirms this opinion; and it is probable, that the triple divinity of the Hindus was originally no more than a personification of the Sun, whom they called Treyitenu, or three-bodied, in his triple capacity, of producing forms by his genial heat, preserving them by his light, or destroying them by the concentrated force of his igneous matter; this, with the wilder conceit of a female power united with the godhead, and ruling nature by his authority, will account for nearly the whole system of Egyptian, Indian, and Grecian polytheism, distinguished from the sublime theology of the philosophers whose understandings were too strong to admit the popular belief, but whose influence was too weak to reform it.

Surya, the Phœbus of European heathens, has near fifty names or epithets in the Sanscrit language; most of which, or at least the meaning of them, are introduced in the following ode; and every image, that seemed capable of poetical ornament, has been selected from books of the highest authority among the Hindus: the title Area is very singular; and it is remarkable, that the Tibetians represent the Sun's car in the form of a boat.

It will be necessary to explain a few other particulars of the Hindu mythology, to which allusions are made in the poem. Soma, or the Moon, is a male deity in the Indian system, as Mona was, I believe, among the Saxons, and Lunus among some

of the nations who settled in Italy: his titles also, with one or two of the ancient fables, to which they refer, are exhibited in the second stanza. Most of the lunar mansions are believed to be the daughters of Casyapa, the first production of Brahmà's head; and from their names are derived those of the twelve months, who are here feigned to have married as many constellations: this primeval Brahmun and Vinata are also supposed to have been the parents of Arun, the charioteer of the Sun, and of the bird Garuda, the eagle of the great Indian Jove, one of whose epithets is Madhava. After this explanation, the Hymn will have few or no difficulties, especially if the reader has perused and studied the Bhagavadgita, with which our literature has been lately enriched, and the fine episode from the Mahabharat, on the production of the Amrita, which seems to be almost wholly astronomical, but abounds with poetical beauties. Let the following description of the demon Rahu, decapitated by Narayan, be compared with similar passages in Hesiod and Milton.

tach ch'hailasringapratiman danavasya sior mahat
chacrach'hinnam c'hamutpatya nenaditi bhayancaram,
tat cabandham pepatasya visp'hurad dharanitale
sapervatavanadwipan daityasyacampayanmahim.

THE HYMN.

Fountain of living light,
That o'er all nature streams,
Of this vast microcosm both nerve and soul;
Whose swift and subtil beams,
Eluding mortal sight,
Pervade, attract, sustain th' effulgent whole,
Unite, impel, dilate, calcine,
Give to gold its weight and blaze,
Dart from the diamond many-tinted rays,
Condense, protrude, transform, concoct, refine
The sparkling daughters of the mine;
Lord of the lotos, father, friend, and king,
O Sun, thy pow'rs I sing:
Thy substance Indra with his heav'nly bands
Nor sings nor understands;
Nor e'en the Vedas three to man explain
Thy mystic orb triform, though Brahma tun'd the strain.

Thou, nectar-beaming Moon,
Regent of dewy night,
From yon black roe, that in thy bosom sleeps,
Fawn-spotted Sasin hight;
Wilt thou desert so soon
Thy night-flow'rs pale, whom liquid odour steeps,
And Oshadhi's transcendent beam
Burning in the darkest glade?
Will no lov'd name thy gentle mind persuade
Yet one short hour to shed thy cooling stream?
But ah! we court a passing dream:
Our pray'r nor Indu nor Himansu hears;
He fades; he disappears——
E'en Casyapa's gay daughters twinkling die,
And silence lulls the sky,
Till Chatacs twitter from the moving brake,
And sandal-breathing gales on beds of ether wake.

Burst into song, ye spheres;
A greater light proclaim,
And hymn, concentric orbs! with sev'nfold chime,
The god with many a name;
Nor let unhallow'd ears
Drink life and rapture from your charm sublime:
"Our bosoms, Aryama, inspire,
Gem of Heav'n, and flower of day,
Vivaswat, lancer of the golden ray,
Divacara, pure source of holy fire,
Victorious Rama's fervid sire,
Dread child of Aditi, Martunda bless'd,
Or Sura be address'd,
Ravi, or Mihira, or Bhanu bold,
Or Arca, title old,
Or Heridaswa drawn by green-hair'd steeds,
Or Carmasacshi keen, attesting secret deeds.
What fiend, what monster fierce
E'er durst thy throne invade?
Malignant Rahu. Him thy wakeful sight,
That could the deepest shade
Of snaky Narac pierce,
Mark'd quaffing nectar; whom by magic sleight
A Sura's lovely form he wore,
Rob'd in light, with lotos crown'd,
What time th' immortals peerless treasures found
On the churn'd ocean's gem-bespangled shore,
And Mandar's load the tortoise bore:
Thy voice reveal'd the daring sacrilege;
Then, by the deathful edge
Of bright Sudersan cleft, his dragon head
Dismay and horrour spread,
Kicking the skies, and struggling to impair
The radiance of thy robes, and stain thy golden hair.

"With smiles of stern disdain
Thou, sov'reign victor! see'st
His impious rage: soon from the mad assault
The coursers fly releas'd;
Then toss each verdant mane,
And gallop o'er the smooth aerial vault;
Whilst in charm'd Gocul's od'rous vale
Blue-ey'd Yamuna descends
Exulting, and her tripping tide suspends,
The triumph of her mighty sire to hail:
So must they fall, who gods assail!
For now the demon rues his rash emprise,
Yet, bellowing blasphemies
With pois'nous throat, for horrid vengeance thirsts,
And oft with tempest bursts,
As oft repell'd he groans in fiery chains,
And o'er the realms of day, unvanquish'd Surya reigns."

Ye clouds, in wavy wreaths
Your dusky van unfold;
O'er dimpled sands, ye surges, gently flow,
With sapphires edg'd and gold!
Loose-tressed morning breathes,
And spreads her blushes with expansive glow;
But chiefly where Heav'n's op'ning eye
Sparkles at her saffron gate,
How rich, how regal in his orient state!
Ere long he shall emblaze th' unbounded sky:
The fiends of darkness yelling fly;
While birds of liveliest note and lightest wing
The rising day-star sing,
Who skirts th' horizon with a blazing line
Of topazes divine;

E'en, in their prelude, brighter and more bright,
Flames the red east, and pours insufferable light.[1]
First o'er blue hills appear,
With many an agate hoof [green;
And pasterns fring'd with pearl, sev'n coursers
Nor boasts yon arched woof,
That girds the show'ry sphere,
Such heav'n-spun threads of colour'd light serene,
As tinge the reins, which Arun guides,
Glowing with immortal grace,
Young Arun loveliest of Vinatian race,
Though younger. He, whom Madhava bestrides,
When high on eagle-plumes he rides:
But oh! what pencil of a living star
Could paint that gorgeous car,
In which, as in an ark supremely bright,
The lord of boundless light
Ascending calm o'er th' empyrean sails,
And with ten thousand beams his awful beauty veils.

Behind the glowing wheels
Six jocund seasons dance,
A radiant month in each quick-shifting hand;
Alternate they advance,
While buxom nature feels
The grateful changes of the frolic band:
Each month a constellation fair
Knit in youthful wedlock holds;
And o'er each bed a varied sun unfolds,
Lest one vast blaze our visual force impair,
A canopy of woven air.
Vasanta blythe with many a laughing flow'r
Decks his Candarpa's bow'r;
The drooping pastures thirsty Grishma dries,
Till Versha bids them rise;
Than Sarat with full sheaves the champaign fills,
Which Sisira bedews, and stern Hemanta chills.

Mark, how th' all-kindling orb
Meridian glory gains!
Round Meru's breathing zone he winds oblique
O'er pure cerulean plains:
His jealous flames absorb
All meaner lights, and unresisted strike
The world with rapt'rous joy and dread.
Ocean, smit with melting pain,
Shrinks, and the fiercest monster of the main
Mantles in caves profound his tusky head
With sea-weeds dank and coral spread:
Less can mild Earth and her green daughters bear
The noon's wide-wasting glare;
To rocks the panther creeps; to woody night
The vulture steals his flight;
E'en cold cameleons pant in thickets dun,
And o'er th' burning grit th' unwinged locusts run.

But when thy foaming steeds
Descend with rapid pace
Thy fervent axle hast'ning to allay,—
What majesty, what grace
Dart o'er the western meads
From thy relenting eye their blended ray!
Soon may th' undazzled sense behold
Rich as Vishnu's diadem,
Or Amrit sparkling in an azure gem,
The horizontal globe of molten gold,
Which pearl'd and rubied clouds infold.
It sinks; and myriads of diffusive dyes
Stream o'er the tissued skies,
Till Soma smiles, attracted by the song
Of many a plumed throng
In groves, meads, vales; and, whilst he glides above
Each bush and dancing bough, quaffs harmony and love.

Then roves thy poet free,
Who with no borrow'd art [blaze,
Dares hymn thy pow'r; and durst provoke thy
But felt thy thrilling dart;
And now, on lowly knee,
From him, who gave the wound, the balsam prays,
Herbs, that assuage the fever's pain,
Scatter from thy rolling car,
Cull'd by sage Aswin and divine Cumar;
And, if they ask, "What mortal pours the strain?"
Say (for thou see'st earth, air, and main)
Say: "From the bosom of yon silver isle,
Where skies more softly smile,
He came; and, lisping, our celestial tongue,
Though not from Brahma sprung,
Draws orient knowledge from its fountains pure,
Through caves obstructed long, and paths too long obscure."

Yes; though the Sanscrit song
Be strown with fancy's wreaths,
And emblems rich, beyond low thoughts refin'd,
Yet heav'nly truth it breathes
With attestation strong,—
That, loftier than thy sphere, th' Eternal Mind,
Unmov'd, unrival'd, undefil'd,
Reigns with providence benign:
He still'd the rude abyss, and bade it shine;
(While Sapience with approving aspect mild
Saw the stupendous work, and smil'd;)
Next, thee, his flaming minister, bade rise
O'er young and wondering skies.
Since thou, great orb! with all-enlight'ning ray
Rulest the golden day,
How far more glorious he, who said, serene,
Be, and thou wast—Himself unform'd, unchang'd, unseen!

[1] See Gray's Letters, p. 382, 4to. and the note.

A

HYMN TO LACSHMI.

ARGUMENT.

Most of the allusions to Indian geography and mythology, which occur in the following ode to the goddess of abundance, have been explained on former occasions; and the rest are sufficiently clear. Lacshmi, or Sri, the Ceres of India, is the preserving power of nature, or in the language of allegory, the consort of Vishnu or Heri, a personification of the divine goodness; and her origin is variously deduced in the several Puranas, as we might expect from a system wholly figurative and emblematical. Some represent her as the daughter of Bhrigu, a son of Brahma; but, in the Marcandeya Puran, the Indian Isis, or Nature, is said to have assumed three transcendent forms, according to her three gunas or qualities; and, in each of them, to have produced a pair of divinities, Brahma and Lacshmi, Mahesa and Sereswati, Vishnu and Cali; after whose intermarriage, Brahma and Sereswati formed the

mundane egg, which Mahesa and Cali divided into halves; and Vishnu together with Lacshmi preserved it from destruction: a third story supposes her to have sprung from a sea of milk, when it was churned on the second incarnation of Heri, who is often painted leaning on the serpent Ananta, the emblem of eternity; and this fable, whatever may be the meaning of it, has been chosen as the most poetical. The other names of Sri or prosperity, are Heripriyá, Padmalaya, or Padma, and Camala; the first implying the wife of Vishnu, and the rest derived from the names of the lotos. As to the tale of Sudaman, whose wealth is proverbial among the Hindus, it is related at considerable length in the Bhagavat, or great Puran on the achievements of Crishna: the Brahmen who read it with me, was frequently stopped by his tears. We may be inclined, perhaps, to think, that the wild fables of idolaters are not worth knowing, and that we may be satisfied with mispending our time in learning the Pagan theology of old Greece and Rome; but we must consider, that the allegories contained in the hymn to Lacshmi constitute at this moment the prevailing religion of a most extensive and celebrated empire, and are devoutly believed by many millions, whose industry adds to the revenue of Britain, and whose manners which are interwoven with their religious opinions, nearly affect all Europeans who reside among them.

THE HYMN.

Daughter of ocean and primeval night,
Who, fed with moon-beams dropping silver dew,
And cradled in a wild wave dancing light,
Saw'st with a smile new shores and creatures new,
Thee, goddess! I salute; thy gifts I sing,
And, not with idle wing,
Soar from this fragrant bow'r through tepid skies,
Ere yet the steeds of noon's effulgent king
Shake their green manes and blaze with rubied eyes:
Hence, floating o'er the smooth expanse of day,
Thy bounties I survey,
See through man's oval realm thy charms display'd,
See clouds, air, earth, performing thy behest,
Plains by soft show'rs, thy tripping handmaids, dress:
And fruitful woods, in gold and gems array'd,
Spangling the mingled shade;
While autumn boon his yellow ensign rears,
And stores the world's true wealth in rip'ning ears.

But most that central tract thy smile adorns,
Which old Himala clips with fost'ring arms,
As with a waxing moon's half-circling horns,
And shields from bandits fell, or worse alarms
Of Tartar horse, from Yunan late subdued,
Or Bactrian bowmen rude;
Snow-crown'd Himala, whence, with wavy wings
Far spread, as falcons o'er their nestlings brood,
Fam'd Brahmaputra joy and verdure brings,
And Sindhu's five-arm'd flood from Cashghar hastes,
To cheer the rocky wastes, [plains;
Through western this, and that through orient
While hilish Yamuna between them streams,
And Ganga pure with sunny radiance gleams,
Till Vani whom a russet ochre stains,
Their destin'd confluence gains:
Then flows in mazy knot the triple pow'r
O'er laughing Magadh and the vales of Gour.

Not long inswath'd the sacred infant lay:
(Celestial forms full soon their prime attain:)
Her eyes, oft darted o'er the liquid way,
With golden light emblaz'd the darkling main;
And those firm breasts, whence all our comforts well,
Rose with enchanting swell;
Her loose hair with the bounding billows play'd,
And caught in charming toils each pearly shell,
That idling through the surgy forest stray'd;
When ocean suffer'd a portentous change,
Toss'd with convulsion strange;
For lofty Mandar from his base was torn, [whirl'd,
With streams, rocks, woods, by gods and demons
While round his craggy sides the mad spray curl'd;
Huge mountain, by the passive tortoise borne:
Then sole, but not forlorn,
Shipp'd in a flow'r, that balmy sweets exhal'd,
O'er waves of dulcet cream Padmala sail'd.

So name the goddess from her lotos blue,
Or Camala, if more auspicious deem'd:
With many-petal'd wings the blossom flew,
And from the mount a flutt'ring sea-bird seem'd,
Till on the shore it stopp'd, the heav'n-lov'd shore,
Bright with unvalued store
Of gems marine by mirthful Indra won;
But she, (what brighter gem had shone before?)
No bride for old Maricha's frolic son,
On azure Heri fix'd her prosp'ring eyes:
Love bade the bridegroom rise; [rush'd,
Straight o'er the deep, then dimpling smooth, he
And tow'rd th' unmeasured snake, stupendous bed,
The world's great mother, not reluctant, led:
All nature glow'd, whence she smil'd or blush'd;
The king of serpents hush'd
His thousand heads, where diamond mirrors blaz'd,
That multiplied her image, as he gaz'd.

Thus multiplied, thus wedded, they pervade,
In varying myriads of ethereal forms,
This pendent egg by dovelike Maya laid,
And quell Mahesa's ire, when most it storms;
Ride on keen lightning and disarm its flash,
Or bid loud surges lash
Th' impassive rock, and leave the rolling barque
With oars unshatter'd milder seas to dash;
And oft, as man's unnumber'd woes they mark,
They spring to birth in some high-favour'd line,
Half human, half divine,
And tread life's maze transfigur'd, unimpair'd:
As when, through blest Vrindavan's od'rous grove,
They deign'd with hinds and village girls to rove;
And mirth or toil in field or dairy shar'd,
As lowly rustics far'd:
Blythe Radha she, with speaking eyes, was nam'd,
He Crishna, lov'd in youth, in manhood fam'd.

Though long in Mathurá with milkmaids bred,
Each bush attuning with his past'ral flute,
Ananda's holy steers the herdsman fed,
His nobler mind aspir'd to nobler fruit;
The fiercest monsters of each brake or wood
His youthful arm withstood,
And from the rank mire of the stagnant lake
Drew the crush'd serpent with ensanguin'd hood;
Then worse than rav'ning beast or fenny snake,

A ruthless king his pond'rous mace laid low,
And Heav'n approv'd the blow:
No more in bow'r or wattled cabin pent;
By rills he scorn'd and flow'ry banks to dwell;
His pipe lay tuneless, and his wreathy shell
With martial clangour hills and forests rent;
On crimson waves intent
He sway'd high Dwaraca, that fronts the mouth
Of gulfy Sindhu from the burning south.

A Brahmen young, who, when the heav'nly boy
In Vraja green and scented Gocul play'd,
Partook each transient care, each flitting joy,
And hand in hand through dale or thicket stray'd,
By fortune sever'd from the blissful seat,
Had sought a lone retreat;
Where in a costless hut sad hours he pass'd,
Its mean thatch pervious to the day-star's heat,
And fenceless from night's dew or pinching blast:
Firm virtue he possess'd and vig'rous health,
But they were all his wealth.
Sudaman was he nam'd; and many a year
(If glowing song can life and honour give)
From sun to sun his honour'd name shall live;
Oft strove his consort wife their gloom to cheer,
And hide the stealing tear;
But all her thrift could scarce each eve afford
The needful sprinkling of their scanty board.

Now Fame, who rides on sun-beams, and conveys
To woods and antres deep her spreading gleam,
Illumin'd Earth and Heav'n with Crishna's praise;
Each forest echoed loud the joyous theme:
But keener joy Sudaman's bosom thrill'd,
And tears ecstatic rill'd:
"My friend," he cried, "is monarch of the skies!"
Then counsell'd she, who nought unseemly will'd:
"Oh! haste; oh! seek the God with lotos eyes:
The pow'r that stoops to soften human pain,
None e'er implor'd in vain!"
To Dwaraca's rich tow'rs the pilgrim sped,
Though bashful penury his hope depress'd;
A tatter'd cincture was his only vest,
And o'er his weaker shoulder loosely spread
Floated the mystic thread:
Secure from scorn the crowded paths he trode
Thro' yielding ranks, and hail'd the shepherd god.

"Friend of my childhood, lov'd in riper age,
A dearer guest these mansions never grac'd:
O meek in social hours, in council sage!"
So spake the warrior, and his neck embrac'd;
And e'en the goddess left her golden seat
Her lord's compeer to greet:
He charm'd, but prostrate on the hallow'd floor,
Their purfled vestments kiss'd and radiant feet;
Then from a small fresh leaf, a borrow'd store
(Such off'rings e'en to mortal kings are due)
Of modest rice he drew.
Some proffer'd grains the soft-ey'd hero ate,
And more had eaten, but with placid mien, [queen)
Bright Rucmini (thus name th' all-bounteous
Exclaim'd: "Ah, hold! enough for mortal state!"
Then grave on themes elate
Discoursing, or on past adventures gay,
They clos'd with converse mild the rapt'rous day.

At smile of dawn, dismiss'd ungifted, home
The hermit plodded, till sublimely rais'd
On granite columns many a sumptuous dome
He view'd, and many a spire, that richly blaz'd;
And seem'd, impurpled by the blush of morn,
The lowlier plains to scorn
Imperious: they, with conscious worth sere
Laugh'd at vain pride, and bade new gem n
Each rising shrub, that clad them. Lovely scene
And more than human! His astonish'd sight
Drank deep the strange delight:
He saw brisk fountains dance, crisp riv'lets wind
O'er borders trim, and round inwoven bow'rs,
Where sportive creepers, th'eading ruby flow'rs
On em'rald stalks, each vernal arch entwin'd
Luxuriant though confin'd;
And heard sweet-breathing gales in whispers tell
From what young bloom they sipp'd their spicy smell.

Soon from the palace-gate in broad array
A maiden legion, touching tuneful strings,
Descending strow'd with flow'rs the brighten'd way;
And straight, their jocund van in equal wings
Unfolding, in their vacant centre show'd
Their chief, whose vesture glow'd
With carbuncles and smiling pearls atween;
And o'er her head a veil translucent flow'd,
Which, dropping light, disclos'd a beauteous queen,
Who, breathing love, and swift with timid grace,
Sprang to her lord's embrace
With ardent greeting and sweet blandishment;
His were the marble tow'rs, th' officious train,
The gems unequall'd and the large domain.
When bursting joy its rapid stream had spent,—
The stores which Heav'n had lent,
He spread unsparing; unattach'd, employ'd;
With meekness view'd; with temp'rate bliss enjoy'd.

Such were thy gifts, Pedmala, such thy pow'r!
For when thy smile irradiates yon blue fields,
Observant Indra sheds the genial show'r,
And pregnant Earth her springing tribute yields
Of spicy blades, that clothe the champaign dank,
Or skirt the verd'rous bank,
That in th' o'erflowing rill allays his thirst:
Then, rising gay in many a waving rank,
The stalks redundant into laughter burst;
The rivers broad, like busy should'ring bands
Clap their applauding hands;
The marish dances and the forest sings;
The vaunting trees their bloomy banners rear;
And shouting hills proclaim th' abundant year,
That food to herds, to herdsmen plenty brings,
And wealth to guardian kings.
Shall man unthankful riot on thy stores?
Ah, no!—he bends, he blesses, he adores.

But, when his vices rank thy frowns excite,
Excessive show'rs the plains and vallies drench,
Or warping insects heath and coppice blight,
Or drought unceasing, which no streams can quench,
The germin shrivels, or contracts the shoot,
Or burns the wasted root;
Then fade the groves with gather'd crust imbrown'd,
The hills lie gasping, and the woods are mute,
Low sink the riv'lets from the yawning ground;
Till Famine gaunt her screaming pack lets slip,
And shakes her scorpion whip;
Dire forms of death spread havoc, as she flies,
Pain at her skirts and Mis'ry by her side,
And jabb'ring spectres o'er her traces glide;
The mother clasps her babe, with livid eyes,
Then, faintly shrieking, dies;

He droops expiring, or but lives to feel
The vultures bick'ring for their horrid meal.
Isles, that, painted, harrow up the breast,
(What ...ies if real must they give!)
Preserve my vot'ries: be their labours blest!
Oh! bid the patient Hindu rise and live.
His erring mind, that wizard lore beguiles,
Clouded by priestly wiles,
To senseless nature bows for nature's God.
Now stretch'd o'er ocean's vast from happier isles,
He sees the wand of empire, not the rod:
Ah, may those beams, that western skies illume,
Disperse th' unholy gloom!
Meanwhile may laws, by myriads long rever'd,
Their strife appease, their gentler claims decide;
So shall their victors, mild with virtuous pride,
To many a cherish'd grateful race endear'd,
With temper'd love be fear'd:
Though mists profane obscure their narrow ken,
They err, yet feel; though Pagans, they are men.

A

HYMN TO NARAYENA.

ARGUMENT.

A COMPLETE introduction to the following ode, would be no less than a full comment on the Vayds and the Purans of the Hindus, the remains of Egyptian and Persian theology, and the tenets of the Ionic and Italic schools; but this is not the place for so vast a disquisition. It will be sufficient here to premise, that the inextricable difficulties attending the vulgar notion of material substances, concerning which

We know this only, that we nothing know,

induced many of the wisest among the ancients, and some of the most enlightened among the moderns, to believe that the whole creation was rather an energy than a work, by which the Infinite Being, who is present at all times in all places, exhibits to the minds of his creatures a set of perceptions, like a wonderful picture or piece of music, always varied, yet always uniform; so that all bodies and their qualities exist indeed to every wise and useful purpose, but exist only as far as they are perceived; a theory no less pious than sublime, and as different from any principle of atheism, as the brightest sunshine differs from the blackest midnight. This illusive operation of the deity the Hindu philosophers called Maya, or deception; and the word occurs in this sense more than once in the commentary on the Rig Vayd, by the great Vasishtha, of which Mr. Halhed has given us an admirable specimen.

The first stanza of the hymn represents the sublimest attributes of the Supreme Being, and the three forms, in which they most clearly appear to us, power, wisdom, and goodness, or, in the language of Orpheus and his disciples, love: the second comprises the Indian and Egyptian doctrine of the divine essence and archetypal ideas; for a distinct account of which the reader must be referred to a noble description in the sixth book of Plato's republic; and the fine explanation of that passage in an elegant discourse by the author of Cyrus, from whose learned work a hint has been borrowed for the conclusion of this piece. The third and fourth are taken from the Institutes of Menu, and the eighteenth Puran of Vyasa, entitled Srey Bhagawat, part of which has been translated into Persian, not without elegance, but rather too paraphrastically. From Brehme, or the great being, in the neuter gender, is formed Brehma in the masculine; and the second word is appropriated to the creative power of the divinity.

The Spirit of God, called Narayena, or moving on the water, has a multitude of other epithets in Sanscrit, the principal of which are introduced, expressly or by allusion, in the fifth stanza; and two of them contain the names of the evil beings, who are feigned to have sprung from the ears of Vishnu; for thus the divine spirit is entitled, when considered as the preserving power: the sixth ascribes the perception of secondary qualities by our senses to the immediate influence of Maya, and the seventh imputes to her operation the primary qualities of extension and solidity.

THE HYMN.

SPIRIT of Spirits! who through ev'ry part
Of space expanded and of endless time,
Beyond the stretch of lab'ring thought sublime,
Bad'st uproar into beauteous order start,
Before Heav'n was, thou art:
Ere spheres beneath us roll'd, or spheres above,
Ere Earth in firmamental ether hung,
Thou sat'st alone: till through thy mystic love,
Things unexisting to existence sprung,
And grateful descant sung.
What first impell'd thee to exert thy might?
Goodness unlimited. What glorious light
Thy pow'r directed? Wisdom without bound.
What prov'd it first? Oh! guide my fancy right;
Oh! raise from cumb'rous ground
My soul in rapture drown'd,
That fearless it may soar on wings of fire;
For thou, who only know'st, thou only cans't inspire.

Wrapt in eternal solitary shade,
Th' impenetrable gloom of light intense,
Impervious, inaccessible, immense,
Ere spirits were infus'd or forms display'd,
Brehm his own mind survey'd,
As mortal eyes (thus finite we compare
With infinite) in smoothest mirrors gaze:
Swift, at his look, a shape supremely fair
Leap'd into being with a boundless blaze,
That fifty suns might daze.
Primeval Maya was the goddess nam'd,
Who to her sire, with love divine inflam'd,
A casket gave with rich ideas fill'd,
From which this gorgeous universe he fram'd;
For when th' Almighty will'd
Unnumber'd worlds to build,
From Unity diversified he sprang,
While gay creation laugh'd, and procreant nature rang.

First an all-potent all-pervading sound
Bade flow the waters—and the waters flow'd
Exulting in their measureless abode,
Diffusive, multitudinous, profound,
Above, beneath, around;

Then o'er the vast expanse primordial wind
Breath'd gently, till a lucid bubble rose,
Which grew in perfect shape an egg refin'd;
Created substance no such lustre shows,
Earth no such beauty knows.
Above the warring waves it danc'd elate,
Till from its bursting shell with lovely state
A form cerulean flutter'd o'er the deep,
Brightest of beings, greatest of the great:
Who, not as mortals steep,
Their eyes in dewy sleep,
But, heav'nly-pensive, on the lotos lay,
That blossom'd at his touch and shed a golden ray.

Hail, primal blossom! hail empyreal gem!
Kemel or Pedma, or whate'er high name
Delight thee, say, what four-form'd godhead came,
With graceful stole and beamy diadem,
Forth from thy verdant stem?
Full-gifted Brehma! rapt in solemn thought
He stood, and round his eyes fire-darting threw;
But, whilst his viewless origin he sought,
One plain he saw of living waters blue,
Their spring nor saw nor knew.
Then, in his parent stalk again retir'd,
With restless pain for ages he inquir'd
What were his pow'rs, by whom, and why conferr'd:
With doubts perplex'd, with keen impatience fir'd
He rose, and rising heard
Th' unknown all-knowing Word,
"Brehma! no more in vain research persist:
My veil thou canst not move—Go; bid all worlds exist."

Hail, self-existent, in celestial speech
Narayen, from thy wat'ry cradle, nam'd;
Or Venamaly may I sing unblam'd,
With flow'ry braids, that to thy sandals reach,
Whose beauties, who can teach?
Or high Peitamber clad in yellow robes
Than sunbeams brighter in meridian glow,
That weave their heav'n-spun light o'er circling globes?
Unwearied, lotos-eyed, with dreadful bow,
Dire Evil's constant foe!
Great Pedmanabha, o'er thy cherish'd world,
The pointed Checra, by thy fingers whirl'd;
Fierce Kytabh shall destroy and Medhu grim
To black despair and deep destruction hurl'd.
Such views my senses dim,
My eyes in darkness swim:
What eye can bear thy blaze, what utt'rance tell
Thy deeds with silver trump or many-wreathed shell?
Omniscient Spirit! whose all-ruling pow'r
Bids from each sense bright emanations beam;
Glows in the rainbow, sparkles in the stream,
Smiles in the bud, and glistens in the flow'r
That crowns each vernal bow'r;
Sighs in the gale, and warbles in the throat
Of ev'ry bird that hails the bloomy spring,
Or tells his love in many a liquid note,
Whilst envious artists touch the rival string,
Till rocks and forests ring;
Breathes in rich fragrance from the sandal grove,
Or where the precious musk-deer playful rove;
In dulcet juice from clust'ring fruit distils,
And burns salubrious in the tasteful clove:
Soft banks and verd'rous hills
Thy present influence fills;
In air, in floods, in caverns, woods, and plains;
Thy will inspirits all, thy sov'reign Maya reigns.
Blue crystal vault, and elemental fires,
That in the ethereal fluid blaze and breathe,
Thou tossing main, whose snaky branches wreathe
This pensile orb with intertwisted gyres;
Mountains, whose radiant spires
Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies,
And blend their em'rald hue with sapphire light;
Smooth meads and lawns that glow with varying dyes
Of dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms bright,
Hence vanish from my sight:
Delusive pictures, unsubstantial shows!
My soul absorb'd one only being knows,
Of all perceptions one abundant source,
Whence ev'ry object ev'ry moment flows,
Suns hence derive their force,
Hence planets learn their course;
But suns and fading worlds I view no more:
God only I perceive; God only I adore.

HYMN TO SERESWATY.

ARGUMENT.

The Hindu goddesses are uniformly represented as the subordinate powers of their respective lords: thus Lacshmy, the consort of Vishnu the preserver, is the goddess of abundance and prosperity; Bhavany, the wife of Mahádev, is the genial power of fecundity; and Sereswaty, whose husband was the creator Brehma, possesses the powers of imagination and invention, which may justly be termed creative. She is, therefore, adored as the patroness of the fine arts, especially of music and rhetoric, as the inventress of the Sanscrit language, of the Devanagry letters, and of the sciences, which writing perpetuates; so that her attributes correspond with those of Minerva Musica, in Greece and Italy, who invented the flute, and presided over literature. In this character she is addressed in the following ode, and particularly as the goddess of harmony, since the Indians usually paint her with a musical instrument in her hand: the seven notes, an artful combination of which constitutes music, and variously affects the passions, are feigned to be her earliest production; and the greatest part of the hymn exhibits a correct delineation of the Ragmala, or necklace of musical modes, which may be considered as the most pleasing invention of the ancient Hindus, and the most beautiful union of painting with poetical mythology and the genuine theory of music.

The different positions of the two semitones, in the scale of seven notes, gives birth to seven primary modes; and, as the whole series consists of twelve semitones, every one of which may be made a modal note or tonic, there are in nature, (though not universally in practice) seventy-seven other modes, which may be called derivative: all the eighty-four are distributed by the Persians, under the notion of locality, into three classes, consisting of twelve rooms, twenty-four angles, and forty-eight recesses; but the Hindu arrangement is elegantly formed on the variations of the Indian year,

and the association of ideas; a powerful auxiliary to the ordinary effect of modulation. The modes in this system are deified; and, as there are six seasons in India, namely, two springs, summer, autumn, and two winters, an original Rag, or god of the mode, is conceived to preside over a particular season; each principal mode is attended by five Ragnys or nymphs of harmony; each has eight sons or genii of the same divine art; and each Rag, with his family, is appropriated to a distinct season, in which alone his melody can be sung or played at prescribed hours of the day and night: the mode of Deipec, or Cupid the inflamer, is supposed to be lost; and a tradition is current in Hindustan, that a musician who attempted to restore it, was consumed by fire from Heaven. The natural distribution of modes would have been, seven, thirty-three, and forty-four, according to the number of the minor and major secondary tones; but this order was varied for the sake of the charming fiction above mentioned. Nared, who is described in the third stanza, was one of the first created beings, corresponding with the Mercury of the Italians, inventor of the Vene, a fretted instrument, supported by two large gourds, and confessedly the finest used in Asia.

A full discussion of so copious a subject would require a separate dissertation; but here it will be sufficient to say, that almost every allusion and every epithet in the poem, as well as the names, are selected from approved treatises, either originally Persian, or translated from the Sanscrit, which contain as lively a display of genius as human imagination ever exhibited.

The last couplet alludes to the celebrated place of pilgrimage, at the confluence of the Ganga and Yamna, which the Sereswaty, another sacred river, is supposed to join under ground.

THE HYMN.

Sweet grace of Brehma's bed!
Thou, when thy glorious lord
Bade airy nothing breathe and bless his pow'r,
Sat'st with illumin'd head,
And, in sublime accord,
Sev'n sprightly notes, to hail th' auspicious hour,
Led'st from their secret bow'r:
They drank the air; they came
With many a sparkling glance,
And knit the mazy dance,
Like yon bright orbs, that gird the solar flame,
Now parted, now combin'd,
Clear as thy speech and various as thy mind.
Young passions at the sound
In shadowy forms arose,
O'er hearts, yet uncreated, sure to reign;
Joy, that o'erleaps all bound,
Grief, that in silence grows,
Hope, that with honey blends the cup of pain,
Pale Fear, and stern Disdain,
Grim Wrath's avenging band,
Love, nurs'd in dimple smooth,
That ev'ry pang can soothe;
But, when soft Pity her meek trembling hand
Stretch'd, like a new-born girl,
Each sigh was music, and each tear a pearl.

Thee her great parent owns
All-ruling Eloquence,
That, like full Ganga, pours her stream divine,
Alarming states and thrones:
To fix thy flying sense
Of words, thy daughters, by the varied line
(Stupendous art!) was thine;
Thine, with pointed reed
To give primeval truth
Th' unfading bloom of youth,
And paint on deathless leaves high virtue's meed:
Fair science, heav'n-born child,
And playful fancy on thy bosom smil'd.

Who bids the fretted Vene
Start from his deep repose,
And wakes to melody the quiv'ring frame?
What youth with godlike mien
O'er his bright shoulder throws
The verdant gourd, that swells with struggling flame?
Nared, immortal name!
He, like his potent sire,
Creative spreads around
The mighty world of sound,
And calls from speaking word ethereal fire;
While to th' accordant strings
Of boundless heav'ns and heav'nly deeds he sings.

But look! the jocund hours
A lovelier scene display,
Young Hindol sportive in his golden swing
High canopied with flow'rs;
While Ragnys ever gay
Toss the light cordage, and in cadence sing
The sweet return of spring:
Here dark Virawer stands;
There Ramcary divine
And fawn ey'd Lelit shine;
But stern Daysasha leads her warring bands,
And slow in ebon clouds
Petmenjary her fading beauty shrouds.

Ah! where has Deipec veil'd
His flame-encircled head?
Where flow his lays too sweet for mortal ears?
O loss, how long bewail'd!
Is yellow Camod fled?
And blythe Carnaty vaunting o'er her peers?
Where stream Caydara's tears
Intent on scenes above,
A beauteous anchorite?
No more shall Daysa bright
With gentle numbers call her tardy love?
Has Netta, martial maid,
Lock'd in sad slumbers her sky-temper'd blade?

Once, when the vernal noon
Blaz'd with resistless glare,
The Sun's eye sparkled, and a god was born:
He smil'd; but vanish'd soon——
Then groan'd the northern air;
The clouds, in thunder mutt'ring sullen scorn,
Delug'd the thirsty corn.
But, earth-born artist, hold!
If e'er thy soaring lyre
To Deipec's notes aspire,
Thy strings, thy bow'r, thy breast with rapture bold,
Red lightning shall consume;
Nor can thy sweetest song avert the doom.

See sky-form'd Maygh descend
In fertilising rain,
Whilst in his hand a falchion gleams unsheath'd!
Soft nymphs his car attend,
And raise the golden grain,
Their tresses dank with dusky spikenard wreath'd:
(A sweeter gale ne'er breath'd)
Tenca with laughing eyes,
And Gujry's bloomy cheek,
Melar with dimple sleek,
On whose fair front two musky crescents rise:
While Dayscar his rich neck
And mild Bhopaly with fresh jasmin deck.

Is that the king of dread
With ashy musing face, [springs?
From whose moon-silver'd locks fam'd Ganga
'Tis Bhairan, whose gay bed
Five blushing damsels grace,
And rouse old Autumn with immortal strings,
Till ev'ry forest rings;
Bengaly lotos-crown'd,
Vairaly like the morn,
Sindvy with looks of scorn,
And Bhairavy, her brow with champa's bound;
But Medhumadha's eyes
Speak love, and from her breasts pomegranates rise.

Sing loud, ye lucid spheres;
Ye gales, more briskly play,
And wake with harmony the drooping meads;
The cooler season cheers
Each bird, that panting lay,
And Siry bland his dancing bevy leads
Hymning celestial deeds:
Marva with robes like fire,
Vasant whose hair perfumes
With musk its rich-eyed plumes,
Asavery, whom list'ning asps admire,
Dhenasry, flow'r of glades,
And Malsry whom the branching Amra shades.

Malcaus apart reclines
Bedeck'd with heaven-strung pearls,
Blue-mantled, wanton, drunk with youthful pride;
Nor with vain love repines,
While softly-smiling girls
Melt on his cheek or frolic by his side,
And wintry winds deride;
Shambhawty leads along
Cocabh with kerchief rent,
And Gwury wine-besprent,
Warm Guncary, and Toda sweet in song,
Whom antelopes surround
With smooth tall necks, and quaff the streaming sound.

Nor deem these nuptial joys
With lovely fruit unblest:
No; from each god an equal race proceeds,
From each eight blooming boys;
Who, their high birth confess'd,
With infant lips gave breath to living reeds
In valleys, groves, and meads;
Mark how they bound and glance!
Some climb the vocal trees,
Some catch the sighing breeze,
Some, like new stars with twinkling sandals dance;
Some the young shamma snare,
Some warble wild, and some the burden bear.

These are thy wondrous arts;
Queen of the flowing speech,
Thence Sereswaty nam'd and Vany bright!
Oh, joy of mortal hearts,
Thy mystic wisdom teach;
Expand thy leaves, and with ethereal light
Spangle the veil of night,
If Lepit please the more,
Or Brahmy awful name,
Dread Brahmy's aid we claim,
And thirst, Vacadevy; for thy balmy lore
Drawn from that rubied cave,
Where meek-ey'd pilgrims hail the triple wave.

A

HYMN TO GANGA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS poem would be rather obscure without geographical notes; but a short introductory explanation will supply the place of them, and give less interruption to the reader.

We are obliged to a late illustrious Chinese monarch named Can-hi, who directed an accurate survey to be made of Potyid, or (as it is called by the Arabs) Tebbut, for our knowledge, that a chain of mountains nearly parallel with Imaus, and called Cantese by the Tartars, forms a line of separation between the sources of two vast rivers; which, as we have abundant reason to believe, run at first in two opposite directions, and, having finished a winding circuit of two thousand miles, meet a little below Dhaca, so as to enclose the richest and most beautiful peninsula on Earth, in which the British nation, after a prosperous course of brilliant actions in peace and war, have now the principal sway. Those rivers are deified in India; that, which rises on the western edge of the mountain, being considered as the daughter of Mahadeva, or Siva, and the other as the son of Brahma: their loves, wanderings, and nuptials, are the chief subjects of the following ode, which is feigned to have been the work of a Brahmen, in an early age of Hindu antiquity, who, by a prophetical spirit, discerns the toleration and equity of the British government, and concludes with a prayer for its peaceful duration under good laws well administered.

After a general description of the Ganges, an account is given of her fabulous birth, like that of Pallas, from the forehead of Siva, the Jupiter Tonans and Genitor of the Latins; and the creation of her lover by an act of Brahma's will is the subject of another stanza, in which his course is delineated through the country of Potyid, by the name of Sanpo, or Supreme Bliss, where he passes near the fortress of Rimbu, the island of Palte or Yambro, (known to be the seat of a high priestess almost equally venerated with the goddess Bhawani,) and Trashilumbo (as a Potya or Tebbutian would pronounce it), or the sacred mansion of the Lama next in dignity to that of Potala, who resides in a city, to the south of the Sanpo, which the Italian travellers write Sgigatzhi, but which, according to the

letters, ought rather to be written in a manner that would appear still more barbarous in our orthography. The Brahmaputra is not mentioned again till the 15th stanza, where his progress is traced, by very probable conjecture, through Rangamati, the ancient Rangamritica or Rangamar, celebrated for the finest spikenard, and Sribat or Siret, the Serratæ of Elian, whence the fragrant essence extracted from the malobathrum, called sadah by the Persians, and tejapatra by the Indians, was carried by the Persian gulf to Syria, and from that coast into Greece and Italy. It is not, however, positively certain, that the Brahmaputra rises as it is here described: two great geographers are decidedly of opposite opinions on this very point; nor is it impossible that the Indian river may be one arm of the Sanpo, and the Nau-cyan, another; diverging from the mountains of Arham, after they have been enriched by many rivers from the rocks of China.

The fourth and fifth stanzas represent the goddess obstructed in her passage to the west by the hills of Emodi, so called from a Sanscrit word signifying snow, from which also are derived both Imaus and Himalaya or Himola. The sixth describes her, after her entrance into Hindustan, through the straits of Cupala, flowing near Sambal, the Sambalaca of Ptolemy, famed for a beautiful plant of the like name, and thence to the now opulent city and royal place of residence, Canyacuvja, erroneously named Calinipaxa by the Greeks, and Canauj, not very accurately, by the modern Asiatics: here she is joined by the Calinadi, and pursues her course to Prayaga, whence the people of Bahar were named Prasii, and where the Yamuna, having received the Sereswati below Indraprest'ha or Delhi, and watered the poetical ground of Mat'hura and Agara, mingles her noble stream with the Ganga close to the modern fort of Hahabad: This place is considered as the confluence of three sacred rivers, and known by the name of Triveni, or the three plaited locks; from which a number of pilgrims, who there begin the ceremonies to be completed at Gaya, are continually bringing vases of water, which they preserve with superstitious veneration, and are greeted by all the Hindus, who meet them on their return.

Six of the principal rivers, which bring their tribute to the Ganges, are next enumerated, and are succinctly described from real properties: thus the Gandac, which the Greeks knew by a similar name, abounds, according to Giorgi, with crocodiles of enormous magnitude; and the Mahanadi runs by the plain of Gaura, once a populous district with a magnificent capital, from which the Bengalese were probably called Gangardiæ, but now the seat of desolation, and the haunt of wild beasts. From Prayaga she hastens to Casi, or, as the Muslimans name it, Benares; and here occasion is taken to condemn the cruel and intolerant spirit of the crafty tyrant Aurangzib, whom the Hindus of Cashmir call Aurangasur, or the demon, not the ornament of the throne. She next bathes the skirts of Pataliputra, changed into Patna, which, both in situation and name, agrees better on the whole with the ancient Palibothra, than either Prayaga, or Canyacuvja: if Megasthenes and the ambassadors of Seleucus visited the last-named city, and called it Palibothra, they were palpably mistaken. After this are introduced the beautiful hill of Muctigiri, or Mengir, and the wonderful pool of Sita, which takes its name from the wife of Rama, whose conquest of Sinhaldwip, or Silan, and victory over the giant Rawan, are celebrated by the immortal Valmici, and by the other epic poets of India.

The pleasant hills of Caligram and Gangapusad are then introduced, and give occasion to deplore and extol the late excellent Augustus Cleveland, esq., who nearly completed by lenity the glorious work, which severity could not have accomplished, of civilizing a ferocious race of Indians, whose mountains were formerly, perhaps, a rocky island, or washed at least by that sea, from which the fertile champaign of Bengal has been gained in a course of ages. The western arm of the Ganges is called Bhagirat'hi, from a poetical fable of a demigod, or holy man, named Bhagerat'ha, whose devotion had obtained from Siva the privilege of leading after him a great part of the heavenly water, and who drew it accordingly in two branches, which embrace the fine island, now denominated from Kasimbazar, and famed for the defeat of the monster Sirajuddaulah, and, having met near the venerable Hindu seminary of Nawadwip, or Neduga, flow in a copious stream by the several European settlements, and reach the Bay at an island which assumes the name of Sagar, either from the sea or from an ancient Raja of distinguished piety. The Sundarabans, or beautiful woods, an appellation to which they are justly entitled, are incidentally mentioned, as lying between the Bhagirat'hi and the Great River, or Eastern arm, which, by its junction with the Brahmaputra, forms many considerable islands; one of which, as well as a town near the conflux, derives its name from Laschmi, the goddess of abundance.

It will soon be perceived, that the form of the stanza, which is partly borrowed from Gray, and to which he was probably partial, as he uses it six times in nine, is enlarged in the following hymn by a line of fourteen syllables, expressing the long and solemn march of the great Asiatic rivers.

THE HYMN.

How sweetly Ganga smiles, and glides
Luxuriant o'er her broad autumnal bed!
Her waves perpetual verdure spread,
Whilst health and plenty deck her golden sides:
As when an eagle, child of light,
On Cambala's *unmeasur'd* height,
By Patala, the pontiff's throne rever'd,
O'er her eyry proudly rear'd
Sits brooding, and her plumage vast expands,
Thus Ganga o'er her cherish'd lands,
To Brahma's grateful race endear'd,
Throws wide her fost'ring arms, and on her banks
divine [her crystal shine.
Sees temples, groves, and glitt'ring tow'rs, that in

Above the stretch of mortal ken,
On bless'd Cailasa's top, where ev'ry stem
Glow'd with a vegetable gem,
Mahesa stood, the dread and joy of men;
While Parvati, to gain a boon,
Fix'd on his locks a beamy moon,

And bid his frontal eye, in jocund play,
With reluctant sweet delay:
All nature straight was lock'd in dim eclipse,
Till Brahmens pure with hallow'd lips
And warbled pray'rs restor'd the day;
When Ganga from his brow by heav'nly fingers press'd
Sprang radiant, and descending grac'd the caverns of the west.

The Sun's car blaz'd, and laugh'd the morn;
What time near proud Cantesa's eastern bow'rs,
(While Devatas rain'd living flow'rs)
A river-god, so Brahma will'd, was born,
And roll'd mature his vivid stream
Impetuous with celestial gleam: [claim'd,
The charms of Ganga, through all worlds pro-
Soon his youthful breast inflam'd,
But destiny the bridal hour delay'd;
Then, distant from the west'ring maid,
He flow'd, now blissful Sanpo nam'd,
By Palte crown'd with hills, bold Rimbu's tow'ring state,
And where sage Trashilhumbo hails her Lama's form renate.

But she, whose mind, at Siva's nod
The picture of that sov'reign youth had seen,
With graceful port and warlike mien,
In arms and vesture like his parent god,
Smit with the bright idea rush'd,
And from her sacred mansion gush'd,
Yet ah! with erring step—The western hills
Pride, not pious ardour, fills:
In fierce confed'racy the giant bands
Advance with venom-darting hands,
Fed by their own malignant rills;
Nor could her placid grace their savage fury quell: [flood repel.
The madding rifts and should'ring crags her foamy

"Confusion wild and anxious woe
Haunt your waste brows" she said, "unholy rocks,
Far from the nectar-dropping locks.!
But thou, lov'd father, teach my waves to flow."
Loud thunder her high birth confess'd;
Then from th' inhospitable west
She turn'd, and gliding o'er a lovelier plain,
Cheer'd the pearled East again:
Through groves of nard she roll'd, o'er spicy reeds,
Through golden vales and em'rald meads;
Till, pleas'd with Indra's fair domain,
She won through yielding marl her heav'n-directed way: [a blaze of day.
With lengthen'd notes her eddies curl'd, and pour'd

Smoothly by Sambal's flaunting bow'rs,
Smoothly she flows, where Calinadi brings
To Canyacuvja, seat of kings,
On prostrate waves her tributary flow'rs;
Whilst Yamunà, whose waters clear,
Fam'd Indraprestha's vallies cheer,
With Sereswati knit in mystic chain,
Gurgles o'er the vocal plain
Of Mathura, by sweet Brindâvan's grove,
Where Gopa's love-lorn daughters rove,
And hurls her azure stream amain,
Till blest Prayâga's point beholds three mingling tides, [tar, as it glides.
Where pilgrims on the far-sought bank drink nec-

From Himola's perennial snow,
And southern Palaman's less daring steep,
Sonorous rivers, bright though deep,
O'er thirsty deserts youth and freshness throw.
"A goddess comes," cried Gumti chaste,
And roll'd her flood with zealous haste:
Her follow'd Soma with pellucid wave
Dancing from her diamond cave,
Broad Gogra, rushing swift from northern hills,
Red Gandac, drawn by crocodiles,
(Herds, drink not there, nor herdsmen lave!)
Cosa, whose bounteous hand nepalian odour flings,
And Mahanadi laughing vi'd at cities, thrones, and kings.

Thy temples, Casi, next she sought,
And verd'rous flames by tepid breezes fann'd,
Where health extends her pinions bland,
Thy groves, where pious Valmic sat and thought,
Where Vyâsa pour'd the strain sublime,
That laughs at all consuming time,
And Brâhmans wrapt the lofty Veda sing
Cease, oh! cease—a ruffian king,
The demon of his empire, not the grace,
His ruthless bandits bids deface
The shrines, whence gifts ethereal spring:
So shall his frantic sons with discord rend his throne, [yet unknown.
And his fair-smiling realms be sway'd by nations

Less hallow'd scenes her course prolong;
But Sama, restless pow'r, forbids delay:
To love all virtues homage pay,
E'en stern religion yields. How full, how strong
Her trembling panting surges run,
Where Patali's immortal son
To domes and turrets gives his awful name
Fragrant in the gales of fame!
Nor stopt, where Rama, bright from dire alarms,
Sinks in chaste Sita's constant arms,
While bards his wars and truth proclaim:
There from a fiery cave the bubbling crystal flows
And Mactigir, delightful hill, with mirth and beauty glows.

Oh! rising bow'rs, great Cali's boast,
And thou, from Gangà nam'd, enchanting mount,
What voice your wailings can recount
Borne by shrill echo o'er each howling coast,
When he who bade your forests bloom,
Shall seal his eyes in iron gloom?
Exalted youth! The godless mountaineer,
Roaming round his thickets drear,
Whom rigour fir'd, nor legions could appal,
I see before thy mildness fall,
Thy wisdom love, thy justice fear:
A race, whom rapine nurs'd, whom gory murder stains, [trains.
Thy fair example wins to peace, to gentle virtue

But mark, where old Bhâgirath leads
(This boon his pray'rs of Mahâdèw obtain:
Grace more distinguish'd who could gain?)
Her calmer current o'er his western meads,
Which trips the fertile plains along,
When vengeance waits th' oppressor's wrong;
Then girds, fair Nawadwip, thy shaded cells,
Where the Pendit musing dwells;
Thence by th' abode of arts and commerce glides,
Till Sagar breasts the bitter tides:
While she, whom struggling passion swells,
Beyond the labyrinth green, where pards by moonlight prowl, [her mighty soul.
With rapture seeks her destin'd lord, and pours

Meanwhile o'er Pótyid's musky dales,
Gay Rangamar, where sweetest spikenard blooms,
And Siret, fam'd for strong perfumes,
That, flung from shining tresses, lull the gales,
Wild Brahmaputra winding flows,
And murmurs hoarse his am'rous woes;
Then, charming Ganga seen, the heav'nly boy
Rushes with tumultuous joy:
(Can aught but love to men or gods be sweet?)
When she, the long-lost youth to greet,
Darts, not as earth-born lovers toy,
But blending her fierce waves, and teeming verdant isles; [sounding ocean smiles.
While buxom Lacshmi crowns their bed, and

What name, sweet bird! will best allure
Thy sacred ear, and give the honour due?
Vishnupedi? Mild Bhismafsu?
Smooth Suranimnaga? Trisrota pure?
By that I call; its power confess;
With growing gifts thy suppliants bless,
Who with full sails in many a light-oar'd boat
On thy jasper bosom float;
Nor frown, dread goddess, on a peerless race
With lib'ral heart and martial grace,
Wafted from colder isles remote:
As they preserve our laws, and bid our terrour cease, [and peace!
So be their darling laws preserv'd in health, in joy,

TALES.

THE

PALACE OF FORTUNE,

AN INDIAN TALE.

Mild was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Maia near a crystal fountain lay,
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,
That rov'd at noon in Tibet's musky shades;
But, haply, wandering through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd—Maia, thou art fair!
Hence swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,
And rising passions robb'd her mind of rest;
In courts and glittering towers she wish'd to dwell,
And scorn'd her labouring parent's lowly cell.
And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,
She saw her blooming cheek's reflected beam,
Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,
And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,
Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,
And thus discharg'd the anguish of her soul:
"Why glow those cheeks, if unadmir'd they glow?
Why flow those tresses, if unprais'd they flow?
Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,
Unfelt their influence, and their light unseen?
Ye Heavens! was that love-breathing bosom made
To warm dull groves, and cheer the lonely glade?
Ah, no: those blushes, that enchanting face,
Some tap'stried hall, or gilded bower, might grace;
Might deck the scenes, where love and pleasure reign,
And fire with amorous flames the youthful train."
While thus she spoke, a sudden blaze of light
Shot through the clouds, and struck her dazzled sight.
She rais'd her head, astonish'd, to the skies,
And veil'd with trembling hands her aching eyes;
When through the yielding air she saw from far
A goddess gliding in a golden car,
That soon descended on the flowery lawn,
By two fair yokes of starry peacocks drawn:
A thousand nymphs with many a sprightly glance
Form'd round the radiant wheels an airy dance,
Celestial shapes! in fluid light array'd;
Like twinkling stars their beamy sandals play'd;
Their lucid mantles glitter'd in the Sun,
(Webs half so bright the silkworm never spun)
Transparent robes, that bore the rainbow's hue,
And finer than the nets of pearly dew
That morning spreads o'er every opening flow'r,
When sportive Summer decks his bridal bow'r.
The queen herself, too fair for mortal sight,
Sat in the centre of encircling light.
Soon with soft touch she rais'd the trembling maid,
And by her side in silent slumber laid:
Straight the gay birds display'd their spangled train,
And flew refulgent through th' aërial plain;
The fairy band their shining pinions spread,
And, as they rose, fresh gales of sweetness shed;
Fann'd with their flowing skirts, the sky was mild;
And Heaven's blue fields with brighter radiance smil'd.
Now in a garden deck'd with verdant bow'rs
The glittering car descends on bending flow'rs:
The goddess still with looks divinely fair
Surveys the sleeping object of her care;
Then o'er her cheek her magic finger lays,
Soft as the gale that o'er a violet plays,
And thus in sounds, that favour'd mortals hear,
She gently whispers in her ravish'd ear:
"Awake, sweet maid, and view this charming scene
For ever beauteous, and for ever green;
Here living rills of purest nectar flow
O'er meads that with unfading flowerets glow;
Here amorous gales their scented wings display,
Mov'd by the breath of ever-blooming May;
Here in the lap of pleasure shalt thou rest,
Our lov'd companion, and our honour'd guest."
The damsel hears the heav'nly notes distil,
Like melting snow, or like a vernal rill.
She lifts her head, and, on her arm reclin'd,
Drinks the sweet accents in her grateful mind:
On all around she turns her roving eyes,
And views the splendid scene with glad surprise;
Fresh lawns, and sunny banks, and roseate bow'rs,
Hills white with flocks, and meadows gemm'd with flow'rs;
Cool shades, a sure defence from summer's ray,
And silver brooks, (where wanton damsels play,)
Which with soft notes their dimpled crystal roll'd
O'er colour'd shells and sand of native gold;
A rising fountain play'd from every stream,
Smil'd as it rose, and cast a transient gleam,
Then, gently falling in a vocal show'r,
Bath'd every shrub, and sprinkled every flow'r,
That on the banks, like many a lovely bride,
View'd in the liquid glass their blushing pride;
Whilst on each branch, with purple blossoms hung,
The sportful birds their joyous descant sung.
While Maia, thus entranc'd in sweet delight,
With each gay object fed her eager sight,
The goddess mildly caught her willing hand,
And led her trembling o'er the flow'ry land;
Soon she beheld where, through an opening glade,
A spacious lake its clear expanse display'd;

In mazy curls, the flowing jasper wav'd
O'er its smooth bed, with polish'd agate pav'd:
And on a rock of ice, by magic rais'd,
High in the midst a gorgeous palace blaz'd;
The sunbeams on the gilded portals glanc'd,
Play'd on the spires, and on the turrets danc'd.
To four bright gates four ivory bridges led,
With pearls illumin'd, and with roses spread:
And now, more radiant than the morning Sun,
Her easy way the gliding goddess won;
Still by her hand she held the fearful maid,
And, as she pass'd, the fairies homage paid:
They enter'd, straight, the sumptuous palace-hall,
Where silken tapestry emblaz'd the wall,
Refulgent tissue, of an heavenly woof;
And gems unnumber'd sparkled on the roof,
On whose blue arch the flaming diamonds play'd,
As on a sky with living stars inlay'd;
Of precious diadems a regal store, [floor;
With globes and scepters, strew'd the porphyry
Rich vests of eastern kings around were spread,
And glittering zones a starry lustre shed:
But Maia most admir'd the pearly strings,
Gay bracelets, golden chains, and sparkling rings.

High, in the centre of the palace, shone,
Suspended in mid-air, an opal throne:
To this the queen ascends, with royal pride,
And sets the favour'd damsel by her side.
Around the throne, in mystic order, stand
The fairy train, and wait her high command;
When thus she speaks: (the maid attentive sips
Each word that flows, like nectar, from her lips.)

"Favourite of Heaven, my much-lov'd Maia, know,
From me all joys, all earthly blessings, flow:
Me suppliant men imperial Fortune call,
The mighty empress of yon rolling ball:"
(She rais'd her finger, and the wondering maid,
At distance hung, the dusky globe survey'd;
Saw the round Earth with foaming oceans vein'd,
And labouring crowds on mountain tops sustain'd.)
"To me has fate the pleasing task assign'd,
To rule the various thoughts of humankind;
To catch each rising wish, each ardent prayer,
And some to grant, and some to waste in air.
Know further,—as I rang'd the crystal sky,
I saw thee near the murmuring fountain lie;
Mark'd the rough storm that gather'd in thy breast,
And knew what care thy joyless soul oppress.
Straight I resolv'd to bring thee quick relief,
Ease every weight, and soften every grief;
If in this court contented thou canst live,
And taste the joys these happy gardens give:—
But fill thy mind with vain desires no more,
And view without a wish yon shining store.
Soon shall a numerous train before me bend,
And kneeling votaries my shrine attend;
Warn'd by their empty vanities beware,
And scorn the folly of each human prayer."
She said; and straight a damsel of her train
With tender fingers touch'd a golden chain.
Now a soft bell delighted Maia hears,
That sweetly trembles on her listening ears;
Through the calm air the melting numbers float,
And wanton Echo lengthens every note.
Soon through the dome a mingled hum arose,
Like the swift stream that o'er a valley flows;
Now louder still it grew, and still more loud,
As distant thunder breaks the bursting cloud:
Through the four portals rush'd a various throng,
That like a wintry torrent pour'd along:
A crowd of every tongue and every hue,
Toward the bright throne, with eager rapture, flew.
A lovely stripling[1] stepp'd before the rest
With hasty pace, and tow'rd the goddess prest;
His mien was graceful, and his looks were mild,
And in his eye celestial sweetness smil'd:
Youth's purple glow, and beauty's rosy beam,
O'er his smooth cheeks diffus'd a lively gleam;
The floating ringlets of his musky hair
Wav'd on the bosom of the wanton air:
With modest grace, the goddess he address,
And, thoughtless, thus preferr'd his fond request.

"Queen of the world! whose wide-extended sway,
Gay youth, firm manhood, and cold age obey,
Grant me, while life's fresh blooming roses smile,
The day with varied pleasures to beguile;
Let me on beds of dewy flowers recline,
And quaff, with glowing lips, the sparkling wine;
Grant me to feed on beauty's rifled charms,
And clasp a willing damsel in my arms,—
Her bosom, fairer than a hill of snow,
And gently bounding like a playful roe;
Her lips more fragrant than the summer air;
And sweet as Scythian musk, her hyacinthine hair;
Let new delights each dancing hour employ,
Sport follow sport, and joy succeed to joy."

The goddess grants the simple youth's request,
And, mildly, thus accosts her lovely guest:
"On that smooth mirror, full of magic light,
Awhile, dear Maia, fix thy wandering sight."
She looks; and in th' enchanted crystal sees
A bower o'er-canopied with tufted trees:
The wanton stripling lies beneath the shade;
And, by his side, reclines a blooming maid;
O'er her fair limbs a silken mantle flows,
Through which her youthful beauty softly glows.
And, part conceal'd and part disclos'd to sight,
Through the thin texture casts a ruddy light;
As the ripe clusters of the mantling vine
Beneath the verdant foliage, faintly, shine,
And, fearing to be view'd by envious day,
Their glowing tints unwillingly display.

The youth, while joy sits sparkling in his eyes,
Pants on her neck, and on her bosom dies;
From her smooth cheek nectareous dew he sips,
And all his soul comes breathing to his lips.
But Maia turns her modest eyes away,
And blushes to behold their amorous play.

She looks again; and sees, with sad surprise,
On the clear glass far different scenes arise:
The bower, which late outshone the rosy morn,
O'erhung with weeds she saw, and rough with thorn;
With sting of asps the leafless plants were wreath'd;
And curling adders gales of venom breath'd:—
Low sat the stripling on the faded ground;
And, in a mournful knot, his arms were bound;
His eyes, that shot before a sunny beam,
Now scarcely shed a saddening, dying gleam,
Faint as a glimm'ring taper's wasted light,
Or a dull ray that streaks the cloudy night:—
His crystal vase was on the pavement roll'd,
And from the bank was fall'n his cup of gold;
From which, th' envenom'd dregs of deadly hue
Flow'd on the ground, in streams of baleful dew,
And, slowly stealing through the wither'd bow'r,
Poison'd each plant, and blasted every flower:

[1] Pleasure.

Fled were his slaves, and fled his yielding fair,
And each gay phantom was dissolv'd in air!
Whilst in their place was left a ruthless train,
Despair, and grief, remorse, and raging pain.
Aside the damsel turns her weeping eyes,
And sad reflections in her bosom rise;
To whom thus, mildly, speaks the radiant queen:
"Take sage example from this moral scene;
See! how vain pleasures sting the lips they kiss,
How asps are hid beneath the bowers of bliss!
Whilst ever fair the flow'r of temperance blows,
Unchang'd her leaf, and without thorn her rose;
Smiling she darts her glittering branch on high,
And spreads her fragrant blossoms to the sky."
Next, tow'rd the throne she saw a knight [2] advance;
Erect he stood, and shook a quiv'ring lance;
A fiery dragon on his helmet shone;
And on his buckler beam'd a golden sun;
O'er his broad bosom, blaz'd his jointed mail
With many a gem, and many a shining scale;
He trod the sounding floor with princely mien,
And thus with haughty words address'd the queen:
"Let falling kings beneath my javelin bleed,
And bind my temples with a victor's meed;
Let every realm that feels the solar ray,
Shrink at my frown, and own my regal sway:
Let Ind's rich banks declare my deathless fame,
And trembling Ganges dread my potent name."
The queen consented to the warrior's pray'r;
And his bright banners floated in the air;
He bade his darts in steely tempests fly,
Flames burst the clouds, and thunder shake the sky;
Death aim'd his lance, Earth trembled at his nod,
And crimson conquest glow'd where'er he trod.
And now, the damsel, fix'd in deep amaze,
Th' enchanted glass with eager look surveys:
She sees the hero in his dusky tent,
His guards retir'd, his glimm'ring taper spent;
His spear, vain instrument of dying praise,
On the rich floor, with idle state, he lays;
His gory falchion near his pillow stood,
And stain'd the ground with drops of purple blood;
A busy page his nodding helm unlac'd,
And on the couch his scaly hauberk plac'd:
Now on the bed his weary limbs he throws,
Bath'd in the balmy dew of soft repose:
In dreams he rushes o'er the gloomy field,
He sees new armies fly, new heroes yield;
Warm with the vigorous conflict he appears,
And ev'n in slumber seems to move the spheres.
But lo! the faithless page, with stealing tread,
Advances to the champion's naked head;
With his sharp dagger wounds his bleeding breast,
And steeps his eyelids in eternal rest: [gore]
Then cries, (and waves the steel that drops with
"The tyrant dies; oppression is no more."
Now came an aged sire [3], with trembling pace;
Sunk were his eyes, and pale his ghastly face;
A ragged weed of dusky hue he wore,
And on his back a ponderous coffer bore.
The queen with faltering speech he thus address'd:
"O, fill with gold thy true adorer's chest!"
"Behold," said she, and wav'd her pow'rful hand,
"Where yon rich hills in glittering order stand:
There load thy coffer with the golden store;
Then bear it full away, and ask no more."

[2] Glory.

[3] Riches.

With eager steps he took his hasty way,
Where the bright coin in heaps unnumber'd lay;
There hung enamour'd o'er the gleaming spoil,
Scoop'd the gay dross, and bent beneath the toil.
But bitter was his anguish, to behold
The coffer widen, and its sides unfold:
And, every time he heap'd the darling ore,
His greedy chest grew larger than before;
Till, spent with pain, and falling o'er his hoard,
With his sharp steel his maddening breast he gor'd:
On the lov'd heap he cast his closing eye,
Contented on a golden couch to die.
A stripling, with the fair adventure pleas'd,
Stepp'd forward, and the massy coffer seiz'd;
But with surprise he saw the stores decay,
And all the long-sought treasures melt away:
In winding streams the liquid metal roll'd,
And through the palace ran a flood of gold.
Next to the shrine advanc'd a reverend sage [4],
Whose beard was hoary with the frost of age;
His few grey locks a sable fillet bound,
And his dark mantle flow'd along the ground:
Grave was his port, yet show'd a bold neglect,
And fill'd the young beholder with respect;
Time's envious hand had plough'd his wrinkled face,
Yet on those wrinkles sat superior grace;
Still full of fire appear'd his vivid eye,
Darted quick beams, and seem'd to pierce the sky.
At length with gentle voice and look serene,
He wav'd his hand, and thus address'd the queen:
"Twice forty winters tip my beard with snow,
And age's chilling gusts around me blow:
In early youth, by contemplation led,
With high pursuits my flatter'd thoughts were fed;
To nature first my labours were confin'd,
And all her charms were open'd to my mind,
Each flower that glisten'd in the morning dew,
And every shrub that in the forest grew:
From Earth to Heaven I cast my wond'ring eyes,
Saws suns unnumber'd sparkle in the skies,
Mark'd the just progress of each rolling sphere,
Describ'd the seasons, and reform'd the year.
At length sublimer studies I began,
And fix'd my level'd telescope on man;
Knew all his powers, and all his passions trac'd,
What virtue rais'd him, and what vice debas'd:
But when I saw his knowledge so confin'd,
So vain his wishes, and so weak his mind,
His soul, a bright obscurity at best,
And rough with tempests his afflicted breast,
His life, a flower ere evening sure to fade,
His highest joys, the shadow of a shade;
To thy fair court I took my weary way,
Bewail my folly, and Heaven's laws obey,
Confess my feeble mind for prayers unfit,
And to my Maker's will my soul submit:
Great empress of yon orb that rolls below,
On me the last best gift of Heaven bestow."
He spoke: a sudden cloud his senses stole,
And thickening darkness swam o'er all his soul;
His vital spark her earthly cell forsook,
And into air her fleeting progress took.
Now, from the throng a deafening sound was heard,
And all at once their various prayers preferr'd;
The goddess, wearied with the noisy crowd,
Thrice wav'd her silver wand, and spoke aloud:
"Our ears no more with vain petitions tire,
But take unheard whate'er you first desire."

[4] Knowledge.

She said: each wish'd, and what he wish'd obtain'd;
And wild confusion in the palace reign'd.
But Maia, now grown senseless with delight,
Cast on an emerald ring her roving sight;
And, ere she could survey the rest with care,
Wish'd on her hand the precious gem to wear.
Sudden the palace vanish'd from her sight,
And the gay fabric melted into night;
But, in its place, she view'd with weeping eyes
Huge rocks around her, and sharp cliffs arise:
She sat deserted on the naked shore,
Saw the curl'd waves, and heard the tempest roar;
Whilst on her finger shone the fatal ring,
A weak defence from hunger's pointed sting,
From sad remorse, from comfortless despair,
And all the painful family of care!
Frantic with grief her rosy cheek she tore,
And rent her locks, her darling charge no more:
But when the night his raven wing had spread,
And hung with sable every mountain's head,
Her tender limbs were numb'd with biting cold,
And round her feet the curling billows roll'd;
With trembling arms a rifted crag she grasp'd,
And the rough rock with hard embraces clasp'd.
Whilst thus she stood, and made a piercing moan,
By chance her emerald touch'd the rugged stone;
That moment gleam'd from Heaven a golden ray,
And taught the gloom to counterfeit the day:
A winged youth, for mortal eyes too fair,
Shot, like a meteor, through the dusky air;
His heavenly charms o'ercame her dazzled sight,
And drown'd her senses in a flood of light;
His sunny plumes, descending, he display'd;
And, softly, thus address'd the mournful maid:
"Say, thou, who lost yon wondrous ring possess,
What cares disturb thee, or what wants oppress;
To faithful ears disclose thy secret grief,
And hope (so Heaven ordains) a quick relief."
The maid replied, "Ah, sacred genius! bear
A hopeless damsel from this land of care;
Waft me to softer climes and lovelier plains,
Where nature smiles, and spring eternal reigns."
She spoke; and, swifter than the glance of thought,
To a fair isle his sleeping charge he brought.
Now morning breath'd; the scented air was mild,
Each meadow blossom'd, and each valley smil'd;
On every shrub the pearly dew-drops hung,
On every branch a feather'd warbler sung;
The cheerful spring her flowery chaplets wove,
And incense-breathing gales perfum'd the grove.
The damsel rose; and, lost in glad surprise,
Cast round the gay expanse her opening eyes,
That shone with pleasure, like a starry beam,
Or moonlight sparkling on a silver stream.
She thought some nymph must haunt that lovely scene,
Some woodland goddess, or some fairy queen;
At least she hop'd in some sequester'd vale
To hear the shepherd tell his amorous tale:
Led by these flattering hopes,—from glade to glade,
From lawn to lawn, with hasty steps she stray'd;
But not a nymph by stream or fountain stood,
And not a fairy glided through the wood;
No damsel wanton'd o'er the dewy flow'rs,
No shepherd sung beneath the rosy bow'rs:
On every side she saw vast mountains rise,
That thrust their daring foreheads in the skies;
The rocks of polish'd alabaster seem'd,
And in the Sun their lofty summits gleam'd.
She call'd aloud; but not a voice replied,
Save Echo, babbling from the mountain's side.
By this had night o'ercast the gloomy scene,
And twinkling stars emblaz'd the blue serene:—
Yet on she wander'd—till, with grief oppress,
She fell; and, falling, smote her snowy breast:
Now, to the Heavens her guilty head she rears,
And pours her bursting sorrow into tears;
Then plaintive speaks, "Ah, fond mistaken maid!
How was thy mind by gilded hopes betray'd!
Why didst thou wish for bowers and flowery hills,
For smiling meadows, and for purling rills;
Since on those hills no youth or damsel roves,
No shepherd haunts the solitary groves?
Ye meads, that glow with intermingled dyes,
Ye flowering palms, that from yon hillocks rise,
Ye quivering brooks, that softly murmur by,
Ye panting gales, that on the branches die;
Ah! why has Nature through her gay domain
Display'd your beauties, yet display'd in vain?
In vain, ye flowers, you boast your vernal bloom,
And waste in barren air your fresh perfume.
Ah! leave, ye wanton birds, yon lonely spray;
Unheard you warble, and unseen you play:
Yet stay till fate has fix'd my early doom,
And strow with leaves a hapless damsel's tomb.
Some grot or grassy bank shall be my bier,
My maiden herse unwater'd with a tear."
Thus while she mourns, o'erwhelm'd in deep despair,
She rends her silken robes, and golden hair:
Her fatal ring, the cause of all her woes,
On a hard rock with maddening rage she throws;
The gem, rebounding from the stone, displays
Its verdant hue, and sheds refreshing rays:
Sudden descends the genius of the ring,
And drops celestial fragrance from his wing;
Then speaks, "Who calls me from the realms of day?
Ask, and I grant; command, and I obey?"
She drank his melting words with ravish'd ears,
And stopp'd the gushing current of her tears?
Then kiss'd his skirts; that like a ruby glow'd,
And said, "O bear me to my sire's abode."
Straight, o'er her eyes a shady veil arose,
And all her soul was lull'd in still repose.
By this, with flow'rs the rosy-finger'd dawn
Had spread each dewy hill and verdurous lawn;—
She wak'd; and saw a new-built tomb, that stood
In the dark bosom of a solemn wood,
While these sad sounds her trembling ears invade,—
"Beneath yon marble, sleeps thy father's shade."
She sigh'd; she wept, she struck her pensive breast;
And bade his urn in peaceful slumber rest.
And now, in silence, o'er the gloomy land,
She saw advance a slowly-winding band; [hue
Their cheeks were veil'd, their robes of mournful
Flow'd o'er the lawn, and swept the pearly dew;
O'er the fresh turf they sprinkled sweet perfume,
And strow'd with flowers the venerable tomb.
A graceful matron walk'd before the train,
And tun'd in notes of woe the funeral strain:
When from her face her silken veil she drew,
The watchful maid her aged mother knew.
O'erpow'r'd with bursting joy, she runs to meet
The mourning dame, and falls before her feet.
The matron with surprise her daughter rears,
Hangs on her neck, and mingles tears with tears.

Now o'er the tomb their hallow'd rites they pay,
And form with lamps an artificial day:
Ere long the damsel reach'd her native vale,
And told, with joyful heart, her moral tale;
Resign'd to Heaven, and lost to all beside,
She liv'd contented, and contented died.

THE

ENCHANTED FRUIT;

OR,

THE HINDU WIFE:

AN ANTEDILUVIAN TALE.

[*Written in the Province of Bahar.*]

"O LOVELY age [1] by Brahmens fam'd,
Pure Seyte Yug [2] in Sanscrit nam'd!
Delightful! Not for cups of gold,
Or wives a thousand centuries old;
Or men, degenerate now and small,
Then one-and-twenty cubits tall:
Not that plump cows full udders bore,
And bowls with holy curd [3] ran o'er;
Not that, by deities defended
Fish, boar, snake, lion [4], heav'n-descended,
Learn'd pundits, now grown sticks and clods,
Read fast the Nagry of the gods [5],
And laymen, faithful to Narayn [6]
Believ'd in Brahma's mystic strain [7];
Not that all subjects spoke plain truth,
While rajas cherish'd eld and youth,
No—yet delightful times! because
Nature then reign'd, and Nature's laws;
When females of the softest kind
Were unaffected, unconfin'd;
And this grand rule from none was hidden [8];
What pleaseth, hath no law forbidden."
Thus with a lyre in India strung,
Aminta's poet would have sung;
And thus too, in a modest way,
All virtuous males will sing or say:
But swarthy nymphs of Hindustan
Look deeper than short-sighted man,
And thus, in some poetic chime,
Would speak with reason, as with rhyme:

"O lovelier age, by Brahmens fam'd,
Ga[illegible]wapar Yug [9] in Sanscrit nam'd!
Delightful! though impure with brass
In many a green ill-scented mass;
Though husbands but sev'n cubits high,
Must in a thousand summers die;
Though, in the lives of dwindled men,
Ten parts were sin; religion, ten;
Though cows would rarely fill the pail,
But made th' expected cream-bowl fail;
Though lazy pendits ill could read
(No care of ours) their Yejar Veid;
Though rajas look'd a little proud,
And ranies rather spoke too loud;
Though gods, display'd to mortal view
In mortal forms, were only two;
(Yet Crishna [10], sweetest youth, was one,
Crishna, whose cheeks outblaz'd the Sun;)
Delightful, ne'ertheless! because
Not bound by vile unnat'ral laws,
Which curse this age from Caley [11] nam'd,
By some base woman-hater fram'd.
Prepost'rous! that one biped vain
Should drag ten housewives in his train,
And stuff them in a gaudy cage,
Slaves to weak lust, or potent rage!
Not such the Dwapar Yug!—oh then
One buxom dame might wed five men."[12]
True history, in solemn terms,
This philosophic lore confirms;
For India once, as now cold Tibet [12],
A group unusual might exhibit,
Of sev'ral husbands free from strife,
Link'd fairly to a single wife!
Thus botanists, with eyes acute
To see prolific dust minute,
Taught by their learn'd northern Brahmen [13]
To class by pistil and by stamen,
Produce from nature's rich dominion
Flow'rs polyandrian monogynian,
Where embryon blossoms, fruits, and leaves
Twenty prepare, and one receives.
But, lest my word should not avail,
Ye fair, to no unholy tale
Attend [14]. Five thousand years [15] ago,
As annals in Benares show,
When Pandu chiefs with Curus fought [16],
And each the throne imperial sought,

[1] A parody on the ode in Tasso's Aminta, beginning O bella età dell'oro!

[2] The golden age of the Hindus.

[3] Called Joghrat, the food of Crishna in his infancy and youth.

[4] The four first Avatars, or incarnation of the divine spirit.

[5] The Sanscrit or Sangscrit, is written in letters so named.

[6] Narayn or Narayan, the spirit of God.

[7] The Vayds, or sacred writings of Brahma, called Rig, Sam, and Yejar: doubts have been raised concerning the authority of the fourth, or At'herven Vayd.

[8] Se piace, ei lice. Tasso.

[9] The brazen age, or that in which vice and virtue were in equal proportion.

[10] The Apollo of India.

[11] The earthen age, or that of Caly or impurity: this verse alludes to Caley, the Hecate of the Indians.

[12] See the accounts published in the Philosophical Transactions, from the papers of M. Bogle.

[13] Linnæus.

[14] The story is told by the Jesuit Bouchet, in his letter to Huet bishop of Avranches.

[15] A round number is chosen; but the Caly Yug, a little before which Crishna disappeared from this world, began 4884 years ago, that is, according to our chronologists, 747 before the flood; and by the calculation of M. Bailly, but 454 after the foundation of the Indian empire.

[16] This war, which Crishna fomented in favour of the Pandu prince, Yudhishteir, supplied Vyas

Five brothers of the regal line
Blaz'd high with qualities divine.
The first a prince without his peer,
Just, pious, liberal Yudhishtein [17];
Then Erjun, to the base a rod,
An hero favour'd by a god [18];
Bheima, like mountain-leopard strong,
Unrival'd in th' embattled throng;
Bold Nacul, fir'd by nobler shame
To emulate fraternal fame;
And Sehdeo, flush'd with manly grace,
Bright virtue dawning in his face:
To these a dame, devoid of care,
Blythe Draupady, the debonair,
Renown'd for beauty, and for wit,
In wedlock's pleasing chain was knit [19].
It fortun'd, at an idle hour,
This five-mal'd single-femal'd flow'r
One balmy morn of fruitful May
Through vales and meadows took its way.
A low thatch'd mansion met their eye
In trees umbrageous bosom'd high;
Near it (no sight, young maids! for you)
A temple rose to Mahadew [20].
A thorny hedge and reedy gate
Enclos'd the garden's homely state;
Plain in its neatness: thither wend
The princes and their lovely friend.
Light-pinion'd gales, to charm the sense,
Their odorif'rous breath dispense;
From belas [21] pearl'd, or pointed, bloom,
And malty rich, they steal perfume:
There honey-scented singarhar,
And juhy, like a rising star,
Strong chempa, darted by camdew,
And mulsery of pale hue,
Cayora [22], which the ranies wear
In tangles of their silken hair,
Round babul-flow'rs [23] and gulachein
Dyed like the shell of beauty's queen,
Sweet mindy [24] press'd for crimson stains,
And sacred tulsy [25] pride of plains,
With sewty, small unblushing rose,
Their odours mix, their tints disclose,
And, as a gemm'd tiara, bright,
Paint the fresh branches with delight.
One tree above all others tower'd
With shrubs and saplings close embower'd,
For every blooming child of spring
Paid homage to the verdant king:
Aloft a solitary fruit,
Full sixty cubits from the root,
Kiss'd by the breeze, luxuriant hung,
Soft chrysolite with emerald strung.
"Try we," said Erjun indiscreet,
"If yon proud fruit be sharp or sweet;
My shaft its parent stalk shall wound:
Receive it, ere it reach the ground."
Swift as his word, an arrow flew:
The dropping prize besprent with dew
The brothers, in contention gay,
Catch, and on gather'd herbage lay.
That instant scarlet lightnings flash,
And Jemna's waves her borders lash,
Crishna from Swerga's [26] height descends,
Observant of his mortal friends:
Not such, as in his earliest years,
Among his wanton cowherd peers,
In Gocul or Brindában's [27] glades,
He sported with the dairy-maids;
Or, having pip'd and danc'd enough,
Clos'd the brisk night with blindman's-buff [28];
(List, antiquaries! and record
This pastime of the Gopia's lord [29])
But radiant with ethereal fire:
Nared alone could bards inspire
In lofty slokes [30] his mien to trace,
And unimaginable grace.
With human voice, in human form,
He mildly spake and hush'd the storm:
"O mortals ever prone to ill!
Too rashly Erjun prov'd his skill.
Yon fruit a pious Muny [31] owns,
Assistant of our heav'nly thrones.
The golden pulp each month renew'd,
Supplies him with ambrosial food.
Should he the daring archer curse
Not Mentra [32] deep, nor magic verse,
Your gorgeous palaces could save
From flames, your embers, from the wave [33]."
The princes, whom th' immod'rate blaze
Forbids their sightless eyes to raise,
With doubled hands his aid implore,
And vow submission to his lore.
"One remedy, and simply one,
Or take," said he, "or be undone:
Let each his crimes or faults confess,
The greatest name, omit the less.

with the subject of his noble epic poem Mahabharat.

[17] This word is commonly pronounced with a strong accent on the last letter, but the preceding vowel is short in Sengscrit. The prince is called on the coast dherme raj, or chief magistrate.

[18] The Geita, containing instructions to Erjun, was composed by Crishna, who peculiarly distinguished him.

[19] Yudheishteir and Draupady, called Drobada by M. Sonnerat, are deified on the coast, and their feast, of which that writer exhibits an engraving, is named the procession of fire, because she passed every year from one of her five husbands to another, after a solemn purification by that element. In the Bhasha language her name is written Dropty.

[20] The Indian Jupiter.

[21] The varieties of Bela, and the three flowers next mentioned, are beautiful species of Jasmin.

[22] The Indian Spikenard.

[23] The mimosa, or true acacia, that produces the Arabian gum.

[24] Called alhhinna by the Arabs.

[25] Of the kind called ocymum.

[26] The Heaven of Indra, or the Empyreum.

[27] In the district of Mat'hura not far from the Agra.

[28] This is told in the Bhagawat.

[29] Gopy Nat'h, a title of Crishna, corresponding with Nymphagetes, an epithet of Neptune.

[30] Tetrasticks without rhyme.

[31] An inspired writer: twenty are so called.

[32] Incantation.

[33] This will receive illustration from a passage in the Ramayen: "Even he, who cannot be slain by the ponderous arms of Indra, nor by those of Caly, nor by the terrible cheera (or discus) of Vishnu, shall be destroyed, if a Brahmen execrate him, as if he were consumed by fire."

Your actions, words, e'en thoughts reveal;
No part must Draupady conceal:
So shall the fruit, as each applies
The faithful charm, ten cubits rise:
Till, if the dame be frank and true,
It join the branch where late it grew"
He smil'd and shed a transient gleam;
Then vanish'd like a morning dream.
Now, long entranc'd, each waking brother
Star'd with amazement on another,
Their consort's cheek forgot its glow,
And pearly tears began to flow;
When Yudishteir, high-gifted man,
His plain confession thus began.
"Inconstant Fortune's wreathed smiles,
Duryódhen's rage, Duryódhen's wiles,
Fires rais'd for this devoted head,
E'en poison for my brethren spread,
My wand'rings through wild scenes of woe,
And persecuted life you know.
Rude wassailers defiled my halls,
And riot shook my palace-walls,
My treasures wasted. This and more
With resignation calm I bore;
But, when the late descending god
Gave all I wish'd with soothing nod,
When, by his counsel and his aid,
Our banners danc'd, our clarions bray'd
(Be this my greatest crime confess'd),
Revenge sate ruler in my breast:
I panted for the tug of arms,
For skirmish hot, for fierce alarms;
Then had my shaft Duryódhen rent,
This heart had glow'd with sweet content."
He ceas'd: the living gold upsprung,
And from the bank ten cubits hung.
Embolden'd by this fair success,
Next Erjun hasten'd to confess:
"When I with Aswatthama fought;
My noose the fell assassin caught;
My spear transfix'd him to the ground:
His giant limbs firm cordage bound:
His holy thread extorted awe
Spar'd by religion and by law;
But, when his murd'rous hands I view'd
In blameless kindred gore imbued,
Fury my boiling bosom sway'd,
And Rage unsheath'd my willing blade:
Then, had not Crishna's arm divine
With gentle touch suspended mine,
This hand a Brahmen had destroy'd,
And vultures with his blood been cloy'd."—
The fruit, forgiving Erjun's dart,
Ten cubits rose with eager start.
Flush'd with some tints of honest shame,
Bheima to his confession came:
"'Twas at a feast for battles won
From Dhriteráshtra's guileful son,
High on the board in vases pil'd
All vegetable nature smil'd:
Proud anaras [34] his beauties told,
His verdant crown and studs of gold,
To fallim [35] whose soft rubies laugh'd
Bursting with juice, that gods have quaff'd:
Ripe kellas [36] here in heaps were seen,
Kellas, the golden and the green,
With ambas [37] priz'd on distant coasts,
Whose birth the fertile Ganga boasts:
(Some gleam like silver, some outshine
Wrought ingots from Besoara's mine;)
Corindas there, too sharp alone,
With honey mix'd, impurpled shone;
Talsans [38] his liquid crystal spread,
Pluck'd from high tara's tufted head;
Round jamas [39] delicate as fair,
Like rose-water perfum'd the air;
Bright salvers high-rais'd comlas [40] held
Like topazes, which amrit [41] swell'd;
While some delicious attas [42] bore
And catels [43] warm, a sugar'd store;
Others with béla's grains were heap'd,
And mild papayas honey-steep'd;
Or sweet ajeirs [44] the red and pale,
Sweet to the taste and in the gale.
Here mark'd we purest basons fraught
With sacred cream and fam'd joghrát;
Nor saw we not rich bowls contain
The chawla's [45] light nutritious grain,
Some virgin-like in native pride,
And some with strong haldea [46] dyed;
Some tasteful to dull palates made
If merich [47] lend his fervent aid,
Or lánga [48] shap'd like bd'rous nails,
Whose scent o'er groves of spice prevails,
Or adda [49] breathing gentle heat,
Or joutery [50] both warm and sweet.
Supiary [51] next (in pána [52] chew'd,
And catha [53] with strong pow'rs endued,
Mix'd with elachy's [54] glowing seeds,
Which some remoter climate breeds,)
Near jeifel [55] sate, like jeifel fraught,
Though not for equal fragrance nam'd:
Last, nárgal [56] whom all ranks esteem,
Pour'd in full cups his dulcet stream:
Long I survey'd the doubtful board
With each high delicacy stor'd;
Then freely gratified my soul,
From many a dish, and many a bowl,
Till health was lavish'd, as my time:
Intemp'rance was my fatal crime."
Up rose the fruit; and now mid-way
Suspended shone like blazing day.
Nacal then spoke: (a blush o'erspread
His cheeks, and conscious droop'd his head:)
"Before Duryódhen, ruthless king,
Taught his fierce darts in air to sing,
With bright-arm'd rank, by Crishna sent,
Elate from Indraprest [57] I went
Through eastern realms; and vanquish'd all
From rough Asmóra to Nipál.
Where every mansion, new and old,
Flam'd with Barbaric gems and gold.
Here shone with pride the regal stores
On iv'ry roofs, and cedrine floors;

[34] *Ananas.* [35] *Pomegranate.* [36] Plantains.
[37] Mangos.
[38] Palmyra-fruit. [39] Rose-Apples.
[40] Oranges. [41] The Hindu nectar.
[42] Custard apples. [43] Jaik-fruit.
[44] Guayavas. [45] Rice. [46] Turmerick.
[47] Indian pepper. [48] Cloves. [49] Ginger.
[50] Mace. [51] Areca-nut. [52] Betel-leaf.
[53] What we call Japan-earth. [54] Cardamums.
[55] Nutmeg. [56] Cocoa-nut. [57] Dehly.

There diadems of price unknown
Blaz'd with each all-attracting stone;
Firm diamonds, like fix'd honour true,
Some pink, and some of yellow hue,
Some black, yet not the less esteem'd;
The rest like tranquil Jemma gleam'd,
When in her bed the Gopia lave
Betray'd by the pellucid wave;
Like raging fire the ruby glow'd,
Or soft, but radiant, water show'd;
Pure amethysts, in richest ore
Oft found, a purple vesture wore;
Sapphires, like yon ethereal plain;
Em'ralds, like piepel [58] fresh with rain;
Gay topazes, translucent gold;
Pale chrysolites of softer mould;
Fam'd beryls, like the serge marine,
Light azure mix'd with modest green;
Refracted ev'ry varying dye,
Bright as yon bow, that girds the sky.
Here opals, which all hues unite,
Display'd their many-tinctur'd light,
With turcoises divinely blue,
(Though doubts arise where first they grew,
Whether chaste elephantine bone
By min'rals ting'd, or native stone,)
And pearls unblemish'd, such as deck
Bhavany's [59] wrist or Lecshmy's [60] neck.
Each castle rais'd, each city storm'd,
Vast loads of pillag'd wealth I form'd,
Not for my coffers; though they bore,
As you decreed, my lot and more.
Too pleas'd the brilliant heap I stor'd,
Too charming seemed the guarded hoard:
An odious vice this heart assail'd;
Base Av'rice for a time prevail'd."
Th' enchanted orb ten cubits flew,
Straight as the shaft, which Erjun drew.
Sehdio, with youthful ardour bold,
Thus, penitent, his failings told:
"From clouds, by folly rais'd, these eyes
Experience clear'd, and made me wise;
For, when the crash of battle roar'd,
When death rain'd blood from spear and sword,
When, in the tempest of alarms,
Horse roll'd on horse, arms clash'd with arms,
Such acts I saw by others done,
Such perils brav'd, such trophies won,
That, while my patriot bosom glow'd,
Though some faint skill, some strength I show'd,
And, no dull gazer on the field,
This hero slew, that forc'd to yield,
Yet, meek Humility, to thee,
When Erjun fought, low sunk my knee:
But, ere the din of war began,
When black'ning cheeks just mark'd the man,
Myself invincible I deem'd,
And great, without a rival, seem'd.
Whene'er I sought the sportful plain,
No youth of all the martial train
With arm so strong, or eye so true
The cheera's [61] pointed circle threw;
None, when the polish'd cane we bent,
So far the light-wing'd arrow sent;
None from the broad elastic reed,
Like me, gave agnyastra [62] speed,
Or spread its flames with nicer art
In many an unextinguish'd dart;
Or, when in imitated fight
We sported till departing light,
None saw me to the ring advance
With falchion keen or quiv'ring lance,
Whose force my rooted seat could shake,
Or on my steel impression make:
No charioteer, no racer fleet
O'ertook my wheels or rapid feet.
Next, when the woody heights we sought,
With madd'ning elephants I fought:
In vain their high-priz'd tusks they gnash'd;
Their trunked heads my geda [63] mash'd.
No buffalo, with phrensy strong,
Could bear my clatt'ring thunder long:
No pard or tiger, from the wood
Reluctant brought, this arm withstood.
Pride in my heart his mansion fix'd,
And with pure drops black poison mix'd."
Swift rose the fruit, exalted now
Ten cubits from his natal bough.
Fair Draupady, with soft delay,
Then spake: "Heav'n's mandate I obey;
Though nought essential to be known,
Has Heav'n to learn, or I to own.
When scarce a damsel, scarce a child,
In early bloom your handmaid smil'd,
Love of the World her fancy mov'd,
Vain pageantry her heart approv'd:
Her form, she thought, and lovely mien,
All must admire, when all had seen:
A thirst of pleasure and of praise
(With shame I speak) engross'd my days;
Nor were my night-thoughts, I confess,
Free from solicitude for dress;
How best to bind my flowing hair
With art, yet with an artless air;
(My hair, like musk in scent and hue;
Oh! blacker far and sweeter too;)
In what nice braid or glossy curl
To fix a diamond or a pearl,
And where to smooth the love-spread toils
With nard or jasmin's fragrant oils;
How to adjust the golden teic [64],
And most adorn my forehead sleek;
What condals [65] should emblaze my ears,
Like Seita's waves [66] or Seita's tears [67];
How elegantly to dispose
Bright circlets from my well-form'd nose;
With string of rubies how to deck,
Or em'rald rows, my stately neck,
While some that ebon tow'r embrac'd,
Some pendent sought my slender waist;

[58] A sacred tree like an aspin.
[59] The Indian Venus. [60] The Indian Ceres.
[61] A radiated metalline ring, used as a missile weapon.
[62] Fire-arms, or rockets, early known in India.
[63] A mace; or club.
[64] Properly teica, an ornament of gold, placed above the nose.
[65] Pendents.
[66] Seita Cund, or the pool of Sejta the wife of Ram, is the name given to the wonderful spring at Mengeir, with boiling water of exquisite clearness and purity.
[67] Her tears, when she was made captive by the giant Rawan.

How next my purfled veil to choose
From silken stores of varied hues;
Which would attract the roving view,
Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue;
The loveliest mantle to select,
Or unembellish'd or bedeck'd;
And how my twisted scarf to place
With most inimitable grace;
(Too thin its warp, too fine its woof,
For eyes of males not beauty-proof;)
What skirts the mantle best would suit,
Ornate with stars or tissued fruit,
The flow'r-embroider'd or the plain
With silver or with golden vein;
The chury [68] bright, which gayly shows
Fair objects, aptly to compose;
How each smooth arm and each soft wrist
By richest cosecs [69] might be kiss'd;
While some, my taper ankles round,
With sunny radiance ting'd the ground.
O waste of many a precious hour!
O Vanity, how vast thy pow'r!"
  Cubits twice four th' ambrosial flew,
Still from its branch disjoin'd by two.
  Each husband now, with wild surprise,
His compeers and his consort eyes;
When Yudishteir: "Thy female breast
Some faults, perfidious, hath suppress'd.
Oh! give the close-lock'd secret room,
Unfold its bud, expand its bloom;
Lest, sinking with our crumbled halls,
We see red flames devour their walls."
Abash'd, yet with a decent pride,
Firm Draupady the fact denied;
Till, through an orchard alley green,
The limit of that sacred scene,
She saw the dreaded Muny go
With steps majestically slow;
Then said: (a stifled sigh she stole,
And show'd the conflict of her soul
By broken speech and flutt'ring heart:)
"One trifle more I must impart:
A Brahmen learn'd, of pure intent
And look demure, one morn you sent,
With me, from Sanscrit old, to read
Each high Puran [70], each holy Veid.
His thread, which Brehmá's lineage show'd,
O'er his left shoulder graceful flow'd;
Of Crishna and his nymphs he redde,
How with nine maids the dance he led;
How they ador'd, and he repaid
Their homage in the sylvan shade.
While this gay tale my spirits cheer'd,
So keen the Pendit's eyes appear'd,
So sweet his voice—a blameless fire
This bosom could not but inspire.
Bright as a god he seem'd to stand:
The rev'rend volume left his hand,
With mine he press'd"—With deep despair
Brothers on brothers wildly stare:
From Erjun flew a wrathful glance;
Tow'rd them they saw their dread advance;
Then, trembling, breathless, pale with fear,
"Hear!" said the matron, "calmly hear!

[68] A small mirror worn in a ring.
[69] Bracelets.
[70] A mythological and historical poem.

By Tulsy's leaf the truth I speak—
The Brahmen only kiss'd my cheek."
  Straight its full height the wonder rose,
Glad with its native branch to close.
  Now to the walk approach'd the sage
Exulting in his verdant age:
His hands, that touch'd his front, express'd
Due rev'rence to each princely guest,
Whom to his rural board he led
In simple delicacy spread,
With curds their palates to regale,
And cream-cups from the Gopia's pail.
  Could you, ye fair! like this black wife,
Restore us to primeval life,
And bid that apple, pluck'd for Eve
By him, who might all wives deceive,
Hang from its parent bough once more
Divine and perfect, as before,
Would you confess your little faults?
(Great ones were never in your thoughts;)
Would you the secret wish unfold,
Or in your heart's full casket hold?
Would you disclose your inmost mind,
And speak plain truth, to bless mankind?
  "What!" said the guardian of our realm,
With waving crest and fiery helm,
"What! are the fair, whose heav'nly smiles
Rain glory through my cherish'd isles,
Are they less virtuous or less true
Than Indian dames of sooty hue?
No, by these arms. The cold surmise
And doubt injurious vainly rise.
Yet dares a bard, who better knows,
This point distrustfully propose;
Vain fabler now! though oft before
His harp has cheer'd my wand'ring shore."
  With brow austere the martial maid
Spoke, and majestic trod the glade:
To that fell cave her course she held,
Where Scandal, bane of mortals, dwell'd.
Outstretch'd on filth the pest she found,
Black fetid venom streaming round:
A gloomy light just serv'd to show
The darkness of the den below.
Britannia with resistless might
Soon dragg'd him from his darling night:
The snakes, that o'er his body curl'd
And flung his poison through the world,
Confounded with the flash of day,
Hiss'd horribly a hellish lay,
His eyes with flames and blood suffus'd,
Long to the ethereal beam unus'd,
Fierce in their gory sockets roll'd;
And desperation made him bold:
Pleas'd with the thought of human woes,
On scaly dragon feet he rose.
Thus, when Asurs with impious rage,
Durst horrid war with Dévtás wage,
And darted many a burning mass
E'en on the brow of gemm'd Cailás,
High o'er the rest, on serpents rear'd,
The griesly king of Deits appear'd.
  The nymph beheld the fiend advance,
And couch'd the far-extending lance:
Dire drops he threw; th' infernal tide
Her helm and silver hauberk dyed:
Her moonlight shield before her hung;
The monster struck, the monster stung;

Her spear with many a griding wound
Fast nail'd him to the groaning ground.
The wretch, from juster vengeance free,
Immortal born by Heav'n's decree,
With chains of adamant secur'd,
Deep in cold gloom she left immur'd.
Now reign at will, victorious fair!
In British or in Indian air;
Still with each envying flow'r adorn
Your tresses radiant as the morn;
Still let each Asiatic dye
Rich tints for your gay robes supply;
Still through the dance's labyrinth float,
And swell the sweetly-lengthen'd note;
Still, on proud steeds or glitt'ring cars,
Rise on the course like beamy stars;
And when charm'd circles round you close,
Of rhyming bards and smiling beaux,
Whilst all with eager looks contend
Their wit or worth to recommend,
Still let your mild, yet piercing, eyes
Impartially adjudge the prize.

FABULA PERSICA.

Rigantis molles imbre campos Persidis,
E nube in æquor lapsa pluviæ guttula est;
Quæ, cùm reluctans eloqui sineret pudor,
"Quid hoc loci? inquit, quid rei misella sum?
Quò me repente, ah! quò redactam sentio?"
Cùm se verecundanti animulâ sperneret,
Illam recepit gemmeo concha in sinu;
Tandemque tenuis aquula facta est unio;
Nunc in coronâ læta regis emicat,
Sibi non placere quanta sit virtus, docens.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

A°

PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight;
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy! let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:—
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display;—
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest;
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:—ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flow'rs that round us bloom:—
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream:
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah, sweet maid! my counsel hear,—
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage,)
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Kunari abi Rocnabad,
Ve gulgesh'ti Mosellara.

Fugan kein luliani shokh
I shiringari shehrashob
Chunan berbendi sabr az dil
Ke Turcan khani yagmara.

Ze eshki na temami ma
Jamali yari mustagnist;
Be ab u reng u khal u khatt
Che hajet ruyi zibara.

Hadis az mutreb u mei gu,
Va razi dehri kemter ju,
Ke kes nekshud u nekshaied
Be hikmet ein moammara.

Men az an husni ruzafzun
Ke Yusuf dashti danestem
Ke eshk az perdei ismet
Berun ared Zuleikhara.

Nasihet goshi kun jana,
Ke az jan dostiter darend
Juvanani saadetmend
I pendi peeri danara.

Bedem gufti, va khursendam,
Afac alla, neku gufti,
Jawaby telkhi mizeibed
Lebi lali sheker khara.

GAZEL.

Egher an Turki Shirazi
Fedest ared dili mara,
Be khali hinduish bakhshem
Samarcand u Bokharara.

Bedeh, saki, mei baki,
Ke der jennet nekhahi yaft

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

Gazel-gnfti vedeyr sufti,
Bea vakhosh bu khan Hafiz,
Ke ber nazmi to arshaned
Felek ikdi suriara.

A SONG,

FROM THE PERSIAN, PARAPHRASED IN THE MEASURE OF THE ORIGINAL.

Sweet as the rose that scents the gale,
Bright as the lily of the vale,
Yet with a heart like summer hail,
Marring each beauty thou bearest.

Beauty like thine, all nature thrills;
And when the Moon her circle fills,
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,
Which on the breast thou wearest.

Where could those peerless flow'rets blow?
Whence are the thorns that near them grow?
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,
Doom'd to afflict me till embrac'd;
Sighing, I view that eye too chaste,
Like the new blossom smiling.

Spreading thy toils with hands divine,
Softly thou wavest like a pine,
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,
Senses, and soul beguiling.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,
Frantic, with love's enchanting wave,
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,
Thee, his blest idol styling.

PLASSEY-PLAIN [1].

A BALLAD,

ADDRESSED TO LADY JONES, BY HER HUSBAND.

August 3, 1784.

'Tis not of Jáfer, nor of Clive,
On Plassey's glorious field I sing;
'Tis of the best good girl alive,
Which most will deem a prettier thing.

The Sun, in gaudy palanqueen,
Curtain'd with purple, fring'd with gold,
Firing no more Heav'n's vault serene,
Retir'd to sup with Ganges old.

When Anna, to her bard long dear,
(Who lov'd not Anna on the banks
Of Elwy swift, or Testa clear?)
Tripp'd thro' the palm grove's verdant ranks.

Where thou, blood-thirsty subahdar,
Wast wont thy kindred beasts to chase,
Till Britain's vengeful hounds of war,
Chas'd thee to that well-destin'd place.

She knew what monsters rang'd the brake,
Stain'd like thyself with human gore,
The hooded, and the necklac'd snake,
The tiger huge, and tusked boar.

To worth, and innocence approv'd,
E'en monsters of the brake are friends:
Thus o'er the plain at ease she moy'd:—
Who fears offence that ne'er offends?

Wild perroquets first silence broke,
Eager of dangers near to prate;
But they in English never spoke,
And she began her moors [2] of late.

Next, patient dromedaries stalk'd,
And wish'd her speech to understand;
But Arabic was all they talk'd—
Oh, had her Arab been at hand!

A serpent dire, of size minute,
With necklace brown, and freckled side,
Then hasten'd from her path to shoot,
And o'er the narrow causey glide.

Three elephants, to warn her, call,
But they no western tongue could speak;
Tho' once, at Philobiblian stall,
Fame says, a brother jabber'd Greek.

Superfluous was their friendly zeal;
For what has conscious truth to fear?
Fierce boars her pow'rful influence feel,
Mad buffaloes, or furious deer.

E'en tigers, never aw'd before,
And panting for so rare a food,
She dauntless heard around her roar,
While they the jackals vile pursued.

No wonder since, on elfin land,
Prais'd in sweet verse by bards adept,
A lion vast was known to stand,
Fair virtue's guard, while Una slept.

Yet oh! had one her perils known,
(Tho' all the lions in all space
Made her security their own)
He ne'er had found a resting place.

AU FIRMAMENT.

"Would I were yon blue field above,"
(Said Plato, warbling am'rous lays)
"That with ten thousand eyes of love,
On thee for ever I might gaze."

My purer love the wish disclaims,
For were I, like Tiresias, blind,
Still should I glow with heavenly flames,
And gaze with rapture on *thy mind.*

[1] It can scarcely be necessary to recall to the recollection of the reader, the victory gained by lord Clive, over Seraj'uddoula, subahdar or vice-roy of Bengal, on Plassey-Plain.

[2] A common expression for the *Hindustanee*, or vernacular language of India.

SONG.

Wake, ye nightingales, oh, wake!
Can ye, idlers, sleep so long?
Quickly this dull silence break;
Burst enraptur'd into song:
Shake your plumes, your eyes unclose,
No pretext for more repose.

Tell me not, that winter drear
Still delays your promis'd tale,
That no blossoms yet appear,
Save the snow-drop in the dale:
Tell me not the woods are bare;—
Vain excuse! prepare! prepare!

View the hillock, view the meads:
All are verdant, all are gay;
Julia comes, and with her leads
Health, and youth, and blooming May.
When she smiles, fresh roses blow;
Where she treads, fresh lilies grow.

Hail! ye groves of Bagley, hail!
Fear no more the chilling air:
Can your beauties ever fail?
Julia has pronounc'd you fair.
She could cheer a cavern's gloom,
She could make a desert bloom.

ESSAYS.

ESSAY I.

ON THE POETRY OF THE EASTERN NATIONS.

Arabia, I mean that part of it, which we call the Happy, and which the Asiatics know by the name of Yemen, seems to be the only country in the world, in which we can properly lay the scene of pastoral poetry; because no nation, at this day, can vie with the Arabians, in the delightfulness of their climate, and the simplicity of their manners. There is a valley, indeed, to the north of Indostan, called Cashmir, which, according to an account written by a native of it, is a perfect garden, exceedingly fruitful, and watered by a thousand rivulets: but when its inhabitants were subdued by the stratagem of a Mogul prince, they lost their happiness with their liberty, and Arabia retained its old title without any rival to dispute it. These are not the fancies of a poet: the beauties of Yemen are proved by the concurrent testimony of all travellers, by the descriptions of it in all the writings of Asia, and by the nature and situation of the country itself, which lies between the eleventh and fifteenth degrees of northern latitude, under a serene sky, and exposed to the most favorable influence of the Sun; it is enclosed on one side by vast rocks and deserts, and defended on the other by a tempestuous sea, so that it seems to have been designed by Providence for the most secure, as well as the most beautiful region of the east.[1]

Its principal cities are Sanaa, usually considered as its metropolis; Zebid, a commercial town, that lies in a large plain near the sea of Omman; and Aden, surrounded with pleasant gardens and woods, which is situated eleven degrees from the equator, and seventy-six from the Fortunate Islands, or Canaries, where the geographers of Asia fix their first meridian. It is observable, that Aden, in the eastern dialects, is precisely the same word with Eden, which we apply to the garden of paradise: it has two senses, according to a slight difference in its pronunciation; its first meaning is a settled abode; its second, delight, softness, or tranquillity: the word Eden had, probably, one of these senses in the sacred text, though we use it as a proper name. We may also observe, in this place, that Yemen itself takes its name from a word, which signifies verdure, and felicity; for in those sultry climates, the freshness of the shade, and the coolness of water, are ideas almost inseparable from that of happiness; and this may be a reason why most of the oriental nations agree in a tradition concerning a delightful spot, where the first inhabitants of the Earth were placed before their fall. The ancients, who gave the name of Eudaimon, or Happy, to this country, either meaned to translate the word Yemen, or, more probably, only alluded to the valuable spice-trees, and balsamic plants, that grow in it, and, without speaking poetically, give a real perfume to the air[2]: now it is certain, that all poetry receives a very considerable ornament, from the beauty of natural images; as the roses of Sharon, the verdure of Carmel, the vines of Engaddi, and the dew of Hermon, are the sources of many pleasing metaphors and comparisons in the sacred poetry: thus the odours of Yemen, the musk of Hadramut, and the pearls of Omman, supply the Arabian poets with a great variety of allusions; and, if the remark of Hermogenes be just, that whatever is delightful to the senses, produces the beautiful when it is described, where can we find so much beauty as in the eastern poems, which turn chiefly upon the loveliest objects in nature?

To pursue this topic yet further: it is an observation of Demetrius Phalereus, in his elegant treatise upon style, that it is not easy to write on agreeable subjects in a disagreeable manner, and that beautiful expressions naturally rise with beautiful images; "for which reason," says he, "nothing can be more pleasing than Sappho's poetry, which contains the description of gardens, and banquets, flowers and fruits, fountains and meadows, nightingales and turtle-doves, loves and graces:" thus, when she speaks of "a stream softly murmuring

[1] I am at a loss to conceive what induced the illustrious prince Cantemir to contend, that Yemen is properly a part of India; for, not to mention Ptolemy, and the other ancients, who considered it as a province of Arabia, nor to insist on the language of the country, which is pure Arabic, it is described by the Asiatics themselves, as a large division of that peninsula, which they call Arabia Felix, and there is no more colour for annexing [illegible] because the sea, which washes one side [illegible] looked upon by some writers as belonging to the great Indian ocean, than there would be for annexing it to Persia, because it is bounded on one side by the Persian gulf.

[2] The writer of an old history of the Turkish empire says, "The air of Egypt, sometimes in summer, is like any sweet perfume, and almost intoxicates the spirits, caused by the wind that brings the odours of the Arabian spices."

among the branches, and the Zephyrs playing through the leaves, with a sound that brings on a quiet slumber," her lines flow without labour as smoothly as the rivulet she describes. I may have altered the words of Demetrius, as I quote them by memory, but this is the general sense of his remark, which, if it be not rather specious than just, must induce us to think, that the poets of the east may vie with those of Europe in the graces of their diction, as well as in the loveliness of their images: but we must not believe that the Arabian poetry can please only by its descriptions of beauty; since the gloomy and terrible objects, which produce the sublime, when they are aptly described, are no where more common than in the Desert and Stony Arabias; and, indeed, we see nothing so frequently painted by the poets of those countries, as wolves and lions, precipices and forests, rocks and wildernesses.

If we allow the natural objects, with which the Arabs are perpetually conversant, to be sublime, and beautiful; our next step must be, to confess that their comparisons, metaphors, and allegories are so likewise; for an allegory is a string of metaphors, a metaphor is a short simile, and the finest similes are drawn from natural objects. It is true that many of the eastern figures are common to other nations, but some of them receive a propriety from the manners of the Arabians, who dwell in the plains and woods, which would be lost, if they came from the inhabitants of cities: thus the dew of liberality, and the odour of reputation, are metaphors used by most people; but they are wonderfully proper in the mouths of those who have so much need of being refreshed by the dews, and who gratify their sense of smelling with the sweetest odours in the world. Again; it is very usual in all countries to make frequent allusions to the brightness of the celestial luminaries, which give their light to all; but the metaphors taken from them have an additional beauty, if we consider them as made by a nation, who pass most of their nights in the open air, or in tents, and consequently see the Moon and stars in their greatest splendour. This way of considering their poetical figures will give many of them a grace, which they would not have in our languages; so, when they compare "the foreheads of their mistresses to the morning, their locks to the night, their faces to the Sun, to the Moon, or the blossoms of jasmine, their cheeks to roses or ripe fruit, their teeth to pearls, hail-stones, and snow-drops, their eyes to the flowers of the narcissus, their curled hair to black scorpions, and to hyacinths, their lips to rubies or wine, the form of their breasts to pomegranates, and the colour of them to snow, their shape to that of a pine-tree, and their stature to that of a cypress, a palm-tree, or a javelin, &c.[3]" these comparisons, many of which would seem forced in our idioms, have undoubtedly a great delicacy in theirs, and affect their minds in a peculiar manner; yet upon the whole, their similies are very just and striking, —as that, of "the blue eyes of a fine woman, bathed in tears, to violets dropping with dew[4],"— and that of "a warrior, advancing at the head of his army, to an eagle sailing through the air, and piercing the clouds with his wings."

These are not the only advantages, which the natives of Arabia enjoy above the inhabitants of most other countries: they preserve, to this day, the manners and customs of their ancestors, who, by their own account, were settled in the province of Yemen above three thousand years ago: they have never been wholly subdued by any nation; and though the admiral of Selim the First made a descent on their coast, and exacted a tribute from the people of Aden, yet the Arabians only keep up a show of allegiance to the sultan, and act, on every important occasion, in open defiance of his power; relying on the swiftness of their horses, and the vast extent of their forests, in which an invading enemy must soon perish: but here I must be understood to speak of those Arabians, who, like the old Nomades, dwell constantly in their tents, and remove from place to place according to the seasons; for the inhabitants of the cities, who traffic with the merchants of Europe in spices, perfumes, and coffee, must have lost a great deal of their ancient simplicity: the others have, certainly, retained it; and, except when their tribes are engaged in war, spend their days in watching their flocks and camels, or in repeating their native songs, which they pour out almost extempore, professing a contempt for the stately pillars, and solemn buildings of the cities, compared with the natural charms of the country, and the coolness of their tents: thus they pass their lives in the highest pleasure of which they have any conception, in the contemplation of the most delightful objects, and in the enjoyment of perpetual spring; for we may apply to part of Arabia that elegant couplet of Waller in his poem of the Summer-Island:

That gentle spring, that but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.

Yet the heat of the Sun, which must be very intense in a climate so near the line, is tempered by the shade of the trees, that overhang the valleys, and by a number of fresh streams, that flow down the mountains. Hence it is, that almost all their notions of felicity are taken from freshness, and verdure; and it is a maxim among them, that the three most charming objects in nature are, a green meadow, a clear rivulet and a beautiful woman[5],— and that the view of these objects at the same time affords the greatest delight imaginable. Mahomed was so well acquainted with the maxim of his countrymen, that he described the pleasures of Heaven to them, under the allegory of cool fountains, green bowers, and black-eyed girls, as the word Houri literally signifies in Arabic; and in the chapter of the Morning, towards the end of his Alcoran, he mentions a garden, called Irem, which is no less celebrated by the Asiatic poets, than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks: it was planted, as the commentators say, by a king, named Shedad, and was once seen by an Arabian, who wandered very far into the deserts in search of a lost camel: it was, probably, a name invented by the impostor, as a type of a future state of happiness. Now it is certain that the genius of every nation is not a little af-

[3] See Noweiri, cited by the very learned Reishe.

[4] See the Arabic Miscellany, entitled Shecardan, ch. 14.

[5] See the Life of Tamerlane, published by Golias, 299.

fected by their climate; for, whether it be that the immoderate heat disposes the eastern people to a life of indolence, which gives them full leisure to cultivate their talents, or whether the sun has a real influence on the imagination, (as one would suppose that the ancients believed, by their making Apollo the god of poetry,) whatever be the cause, it has always been remarked, that the Asiatics excel the inhabitants of our colder regions, in the liveliness of their fancy, and the richness of their invention.

To carry this subject one step further: as the Arabians are such admirers of beauty, and as they enjoy such ease and leisure, they must naturally be susceptible of that passion, which is the true spring and source of agreeable poetry; and we find indeed, that love has a greater share in their poems than any other passion: it seems to be always uppermost in their minds, and there is hardly an elegy, a panegyric, or even a satire, in their language which does not begin with the complaints of an unfortunate, or the exultations of a successful lover. It sometimes happens, that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damsels of another; and, as the tents are frequently removed on a sudden, the lovers are often separated in the progress of the courtship: hence almost all the Arabic poems open in this manner: the author bewails the sudden departure of his mistress, *Hinda*, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and describes her beauty, comparing her usually to a wanton fawn, that plays among the aromatic shrubs; his friends endeavour to comfort him, but he refuses consolation; he declares his resolution of visiting his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderness, or even through a den of lions; here he commonly gives a description of the horse or camel, upon which he designs to go, and thence passes, by an easy transition, to the principal subject of his poem, whether it be the praise of his own tribe, or a satire on the timidity of his friends, who refuse to attend him in his expedition; though very frequently the piece turns wholly upon love. But it is not sufficient that a nation have a genius for poetry, unless they have the advantage of a rich and beautiful language, that their expressions may be worthy of their sentiments; the Arabians have this advantage also in a high degree: their language is expressive, strong, sonorous, and the most copious, perhaps, in the world; for, as almost every tribe had many words appropriated to itself, the poets, for the convenience of their measure, or sometimes for their singular beauty, made use of them all, and, as the poems became popular, these words were by degrees incorporated with the whole language, like a number of little streams, which meet together in one channel, and, forming a most plentiful river, flow rapidly into the sea.

If this way of arguing, à priori, be admitted in the present case, (and no single man has a right to infer the merit of the eastern poetry from the poems themselves, because no single man has a privilege of judging for all the rest,) if the foregoing argument have any weight, we must conclude that the Arabians, being perpetually conversant with the most beautiful objects, spending a calm and agreeable life in a fine climate, being extremely addicted to the softer passions, and having the advantage of a language singularly adapted to poetry, must be naturally excellent poets, provided that their manners and customs be favourable to the cultivation of that art; and that they are highly so, it will not be difficult to prove.

The fondness of the Arabians for poetry, and the respect which they show to poets, would be scarce believed, if we were not assured of it by writers of great authority: the principal occasions of rejoicing among them were formerly, and, very probably, are to this day, the birth of a boy, the foaling of a mare, the arrival of a guest, and the rise of a poet in their tribe: when a young Arabian has composed a good poem, all the neighbours pay their compliments to his family, and congratulate them upon having a relation capable of recording their actions, and of recommending their virtues to posterity. At the beginning of the seventh century, the Arabic language was brought to a high degree of perfection by a sort of poetical academy, that used to assemble at stated times in a place called Ocadh, where every poet produced his best composition, and was sure to meet with the applause that it deserved: the most excellent of these poems were transcribed in characters of gold upon Egyptian paper, and hung up in the temple of Mecca, whence they were named Modhahebat, or golden, and Moallakat, or suspended: the poems of this sort were called Casseidas or eclogues, seven of which are preserved [6] in our libraries, and are considered as the finest that were written before the time of Mahomed: the fourth of them, composed by Lebid, is purely pastoral, and extremely like the Alexis of Virgil, but far more beautiful, because it is more agreeable to nature: the poet begins with praising the charms of the fair Novara, (a word which in Arabic signifies a timorous fawn,) but inveighs against her unkindness; he then interweaves a description of his young camel, which he compares for its swiftness to a stag, pursued by the hounds; and takes occasion afterwards to mention his own riches, accomplishments, liberality, and valour, his noble birth, and the glory of his tribe: the diction of this poem is easy and simple, yet elegant, the numbers flowing and musical, and the sentiments wonderfully natural; as the learned reader will see by the following passage, which I shall attempt to imitate in verse, that the merit of the poet may not be wholly lost in a verbal translation:

Bel enti la tadrina cam mi'lleilatin,
Thalkin ledhidhin lahwoha wa nedamoha,
Kad bitto sameroha, wa ghayati tajerin
Wafaito idh rofiat, wa azza medamoha,
Besabuhi safiatin wajadhbi carinatin,
Be mowatterin, tâata leho mann ibhamoha,
Bacarto hajataha' ddajaji besohratin,
Leoalla minha heina hahba meyamoha.

"But ah! thou know'st not in what youthful play
Our nights, beguil'd with pleasure, swam away;

[6] These seven poems, clearly transcribed with explanatory notes, are among Pocock's manuscripts at Oxford, No. 164: the names of the seven poets are, Amralkeis, Tarafa, Zohdir, Lebid, Antara, Amru, and Hareth. In the same collection, No. 144, there is a manuscript, containing above forty other poems which had the honour of being suspended in the Temple at Mecca: this volume is an inestimable treasure of ancient Arabic literature.

Gay songs, and cheerful tales, deceiv'd the time,
And circling goblets made a tuneful chime;
Sweet was the draught, and sweet the blooming maid,
Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant shade;
We sipp'd till morning purpled every plain;
The damsels slumber'd, but we sipp'd again:
The waking birds, that sung on every tree
Their early notes, were not so blithe as we."

The Mahomedan writers tell a story of this poet, which deserves to be mentioned here; it was a custom, it seems, among the old Arabians, for the most eminent versifiers to hang up some chosen couplets on the gate of the temple, as a public challenge to their brethren, who strove to answer them before the next meeting at Ocadh, at which time the whole assembly used to determine the merit of them all, and gave some mark of distinction to the author of the finest verses. Now Lebid, who, we are told, had been a violent opposer of Mahomed, fixed a poem on the gate, beginning with the following distich, in which he apparently meaned to reflect upon the new religion:

Ila cullo sheion ma khala Allah bathilon,
Wa cullo naimon la mohaloho zailon.

That is; "Are not all things vain, which come not from God? and will not all honours decay, but those, which he confers?" These lines appeared so sublime, that none of the poets ventured to answer them; till Mahomed, who was himself a poet, having composed a new chapter of his Alcoran, (the second, I think,) placed the opening of it by the side of Lebid's poem, who no sooner read it, than he declared it to be something divine, confessed his own inferiority, tore his verses from the gate, and embraced the religion of his rival; to whom he was afterwards extremely useful in replying to the satires of Amralkeis, who was continually attacking the doctrine of Mahomed: the Asiatics add, that their lawgiver acknowledged some time after, that no heathen poet had ever produced a nobler distich than that of Lebid just quoted.

There are a few other collections of ancient Arabic poetry; but the most famous of them is called Hamassa, and contains a number of epigrams, odes, and elegies, composed on various occasions; it was compiled by Abu Temam, who was an excellent poet himself, and used to say, that "fine sentiments delivered in prose were like gems scattered at random, but that, when they were confined in a poetical measure, they resembled bracelets and strings of pearls." When the religion and language of Mahomed were spread over the greater part of Asia, and the maritime countries of Africa, it became a fashion for the poets of Persia, Syria, Egypt, Mauritania, and even of Tartary, to write in Arabic; and the most beautiful verses in that idiom, composed by the brightest geniuses of those nations, are to be seen in a large miscellany, entitled Yateima; though many of their works are transcribed separately: it will be needless to say much on the poetry of the Syrians, Tartarians, and Africans, since most of the arguments, before used in favour of the Arabs, have equal weight with respect to the other Mahomedans, who have done little more than imitate their style, and adopt their expressions; for which reason also I shall dwell the shorter time on the genius and manners of the Persians, Turks, and Indians.

The great empire, which we call Persia, is known to its natives by the name of Iran; since the word Persia belongs only to a particular province, the ancient Persis, and is very improperly applied by us to the whole kingdom: but in compliance with the custom of our geographers, I shall give the name of Persia to that celebrated country, which lies on one side between the Caspian and Indian seas, and extends on the other from the mountains of Candahar, or Paropamisus, to the confluence of the rivers Cyrus and Araxes, containing about twenty degrees from south to north, and rather more from east to west.

In so vast a tract of land there must needs be a great variety of climates: the southern provinces are no less unhealthy and sultry, than those of the north are rude and unpleasant; but in the interior parts of the empire the air is mild and temperate, and from the beginning of May to September, there is scarce a cloud to be seen in the sky: the remarkable calmness of the summer nights, and the wonderful splendour of the Moon and stars in that country, often tempt the Persians to sleep on the tops of their houses, which are generally flat, where they cannot but observe the figures of the constellations, and the various appearances of the heavens; and this may in some measure account for the perpetual allusions of their poets, and rhetoricians, to the beauty of the heavenly bodies. We are apt to censure the oriental style for being so full of metaphors taken from the Sun and Moon: this is ascribed by some to the bad taste of the Asiatics; "the works of the Persians," says M. de Voltaire, "are like the titles of their kings, in which the Sun and Moon are often introduced:" but they do not reflect that every nation has a set of images, and expressions, peculiar to itself, which arises from the difference of its climate, manners, and history. There seems to be another reason for the frequent allusions of the Persians to the Sun, which may, perhaps, be traced from the old language and popular religion of their country: thus Mihridad, or Mithridates, signifies the gift of the Sun, and answers to the Theodorus and Diodati of other nations. As to the titles of the eastern monarchs, which seem, indeed, very extravagant to our ears, they are merely formal, and no less void of meaning than those European princes, in which serenity and highness are often attributed to the most gloomy, and low-minded of men.

The midland provinces of Persia abound in fruits and flowers of almost every kind, and, with proper culture, might be made the garden of Asia: they are not watered, indeed, by any considerable river, since the Tigris and Euphrates, the Cyrus and Araxes, the Oxus, and the five branches of the Indus, are at the further limits of the kingdom; but the natives, who have a turn for agriculture, supply that defect by artificial canals, which sufficiently temper the dryness of the soil: but in saying they supply that defect, I am falling into a common errour, and representing the country, not as it is at present, but as it was a century ago; for a long series of civil wars and massacres have now destroyed the chief beauties of Persia, by stripping it of its most industrious inhabitants.

The same difference of climate, that affects the air and soil of this extensive country, gives a variety also to the persons and temper of its natives;

in some provinces they have dark complexions, and harsh features; in others they are exquisitely fair, and well-made; in some others, nervous and robust; but the general character of the nation is that softness, and love of pleasure, that indolence, and effeminacy, which have made them an easy prey to all the western and northern swarms, that have from time to time invaded them. Yet they are not wholly void of martial spirit; and, if they are not naturally brave, they are at least extremely docile, and might, with proper discipline, be made excellent soldiers: but the greater part of them, in the short intervals of peace that they happen to enjoy, constantly sink into a state of inactivity, and pass their lives in a pleasurable, yet studious, retirement; and this may be one reason, why Persia has produced more writers of every kind, and chiefly poets, than all Europe together, since their way of life gives them leisure to pursue those arts, which cannot be cultivated to advantage, without the greatest calmness and serenity of mind; and this, by the way, is one cause, among many others, why the poems in the preceding collection are less finished; since they were composed, not in bowers and shades, by the side of rivulets or fountains, but either amidst the confusion of a metropolis, the hurry of travel, the dissipation of public places, the avocations of more necessary studies, or the attention to more useful parts of literature. To return: there is a manuscript at Oxford [7] containing the lives of an hundred and thirty-five of the finest Persian poets, most of whom left very ample collections of their poems behind them: but the versifiers, and moderate poets, if Horace will allow any such men to exist, are without number in Persia.

This delicacy of their lives and sentiments has insensibly affected their language, and rendered it the softest, as it is one of the richest, in the world: it is not possible to convince the reader of this truth, by quoting a passage from a Persian poet in European characters; since the sweetness of sound cannot be determined by the sight, and many words, which are soft and musical in the mouth of a Persian, may appear very harsh to our eyes, with a number of consonants and gutturals: it may not, however, be absurd to set down in this place, an ode of the poet Hafez, which, if it be not sufficient to prove the delicacy of his language, will at least show the liveliness of his poetry:

Ai bad nesimi yâr dari,
Zan nefheï mushcôar dari;
Zinhar mecun diraz-desti!
Bá turreï o che câr dari?
Ai gul, to cujâ wa ruyi zeibash?
O taza, wa to kharbâr dari.
Nerkes, to cujâ wa cheshmi mestesh?
O serkhosh, wa to khumâr dari.
Ai seru, to ba kaddi bulendesh,
Der bagh che iytebâr dari?
Ai sakl, to ba wujûdi ishkesh
Der dest che ikhtiyâr dari?
Rihan, to cujâ wa khatti sebzesh?
O mushc, wa to ghubâr dari.
Ruzi buresi bewasli Hafez,
Gher takati yntizâr dari.

That is, word for word: "O sweet gale, thou bearest the fragrant scent of my beloved; thence it is that thou hast this musky odour. Beware! do not steal: what hast thou to do with her tresses? O rose, what art thou, to be compared with her bright face? She is fresh, and thou art rough with thorns. O narcissus, what art thou in comparison of her languishing eye? Her eye is only sleepy, but thou art sick and faint. O pine, compared with her graceful stature, what honour hast thou in the garden? O wisdom, what wouldst thou choose, if to choose were in thy power, in preference to her love? O sweet basil, what art thou, to be compared with her fresh cheeks? they are perfect musk, but thou art soon withered. O Hafez, thou wilt one day attain the object of thy desire, if thou canst but support thy pain with patience." This little song is not unlike a sonnet, ascribed to Shakespear, which deserves to be cited here, as a proof that the eastern imagery is not so different from the European as we are apt to imagine.

The forward violet thus did I chide: [that smells,
"Sweet thief! whence didst thou steal thy sweet
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed."
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red, nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flow'rs I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

The Persian style is said to be ridiculously bombast, and this fault is imputed to the slavish spirit of the nation, which is ever apt to magnify the objects that are placed above it: there are bad writers, to be sure, in every country, and as many in Asia as elsewhere; but, if we take the pains to learn the Persian language, we shall find that those authors, who are generally esteemed in Persia, are neither slavish in their sentiments, nor ridiculous in their expressions: of which the following passage in a moral work of Sadi, entitled Bostân, or the Garden, will be a sufficient proof.

Shinidem ke, der wakti nezi rewan,
Be Hormuz chunin gufti Nushirewan:
Ki khatir nigehdari derwishi bash,
Ne der bendi âsaïshi khishi bash:
Neâsaïd ender diyari to kes,
Chu âsaïshi khishi khahi wa bes.
Neyayid benezdiki dana pesend,
Shubani khufte, wa gurki der kuspend.
Beru; pasi derwishi muhtâji dar,
Ke shah ez raiyeti bûd tâji dar.
Raiyet chu bikhest wa soltan dirakht,
Dirakht, ai piser, bashed ez bikhi sakht.

That is; "I have heard that king Nushirvan, before his death, spoke thus to his son Hormuz: Be a guardian, my son, to the poor and helpless, and be not confined in the chains of thy own indolence. No one can be at ease in thy dominions, while thou seekest only thy private rest, and sayest, It is enough. A wise man will not approve the

[7] In Hyperoo Bodl. 128. There is a prefatory discourse to this curious work, which comprises the lives of ten Arabian poets.

shepherd, who sleeps while the wolf is in the fold. Go, my son, protect thy weak and indigent people; since through them is a king raised to the diadem. The people are the root, and the king is the tree, that grows from it; and the tree, O my son, derives its strength from the root."

Are these mean sentiments, delivered in pompous language? Are they not rather worthy of our most spirited writers? And do they not convey a fine lesson for a young king? Yet Sadi's poems are highly esteemed at Constantinople, and at Ispahan; though, a century or two ago, they would have been suppressed in Europe, for spreading, with too strong a glare, the light of liberty and reason.

As to the great epic poem of Ferdusi, which was composed in the tenth century, it would require a very long treatise to explain all its beauties with a minute exactness. The whole collection of that poet's works is called Shahnama, and contains the history of Persia, from the earliest times to the invasion of the Arabs, in a series of very noble poems; the longest and most regular of which is an heroic poem of one great and interesting action, namely, the delivery of Persia by Cyrus, from the oppressions of Afrasiab, king of the Transoxan Tartary, who, being assisted by the emperors of India and China, together with all the demons, giants, and enchanters of Asia, had carried his conquests very far, and become exceedingly formidable to the Persians. This poem is longer than the Iliad; the characters in it are various and striking; the figures bold and animated; and the diction every where sonorous, yet noble; polished, yet full of fire. A great profusion of learning has been thrown away by some critics, in comparing Homer with the heroic poets, who have succeeded him; but it requires very little judgment to see, that no succeeding poet whatever, can with any propriety be compared with Homer: that great father of the Grecian poetry and literature, had a genius too fruitful and comprehensive to let any of the striking parts of nature escape his observation; and the poets, who have followed him, have done little more than transcribe his images, and give a new dress to his thoughts. Whatever elegance and refinements, therefore, may have been introduced into the works of the moderns, the spirit and invention of Homer have ever continued without a rival; for which reason I am far from pretending to assert that the poet of Persia is equal to that of Greece; but there is certainly a very great resemblance between the works of those extraordinary men: both drew their images from nature herself, without catching them only by reflection, and painting, in the manner of the modern poets, the likeness of a likeness; and both possessed, in an eminent degree, that rich and creative invention, which is the very soul of poetry.

As the Persians borrowed their poetical measures, and the form of their poems from the Arabians; so the Turks, when they had carried their arms into Mesopotamia, and Assyria, took their numbers, and their taste for poetry, from the Persians.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.

In the same manner as the Greek compositions were the models of all the Roman writers, so were those of Persia imitated by the Turks, who considerably polished and enriched their language, naturally barren, by the number of simple and compound words, which they adopted from the Persian and Arabic. Lady Wortley Montague very justly observes, that "we want those compound words, which are very frequent, and strong in the Turkish language;" but her interpreters led her into a mistake in explaining one of them, which she translates stag-eyed, and thinks a "very lively image of the fire and indifference in the eyes of the royal bride:" now it never entered into the mind of an Asiatic to compare his mistress's eye to those of a stag, or to give an image of their fire and indifference; the Turks mean to express that fullness, and, at the same time, that soft and languishing lustre, which is peculiar to the eyes of their beautiful women, and which by no means resembles the unpleasing wildness in those of a stag. The original epithet, I suppose, was ahu cheshm, or with the eyes of a young fawn: now I take the ahu to be the same animal with the gazal of the Arabians, and the zabi of the Hebrews, to which their poets allude in almost every page. I have seen one of these animals; it is a kind of an antelope, exquisitely beautiful, with eyes uncommonly black and large. This is the same sort of roe, to which Solomon alludes in this delicate simile: "Thy two breasts are like two young roes, that are twins, which play among the lilies."

A very polite scholar, who has lately translated sixteen odes of Hafez, with learned illustrations, blames the Turkish poets for copying the Persians too servilely: but surely, they are not more blameable than Horace, who not only imitated the measures and expressions of the Greeks, but even translated, almost word for word, the brightest passages of Alcæus, Anacreon, and others; he took less from Pindar than from the rest, because the wildness of his numbers, and the obscurity of his allusions, were by no means suitable to the genius of the Latin language: and this may, perhaps, explain his ode to Julius Antonius, who might have advised him to use more of Pindar's manner in celebrating the victories of Augustus. Whatever we may think of this objection, it is certain that the Turkish empire has produced a great number of poets; some of whom had no small merit in their way: the ingenious author just mentioned assured me, that the Turkish satires of Ruhi Bagdadi were very forcible and striking, and he mentioned the opening of one of them, which seemed not unlike the manner of Juvenal. At the beginning of the last century, a work was published at Constantinople, containing the finest verses of five hundred and forty-nine Turkish poets, which proves at least that they are singularly fond of this art, whatever may be our opinion of their success in it.

The descendants of Tamerlane carried into India the language and poetry of the Persians; and the Indian poets to this day compose their verses in imitation of them. The best of their works, that have passed through my hands, are those of Huzein, who lived some years ago at Benares, with a great reputation for his parts and learning, and was known to the English, who resided there, by the name of the Philosopher. His poems are elegant and lively, and one of them, on the departure of his friends, would suit our language admirably well, but is too long to be inserted in this essay. The Indians are soft and voluptuous, but artful and in-

sincere, at least to the Europeans, whom, to say the truth, they have had no great reason of late years to admire for the opposite virtues: but they are fond of poetry, which they learned from the Persians, and may, perhaps, before the close of the century, be as fond of a more formidable art, which they will learn from the English.

I must once more request, that, in bestowing these praises on the writings of Asia, I may not be thought to derogate from the merit of the Greek and Latin poems, which have justly been admired in every age; yet I cannot but think that our European poetry has subsisted too long on the perpetual repetition of the same images, and incessant allusions to the same fables; and it has been my endeavour for several years to inculcate this truth, "That, if the principal writings of the Asiatics, which are reposited in our public libraries, were printed with the usual advantage of notes and illustrations, and if the languages of the eastern nations were studied in our places of education, where every other branch of useful knowledge is taught to perfection, a new and ample field would be open for speculation; we should have a more extensive insight into the history of the human mind, we should be furnished with a new set of images and similitudes, and a number of excellent compositions would be brought to light, which future scholars might explain, and future poets might imitate."

ESSAY II.

ON THE ARTS, COMMONLY CALLED IMITATIVE.

It is the fate of those maxims, which have been thrown out by very eminent writers, to be received implicitly by most of their followers, and to be repeated a thousand times, for no other reason than because they once dropped from the pen of a superior genius: one of these is the assertion of Aristotle, that "all poetry consists in imitation," which has been so frequently echoed from author to author, that it would seem a kind of arrogance to controvert it; for almost all the philosophers and critics, who have written upon the subject of poetry, music, and painting, how little soever they may agree in some points, seem of one mind in considering them as arts merely imitative: yet it must be clear to any one, who examines what passes in his own mind, that he is affected by the finest poems, pieces of music, and pictures, upon a principle, which, whatever it be, is entirely distinct from imitation. M. le Batteux has attempted to prove that all the fine arts have a relation to this common principle of imitating: but, whatever be said of painting, it is probable, that poetry and music had a noble origin; and, if the first language of man was not both poetical and musical, it is certain, at least, that in countries, where no kind of imitation seems to be much admired, there are poets and musicians both by nature and by art: as in some Mahometan nations; where sculpture and painting are forbidden by the laws, where dramatic poetry of every sort is wholly unknown, yet, where the pleasing art, of expressing the passions in verse, and of enforcing that expression by melody, are cultivated to a degree of enthusiasm. It shall be my endeavour in this paper to prove, that, though poetry and music have, certainly, a power of imitating the manners of men, and several objects in nature, yet that their greatest effect is not produced by imitation, but by a very different principle; which must be sought for in the deepest recesses of the human mind.

To state the question properly, we must have a clear notion of what we mean by poetry and music; but we cannot give a precise definition of them, till we have made a few previous remarks on their origin, their relation to each other, and their difference.

It seems probable, then, that poetry was originally no more than a strong, and animated expression of the human passions, of joy and grief, love and hate, admiration and anger, sometimes pure and unmixed, sometimes variously modified and combined: for, if we observe the voice and accents of a person affected by any of the violent passions, we shall perceive something in them very nearly approaching to cadence and measure; which is remarkably the case in the language of a vehement orator, whose talent is chiefly conversant about praise or censure; and we may collect from several passages in Tully, that the fine speakers of old Greece and Rome, had a sort of rhythm in their sentences, less regular, but not less melodious, than that of the poets.

If this idea be just, one would suppose that the most ancient sort of poetry consisted in praising the Deity; for if we conceive a being, created with all his faculties and senses, endued with speech and reason, to open his eyes in a most delightful plain, to view for the first time the serenity of the sky, the splendour of the Sun, the verdure of the fields and woods, the glowing colours of the flowers, we can hardly believe it possible, that he should refrain from bursting into an ecstacy of joy, and pouring his praises to the creator of those wonders and the author of his happiness. This kind of poetry is used in all nations; but as it is the sublimest of all, when it is applied to its true object, so it has often been perverted to impious purposes by pagans and idolaters: every one knows that the dramatic poetry of the Europeans took its rise from the same spring, and was no more at first than a song in praise of Bacchus; so that the only species of poetical composition, (if we except the epic) which can in any sense be called imitative, was deduced from a natural emotion of the mind, in which imitation could not at all be concerned.

The next source of poetry was, probably, love, or the mutual inclination, which naturally subsists between the sexes, and is founded upon perception of beauty: hence arose the most agreeable odes, or love-songs, which we admire in the works of ancient lyric poets, not filled, like our sonnets and madrigals, with the insipid babble of conceits, and cupids, but simple, tender, natural; and full of such unaffected endearments, and natural complaints,

> Teneri sdegni, e placide e tranquille
> Repulse, e cari vezzi, e liete paci[1],

as we may suppose to have passed between the first lovers in a state of innocence, before the introduction of society, and the restraints, which

[1] Two lines of Tasso.

duced, had made the passion of love so fierce, and impetuous, as it is said to have been in Dido, and certainly was in Sappho, if we may take her own word for it [2].

The grief which the first inhabitants of the Earth must have felt at the death of their dearest friends, and relations, gave rise to another species of poetry, which originally, perhaps, consisted of short dirges, and was afterwards lengthened into elegies.

As soon as vice began to prevail in the world, it was natural for the wise and virtuous to express their detestation of it in the strongest manner, and to show their resentment against the corrupters of mankind: hence moral poetry was derived, which, at first, we find, was severe and passionate; but was gradually melted down into cool precepts of morality, or exhortations to virtue: we may reasonably conjecture that epic poetry had the same origin, and that the examples of heroes and kings were introduced, to illustrate some moral truth, by showing the loveliness and advantages of virtue, or the many misfortunes that flow from vice.

Where there is vice, which is detestable in itself, there must be hate, since "the strongest antipathy in nature," as Mr. Pope asserted in his writings, and proved by his whole life, "subsists between the good and the bad:" now this passion was the source of that poetry, which we call satire, very improperly and corruptly, since the satire of the Romans was no more than a moral piece, which they entitled Satura or Satyra [3], intimating, that the poem, like "a dish of fruit and corn offered to Ceres," contained a variety and plenty of fancies and figures; whereas the true invectives of the ancients were called Iambi, of which we have several examples in Catullus, and in the Epodes of Horace, who imitated the very measures and manner of Archilochus.

These are the principal sources of poetry; and of music also, as it shall be my endeavour to show: but it is first necessary to say a few words on the nature of sound; a very copious subject, which would require a long dissertation to be accurately discussed. Without entering into a discourse on the vibrations of chords, or the undulations of the air, it will be sufficient for our purpose to observe, that there is a great difference between a common sound, and a musical sound, which consists chiefly in this, that the former is simple and entire in itself like a point, while the latter is always accompanied with other sounds, without ceasing to be one; like a circle, which is an entire figure, though it is generated by a multitude of points flowing, at equal distances, round a common centre. These accessory sounds, which are caused by the aliquots of a sonorous body vibrating at once, are called harmonics, and the whole system of modern harmony depends upon them; though it were easy to prove that the system is unnatural, and only made tolerable to the ear by habit: for whenever we strike the perfect accord on a harpsichord or an organ, the harmonics of the third and fifth have also their own harmonics, which are dissonant from the principal note: these horrid dissonances are, indeed, almost overpowered by the natural harmonies of the principal chord; but that does not prove them agreeable. Since nature has given us a delightful harmony of her own, why should we destroy it by the additions of art? It is like thinking

> ——————— to paint the lily,
> And add a perfume to the violet.

Now let us conceive that some vehement passion is expressed in strong words, exactly measured, and pronounced, in a common voice, in just cadence, and with proper accents, such an expression of the passion will be genuine poetry; and the famous ode of Sappho is allowed to be so in the strictest sense; but if the same ode, with all its natural accents, were expressed in a musical voice, (that is, in sounds accompanied with their harmonics) if it were sung in due time and measure, in a simple and pleasing tune, that added force to the words without stifling them, it would then be pure and original music; not merely soothing to the ear, but affecting to the heart; not an imitation of nature, but the voice of nature herself. But there is another point in which music must resemble poetry, or it will lose a considerable part of its effect: we all must have observed, that a speaker, agitated with passion, or an actor, who is, indeed, strictly an imitator, are perpetually changing the tone and pitch of their voice, as the sense of their words varies: it may be worth while to examine how this variation is expressed in music. Every body knows that the musical scale consists of seven notes, above which we find a succession of similar sounds repeated in the same order, and above that, other successions, as far as they can be continued by the human voice, or distinguished by the human ear: now each of these seven sounds has no more meaning, when it is heard separately, than a single letter of the alphabet would have; and it is only by their succession, and their relation to one principal sound, that they take any rank in the scale; or differ from each other, except as they are graver, or more acute: but in the regular scale each interval assumes a proper character, and every note stands related to the first or principal one by various proportions. Now a series of sounds relating to one leading note is called a mode, or a tone, and, as there are twelve semitones in the scale, each of which may be made in its turn the leader of a mode, it follows that there are twelve modes; and each of them has a peculiar character, arising from the position of the modal note, and from some minute difference in the ratios, as of 81 to 80, or a comma; for there are some intervals, which cannot easily be rendered on our instruments, yet have a surprising effect in modulation, or in the transitions from one mode to another.

The modes of the ancients are said to have had a wonderful effect over the mind: and Plato, who permits the Dorian in his imaginary republic, on account of its calmness and gravity, excludes the Lydian, because of its languid, tender, and effeminate character: not that any series of mere sounds has a power of raising or soothing the passions, but each of these modes was appropriated to a particular kind of poetry, and a particular instrument; and the chief of them, as the Dorian, Phrygian,

[2] See the ode of Sappho quoted by Longinus, and translated by Boileau.

[3] Some Latin words were spelled either with an u or a y, as Sulla or Sylla.

Lydian, Ionian, Eolian, Locrian, belonging originally to the nations, from which they took their names: thus the Phrygian mode, which was ardent and impetuous, was usually accompanied with trumpets, and the Mixolydian, which, if we believe Aristoxenus, was invented by Sappho, was probably confined to the pathetic and tragic style: that these modes had a relation to poetry, as well as to music, appears from a fragment of Lasus, in which he says, "I sing of Ceres, and her daughter Meliboea, the consort of Pluto, in the Eolian mode, full of gravity;" and Pindar calls one of his odes an Eolian song. If the Greeks surpassed us in the strength of their modulations, we have an advantage over them in our minor scale, which supplies us with twelve new modes, where the two semitones are removed from their natural position between the third and fourth, the seventh and eighth notes, and placed between the second and third, the fifth and sixth; this change of the semitones, by giving a minor third to the modal note, softens the general expression of the mode, and adapts it admirably to subjects of grief and affliction: the minor mode of D is tender, that of C, with three flats, plaintive, and that of F, with four, pathetic and mournful to the highest degree, for which reason it was chosen by the excellent Pergolesi in his Stabat Mater. Now these twenty-four modes, artfully interwoven, and changed as often as the sentiment changes, may, it is evident, express all the variations in the voice of a speaker, and give an additional beauty to the accents of a poet. Consistently with the foregoing principles, we may define original and native poetry to be the language of the violent passions, expressed in exact measure, with strong accents and significant words; and true music to be no more than poetry, delivered in a succession of harmonious sounds, so disposed as to please the ear. It is in this view only that we must consider the music of the ancient Greeks, or attempt to account for its amazing effects, which we find related by the gravest historians, and philosophers; it was wholly passionate or descriptive, and so closely united to poetry, that it never obstructed, but always increased its influence; whereas our boasted harmony, with all its fine accords, and numerous parts, paints nothing, expresses nothing, says nothing to the heart, and consequently can only give more or less pleasure to one of our senses; and no reasonable man will seriously prefer a transitory pleasure, which must soon end in satiety, or even in disgust, to a delight of the soul, arising from sympathy, and founded on the natural passions, always lively, always interesting, always transporting. The old divisions of music into celestial and earthly, divine and human, active and contemplative, intellective and oratorial, were founded rather upon metaphors, and chimerical analogies, than upon any real distinctions in nature; but the want of making a distinction between music of mere sounds, and the music of the passions, has been the perpetual source of confusion and contradictions both among the ancients and the moderns: nothing can be more opposite in many points than the systems of Rameau and Tartini, one of whom asserts that melody springs from harmony, and the other deduces harmony from melody; and both are in the right, if the first speaks only of that music, which took its rise from "the multiplicity of sounds heard at once in the sonorous body," and the second, of that, which rose from "the accents and inflexions of the human voice, animated by the passions:"—"to decide," as Rousseau says, "whether of these two schools ought to have the preference, we need only ask a plain question, Was the voice made for the instruments, or the instruments for the voice?"

In defining what true poetry ought to be, according to our principles, we have described what it really was among the Hebrews, the Greeks and Romans, the Arabs and Persians. The lamentation of David, and his sacred odes, or psalms, the song of Solomon, the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the other inspired writers, are truly and strictly poetical; but what did David or Solomon imitate in their divine poems? A man, who is really joyful or afflicted, cannot be said to imitate joy or affliction. The lyric verses of Alcæus, Aleman, and Ibycus, the hymns of Callimachus, the elegy of Moschus on the death of Bion, are all beautiful pieces of poetry; yet Alcæus was no imitator of love, Callimachus was no imitator of religious awe and admiration, Moschus was no imitator of grief at the loss of an amiable friend. Aristotle himself wrote a very poetical elegy on the death of a man, whom he had loved; but it would be difficult to say what he imitated in it: "O Virtue, who proposest many labours to the human race, and art still the alluring object of our life; for thy charms, O beautiful goddess, it was always an envied happiness in Greece even to die, and to suffer the most painful, the most afflicting evils: such are the immortal fruits, which thou raisest in our minds; fruits, more precious than gold, more sweet than the love of parents, and soft repose: for thee Hercules the son of Jove, and the twins of Leda, sustained many labours, and by their illustrious actions sought thy favour; for love of thee, Achilles and Ajax descended to the mansion of Pluto; and, through a zeal for thy charms, the prince of Atarnea also was deprived of the Sun's light: therefore shall the Muses, daughters of memory, render him immortal for his glorious deeds, whenever they sing the god of hospitality, and the honours due to a lasting friendship."

In the preceding collection of poems there are some eastern fables, some odes, a panegyric, and an elegy; yet it does not appear to me, that there is the least imitation in either of them: Petrarch was, certainly, too deeply affected with real grief, and the Persian poet was too sincere a lover, to imitate the passions of others. As to the rest, a fable in verse is no more an imitation than a fable in prose; and if every poetical narrative, which describes the manners, and relates the adventures of men, be called imitative, every romance, and even every history, must be called so likewise; since many poems are only romances, or parts of history, told in regular measure.

What has been said of poetry, may with equal force be applied to music, which is poetry dressed to advantage; and even to painting, many sorts of which are poems to the eye, as all poems, merely descriptive, are pictures to the ear: and this way of considering them will set the refinements of modern artists in their true light; for the passions, which were given by nature, never spoke in an unnatural form, and no man, truly affected with love or grief, ever expressed the one in an acrostic, or the other in a fugue: these remains, therefore, of

the false taste, which prevailed in the dark ages, should be banished from this, which is enlightened with a just one.

It is true, that some kinds of painting are strictly imitative, as that which is solely intended to represent the human figure and countenance; but it will be found, that those pictures have always the greatest effect, which represent some passion, as the martyrdom of St. Agnes by Domenichino, and the various representations of the Crucifixion by the finest masters of Italy; and there can be no doubt, but that the famous sacrifice of Iphigenia by Timanthes was affecting to the highest degree; which proves, not that painting cannot be said to imitate, but that its most powerful influence over the mind arises, like that of the other arts, from sympathy.

It is asserted also that descriptive poetry, and descriptive music, as they are called, are strict imitations, but, not to insist that mere description is the meanest part of both arts, if indeed it belongs to them at all, it is clear, that words and sounds have no kind of resemblance to visible objects: and what is an imitation, but a resemblance of some other thing? Besides, no unprejudiced hearer will say that he finds the smallest traces of imitation in the numerous fugues, counterfugues, and divisions, which rather disgrace than adorn the modern music: even sounds themselves are imperfectly imitated by harmony, and, if we sometimes hear the murmuring of a brook, or the chirping of birds in a concert, we are generally apprised beforehand of the passages, where we may expect them. Some eminent musicians, indeed, have been absurd enough to think of imitating laughter and other noises, but, if they had succeeded, they could not have made amends for their want of taste in attempting it; for such ridiculous imitations must necessarily destroy the spirit and dignity of the finest poems, which they ought to illustrate by a graceful and natural melody. It seems to me, that, as those parts of poetry, music, and painting, which relate to the passions, affect by sympathy, so those, which are merely descriptive, act by a kind of substitution, that is, by raising in our minds, affections, or sentiments, analogous to those, which arise in us, when the respective objects in nature are presented to our senses. Let us suppose that a poet, a musician, and a painter, are striving to give their friend, or patron, a pleasure similar to that, which he feels at the sight of a beautiful prospect. The first will form an agreeable assemblage of lively images, which he will express in smooth and elegant verses of a sprightly measure; he will describe the most delightful objects and will add to the graces of his description a certain delicacy of sentiment, and a spirit of cheerfulness. The musician, who undertakes to set the words of the poet, will select some mode, which, on his violin, has the character of mirth and gaiety, as the Eolian, or E flat, which he will change as the sentiment is varied; he will express the words in a simple and agreeable melody, which will not disguise, but embellish them, without aiming at any fugue, or figured harmony: he will use the bass, to mark the modulation more strongly, especially in the changes; and he will place the tenour generally in unison with the bass, to prevent too great a distance between the parts: in the symphony he will, above all things, avoid a double melody, and will apply his variations only to some accessory ideas, which the principal part, that is, the voice, could not easily express: he will not make a number of useless repetitions, because the passions only repeat the same expressions, and dwell upon the same sentiments, while description can only represent a single object by a single sentence. The painter will describe all visible objects more exactly than his rivals, but he will fall short of the other artists in a very material circumstance: namely, that his pencil, which may indeed, express a simple passion, but cannot paint a thought, or draw the shades of sentiment: he will, however, finish his landscape with grace and elegance; his colours will be rich, and glowing; his perspective striking; and his figures will be disposed with an agreeable variety, but not with confusion: above all, he will diffuse over his whole piece such a spirit of liveliness and festivity, that the beholder shall be seized with a kind of rapturous delight, and, for a moment, mistake art for nature.

Thus will each artist gain his end, not by imitating the works of nature, but by assuming her power, and causing the same effect upon the imagination, which her charms produce to the senses: this must be the chief object of a poet, a musician, and a painter, who know that great effects are not produced by minute details, but by the general spirit of the whole piece, and that a gaudy composition may strike the mind for a short time, but that the beauties of simplicity are both more delightful, and more permanent.

As the passions are differently modified in different men, and as even the various objects in nature affect our minds in various degrees, it is obvious, that there must be a great diversity in the pleasure which we receive from the fine arts, whether that pleasure arises from sympathy, or substitution; and that it were a wild notion in artists to think of pleasing every reader, hearer, or beholder; since every man has a particular set of objects, and a particular inclination, which direct him in the choice of his pleasures, and induce him to consider the productions, both of nature and of art, as more or less elegant, in proportion as they give him a greater or smaller degree of delight: this does not at all contradict the opinion of many able writers, that "there is one uniform standard of taste;" since the passions, and, consequently, sympathy, are generally the same in all men, till they are weakened by age, infirmity, or other causes.

If the arguments, used in this essay, have any weight, it will appear, that the finest parts of poetry, music, and painting, are expressive of the passions, and operate on our minds by sympathy; that the inferior parts of them are descriptive of natural objects, and affect us chiefly by substitution; that the expressions of love, pity, desire, and the tender passions, as well as the descriptions of objects that delight the senses, produce in the arts what we call the beautiful; but that hate, anger, fear, and the terrible passions, as well as objects, which are unpleasing to the senses, are productive of the sublime, when they are aptly expressed, or described.

These subjects might be pursued to infinity; but, if they were amply discussed, it would be necessary to write a series of dissertations, instead of an essay.

THE

POEMS

OF

JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

Vol. XVIII.

THE

LIFE OF DR. JAMES BEATTIE.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

DR. BEATTIE[1] was born at Laurencekirk, in the county of Kincardine, Scotland, on the 25th day of October 1735. His father, who was a farmer of no considerable rank, is said to have had a turn for reading and for versifying: but, as he died in 1742, when his son James was only seven years of age, could have had no great share in forming his mind.

James was sent early to the only school his birth-place afforded, where he passed his time under the instructions of a tutor named Milne, whom he used to represent "as a good grammarian, and tolerably skilled in the Latin language, but destitute of taste as well as of some other qualifications essential to a good teacher." He is said to have preferred Ovid as a school-author, whom Mr. Beattie afterwards gladly exchanged for Virgil. Virgil he had been accustomed to read with great delight in Ogilvy's and Dryden's translations, as he did Homer in that of Pope; and these, with Thomson's Seasons and Milton's Paradise Lost, of all which he was very early fond, probably gave him that taste for poetry which he afterwards cultivated with so much success. He was already, according to his biographer, inclined to making verses, and among his school fellows went by the name of The Poet.

At this school he made great proficiency by unremitting diligence, which he was sensible was the only stock he could command; and appeared to much advantage on his entering Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1749, where he obtained the first of those bursaries or exhibitions left for the use of students whose parents are unable to support the entire expenses of academical education. Here he first studied Greek, under Principal Thomas Blackwell, author of the Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer; Letters concerning Mythology; and Memoirs of the Court of Augustus, a teacher who, with much of the austerity of pedantry, was kind to his diligent

[1] The principal part of this memorial was drawn up in 1803 for an edition of Dr. Beattie's poems published by Mr. Mawman, and it afforded the editor no small pleasure to find that it coincided in the leading facts and opinions with the more elaborate and valuable Life since published by sir William Forbes, while his long personal acquaintance with Dr. Beattie enabled him to add a few particulars which had escaped that biographer. *C.*

scholars, and found in Mr. Beattie a disposition worthy of cultivation and of patronage. In the following year he bestowed on him the premium for the best Greek analysis, which happened to be part of the fourth book of the Odyssey, and at the close of the session 1749-50, he gave him a book elegantly bound, with the following inscription: "Jacobo Beattie, in prima classe, ex comitatu Mernensi[2], post examen publicum librum hunc ἀριστευοντι, premium dedit T. Blackwell, Aprilis 3, MDCCL." The other professor, with whom Mr. Beattie was particularly connected, was the late Dr. Alexander Gerard, author of the Genius and Evidences of Christianity; Essays on Taste and Genius; and other works. Under these gentlemen our author's proficiency, both at college and during the vacations, was very exemplary, and he accumulated a much more various stock of general knowledge than is usual with young men whose ultimate destination is the church. The delicacy of his health requiring amusement, he found as he supposed, all that amusement can give in cultivating his musical talents, which were very considerable. But there is reason to think that his hours of relaxation were too few, and that the earnestness with which he dissuaded his son from excessive study, arose from his repenting that he had not paid more attention to the exercises which promote health.

The only science in which he made no extraordinary proficiency, and to which he even seemed to have a dislike, was mathematics. In this, indeed, he performed the requisite tasks, but was eager to return to subjects of taste, or general literature. In every other branch of academical study, he never was satisfied with what he learned within the walls of the college. His private reading was extensive and various, and it was with him as it appears to have been with almost every man of learning, of whom we have had a minute account; that he became insensibly partial to the cultivation of those branches on which his future celebrity was to depend.

In 1753, having gone through every preparatory course of study, he took the degree of master of arts, the only one attainable by students (except of medicine) in any of the universities of Scotland. The first degree of bachelor is not known, and that of doctor of laws or divinity is usually bestowed on application, at any time of life after leaving college, without the necessity of keeping terms. Mr. Beattie, therefore, had now technically finished his education, and had a profession to seek. He had hitherto been supported by the generous kindness of an elder brother; but he was anxious to exonerate his family from any farther burden. With this laudable view, there being a vacancy for the office of school-master and parish-clerk, to the parish of Fordoun, adjoining to Laurencekirk, he accepted the appointment August 1, 1753. There can be no doubt that he performed the duties of this situation with punctuality, but it was neither suited to his disposition, nor advantageous to his progress in life. The emoluments were very scanty, the site remote and obscure; and there was nothing in it to excite emulation, or gratify the ambition which a young man, conscious as he must have been of superior powers and knowledge, might indulge without presumption. He obtained in this place, however, a few friends, particularly lord Gardenstown, and lord Monboddo, who honoured him with encouraging notice; and his imagination was delighted by the beautiful and sublime scenery of the place, which he appears to have contemplated with the eye of a poet. His leisure hours he employed on some poetical

[2] "The Mearns," the vernacular name for the county of Kincardine. *C.*

attempts, which, as they were published in the Scots Magazine, with his initials, and sometimes with his place of abode, must have contributed to make him yet better known and respected. There are few introductions into life more successful than a pleasing or popular poem; and, indeed, any literary production from an obscure part of the country is generally considered as a phenomenon. These poems attracted the more attention that they happened to be dated from a village little known, and written by a man never heard of.

The church of Scotland was at this time the usual resource of well educated young men, and with their academical stores in full memory, there were few difficulties to be surmounted before their entrance on the sacred office. Although this church presents no temptations to ambition, Mr. Beattie appears to have regarded it as the only means by which he could obtain an independent rank in life; and with his diligence, was confident that the transition from the studies of philosophy and ethics to that of divinity would be easy. He returned, therefore, during the winter to Marischal College, and attended the divinity lectures of Dr. Robert Pollock, of that college, and of professor John Lumsden, of King's, and performed the exercises required by the rules of both. One of his fellow-students informed sir William Forbes, that during their attendance at the divinity-hall, he heard Mr. Beattie deliver a discourse, which met with much commendation, but of which it was remarked by the audience, that he spoke poetry in prose.

While the church seemed his only prospect, and one which, I have been told, he never contemplated with satisfaction, although few young men lived a more pious and regular life, there occurred in 1757, a vacancy for one of the masters of the grammar school of Aberdeen, a situation of considerable importance in all respects. This school, which is a public foundation, is conducted by a rector, or head master, and three subordinate masters; the whole is in the patronage of the magistrates of the city, who are, however, governed in their choice by the issue of a very severe trial of the candidate's ability, carried on by the professors of the university. On this occasion, Mr. Beattie was advised to become a candidate; but he was diffident of his qualifications, and did not think himself so retentive of the grammatical niceties of the Latin language as to be able to answer readily any question that might be put to him by older and more experienced judges. In every part of life, it may be here observed, Mr. Beattie appears to have formed an exact estimate of his own talents; and in the present instance he failed just where he expected to fail, rather in the circumstancial than the essential requisites for the situation to which he aspired. The other candidate was accordingly preferred. But Mr. Beattie's attempt was attended with so little loss of reputation, that a second vacancy occurring a few months after, and two candidates appearing both unqualified for the office, it was presented to him by the magistrates in the most handsome manner, without the form of a trial, and he immediately entered upon it in June 1758. He was now in the midst of literary society, and had easy access to books, and his conversation-talents, it is yet remembered, daily increased the number of his friends. His emoluments were not great, but his situation had a consequence in the opinion of the public, which to so young a man was not a little flattering.

He had not been long an usher at this school before he published a volume of poems. An author's first appearance is always an important era. Mr. Beattie's was certainly attended with circumstances that are not now common. This volume was

announced to the public in a more humble manner than the present state of literature is thought to demand in similar cases. On the 18th of March 1760, not the volume itself, but Proposals for printing original Poems and Translations, were issued. The poems appeared accordingly on Feb. 16, 1761, and were published both in London and Edinburgh. They consisted partly of originals, and partly of the pieces formerly printed in the Scots Magazine, but altered and corrected, a practice which Mr. Beattie carried almost to excess in all his poetical works [3].

The praise bestowed on this volume was very flattering. The English critics, who then bestowed the rewards of literature, considered it as an acquisition to the republic of letters, and pronounced that since Mr. Gray (whom in their opinion Mr. Beattie had chosen for his model) they had not met with a poet of more harmonious numbers, more pleasing imagination, or more spirited expression [4]. This verdict they endeavoured to confirm by extracts from the Ode to Peace, and the Triumph of Melancholy. But notwithstanding praises which so evidently tended to give a currency to the poems, and which were probably repeated with eagerness by the friends who had encouraged the publication, the author, upon more serious consideration, was so dissatisfied with this volume as to destroy every copy he could procure, and I have been assured by many of his oldest friends that they have in vain endeavoured to obtain a sight of it [5]. Nor was this a sudden or splenetic humour in our author. Some years after, when his taste and judgment became fully matured, he refused to acknowledge above four of them, namely Retirement, Ode to Hope, Elegy on a Lady, and the Hares, and these he almost re-wrote before he would permit them to be printed with the Minstrel.

But notwithstanding the lowly opinion of the author, these poems during their first circulation, which was chiefly in manuscript, contributed so much to the general reputation he had acquired, that he was considered as an honour to his country, and deserving of a higher rank among her favoured sons. Accordingly a vacancy happening in Marischal College, his friends made such earnest applications in his behalf, that in September 1760 he was appointed by his late majesty's patent professor of philosophy. His department in this honourable office extended to moral philosophy and logic; and it added, in his mind, a very affecting importance to it, that his was the last course of instruction previous to the students leaving college, and dispersing themselves in the world.

This promotion was sudden and unexpected; and it may be supposed that a youth of twenty-five must be ill prepared to give a course of lectures, and a train of instruction on subjects which have been but imperfectly treated by veteran philosophers. Yet it is evident from his printed works, that most of the subjects which belong to his province, had been familiarized to him by a long course of reading and thinking, and that he had very early accustomed himself to composition; and it is highly probable that he brought into the professor's chair such a mass of materials as might with very little trouble be moulded into shape for his immediate purpose. It is certain, however, that such was his diligence, and such his love of these studies, that within a few year

[3] The translations were from Virgil's Pastorals, the twenty-second Ode of Anacreon, Invocation to Venus from Lucretius, and two Odes of Horace. These he afterwards totally discarded, but they are now added to his other pieces. *C.*

[4] Monthly Review, vol. xxiv. 1761. *C.*

[5] He never spoke of it to his son, and seems to think he had never seen it. *C.*

was not only enabled to deliver an admirable course of lectures on moral philosophy and logic, but also to prepare for the press those works on which his fame rests; all of which, there is some reason to think, were written, or nearly written, before he gave the world the result of his philosophical studies in the celebrated Essay on Truth. It may be added likewise, that the rank he had now attained in the university entitled him to associate more upon a level with Reid and with Campbell, with Gerard and with Gregory, men whose opinions were in many points congenial, and who have all been hailed by the sister country among the revivers of Scotch literature. Yet their names, it is gratifying to recollect, are but a small part of that catalogue which has, in less than half a century, dispelled national prejudice, and has left none of the effects of comparison except a generous and beneficial emulation. With the gentlemen already mentioned, and a few others, he formed a society, or club, for the discussion of literary and philosophical subjects. A part of their entertainment was the reading a short essay, composed by each member in his turn. It is supposed that the works of Reid, Campbell, Beattie, Gregory and Gerard, or at least the outlines of them, were first discussed in this society, either in the form of essays, or of a question for familiar conversation.

In 1765 Mr. Beattie published The Judgment of Paris, a poem, in 4to. Its design was to prove that virtue alone is capable of affording a gratification adequate to our whole nature, the pursuits of ambition or sensuality promising only partial happiness, as being adapted not to our whole constitution, but only to a part of it. So simple a position seems to require the graces of poetry to set it off. The reception of this poem however was unfavourable, and although he added it to a new edition of his poems in 1766, yet it was never again reprinted, and even his biographer has declined reviving its memory by an extract. To this edition of 1766, he added a poem On the talk of erecting a Monument to Churchill in Westminster Hall, which, sir Wm. Forbes says, was first published separately and without a name. That it was printed separately, I am informed on undoubted authority, but I question if it was ever published for sale unless in the above mentioned edition of his poems. The asperity with which these lines are marked, induced his biographer, contrary to his first intention, to omit them, but they are now added to his other poems [6].

Although Mr. Beattie had now acquired a station in which his talents were displayed with great advantage, and commanded a very high degree of respect, the publication of the Essay on Truth was the great era of his life; for this work carried his fame far beyond all local bounds and local partialities. It is not, however, necessary to enter minutely into the history of a work so well known. Its professed intention was to trace the several kinds of evidence and reasoning up to their first principles, with a view to ascertain the standard of truth, and explain its immutability. He endeavours to show that his sentiments, however inconsistent with the genius of scepticism, and with

[6] "In the autumn of the year 1765, Mr. Gray came to Scotland on a visit to the late earl of Strathmore. Dr. Beattie, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Gray, as soon as he heard of his arrival, addressed to him a letter, which procured him an invitation to Glammis castle, and this led to a friendship and correspondence between these two eminent poets and amiable men, which continued without interruption, till the death of Mr. Gray." Sir Wm. Forbes, vol. i. p. 70. In the same year he became acquainted with his biographer, who has, by the Life of Beattie, raised a monument to the excellence of his own character scarcely inferior to that he intended for his friend. &c.

the practice and principles of sceptical writers, were yet perfectly consistent with the genius of true philosophy, and with the practice and principles of those whom all acknowledge to have been the most successful in the investigation of truth; and he concludes with some inferences or rules, by which the most important fallacies of the sceptical philosophy may be detected by every person of common sense, even though he should not possess acuteness of metaphysical knowledge sufficient to qualify him for a logical confutation of them.

When this work was completed, so many difficulties occurred in procuring it to be published, that his friends sir William Forbes and Mr. Arbuthnot were obliged to become the purchasers, unknown to him, at a price with which they thought he would be satisfied. Sir William accordingly wrote to him that the manuscript was sold for fifty guineas, as the price of the first edition. So little of the spirit of enterprise was then among the booksellers; and, it may be added, such was the slender opinion of the author himself, that in a very grateful letter addressed to his friends, he says that "the price really exceeded his warmest expectations."

The first edition of this Essay was published in an octavo volume in 1770, and bought up with such avidity that a second was called for, and published in the following year. The interval was short, but as the work had excited the public attention in an extraordinary degree, the result of public opinion had reached the author's ear, and to this second edition he added a postscript, in vindication of a certain degree of warmth of which he had been accused, but which in our opinion does not appear, either in with-holding justice from his adversaries, or in treating them with a language unbecoming the importance of the subject. He engaged in no personal controversy, and except for Hume, could not be supposed to entertain any personal regard for the writers whose sophistry he endeavoured to expose. This postscript, however, is highly valuable on many accounts. It may be read detached from the work, and read with advantage. It is not only one of the most elegant specimens of writing in our language, but a more faithful summary of the general conduct and artifices of modern sceptics than we have any where seen; and it contains a prediction of the consequences of scepticism on the happiness of mankind, which all who have lived to witness infidelity let loose upon an infatuated nation, without limitation and without punishment, must acknowledge to be true in every respect.

The Essay on Truth, whatever objections were made to it, and it met with very few public opponents[7], had a more extensive circulation than probably any work of the kind ever published. This may be partly attributed to the charms of that popular style in which the author conveyed his sentiments on subjects which his adversaries had artfully disguised in a metaphysical jargon, the meaning of which they could vary at pleasure; but the eagerness with which it was bought up and read, arose chiefly from the just praise bestowed upon it by the most distinguished friends of religion and learning in Great Britain. With many of these, of high rank both in church and state, the author had the pleasing satisfaction of dating his acquaintance from the

[7] The principal publication was Dr. Priestley's Examination of Dr. Reid on the Human Mind; Dr. Beattie on the Nature and Immutability of Truth; and Dr. Oswald's Appeal to common Sense, Oct. 1775. Dr. Priestley prefers the system of Dr. Hartley, which he was then endeavouring to introduce; but the flippant and sarcastic style he assumed on this occasion was disapproved even by his own friends. C.

publication of this work. There appeared, indeed, in the public in general an honourable wish to grace the triumph of sound reasoning over pernicious sophistry. Hence in less than four years five large editions of the Essay were sold [8], and it was translated into several foreign languages, and attracted the notice of many eminent persons in France, Germany, Holland, Italy, and other parts of the continent.

Among other marks of respect, the university of Oxford conferred the degree of [9] doctor of laws on the author, and on his second arrival in London he was most graciously received by his majesty, who not only bestowed a pension on him, but admitted him to the honour of a private conference. Many years after, when Dr. Beattie went to pay his respects to his majesty, he was still received with every mark of royal condescension and kindness. In the last, or nearly the last conversation I enjoyed with him, he observed how much he was always surprised with the intelligent remarks and intimate knowledge which his majesty displayed, not only on general topics of national literature, but even the minute history of what was going on at the Scotch universities.

It was in July 1771 that Dr. Beattie first visited London, and commenced a personal acquaintance with men of the first eminence, with lord Mansfield and lord Lyttelton, Drs. Hurd, Porteus, Johnson, Mr. Burke, and, indeed, the whole of the literary society whose conversations have been so pleasantly detailed by Mr. Boswell; and returned to Scotland with a mind elevated and cheered by the praise, the kindness, and the patronage of the good and great. It was, however, on his second visit to London, in 1773, that he received his degree from Oxford, and those honours from his majesty, which we anticipated as a direct, though not an immediate consequence of the services he rendered to his country by the publication of the Essay on Truth. His conversation with his majesty is detailed at some length by himself in a Diary, published by sir William Forbes.

Soon after this visit to London he was solicited by a very flattering proposal sent through the hands of Dr. Porteus, to enter into the church of England. A similar offer had been made some time before by the archbishop of York, but declined. It was now renewed with more importunity, and produced from him the important reasons which obliged him still to decline an offer which he could not but consider as "great and generous." By these reasons, communicated in a letter to Dr. Porteus, we find that he was apprehensive of the injury that might be done to the cause he had espoused, if his enemies should have any ground for asserting that he had written his Essay on Truth, with a view to promotion: and he was likewise of opinion, that it might have the appearance of levity and insincerity, and even of want of principle, were he to quit, without any other *apparent* motive than that of bettering his circumstances, the church of which he had hitherto been a member. Other reasons he assigned, on this occasion, of some, but less weight, all which prevailed on his friends to withdraw any farther solicitation, while they honoured the motives by which he was influenced. In the same year he refused the offer of a professor's chair in the

[8] The first appeared in May 1770, the second April 1771, the third in 1772, the fourth, Jan. 1773 and the fifth Feb. 1774. *C.*

[9] I believe he had received this honour some time before from King's College, Aberdeen. He was afterwards chosen member of the Zealand Society of Arts and Sciences, and of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, and was a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. *C.*

university of Edinburgh, considering his present situation as best adapted to his habits and to his usefulness, and apprehending that the formation of a new society of friends might not be so easy or agreeable in a place where the enemies of his principles were numerous. To some of his friends, however, these reasons did not appear very convincing

Although Mr. Beattie had apparently withdrawn his claims as a poet, by cancelling as many copies of his juvenile attempts as he could procure, he was not so inconscious of his admirable talents, as to relinquish what was an early and favourite pursuit, and in which he had probably passed some of his most delightful hours. A few months after the appearance of the Essay on Truth, he published the first book of the Minstrel, in 4to, but without his name. By this omission, the poem was examined with all that rigour of criticism which may be expected in the case of a work, for which the author's name can neither afford protection or apology. He was accordingly praised for having adopted the measure of Spenser, because he had the happy enthusiasm of that writer to support and render it agreeable; but objections were made to the limitation of his plan to the profession of the Minstrel, when so much superior interest might be excited by carrying him on through the practice of it. It was objected, also, that the sentiment of the first stanza appeared too close a copy from a passage in Gray's celebrated Elegy; and several lines were pointed out as unequal, and inconsistent with the general measure, or with the dignity of the subject.

These objections appear to have coincided with the author's re-consideration: and he not only adopted various alterations recommended by his friends, particularly Mr. Gray, but introduced others, which made the subsequent editions of this poem far more perfect than the first. Of the original preface he retained so little, that an exact copy of it may not be unacceptable to our readers, as the old editions of the Minstrel are become very rare.

"The first hint of this performance was suggested by Dr. Percy's ingenious Essay on the English Minstrels, prefixed to his first volume of Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

"My design was to trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude and illiterate age, from the first dawnings of fancy and reason, till that period in which he may be supposed capable of supporting the character of a Minstrel, that is, of an itinerant poet and musician—a character which, according to the notions of our forefathers, was not only respectable but sacred. A poetical illustration of such a subject seemed to promise variety of amusement, and even some topics of instruction both moral and philosophical. Perhaps I mistook it, as well as my own abilities: however, in making a trial there could not be much harm. My friends are pleased with what I have done; but, as they cannot entirely acquit themselves of partiality, advise me to lay a specimen before the public.

"The pursuits and amusements of the Minstrel's childhood and early youth are described in this first book; which, if the title were altered, and a few phrases struck out that refer to a sequel, might perhaps be considered as a sort of whole by itself. The incidents that qualify him for his profession, and determine him to enter upon it, will furnish materials for the books that are to follow. If this be honoured with the public approbation, I shall think it has merit sufficient to justify my bestowing some time in finishing what remains, which is already in great forwardness. Should it be

unsuccessful, I will, with no great concern, relinquish a scheme which cannot be completed without such expense of time and thought as a person in my way of life cannot easily spare. If, as the critics tell us, the chief end of poetry is to please, surely the man who writes verses with some inconvenience to himself, and without any pleasure to the public, spends his time to very little purpose.

"I have endeavoured to imitate Spenser, not in his allegory or antiquated dialect, which, though graceful in him, appear sometimes awkward in modern writers, but in the measure and harmony of his verse, and in the simplicity and variety of his composition. All antiquated expressions I have studiously avoided; admitting, however, some old words, where they seemed peculiarly suitable to the subject; but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree unintelligible to a reader of English poetry.

"To those who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems from its gothic structure and original to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the couplet, and something too of the diversified cadence and complicated modulation of blank verse. What some of our critics have remarked of its uniformity growing at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true only when the poetry is faulty in other respects."

The Minstrel, however, in its first form, contained so many passages of genuine poetry, the poetry of nature and of feeling, and was so eagerly applauded by those whose right of opinion was incontestible, that it soon ran through four editions; and in 1774 the author produced the second book. This, although of a more philosophical cast, and less luxurious in those descriptions which appeal to every heart, yet contained such noble imagery, and so many proofs of the "lively, plastic imagination," as to place the author in the first rank of modern poets. As the success of the second book was not inferior to that of the first, it was the general wish that the author would fulfil his promise by completing the interesting subject, but the increasing business of education, the cares of a family, and the state of his health, originally delicate, and never robust, deprived him of the time and thought which he considered as requisite. In 1777, however, he was induced to publish the two parts of the Minstrel together, and to add a few of his juvenile poems. In his advertisement he informs us, that "they are all of which he is willing to be considered as the author." Some poems about this time had been ascribed to him which he never wrote; and those pieces which he wished to consign to oblivion, had been published by persons who hoped to profit by the now established fame of the author [10].

During the preceding year, 1776, he prepared for the press a new edition of the Essay on Truth, in a more splendid form than it had hitherto appeared in, and attended with circumstances of public esteem which were very flattering. These will be best understood in his own modest advertisement.

"About three years ago some persons of distinction in England, who had honoured me with their friendship, were pleased to express a desire that the Essay on Truth

[10] In 1780 a spurious edition appeared of his Juvenile Poems, with some which he never wrote, from Dodsley's Collection. This volume he disowned in a public advertisement. Even the publishers' names were spurious. *C.*

should be printed in a more splendid form than that in which it had hitherto appeared; and so as to ensure profit, as well as honour, to the author. And the proprietors of the copyright, being at the same time applied to, declare their willingness to permit an edition to be printed for his advantage, on his agreeing to certain terms, which were thought reasonable.

"It was then proposed that a new edition of the Essay should be printed in quarto by subscription. To this the author had some objections; he was apprehensive that the size of that work might be inadequate to such a purpose. Besides, to publish in this manner a book which had already gone through two or three editions, seemed hazardous, because unprecedented; and might to those who were uninformed of the affair, give ground to suspect the author of an infirmity, which no person who knows him will ever lay to his charge, an excessive love of money.

"It was answered, that the volume might be extended to a sufficiency of size, by printing, along with that on Truth, some other Essays, which, though not originally designed for the press, his friends, who had seen them, were pleased to think not unworthy of it; and that the proposed subscription, being of a peculiar kind, should be conducted in a peculiar manner. 'It shall never,' said the promoters of the undertaking, 'be committed to booksellers, nor made public by advertisements: nobody shall be solicited to join in it; we, by ourselves and our friends, shall carry it on, without giving you any further trouble, than just to signify your consent, and prepare your materials; and if there be, as we have reason to think there are, many persons of worth and fortune who wish for such an opportunity as this will afford them, to testify their approbation of you and your writings, it would seem capricious in you to deprive them of that satisfaction, and yourself of so great an honour.'

"To a proposal so uncommonly generous the author could not refuse his consent, without giving himself airs which would not have become him. He therefore thankfully acquiesced, &c."

The subscription money was a guinea, but I am not certain that subscribers were limited to that sum. The list of subscribers amounted to four hundred and seventy-six names of men and women of the first rank in life, and of all the distinguished literary characters of the time. The copies subscribed for amounted to seven hundred and thirty-two, so that no inconsiderable sum must have accrued in this delicate manner to the author. Dr. Beattie was by no means rich; his pension was only two hundred pounds, and the annual amount of his professorship, I have reason to think, never reached that sum.

The Essays added to this volume, and which he afterwards printed separately in octavo, were on Poetry and Music: on Laughter and ludicrous Composition; and on the Utility of Classical Learning. They were written many years before publication, and besides being read in the private literary society already mentioned, had been submitted to the judgment of his learned friends in England, who recommended them to the press. In ordinary cases this advice has no value, because it is a matter of course; but Dr. Beattie could have easily discerned flattery had it been offered him, and was too good a critic to be deceived by the common-place returns to such applications. His friends, however, in this instance, only anticipated the praises of a more numerous class, to whom his Essays appeared to discover a taste and style, formed and improved on the chastest models, and remarkable for elegance, correctness, and sound

judgment. The first, which was written in 1762, when the author had only reached his twenty-seventh year, evinces a great fund of reading, and such acquaintance with antient and modern learning, and such discrimination in objects of criticism, as are rarely found in persons of that age. He is particularly happy in his illustrations; and as he had no new theories to advance, and no paradoxes to catch applause at the expence of established truths, perhaps there are few books that may with more safety be placed in the hands of a young man to regulate his taste, and direct him in the study of polite literature. This opinion, which belongs more particularly to the first two of these Essays, may yet be applied to the third, where we have an important question in education discussed with logical precision, and with a force of argument which it will be difficult to answer. It is, however, still more pleasing to remark, that in these as well as in his next work, he never fails to introduce into questions of taste allusions to those subjects of piety and morals, of which, as a teacher of youth, he never lost sight, and was eager to inculcate.

For the frequent introduction of practical and serious observations, he offers a satisfactory reason in the preface to Dissertations Moral and Critical, on Memory and Imagination; on Dreaming; the Theory of Language; on Fable and Romance; on the Attachments of Kindred; and Illustrations on Sublimity, 4to, 1783. These, he informs us, were at first composed in a different form, being part of a course of prelections read to those young gentlemen whom it was his business to initiate in the elements of moral science; and he disclaims any nice metaphysical theories, or other matters of doubtful disputation, as not suiting his ideas of moral teaching. Nor was this the disgust of a metaphysician "retired from business." He had ever been of the same opinion. In a letter to his friend Gray, dated March 30, 1767, he says, "It is a fault common to almost all our Scotch authors, that they are too metaphysical. I wish they would learn to speak more to the heart and less to the understanding; but alas! this is a talent which Heaven only can bestow; whereas a philosophical spirit (as we call it) is merely artificial, and level with the capacity of every man who has much patience, a little learning, and no taste." Dr. Beattie's aim was, indeed, in all his lectures, "to inure young minds to habits of attentive observation; to guard them against the influence of bad principles; and to set before them such views of nature, and such plain and practical truths, as may at once improve the heart and the understanding, and amuse and elevate the fancy [11]."

Of these Essays, the preference has been generally given to those on Memory and Imagination, and on Fable and Romance, and on the Theory of Language. In re-publishing the latter separately for the use of seminaries of education, he complied

[11] Cowper's praise of this volume is too valuable to be omitted—"Beattie, the most agreeable and amiable writer I ever met with; the only author I have seen whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination, that makes even the driest subject, and the leanest, a feast for an epicure in books. He is so much at his ease too, that his own character appears in every page, and, which is very rare, we see not only the writer but the man; and the man so gentle, so well tempered, so happy in his religion, and so humane in his philosophy, that it is necessary to love him, if one has any sense of what is lovely." Hayley's Life of Cowper, vol. iii. p. 247.—In a letter I received from Dr. Beattie, a few weeks before the appearance of the Dissertations, he says, "I am very doubtful of their success, very doubtful, indeed; however it is now too late to perplex myself on that head: a great deal is added, and a very great deal corrected since I ——— to have you in my little auditory." *C.*

with the wish of many readers and critics. In all these Essays, his elegant and pertinent remarks, forcible illustrations, and occasional anecdotes and digressions, afford a variety and pleasure in the perusal which are rarely to be expected from the discussion of such subjects, when the writer's object is to surprise by paradoxical assertions, and, at whatever expense of truth and sense, to obtain the praise due to original theory.

During a visit to the metropolis in 1784, Dr. Beattie submitted to the present bishop of London, with whose friendship he had long been honoured, a part of a work which at that excellent prelate's desire he published in 1786, entitled Evidences of the Christian Religion briefly and plainly stated, 2 vols. 12mo. This likewise formed part of his concluding lectures to his class, and he generally dictated an abstract of it to them in the course of the session. From a work of this kind and on a subject which had employed the pens of the greatest and best English writers, much novelty was not to be expected, nor in its original form was any novelty intended. It must be allowed, however, that he has placed many of the arguments for the evidences of Christianity in a very striking and persuasive light, and it is not too much to suppose that if he could have devoted more time and study to a complete review and arrangement of what had, or might be advanced on these evidences, he would have produced a work worthy of his genius, and worthy of the grandeur and importance of the subject [12].

In the preface to Dr. Beattie's Dissertations, he intimated a design of publishing the whole of his Lectures on Moral Science, but from this he was diverted by the cogent reasons there assigned. He was encouraged, however, to present to the public, in a correct and somewhat enlarged form, the abstract which he used to dictate to his scholars. Accordingly, in 1790, he published Elements of Moral Science, vol. i. 8vo. including psychology, or perceptive faculties and active powers; and natural theology; with two appendixes on the incorporeal nature and on the Immortality of the Soul. The second volume was published in 1793; containing ethics, economics, politics, and logic. All these subjects are necessarily treated in a summary manner; but it will be found sufficiently comprehensive, not only for a text-book, or book of elements, which was the professed intention of the author, but also as an excellent aid to the general reader who may not have an opportunity of attending regular lectures, and yet wishes to reap some of the advantages of regular education. To the religious, moral or literary opinions occasionally interspersed, it will not be easy to find an objection; and in this, as in his former works, his peculiar excellence lies in exposing the sophistries of modern philosophy, sometimes by the argumentative process, and sometimes by showing how incapable and unworthy they are of any serious refutation.

In vol. ii. there occurs a dissertation against the Slave Trade, which the author informs us he wrote in 1778 with a view to a separate publication. He exposed the weak defences set up for that abominable traffic with wonderful acuteness, and thus had the honour to contribute to that mass of conviction, which at length became irresistible, and delivered the nation from her greatest reproach.

[12] In a letter which I received from Dr. Beattie, dated March 26, 1786, he says of his Evidences —"In closeness of matter and style I should not scruple to prefer (this work) to any of my other things." *C.*

These Elements have not had the success of some of his other works, yet perhaps they may be preferred to all in point of utility. It were to be wished, however, that the work had been accompanied by an index, and by that pathetic lecture with which he was accustomed to conclude his course. He has also omitted the list of books on subjects treated in his lectures, which he dictated to his scholars. This list, indeed, would now perhaps appear very imperfect, although his criticisms on books were always valuable; but he had so much more pleasure in praise than in censure, that in his essays and dissertations and in his lectures he expatiated chiefly on those authors of whom he could speak with delight, and whom he could recommend as models of elegant taste and pure morals. It was one of his parting exhortations to his scholars to "read no bad books, as the world afforded more good ones than they could ever have leisure to read with the attention they deserved."

To the second volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, published in 1790 [13], he contributed Remarks on some Passages of the Sixth Book of the Æneid. This was, in fact, a dissertation on the mythology of the Romans, as poetically described by Virgil, in the episode of the descent of Æneas into Hell; and the author's object was to vindicate his favourite poet from the charges of impiety, &c. brought against him by Warburton and others. In the same year he is said to have superintended an edition of Addison's periodical papers, published at Edinburgh in 4 vols. 8vo. To this, however, he contributed only a few notes to Tickell's Life of Addison, and to Dr. Johnson's remarks. It were to be wished he had done more. Addison never had a warmer admirer, nor a more successful imitator. He always recommended Addison's style to his pupils, and it is evident from the whole of his works that it was his own model. No man in our times has imitated the chaste simplicity and perspicuity for which Addison is distinguished with such palpable success. I know that he "gave his days and nights to Addison," and it was by this that he attained an English style, "familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious."

In 1794 appeared the last work our author composed, and its history requires some notice of his family. In 1767 he married Miss Mary Dun, daughter of Dr. James Dun, rector or head master of the grammar school of Aberdeen, a man of great personal worth, and an excellent classical scholar. He had been either a teacher or rector of that school above half a century, and will be long remembered by his numerous pupils, as one who united the dignity of the master to the suavity of the parent.

With this lady Dr. Beattie enjoyed for many years as much felicity as the married state can add; and when she visited London with him, she shared amply in the respect paid to him and in the esteem of his illustrious friends. By her he had two sons, James Hay, so named from the earl of Errol, one of his old and steady friends; and Montague, from the celebrated Mrs. Montague, in whose house Dr. Beattie frequently resided when in London. While these children were very young, Mrs. Beattie was seized with an indisposition, which, in spite of all care and skill, terminated in the

[13] About the year 1778 he printed a Letter to Dr. Blair on the improvement of Psalmody in Scotland. This was only privately circulated. It contained, if I remember right, a few specimens of translations of the Psalms. He printed also some years after a list of Scotticisms, for the use of his students. These he used to make them transcribe; but in this list are some expressions which, in my MS. copy of his Lectures when he borrowed it of me in 1778, he altered to *English barbarisms*. C.

painful necessity of separation from her husband [14]. The care of the children now entirely devolved on the father, whose sensibility received such a shock from the melancholy circumstance alluded to, as could only be aggravated by an apprehension that the consequences of Mrs. Beattie's disorder might not be confined to herself. This alarm, which often preyed on his spirits, proved happily without foundation. His children grew up without the smallest appearance of the hereditary evil; but when they had just begun to repay his care by a display of early genius, sweetness of temper and filial affection, he was compelled to resign them both to an untimely grave. His eldest son died November 19, 1790, in his twenty-second year; and his youngest on March 14, 1796, in his eighteenth year. The death of the latter was occasioned by a rapid fever. The suddenness of the shock made it more deeply felt by the father, as he had not yet recovered from the loss of the eldest, who was taken from him by the slow process of consumption.

Soon after the death of James Hay, his father drew up an account of his Life and Character; to which were added, Essays and Fragments, written by this extraordinary youth. Of this volume a few copies only were printed, and were given as "presents "to those friends with whom the author was particularly acquainted or connected." Dr. Beattie was afterwards induced to permit the Life and some of the Essays and Fragments to be printed for publication. The life is perhaps one of the most interesting and affecting narratives in our language. It is written with great simplicity of style, and with so much impartiality in those passages where praise or censure can have admittance, that there is probably no reader of whatever judgment who would not rather subscribe to his opinion than exert the privilege of criticism. It is impossible, indeed, to contemplate without emotion the exquisite tenderness of an affectionate and mourning parent, soothing himself by the remembrance of filial piety and departed excellence; and humbly, yet fondly, endeavouring to engage the sympathies of the world in behalf of a genius that might have proved one of its brightest ornaments.

After the loss of this amiable youth, who in 1787 had been appointed successor to his father, and had occasionally lectured in the professor's chair, Dr. Beattie resumed that employment himself, and continued it, although with intervals of sickness and depression, until the unexpected death of his second and last child, in 1796. His hopes of a successor, of his name and family, had probably been revived in this youth, who exhibited many proofs of early genius, and for some time before his death had prosecuted his studies with great assiduity. But here too he was compelled again to subscribe to the uncertainty of all human prospects. Great, however, as the affliction was, it would be pleasing to be able to add that he acquiesced with pious resignation, and laid hold on the hopes he knew so well how to recommend, and which yet might have cheered, if not gladdened his declining life. But from this period he began to withdraw from society, and brooded over the sorrows of his family, until they overpowered his feelings, and abstracted him from all the comforts of friendship and all power of consolation. Of the state of his mind, sir William Forbes has given an instance so extremely affecting, that no apology can be necessary for introducing it here.

[14] Sir Wm. Forbes intimates that her symptoms of insanity were of an earlier date. "Although it did not, for a considerable time, break out into open insanity, yet in a few years after their marriage, showed itself in caprices that embittered every hour of his life, till, at last, it unquestionably contributed to bring him to his grave." *C.*

"The death of his only surviving child completely unhinged the mind of Dr. Beattie, the first symptom of which, ere many days had elapsed, was a temporary but almost total loss of memory respecting his son. Many times he could not recollect what had become of him: and after searching in every room of the house, he would say to his niece, Mrs. Glennie, 'You may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he is?' She then felt herself under the painful necessity of bringing to his recollection his son Montagu's sufferings, which always restored him to reason. And he would often, with many tears, express his thankfulness that he had no child, saying, 'How could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled with madness!' When he looked, for the last time, on the dead body of his son, he said, 'I have now done with the world:' and he ever after seemed to act as if he thought so."

The last three years of his life were passed in hopeless solitude, and he even dropt his correspondence with many of those remote friends with whom he had long enjoyed the soothing interchange of elegant sentiment and friendly attachment. His health, in this voluntary confinement, gradually decayed, and extreme and premature debility, occasioned by two paralytic strokes, terminated his good and useful life, on the 18th day of August, 1803. His reputation was so well founded and so extensive, that he was universally lamented as a loss to the republic of letters, and particularly to the university to which he had been so long a public benefactor and an honour.

Of his general character a fair estimate may be formed from his works, and it is no small praise that his life and writings were in strict conformity. No man ever felt more strong impressions of the value of the virtues he recommended than Dr. Beattie. Although he disdained the affectation of feeling, and the ostentation of extraordinary purity, he yet more abhorred the character of those writers whose professions and practice are at variance. His zeal for religious and moral truth, however censured by those to whom religion and truth are adverse, originated in a mind fully convinced of the importance of what he prescribed to others, and anxious to display, where such a display was neither obtrusive nor boastful, that his conviction was sincere, and his practice resolute.

It may not be amiss in this place to take some notice of a slander which the friends, at least the injudicious ones, of Hume have been industrious to propagate, because, if true, it would have proved a littleness of mind of which none who knew Dr. Beattie could accuse him. It has been said that he submitted his juvenile poems to Mr. Hume, at that time considered as the arbiter of taste, who either returned them with severe censure, or spoke of them with contempt, and that this was the real motive which prompted Dr. Beattie to write the Essay on Truth. Such is the story; and whoever compares the provocation with the revenge, will not think it very probable [15]. It is the part of malignity itself to search painfully for one bad motive where so many good ones are at hand. Nothing surely can be more false or absurd than this piece of slander. If Mr. Hume criticised Dr. Beattie's poetry with severity, which may be admitted, he certainly could not have been a more rigid censor than the author himself. Dr. Beattie, almost as soon as his volume of early poems was published, and while the praises of every friend and of many strangers were yet sounding in his ears, suppressed the farther publication, and endeavoured to recover the copies that had been circula

[15] See a letter on this subject, in sir Wm. Forbes' Life, vol. I. p. 330.

ted; and for many years refused all applications to reprint the few articles in our present volume, and that with the utmost pertinacity. The presumption therefore must be, either that he originally thought as slightingly of those poems as Mr. Hume, or that Mr. Hume had brought him over to his opinion. In either case there could be no such breach of friendship, and surely no such indignant recollection as to provoke the Essay on Truth. The fact will be acknowledged by all who had personal intimacy with Dr. Beattie, and they only can be the proper judges of his feelings, that it was not the severity of criticism that he at any time dreaded or avoided. In Gray, who was his intimate friend and correspondent, he found a critic whose opinions might have mortified the vanity of the least conceited of youthful poets. On one occasion, indeed, Gray placed the dangers of poetry before his eyes in such a striking light that he appeared willing to renounce the Muses altogether [16]. Such was our author's diffidence in all his productions, that he ventured nothing without consulting his friends, and received very few proposals of correction in which he did not acquiesce. If with this humble and respectful disposition Mr. Hume insulted his feelings, or wished to discourage the early attempts of genius, although his conduct might not provoke the Essay on Truth, it forms a part of his character on which his friends ought to be silent, unless they can explain it in a more satisfactory manner.

As a poet, it must be confessed that Dr. Beattie came slowly into the world; he did not astonish in his days of childhood and ignorance, by those wonderful efforts which speak the extraordinary teachings of nature. That he had a talent for poetry will not be denied, but it was a talent to be cultivated, and in this respect he has not differed from the most eminent names on the list of English poets. "To touch and re-touch," says Cowper, "although some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, is the secret of almost all good writing, especially in verse." Dr. Beattie was a poet without self-love and without conceit, and his fame might be safely trusted in his own hands. What he wrote, and at whatever period of his life, he was able to criticise with impartiality and with taste. He had an eye rather to future than to present reputation, and so far was he from soliciting the complimentary opinions of friends, that I suspect he did not rate very highly the judgment of those who had praised the early productions of his Muse. It is certain that he suppressed those poems, in defiance of their suffrages; and, until he was encouraged to publish The Minstrel, never in his own opinion had laid a fair claim to the reputation of a poet. The many touchings and retouchings he made in this excellent poem are no inconsiderable proofs of his judgment and his diffidence, for he frequently corrected that which all who then distributed the rewards of fame considered as perfect.

As a philosopher, it is no deduction from his merit that his celebrated Essay is now little read. It rose to higher reputation in its day than any work of the kind ever published; and the little opposition made to it is a proof that it answered the full purpose of the author. His expectations, indeed, were moderate: he knew that in controversy it is more easy to gain the victory than to impose terms on the vanquished. Hume, we are told, remained silent, in consequence of a resolution he had formed, not to answer any opponent; and after declining all notice of Dr. Campbell, whose superiority, in his Essay on Miracles, has never been disputed, it was not to be supposed he would

[16] Mason's Life of Gray, p. 319, edit. 4to. 1775.

break his engagement in favour of Dr. Beattie. But that he felt the attack is generally acknowledged, for this was the first time that the sophistry of his general system had been detected in a popular manner, and the absurdity as well as the mischief accruing from his principles fairly laid open. As to the French philosophers, whom our author incidentally noticed, it was not their object at that time to provoke a public controversy. They were effecting their purpose by surer means, and Dr. Beattie lived to see their principles triumphant in the destruction of religion, humanity, and social order.

Infidel writings have been obtruded on the world at different periods, and after having been set to rest for a time, have again been revived to serve new purposes. But on these revivals, it does not always happen that the controversial works of one period will supply the wants of the next. New means of attack require new means of defence. The infidel publications which appeared about the conclusion of the last century, were, in substance, mere transcripts of those which appeared at the beginning of it. But style was altered, and cunning assumed new shapes: a new class of men were to be influenced, and what once was confined to the speculations of the learned, was now to be adapted to a certain weak and feverish state of mind among the vulgar: until at length the controversy seemed to be taken entirely out of the hands of men of literature, and placed in those of mechanics and paupers. The blasphemies of Paine might have sunk into contempt, had they not been circulated, with liberal industry, among those who could read, but could not think, and who wanted a palliative to their conscience, or a screen to their profligacy. To debauch the minds of the lower classes was the last effort of the last race of infidels, and the suppression of them necessarily devolved on the civil magistrate.

But whatever reputation Dr. Beattie enjoyed from his philosophical and critical works, his praise was yet higher in all the personal relations of public and private life. His excellence as an instructor may be gathered from his printed works; but it remains to be added, that few men have exceeded him in anxious and kind attentions to his pupils. It was his practice, while under his care, to invite them by small parties to his house, and unbend his mind in gay conversation, encouraging them to speak with familiarity on common topics, and to express their doubts with freedom on any subjects connected with their studies. Those whom he observed particularly regular and attentive in the class, and who by their answers or remarks discovered the improvements of private assiduity, he honoured with his kindest patronage, and corresponded on easy and friendly terms with many of them, long after they quitted the university. By these means he was so endeared to his scholars, that I am not able to mention him at all as a disciplinarian. I can recollect no instance in which he found it necessary to command attention by any influence more strong than the reverence which his character and manners procured without any effort, and continued without any abatement.

As a husband and father, if he had any fault, it was that of extreme tenderness and sensibility. He was indeed "tremblingly alive" to every circumstance that affected the objects of his love. Yet who will arraign these feelings, or set bounds to parental care? The danger, let it be remembered, was all his own: his children betrayed none of the wayward consequences of indulgence; they amply repaid his anxious fondness, and he derived a pleasure from their advancement, which was very remote from the unsteady caprice of parental weakness. The talents of his eldest son, as they were cultivated chiefly in retirement, were not generally known; but those with whom he

associated knew him for a youth of wonderful innocence, purity and simplicity of mind and manner. Nor was his brother, of whom however I knew less from personal acquaintance, inferior in the valuable qualities of the heart. On them, therefore, the father's fondness produced none of the consequences of an affection which in many is rather a weakness than a virtue. He was himself the only sufferer by his excess of sensibility; and we must ever lament that it embittered those years which good men usually pass in cheerful remembrances, and exemplary resignation.

None were more affected by his melancholy retreat from society, than those who could recollect him in his happier days of health and hope. As a companion, few men exhibited more captivations. From his assiduous application to study, and the time he found it necessary to devote to his published works and to his academical duties, it may easily be supposed he could not spare many hours to company. Yet he had a keen relish for social intercourse, and was remarkably cheerful and communicative. It has not yet been mentioned, but it may be observed from various parts of his writings, that he had a turn for humour, and a quick sense of the ridiculous. This, however, was so chastened by the elegance of his taste, and the benevolence of his disposition, that whatever fell from him of that kind was devoid of coarseness or asperity. In conversation he never endeavoured to gain superiority, or to compel attention, but contrived to take his just share, without seeming to interrupt the loquacity of others. He had however what most men have who are jealous of their reputation, a degree of reserve in promiscuous company, which he entirely discarded among those whom he loved, and in whom he confided. Among strangers, too, there was a studied correctness in his expression, which was either unnecessary, or appeared more easy and natural, in his familiar hours.

Of his talent for humour, he gave some specimens in a periodical journal published at Aberdeen, which seem not unworthy of being added to his miscellaneous works, if they could be ascertained; but he did not seek the reputation of a wit, and I am not sure that he permitted his name to transpire. In London, it is yet remembered that his conversation-talents were much admired, and no doubt procured him a long continuance of those friendships with men of rank, which are rarely to be preserved without something more than the mere possession of genius. His modest and engaging manners rendered him equally acceptable to the courtly and elegant Mansfield, and to the rough and unbending Johnson. To Mrs. Montague's literary parties he was ever a most acceptable addition; and he lived with the present bishop of London, with sir Joshua Reynolds, and with Mr. Burke, on terms of the easiest intimacy. If flattery could have spoiled him, he had enough; as in England, for whatever reason, his character always stood higher than in his own country.

Dr. Beattie's person was rather above the middle size. His countenance was very mild, and his smile uncommonly placid and benign. His eyes were remarkably piercing and expressive, and there was a general composure in his features which sir Joshua Reynolds has given admirably in his picture, which has been engraven for his Life.

His person was apparently stout and even robust, but this certainly was not the case. Its original conformation may have been that of strength and vigour; but he had frequent interruptions from sickness at a very early period of life. As he advanced, he discovered all the delicate and valetudinary temperament of genius. At the age of forty-five he had the walk and manner and precautions that are usually observable at

sixty, and was much afflicted with head-achs and other symptoms that are commonly called nervous. When I saw him on his last visit to London, he seemed painfully affected by sudden noises of any kind, and was particularly averse to the bustle of the London streets. There was evidently a great portion of irritability in his habit. That this was precipitated by the loss of his domestic endearments, cannot be doubted; but the primary cause must be sought in his application to study, which at all times of his life, but particularly in his youth, was too close, and absolutely inconsistent with a healthy habit of body. Of this he was so sensible, that it appears to have been his constant object to prevent his son from falling into the same errour; and I received some letters from him many years ago on the subject, in which he strongly deprecates an unremitting attention to books.

The Life of Dr. Beattie, lately published by sir William Forbes, exhibits him in the character of an epistolary writer. His letters embrace a very large portion of the literary history of his time, but it may be doubted whether they have always the ease and vivacity which are expected in this species of composition. They are valuable, however, as exhibiting many lesser traits of his character, and as disclosing its lesser infirmities.

It was the original intention of the present writer to have given no more of his poems in this collection than were contained in the last authorized edition, and the arguments in favour of this intention are still prevalent. In compliance, however, with the opinion of sir William Forbes, and others who have pleaded for a revival of many pieces which their author thought proper to reject, they are all now reprinted.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES

EARL OF ERROLL,

LORD HIGH CONSTABLE OF SCOTLAND,

&c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS,

IN TESTIMONY

OF THE UTMOST ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE,

ARE

MOST RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED

MOST OBEDIENT

AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

J. BEATTIE.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

TO THE EDITION 1760.

FEW writers are qualified to form a proper judgment of their own talents. Their opinions on this subject, whether influenced by diffidence or by vanity, are for the most part equally remote from truth. If any there be, who can with certainty anticipate the sentiments of the public with regard to their own compositions, they must be such as are thoroughly acquainted with mankind, as well as with the propensity and the force of their own genius. But it is impossible that one, who has not experimentally proved

Quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri, Hor. Epist. ad Pison.

should be able to judge for himself, either in the choice or the execution of his subject. If he wishes to have his judgment regulated in this matter, he must appeal to the public suffrage, which, however it may for a time be rendered ineffectual by prejudice or partial favour, will at last determine his real character.

The author of the following little poems hopes, that this to the good natured reader will apologize for his rashness (if it shall be deemed rashness) in venturing abroad into the public view. He would not wish to labour in an hopeless pursuit; nor is he one of those who have determined (as Butler says)

In spite
Of nature and their stars to write;

the sentiments of the public he will regard, whether they suggest hints for writing better, or cautions against writing at all.

Each of the pieces that compose this small miscellany has been read and approved by several persons of unquestionable taste, whose judgment was capable of no other bias than that amiable one, the partiality of friendship. This the author chooses to mention; because he would not be thought to have engaged in this publication entirely in compliance with the suggestions of his own vanity: and he is afraid to urge the request of friends as an excuse for his appearing in his present character; this plea having been so often abused, that it is become even ridiculous.

The public is already acquainted with several translations of Virgil's pastorals. Mr. Dryden's translations will be admired, as long as the English language is understood, for that fluent and graceful energy of expression, which distinguishes all the writings of that great poet. In his compositions, even in those which have been censured as inaccurate, we are charmed with

Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn; Gray's Odes.

and if we find any thing blameable, we are inclined to impute it, not to any defect in his own genius or taste, but to the depravity of the age in which it was his misfortune to live.

The translation of Virgil published some years ago by the learned and ingenious Mr. Joseph Warton, did not come into my hands till long after what is now offered to the public was finished. That it was well received, even after Mr. Dryden's, is a sufficient proof of its merit.

The perusal of these two masterly versions might have effectually discouraged the publication of the following, had I ever intended it as a rival to either of the others. But as I disclaim this intention, and would wish to be thought only an humble copier of Virgil, I hope the present translation will be par-

doned, if in a few particular instances it be found to have set any of the beauties of the admired original in a more conspicuous point of view to the English reader. Nor let it be ascribed to arrogance or vanity, that I presume to think this possible, notwithstanding what has been so well performed by the great masters just mentioned. In copying a painting of Raphael, an engraver of an inferior class may give expression to a particular lineament more successfully than even Strange himself. A minute observer will sometimes attend to a little circumstance, which an enlarged imagination capable of conceiving and exhibiting the full idea may overlook. The eye is not wholly satisfied with contemplating a piece of sculpture from the most advantageous station: by changing the station, it enjoys the satisfaction not only of viewing the same attitude in a variety of lights, but of catching the expression of some particular muscle or feature not discernible from the former point of view. It is perhaps some such consideration as this, that hath induced those, who are indulgent to my performances, to advise the publishing of this translation; which was written at a very early time of life, when solitude left the mind at liberty to pursue, without any fixed design, such amusements as gratified the present hour.

The version from Lucretius was written at the particular desire of a friend, whose commands the translator hath reason to honour.

ADVERTISEMENT.

January 1777.

HAVING lately seen in print some poems ascribed to me, which I never wrote, and some of my own inaccurately copied, I thought it would not be improper to publish, in this little volume, all the verses of which I am willing to be considered as the author. Many others I did indeed write in the early part of my life; but they were in general so incorrect, that I would not rescue them from oblivion, even if a wish could do it.

Some of the few now offered to the public would perhaps have been suppressed, if in making this collection I had implicitly followed my own judgment. But in so small a matter who would refuse to submit his opinion to that of a friend?

It is of no consequence to the reader to know the date of any of these little poems. But some private reasons determined the author to add, that most of them were written many years ago, and that the greater part of the Minstrel, which is his latest attempt in this way, was composed in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight.

POEMS

OF

JAMES BEATTIE, D.D.

ODE TO PEACE.

I. 1.

PEACE, heaven-descended maid! whose powerful voice
From ancient darkness call'd the morn,
Of jarring elements compos'd the noise;
When Chaos from his old dominion torn,
With all his bellowing throng,
Far, far was hurl'd the void abyss along;
And all the bright angelic choir
To loftiest raptures tuned the heavenly lyre,
Pour'd in loud symphony th' impetuous strain;
And every fiery orb and planet sung,
And wide through night's dark desolate domain
Rebounding long and deep the lays triumphant rung.

I. 2.

Oh whither art thou fled, Saturnian reign!
Roll round again, majestic years!
To break fell Tyranny's corroding chain,
From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
Ye years, again roll round!
Hark from afar what loud tumultuous sound,
While echoes sweep the winding vales,
Swells full along the plains, and loads the gales!
Murder deep-rous'd, with the wild whirlwind's haste
And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs,
Her tangled serpents girds around her waist, [wings.
Smiles ghastly-stern, and shakes her gore-distilling

I. 3.

Fierce up the yielding skies
The shouts redoubling rise:
Earth shudders at the dreadful sound,
And all is listening trembling round.
Torrents, that from yon promontory's head
Dash'd furious down in desperate cascade,
Heard from afar amid the lonely night
That oft have led the wanderer right,
Are silent at the noise.
The mighty ocean's more majestic voice
Drown'd in superior din is heard no more;
The surge in silence sweeps along the foamy shore.

II. 1.

The bloody banner streaming in the air
Seen on yon sky-mix'd mountain's brow,
The mingling multitudes, the madding car
Pouring impetuous on the plain below,
War's dreadful lord proclaim.
Bursts out by frequent fits th' expansive flame.
Whirl'd in tempestuous eddies flies
The sugging smoke o'er all the darken'd skies.
The cheerful face of Heaven no more is seen,
Fades the morn's vivid blush to deadly pale,
The bat flits transient o'er the dusky green,
Night's shrieking birds along the sullen twilight sail.

II. 2.

Involv'd in fire-streak'd gloom the car comes on.
The mangled steeds grim Terrour guides.
His forehead writh'd to a relentless frown,
Aloft the angry power of battles rides:
Grasp'd in his mighty hand
A mace tremendous desolates the land;
Thunders the turret down the steep,
The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep;
Chill horrour the dissolving limbs invades
Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes,
A bloated paleness beauty's bloom o'erspreads,
Fades every flowery field, and every verdure dies.

II. 3.

How startled Phrenzy stares,
Bristling her ragged hairs!
Revenge the gory fragment gnaws;
See, with her griping vulture-claws
Imprinted deep, she rends the opening wound!
Hatred her torch blue-streaming tosses round;
The shrieks of agony, and clang of arms
Re-echo to the fierce alarms
Her trump terrific blows.
Disparting from behind the clouds *disclose*
Of kingly gesture a gigantic form,
That with his scourge sublime directs the whirling storm.

III. 1.

Ambition, outside fair! within more foul
Than fellest fiend from Tartarus sprung,
In caverns hatch'd, where the fierce torrents roll
Of Phlegethon, the burning banks along,
Yon naked waste survey:
Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay;
Where late the rosy-bosom'd Hours
In loose array danced lightly o'er the flowers;
Where late the shepherd told his tender tale;
And wak'd by the soft-murmuring breeze of morn
The voice of cheerful Labour fill'd the dale; [horn.
And dove-eyed Plenty smil'd, and wav'd her liberal

III. 2.

Yon ruins sable from the wasting flame
But mark the once resplendent dome;
The frequent corse obstructs the sullen stream,
And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.
How sadly-silent all!
Save where outstretch'd beneath yon hanging wall
Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
And Torture yells, and grinds her bloody teeth—
Though vain the Muse, and every melting lay,
To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse!
Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way,
I see, I see the years begin their mighty course.

III. 3.

What scenes of glory rise
Before my dazzled eyes!
Young Zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
And melody celestial rings:
Along the lillied lawn the nymphs advance [dance:
Flush'd with love's bloom, and range the sprightly
The gladsome shepherds on the mountain-side
Array'd in all their rural pride
Exalt the festive note,
Inviting Echo from her inmost grot—
But ah! the landscape glows with fainter light,
It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

IV. 1.

Illusions vain! Can sacred Peace reside,
Where sordid gold the breast alarms,
Where cruelty inflames the eye of Pride,
And Grandeur wantons in Soft Pleasure's arms!
Ambition! these are thine:
These from the soul erase the form divine;
These quench the animating fire,
That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,
Hate rides tremendous on th' o'erwhelming brow,
And midnight-Rancour grasps the cruel steel,
Blaze the funereal flames, and sound the shrieks of Woe.

IV. 2.

From Albion fled, thy once-belov'd retreat,
What region brightens in thy smile,
Creative Peace, and underneath thy feet
Sees sudden flowers adorn the rugged soil?
In bleak Siberia blows
Wak'd by thy genial breath the balmy rose?
Wav'd over by thy magic wand
Does life inform fell Lybia's burning sand?
Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
Where roves the Indian through primeval shades:
Haunts the pure pleasures of the woodland reign,
And led by reason's ray the path of Nature treads?

IV. 3.

On Cuba's utmost steep [1]
Far leaning o'er the deep
The goddess' pensive form was seen.
Her robe of Nature's varied green
Wav'd on the gale; grief din'd her radiant eyes,
Her swelling bosom heav'd with boding sighs:
She eyed the main; where, gaining on the view,
Emerging from th' etherial blue,
Midst the dread pomp of war
Gleam'd the Iberian streamer from afar.
She saw; and on refulgent pinions born [morn.
Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with the

THE

TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

Memory, be still! why throng upon the thought
These scenes deep-stain'd with Sorrow's sable dye?
Hast thou in store no joy-illumin'd draught,
To cheer bewilder'd Fancy's tearful eye?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise
Deckt gorgeous by the lavish hand of Spring;
Thin gilded clouds float light along the skies,
And laughing Loves disport on fluttering wing.

How blest the youth in yonder valley laid!
Soft smiles in every conscious feature play,
While to the gale low-murmuring through the glade
He tempers sweet his sprightly-warbling lay.

Hail Innocence! whose bosom all serene
Feels not fierce Passion's raving tempest roll!
Oh ne'er may Care distract that placid mien! [soul!
Oh ne'er may Doubt's dark shades o'erwhelm thy

Vain wish! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd
Yonder she comes! the heart-inflaming fiend!
(Will no kind power the helpless stripling shield!)
Swift to her destin'd prey see Passion bend!

Oh smile accurst to hide the worst designs!
Now with blithe eye she wooes him to be blest,
While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—
And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast!

And, instant, lo, his dizzy eyeball swims
Ghastly, and reddening darts a threatful glare;
Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,
And Fear's cold hand erects his bristling hair!

Is this, O life, is this thy boasted prime!
And does thy spring no happier prospect yield!
Why gilds the vernal sun thy gaudy clime,
When nipping mildews waste the flowery field!

How Memory pains! Let some gay theme beguile
The musing mind, and sooth to soft delight.
Ye images of woe, no more recoil;
Be life's past scenes wrapt in oblivious night.

Now when fierce Winter arm'd with wasteful power
Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar,
How sweet to sit in this sequester'd bower,
To hear, and but to hear, the mingling war!

[1] This alludes to the discovery of America by Spaniards under Columbus. These ravagers said to have made their first descent on the is in the gulph of Florida, of which Cuba is one.

Ambition here displays no gilded toy
That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise,
Nor Pleasure's flower-embroider'd paths decoy,
Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's gay disguise.

Oft has Contentment cheer'd this lone abode
With the *mild* languish of her smiling eye;
Here Health has oft in blushing beauty glow'd,
While loose-robed Quiet stood enamour'd by.

E'en the storm lulls to more profound repose:
The storm these humble walls assails in vain;
Screen'd is the lily when the whirlwind blows,
While the oak's stately ruin strows the plain.

Blow on, ye winds! Thine, Winter, be the skies,
Roll the cold ocean, and the vales lay waste:
Nature thy momentary rage defies;
To her relief the gentler seasons haste.

Throned in her emerald-car see *Spring* appear!
(As Fancy wills the landscape starts to view)
Her emerald-car the youthful Zephyrs bear,
Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering seen;
And lo, her rod the rose-lip'd power extends!
And lo, the lawns are deckt in living green, [scends!
And Beauty's bright-eyed tram from Heaven de-

Haste, happy days, and make all nature glad—
But will all nature joy at your return?
Say, can ye cheer pale Sickness' gloomy bed,
Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn?

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart
Cross the dark cell where hopeless Slavery lies?
To ease tir'd Disappointment's bleeding heart
Will all your stores of softening balm suffice?

When fell Oppression in his harpy-fangs
From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,
Can ye allay the heart-wrung parent's pangs,
Whose famish'd child craves help with fruitless tears?

For ah! thy reign, Oppression, is not past.
Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends?
Who lays the once-rejoicing village waste,
Bursting the ties of lovers and of friends?

O ye, to Pleasure who resign the day,
As loose in Luxury's clasping arms you lie,
O yet let pity in your breast bear sway,
And learn to melt at Misery's moving cry.

But hopest thou, Muse, vainglorious as thou art,
With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,
Hopest thou to soften Pride's obdurate heart,
When Errol's bright example shines in vain?

Then cease the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine eye,
Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight;
Thy haunts alas no gleams of joy supply,
Or transient gleams, that flash, and sink in night.

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego—
Spread then, historic Muse, thy pictur'd scroll;
Bid thy great scenes in all their splendour glow,
And swell to thought sublime th' exalted soul.

What mingling pomps rush boundless on the gaze!
What gallant navies ride the heaving deep!
What glittering towns their cloud-wrapt turrets raise!
What bulwarks frown horrific o'er the steep!

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish'd shields,
Th' embattled legions stretch their long array;
Discord's red torch, as fierce she scours the fields,
With bloody tincture stains the face of day.

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign.
How keen their looks whom Liberty inspires!
Quick as the goddess darts along the line,
Each breast impatient burns with noble fires.

Her form how graceful! In her lofty mien
The smiles of Love stern Wisdom's frown controul;
Her fearless eye, determin'd though serene,
Speaks the great purpose, and th' unconquer'd soul.

Mark, where Ambition leads the adverse band,
Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain!
With menace loud he cries, while from his hand
He vainly strives to wipe the crimson stain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the storms,
Headlong to deeds of death the hosts are driven;
Hatred to madness wrought each face deforms,
Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the heaven.

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful succour lend,
Shield them for Liberty who dare to die—
Ah Liberty! will none thy cause befriend!
Are these thy sons, thy generous sons that fly!

Not Virtue's self, when Heaven its aid denies,
Can brace the loosen'd nerves, or warm the heart;
Not Virtue's self can still the burst of sighs,
When festers in the soul Misfortune's dart.

See, where by heaven-bred terror all dismay'd
The scattering legions pour along the plain.
Ambition's car with bloody spoils array'd
Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But who is he, that, by yon lonely brook
With woods o'erhung and precipices rude [2],
Abandon'd lies, and with undaunted look
Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood?

Ah Brutus! ever thine be Virtue's tear!
Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns,
As scarce-supported on her broken spear
O'er her expiring son the goddess mourns.

Loose to the wind her azure mantle flies,
From her dishevel'd locks she rends the plume;
No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,
And on her tear-stain'd cheek no roses bloom.

Meanwhile the world, Ambition, owns thy sway,
Fame's loudest trumpet labours in thy praise,
For thee the Muse awakes her sweetest lay,
And Flattery bids for thee her altars blaze.

Nor in life's lofty bustling sphere alone,
The sphere where monarchs and where heroes toil,
Sink Virtue's sons beneath Misfortune's frown,
While Guilt's thrill'd bosom leaps at Pleasure's smile;

Full oft, where Solitude and Silence dwell
Far far remote amid the lowly plain,
Resounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell.
Such is man's doom, and Pity weeps in vain.

[2] Such, according to the description given by Plutarch, was the scene of Brutus's death.

Still grief recoils—How vainly have I strove
Thy power, O Melancholy, to withstand!
Tir'd I submit; but yet, O yet remove,
Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand.

Yet for a while let the bewilder'd soul
Find in society relief from woe;
O yield a while to Friendship's soft controul;
Some respite, Friendship, wilt thou not bestow!

Come then, Philander! for thy lofty mind
Looks down from far on all that charms the great;
For thou canst bear, unshaken and resign'd,
The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of Fate:

Come thou, whose love unlimited, sincere,
Nor faction cools, nor injury destroys;
Who lend'st to Misery's moans a pitying ear,
And feel'st with ecstacy another's joys:

Who know'st man's frailty; with a favouring eye,
And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall;
Who unenslav'd by custom's narrow tye
With manly freedom follow'st reason's call.

And bring thy Delia, softly-smiling fair,
Whose spotless soul no sordid thoughts deform;
Her accents mild would still each throbbing care,
And harmonize the thunder of the storm:

Though blest with wisdom and with wit refin'd,
She courts not homage, nor desires to shine;
In her each sentiment sublime is join'd
To female sweetness, and a form divine.

Come, and dispel the deep-surrounding shade:
Let chasten'd mirth the social hours employ;
O catch the swift-wing'd hour before 'tis fled,
On swiftest pinion flies the hour of joy.

Even while the careless disencumber'd soul
Dissolving sinks to joy's oblivious dream,
Even then to time's tremendous verge we roll
With haste impetuous down life's surgy stream.

Can Gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or soothe the sad inevitable hour,
Or cheer the dark dark mansions of the dead?

Still sounds the solemn knell in fancy's ear,
That call'd Cleora to the silent tomb;
To her how jocund roll'd the sprightly year!
How shone the nymph in beauty's brightest bloom!

Ah! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace;
Moulder unknown the monarch and the slave
Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust
To dumb oblivion's ever-desart shade.

Fancy from comfort wanders still astray.
Ah Melancholy! how I feel thy power!
Long have I labour'd to elude thy sway!
But 'tis enough, for I resist no more.

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight-waste
Through many a lonesome path is doom'd to roam,
Wilder'd and weary sits him down at last;
For long the night, and distant far his home.

EPITAPH

ON * * * * * * * * * * * *[1].

Escap'd the gloom of mortal life, a soul
Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life;
Like thee, have languish'd after empty joys;
Like thee, have labour'd in the stormy strife;
Been griev'd for trifles, and amus'd with toys.

Yet for a while 'gainst Passion's threatful blast
Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom the morn at last
Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
Forgive my lapses, for thyself may'st fall;
Nor read unmov'd my artless tender tale,
I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

EPITAPH[2]

Nov. 1, 1757.

To this grave is committed
All that the grave can claim
Of two brothers * * * * * and * * * * * * * * *[3]
Who on the VII of October MDCCLVII,
Both unfortunately perished in the * * * water:
The one in his XXII, the other in his XVIII year.
Their disconsolate father * * * * * * * * * * *
Erects this monument to the memory of
These amiable youths;
Whose early virtues promised
Uncommon comfort to his declining years,
And singular emolument to society.

O thou! whose steps in sacred rev'rence tread
These lone dominions of the silent dead;
On this sad stone a pious look bestow,
Nor uninstructed read this tale of woe;
And while the sigh of sorrow heaves thy breast,
Let each rebellious murmur be suppress;
Heav'n's hidden ways to trace, for us, how vain!
Heav'n's wise decrees, how impious, to arraign!
Pure from the stains of a polluted age,
In early bloom of life, they left the stage:
Not doom'd in lingering woe to waste their breath
One moment snatch'd them from the power of Death:
They liv'd united, and united died;
Happy the friends, whom Death cannot divide!

ELEGY.

Tir'd with the busy crowds, that all the day
Impatient throng where Folly's altars flame,
My languid powers dissolve with quick decay,
Till genial Sleep repair the sinking frame.

[1] James Beattie. This Epitaph was intended for himself. *C.*

[2] This epitaph is engraven on a tombstone in the church-yard of Lethnet in the shire of Angus.

[3] Two young men of the name of Leitch, who were drowned in crossing the river Southesk [illegible] not very obvious why their names should [illegible] cealed in the first edition of these poems.

Hail, kind reviver! that canst lull the cares,
And every weary sense compose to rest,
Lighten th' oppressive load which anguish bears,
And warm with hope the cold desponding breast.

Touch'd by thy rod, from Power's majestic brow
Drops the gay plume; he pines a lowly clown;
And on the cold earth stretch'd the son of Woe
Quaffs Pleasure's draught, and wears a fancied crown.

When rous'd by thee, on boundless pinions born
Fancy to fairy scenes exults to rove,
Now scales the cliff gay-gleaming on the morn,
Now sad and silent treads the deepening grove;

Or skims the main, and listens to the storms,
Marks the long waves roll far remote away;
Or mingling with ten thousand glittering forms
Floats on the gale, and basks in purest day.

Haply, ere long, pierc'd by the howling blast
Through dark and pathless deserts I shall roam,
Plunge down th' unfathom'd deep, or shrink aghast
Where bursts the shrieking spectre from the tomb:

Perhaps loose Luxury's enchanting smile
Shall lure my steps to some romantic dale, [guile,
Where Mirth's light freaks th' unheeded hours be-
And airs of rapture warble in the gale.

Instructive emblem of this mortal state!
Where scenes as various every hour arise
In swift succession, which the hand of Fate
Presents, then snatches from our wondering eyes.

Be taught, vain man, how fleeting all thy joys,
Thy boasted grandeur, and thy glittering store;
Death comes, and all thy fancied bliss destroys,
Quick as a dream it fades, and is no more.

And, sons of Sorrow! though the threatening storm
Of angry Fortune overhang a while,
Let not her frowns your inward peace deform;
Soon happier days in happier climes shall smile.

Through Earth's throng'd visions while we toss forlorn,
'Tis tumult all, and rage, and restless strife;
But these shall vanish like the dreams of morn,
When Death awakes us to immortal life.

SONG

IN IMITATION OF SHAKESPEAR'S

Blow, blow, thou winter wind, &c.

Blow, blow, thou vernal gale!
Thy balm will not avail
To ease my aching breast;
Though thou the billows smooth,
Thy murmurs cannot sooth
My weary soul to rest.

Flow, flow, thou tuneful stream!
Infuse the easy dream
Into the peaceful soul;
But thou canst not compose
The tumult of my woes,
Though soft thy waters roll.

Blush, blush, ye fairest flowers!
Beauties surpassing yours
My Rosalind adorn;
Nor is the Winter's blast,
That lays your glories waste,
So killing as her scorn.

Breathe, breathe, ye tender lays,
That linger down the maze
Of yonder winding grove;
O let your soft controul
Bend her relenting soul
To pity and to love.

Fade, fade, ye flowrets fair!
Gales, fan no more the air!
Ye streams forget to glide!
Be hush'd, each vernal strain;
Since nought can soothe my pain,
Nor mitigate her pride.

RETIREMENT.

1758.

When in the crimson cloud of even,
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of Heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulg'd this tender theme.

"Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale:
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan Moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

"To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

"How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win!
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing!

"Oft let Remembrance sooth his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclin'd
He fram'd his infant lays;
When Fancy rov'd at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor Envy with malignant glare
His simple youth had harm'd.

"'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.

Ah why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the wanderer home.

"Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scar'd owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

"O, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The Zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car,
Flash on the startled eye.

"But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly wo,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

"For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain."

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem
The forms that fleet thro' life's deceitful dream?
Till at some stroke of Fate the vision flies,
And sad realities in prospect rise;
And, from elysian slumbers rudely torn,
The startled soul awakes, to think, and mourn.

O ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
Who flowery plains in endless pomp survey,
Glittering in beams of visionary day;
O, yet while Fate delays th' impending wo,
Be rous'd to thought, anticipate the blow;
Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;
Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild ravings in Night's frighted ear,
And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wise, beauteous, good! O every grace combin'd,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
Fresh, as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mild, as the melodies at close of day,
That heard remote along the vale decay!
Yet, why with these compar'd? What tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with thine?
Why roam abroad, since recollection true
Restores the lovely form to fancy's view?
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;
That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
Where Meekness beams ineffable delight;
That brow, where Wisdom sits enthron'd serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspir'd, O Virtue, age is young,
And music warbles from the faultering tongue:
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes:
But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams,
Love, wonder, joy, alternately alarm,
And beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Ah whither fled! ye dear illusions, stay!
Lo, pale and silent lies the lovely clay.
How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
Which late the purple light of youth display'd!
Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd:
With life and thought each speaking feature glow'd.
Fair was the blossom, soft the vernal sky;
Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh:
When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

Cold the soft hand, that sooth'd Wo's weary head!
And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed!
And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
Infusing balm, into the rankled soul!
O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower!
Why fly thy shafts in lawless errour driven!
Is Virtue then no more the care of Heaven!
But peace, bold thought! be still, my bursting heart!
We, not Eliza, felt the fatal dart.

Escap'd the dungeon, does the slave complain,
Nor bless the friendly hand that broke the chain?
Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn!
Where reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw;
Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
Black billowy deeps in storms perpetual toss'd,
And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
O happy stroke, that burst the bonds of clay,
Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
The tear of Grief and wake a bolder lay.
But ah! the swimming eye o'erflows anew;
Nor check the sacred drops to Pity due;
Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
O'er her lov'd dust, the parent, brother, friend!

How vain the hope of man! but cease thy strain,
Nor sorrow's dread solemnity profane;
Mix'd with yon drooping mourners, on her bier
In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

ODE TO HOPE.

I. 1.

O THOU, who glad'st the pensive soul,
More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
Left all night long to mourn
Where desolation frowns, and tempests howl;
And shrieks of woe, as intermits the storm,
Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
And cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
And many a fire-eyed visage glares around.
O come, and be once more my guest:
Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's voy hast heard,
And oft with smiles indulgent cheer'd
And sooth'd him into rest.

I. 2.

Smit by thy rapture-beaming eye
Deep flashing thro' the midnight of their mind,
The sable bands combin'd,
Where Fear's black banner bloats the troubled sky,
Appall'd retire. Suspicion hides her head,
Nor dares th' obliquely gleaming eyeball raise;
Despair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erspread,
Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze.
Lo, startled at the heavenly ray,
With speed unwonted Indolence upsprings,
And, heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
And sullen glides away;

I. 3.

Ten thousand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
Dissolve.—Above the sparkling flood
When Phœbus rears his awful brow,
From lengthening lawn and valley low
The troops of fen-born mists retire.
Along the plain
The joyous swain
Eyes the gay villages again,
And gold illumin'd spire;
While on the billowy ether borne
Floats the loose lay's jovial measure;
And light along the fairy Pleasure,
Her green robes glittering to the morn,
Wantons on silken wing. And goblins all
To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
Or westward, with impetuous flight,
Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial night.

II. 1.

When first on childhood's eager gaze
Life's varied landscape, stretch'd immense around,
Starts out of night profound,
Thy voice incites to tempt th' untrodden maze.
Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
And, while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
With beating heart the upland path pursues:
The path that leads, where, hung sublime,
And seen afar, youth's gallant trophies, bright
In Fancy's rainbow ray, invite
His wingy nerves to climb.

II. 2.

Pursue thy pleasurable way,
Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard,
While melting airs are heard
And soft-eyed cherub-forms around thee play:
Simplicity, in careless flowers array'd,
Prattling amusive in his accent meek;
And Modesty, half turning as afraid,
The smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek!
Content and Leisure, hand in hand
With Innocence and Peace, advance, and sing;
And Mirth, in many a mazy ring,
Frisks o'er the flowery land.

II. 3.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below!
To day tho' gales propitious blow,
And Peace soft gliding down the sky
Lead Love along and Harmony,
To morrow the gay scene deforms:
Then all around
The thunder's sound
Rolls rattling on through Heaven's profound,
And down rush all the storms.
Ye days, that balmy influence shed,
When sweet childhood, ever sprightly,
In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
Whither, ah whither are ye fled!
Ye cherub train, that brought him on his way,
O leave him not midst tumult and dismay;
For now youth's eminence he gains:
But what a weary length of lingering toil remains!

III. 1.

They shrink, they vanish into air,
Now Slander taints with pestilence the gale;
And mingling cries assail,
The wail of Woe, and groan of grim Despair.
Lo, wizard Envy from his serpent eye
Darts quick destruction in each baleful glance;
Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,
Scowling Disdain, and haggard Hate advance;
Behold, amidst the dire array,
Pale wither'd Care his giant-stature rears,
And lo, his iron hand prepares
To grasp its feeble prey.

III. 2.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth
Safe from the fierce assault of hostile rage?
Such war can Virtue wage,
Virtue, that bears the sacred shield of Truth?
Alas! full oft on Guilt's victorious car,
The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne;
While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
In lone obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
Resigns to tears her angel form.
Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly?
No friend, no shelter now is nigh,
And onward rolls the storm.

III. 3.

But whence the sudden beam that shoots along?
Why shrink aghast the hostile throng?
Lo, from amidst affliction's night,
Hope bursts all radiant on the sight:
Her words the troubled bosom sooth.
"Why thus dismay'd?
Though foes invade,

Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,
Who tread the path of truth.
'Tis I, who smooth the rugged way,
I, who close the eyes of Sorrow,
And with glad visions of to morrow
Repair the weary soul's decay. [heart,
When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing
Dreams of Heaven's opening glories fly apart,
Till the freed spirit springs on high
In rapture too severe for weak mortality."

PYGMÆO-GERANO-MACHIA:

THE

BATTLE OF THE PYGMIES AND CRANES.

FROM THE LATIN OF ADDISON.

1762.

The pigmy-people, and the feather'd train,
Mingling in mortal combat on the plain,
I sing. Ye Muses, favour my designs,
Lead on my squadrons, and arrange the lines;
The flashing swords and fluttering wings display,
And long bills nibbling in the bloody fray;
Cranes darting with disdain on tiny foes, [woes.
Conflicting birds and men, and war's unnumber'd
The wars and woes of heroes six feet long
Have oft resounded in Pierian song.
Who has not heard of Colchos' golden fleece,
And Argo mann'd with all the flower of Greece?
Of Thebes' fell brethren, Theseus stern of face,
And Peleus' son unrivall'd in the race,
Æneas founder of the Roman line,
And William glorious on the banks of Boyne?
Who has not learn'd to weep at Pompey's woes,
And over Blackmore's epic page to doze?
'Tis I, who dare attempt unusual strains,
Of hosts unsung, and unfrequented plains;
The small shrill trump, and chiefs of little size,
And armies rushing down the darken'd skies.
Where India reddens to the early dawn,
Winds a deep vale from vulgar eye withdrawn:
Bosom'd in groves the lowly region lies,
And rocky mountains round the border rise.
Here, till the doom of fate its fall decreed,
The empire flourish'd of the pygmy-breed;
Here Industry perform'd, and Genius plann'd,
And busy multitudes o'erspread the land.
But now to these lone bounds if pilgrim stray,
Tempting through craggy cliffs the desperate way.
He finds the puny mansion fallen to earth,
Its godlings mouldering on th' abandon'd hearth;
And starts, where small white bones are spread around,
"Or little footsteps lightly print the ground;"
While the proud crane her nest securely builds,
Chattering amid the desolated fields.
But different fates befel her hostile rage,
While reign'd, invincible thro' many an age,
The dreaded pygmy: rous'd by war's alarms
Forth rush'd the madding mannikin to arms.
Fierce to the field of death the hero flies;
The faint crane fluttering flaps the ground, and dies;
And by the victor borne (o'erwhelming load!)
With bloody bill loose-dangling marks the road.
And oft the wily dwarf in ambush lay,
And often made the callow young his prey; [smil'd
With slaughter'd victims heap'd his board, and
T' avenge the parent's trespass on the child.
Oft, where his feather'd foe had rear'd her nest,
And laid her eggs and houshold gods to rest,
Burning for blood, in terrible array,
The eighteen-inch militia burst their way:
All went to wreck; the infant foeman fell,
Whence scarce his chirping bill had broke the shell.
Loud uproar hence, and rage of arms arose,
And the fell rancour of encountering foes;
Hence dwarfs and cranes one general havoc whelms,
And Death's grim visage scares the pigmy-realms.
Not half so furious blaz'd the warlike fire
Of mice, high theme of the Meonian lyre;
When bold to battle march'd th' accouter'd frogs,
And the deep tumult thunder'd through the bogs,
Pierc'd by the javelin bulrush on the shore
Here agonizing roll'd the mouse in gore;
And there the frog (a scene full sad to see!)
Shorn of one leg, slow sprawl'd along on three:
He vaults no more with vigorous hops on high,
But mourns in hoarsest croaks his destiny.
And now the day of woe drew on apace,
A day of woe to all the pigmy-race,
When dwarfs were doom'd (but penitence was vain)
To rue each broken egg, and chicken slain.
For, rous'd to vengeance by repeated wrong,
From distant climes the long-bill'd legions throng:
From Strymon's lake, Cäyster's plashy meads,
And fens of Scythia, green with rustling reeds,
From where the Danube winds thro' many a land,
And Marcotis laves th' Egyptian strand,
To rendezvous they waft on eager wing,
And wait assembled the returning spring.
Meanwhile they trim their plumes for length of flight,
Whet their keen beaks, and twisting claws, for fight;
Each crane the pygmy power in thought o'erturns,
And every bosom for the battle burns.
When genial gales the frozen air unbind,
The screaming legions wheel, and mount the wind;
Far in the sky they form their long array,
And land and ocean stretch'd immense survey
Deep deep beneath; and, triumphing in pride,
With clouds and winds commix'd, innumerous ride:
'Tis wild obstreperous clangour all, and heaven
Whirls, in tempestuous undulation driven.
Nor less the alarm that shook the world below,
Where march'd in pomp of war th' embattled foe:
Where mannikins with haughty step advance,
And grasp the shield, and couch the quivering lance
To right and left the lengthening lines they form,
And rank'd in deep array await the storm.
High in the midst the chieftain-dwarf was seen,
Of giant stature, and imperial mien:
Full twenty inches tall, he strode along,
And view'd with lofty eye the wondering throng;
And while with many a scar his visage frown'd,
Bared his broad bosom, rough with many a wound
Of beaks and claws, disclosing to their sight
The glorious meed of high heroic might.
For with insatiate vengeance, he pursu'd,
And never-ending hate, the feathery brood.
Unhappy they, confiding in the length
Of horny beak, or talon's crooked strength,
Who durst abide his rage; the blade descends,
And from the panting trunk the pinion rends:

Laid low in dust the pinion waves no more,
The trunk disfigur'd stiffens in its gore.
What hosts of heroes fell beneath his force!
What heaps of chicken carnage mark'd his course!
How oft, O Strymon, thy lone banks along,
Did wailing Echo waft the funeral song!

And now from far the mingling clamours rise,
Loud and more loud rebounding through the skies.
From skirt to skirt of Heaven, with stormy sway,
A cloud rolls on, and darkens all the day.
Near and more near descends the dreadful shade,
And now in battalous array display'd,
On sounding wings, and screaming in their ire,
The cranes rush onward, and the fight require.

The pygmy warriors eye with fearless glare
The host thick swarming o'er the burthen'd air;
Thick swarming now, but to their native land
Doom'd to return a scanty straggling band.
When sudden, darting down the depth of Heaven,
Fierce on th' expecting foe the cranes are driven,
The kindling phrensy every bosom warms,
The region echoes to the crash of arms:
Loose feathers from th' encountering armies fly,
And in careering whirlwinds mount the sky.
To breathe from toil upsprings the panting crane,
Then with fresh vigour downward darts again.
Success in equal balance hovering hangs.
Here, on the sharp spear, mad with mortal pangs,
The bird transfix'd in bloody vortex whirls,
Yet fierce in death the threatening talon curls;
There, while the life-blood bubbles from his wound,
With little feet the pygmy beats the ground;
Deep from his breast the short short sob he draws,
And dying curses the keen-pointed claws.
Trembles the thundering field, thick cover'd o'er
With falchions, mangled wings, and streaming gore,
And pygmy arms, and beaks of ample size,
And here a claw, and there a finger lies.

Encompass'd round with heaps of slaughter'd foes,
All grim in blood the pygmy champion glows.
And on th' assailing host impetuous springs,
Careless of nibbling bills, and flapping wings;
And midst the tumult wheresoe'er he turns,
The battle with redoubled fury burns;
From ev'ry side th' avenging cranes amain
Throng, to o'erwhelm this terrour of the plain.
When suddenly (for such the will of Jove)
A fowl enormous, sousing from above,
The gallant chieftain clutch'd, and, soaring high,
(Sad chance of battle!) bore him up the sky.
The cranes pursue, and clustering in a ring,
Chatter triumphant round the captive king.
But ah! what pangs each pygmy bosom wrung,
When, now to cranes a prey, on talons hung,
High in the clouds they saw their helpless lord,
His wriggling form still lessening as he soar'd.

Lo! yet again, with unabated rage,
In mortal strife the mingling hosts engage.
The crane with darted bill assaults the foe,
Hovering; then wheels aloft to scape the blow:
The dwarf in anguish aims the vengeful wound;
But whirls in empty air the falchion round.

Such was the scene, when midst the loud alarms
Sublime th' eternal Thunderer rose in arms.
When Briareus, by mad ambition driven,
Heav'd Pelion huge, and hurl'd it high at Heaven.
Jove roll'd redoubling thunders from on high,
Mountains and bolts encounter'd in the sky;
Till one stupendous ruin whelm'd the crew,
Their vast limbs weltering wide in brimstone blue.

But now at length the pygmy legions yield,
And wing'd with terrour fly the fatal field.
They raise a weak and melancholy wail,
All in distraction scattering o'er the vale.
Prone on their routed rear the cranes descend;
Their bill... ite furious, and their talons rend:
With unrelenting ire they urge the chace,
Sworn to exterminate the hated race.
'Twas thus the pygmy name, once great in war,
For spoils of conquer'd cranes renown'n afar,
Perish'd. For, by the dread decree of Heaven,
Short is the date to earthly grandeur given,
And vain are all attempts to roam beyond
Where fate has fix'd the everlasting bound.
Fallen are the trophies of Assyrian power,
And Persia's proud dominion is no more;
Yea, though to both superior far in fame,
Thine empire, Latium, is an empty name.

And now with lofty chiefs of ancient time,
The pygmy heroes roam th' elysian clime.
Or, if belief to matron-tales be due,
Full oft, in the belated shepherd's view,
Their frisking forms, in gentle green array'd,
Gambol secure amid the moonlight glade.
Secure, for no alarming cranes molest,
And all their woes in long oblivion rest:
Down the deep vale, and narrow winding way,
They foot it featly, rang'd in ringlets gay:
'Tis joy and frolic all, where'er they rove,
And Fairy-people is the name they love.

THE HARES.

A FABLE.

Yes, yes, I grant the sons of Earth
Are doom'd to trouble from their birth.
We all of sorrow have our share;
But say, is yours without compare?
Look round the world; perhaps you'll find
Each individual of our kind
Press'd with an equal load of ill,
Equal at least. Look further still,
And own your lamentable case
Is little short of happiness.
In yonder hut that stands alone
Attend to Famine's feeble moan;
Or view the couch where Sickness lies,
Mark his pale cheek, and languid eyes,
His frame by strong convulsion torn,
His struggling sighs, and looks forlorn.
Or see, transfix'd with keener pangs,
Where o'er his hoard the miser hangs;
Whistles the wind; he starts, he stares,
Nor Slumber's balmy blessing shares;
Despair, Remorse, and Terror roll
Their tempests on his harrass'd soul.

But here perhaps it may avail
T' enforce our reasoning with a tale.

Mild was the morn, the sky serene,
The jolly hunting band convene,
The beagle's breast with ardour burns,
The bounding steed the champaign spurns,
And Fancy oft the game descries
Thro' the hound's nose, and huntsman's eyes.

Just then, a council of the hares
Had met, on national affairs.
The chiefs were set; while o'er their head
The furze its frizzled covering spread.
Long lists of grievances were heard,
And general discontent appear'd.
"Our harmless race shall every savage
Both quadruped and biped ravage?
Shall horses, hounds, and hunters still
Unite their wits to work us ill?
The youth, his parent's sole delight,
Whose tooth the dewy lawns invite,
Whose pulse in every vein beats strong,
Whose limbs leap light the vales along,
May yet ere noontide meet his death,
And lie dismember'd on the heath.
For youth, alas, nor cautious age,
Nor strength, nor speed, eludes their rage.
In every field we meet the foe,
Each gale comes fraught with sounds of woe;
The morning but awakes our fears,
The evening sees us bath'd in tears.
But must we ever idly grieve,
Nor strive our fortunes to relieve?
Small is each individual's force:
To stratagem be our recourse;
And then, from all our tribes combin'd,
The murderer to his cost may find
No foes are weak, whom Justice arms,
Whom Concord leads, and Hatred warms.
Be rous'd; or liberty acquire,
Or in the great attempt expire."
He said no more, for in his breast
Conflicting thoughts the voice suppress'd:
The fire of vengeance seem'd to stream
From his swoln eyeball's yellow gleam.
And now the tumults of the way
Mingling confusedly from afar,
Swell in the wind. Now louder cries
Distinct of hounds and men arise.
Forth from the brake, with beating heart,
Th' assembled hares tumultuous start,
And, every straining nerve on wing,
Away precipitately spring.
The hunting band, a signal given,
Thick thundering o'er the plain are driven;
O'er cliff abrupt, and shrubby mound,
And river broad, impetuous bound;
Now plunge amid the forest shades,
Glance through the openings of the glades;
Now o'er the level valley sweep,
Now with short steps strain up the steep;
While backward from the hunter's eyes
The landscape like a torrent flies.
At last an ancient wood they gain'd,
By pruner's ax yet unprofaned.
High o'er the rest, by Nature rear'd,
The oak's majestic boughs appear'd;
Beneath, a copse of various hue
In barbarous luxuriance grew.
No knife had curb'd the rambling sprays,
No hand had wove th' implicit maze.
The flowering thorn, self-taught to wind,
The hazle's stubborn stem intwin'd,
And bramble twigs were wreath'd around,
And rough furze crept along the ground.
Here sheltering from the sons of murther,
The hares drag their tired limbs no further.

But lo, the western wind ere long
Was loud, and roar'd the woods among;
From rustling leaves, and crashing boughs,
The sound of woe and war arose.
The hares distracted scour the grove,
As terrour and amazement drove;
But danger, wheresoe'er they fled,
Still seem'd impending o'er their head.
Now crowded in a grotto's gloom,
All hope extinct, they wait their doom.
Dire was the silence, till, at length,
Even from despair deriving strength,
With bloody eye, and furious look,
A daring youth arose and spoke.
"O wretched race, the scorn of Fate,
Whom ills of every sort await!
O, curs'd with keenest sense to feel
The sharpest sting of every ill!
Say ye, who, fraught with mighty schome,
Of liberty and vengeance dream,
What now remains? To what recess
Shall we our weary steps address,
Since Fate is evermore pursuing
All ways, and means to work our ruin?
Are we alone, of all beneath,
Condemn'd to misery worse than death!
Must we, with fruitless labour, strive
In misery worse than death to live!
No. Be the smaller ill our choice:
So dictates Nature's powerful voice.
Death's pang will in a moment cease;
And then, All hail, eternal peace!"
Thus while he spoke, his words impart
The dire resolve to every heart.
A distant lake in prospect lay,
That, glittering in the solar ray,
Gleam'd thro' the dusky trees, and shot
A trembling light along the grot.
Thither with one consent they bend,
Their sorrows with their lives to end,
While each, in thought, already hears
The water hissing in his ears.
Fast by the margin of the lake,
Conceal'd within a thorny brake,
A linnet sate, whose careless lay
Amus'd the solitary day.
Careless he sung, for on his breast
Sorrow no lasting trace impress'd;
When suddenly he heard a sound
Of swift feet traversing the ground.
Quick to the neighbouring tree he flies,
Thence trembling casts around his eyes;
No foe appear'd, his fears were vain;
Pleas'd he renews the sprightly strain.
The hares, whose noise had caused his fright,
Saw with surprize the linnet's flight.
"Is there on Earth a wretch," they said,
"Whom our approach can strike with dread?"
An instantaneous change of thought
To tumult every bosom wrought.
So fares the system-building sage,
Who, plodding on from youth to age,
At last on some foundation-dream
Has rear'd aloft his goodly scheme,
And prov'd his predecessors fools,
And bound all nature by his rules;
So fares he in that dreadful hour,
When injur'd Truth exerts her power,

Some new phenomenon to raise,
Which, bursting on his frighted gaze,
From its proud summit to the ground
Proves the whole edifice unsound.
" Children," thus spoke a hare sedate,
Who oft had known th' extremes of fate,
" In slight events the docile mind
May hints of good instruction find.
That our condition is the worst,
And we with such misfortunes curs'd
As all comparison defy,
Was late the universal cry,
When lo, an accident so slight
As yonder little linnet's flight,
Has made your stubborn heart confess
(So your amazement bids me guess)
That all our load of woes and fears
Is but a part of what he bears.
Where can he rest secure from harms,
Whom even a helpless hare alarms?
Yet he repines not at his lot,
When past the danger is forgot:
On yonder bough he trims his wings,
And with unusual rapture sings:
While we, less wretched, sink beneath
Our lighter ills, and rush to death.
No more of this unmeaning rage,
But hear, my friends, the words of age.
" When by the winds of autumn driven
The scatter'd clouds fly cross the Heaven,
Oft have we, from some mountain's head,
Beheld th' alternate light and shade
Sweep the long vale. Here hovering lowers
The shadowy cloud; there downwards pours,
Streaming direct, a flood of day,
Which from the view flies swift away;
It flies, while other shades advance,
And other streaks of sunshine glance.
Thus chequer'd is the life below
With gleams of joy and clouds of woe.
Then hope not, while we journey on,
Still to be basking in the sun:
Nor fear, tho' now in shades ye mourn,
That sunshine will no more return.
If, by your terrours overcome,
Ye fly before th' approaching gloom,
The rapid clouds your flight pursue,
And darkness still o'ercasts your view.
Who longs to reach the radiant plain
Must onward urge his course amain;
For doubly swift the shadow flies,
When 'gainst the gale the pilgrim plies.
At least be firm, and undismay'd
Maintain your ground! the fleeting shade
Ere long spontaneous glides away,
And gives you back th' enlivening ray.
Lo, while I speak, our danger past!
No more the shrill horn's angry blast
Howls in our ear; the savage roar
Of war and murder is no more.
Then snatch the moment fate allows,
Nor think of past or future woes."
He spoke; and hope revives; the lake
That instant one and all forsake,
In sweet amusement to employ
The present sprightly hour of joy.
Now from the western mountain's brow,
Compass'd with clouds of various glow,
The Sun a broader orb displays,
And shoots aslope his ruddy rays.
The lawn assumes a fresher green,
And dew drops spangle all the scene.
The balmy zephyr breathes along,
The shepherd sings his tender song,
With all their lays the groves resound,
And falling waters murmur round,
Discord and care were put to flight,
And all was peace, and calm delight.

EPITAPH:

BEING PART OF AN INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED BY A GENTLEMAN TO THE MEMORY OF HIS LADY.

Farewell, my best-belov'd; whose heavenly mind
Genius with virtue, strength with softness join'd;
Devotion, undebas'd by pride or art,
With meek simplicity, and joy of heart;
Though sprightly, gentle; though polite, sincere;
And only of thyself a judge severe;
Unblam'd, unequall'd in each sphere of life,
The tenderest daughter, sister, parent, wife.
In thee their patroness th' afflicted lost;
Thy friends, their pattern, ornament, and boast;
And I—but ah, can words my loss declare,
Or paint th' extremes of transport and despair!
O thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
My guide, my friend, my best-belov'd, farewell!

ODE

ON LORD H * * 's BIRTH-DAY.

A muse, unskill'd in venal praise,
Unstain'd with flattery's art:
Who loves simplicity of lays
Breath'd ardent from the heart;
While gratitude and joy inspire,
Resumes the long-unpractis'd lyre,
To hail, O H * *, thy natal morn:
No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,
But twines with oak the laurel leaves,
Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
Thine ancestors reclin'd,
Where sloth dissolves, and spleen devours
All energy of mind.
To hurl the dart, to ride the car,
To stem the deluges of war,
And snatch from fate a sinking land;
Trample th' invader's lofty crest,
And from his grasp the dagger wrest,
And desolating brand:

'Twas this, that rais'd th' illustrious line
To match the first in fame!
A thousand years have seen it shine
With unabated flame.
Have seen thy mighty sires appear
Foremost in glory's high career,
The pride and pattern of the brave.
Yet, pure from lust of blood their fire,
And from ambition's wild desire,
They triumph'd but to save.

The Muse with joy attends their way
The vale of peace along;
There to its lord the village gay
Renews the grateful song.
Yon castle's glittering towers contain
No pit of woe, nor clanking chain,
Nor to the suppliant's wail resound;
The open doors the needy bless,
Th' unfriended hail their calm recess,
And gladness smiles around.

There to the sympathetic heart
Life's best delights belong,
To mitigate the mourner's smart,
To guard the weak from wrong.
Ye sons of luxury, be wise:
Know, happiness for ever flies
The cold and solitary breast;
Then let the social instinct glow,
And learn to feel another's woe,
And in his joy be blest.

O yet, ere Pleasure plant her snare
For unsuspecting youth;
Ere Flattery her song prepare
To check the voice of Truth;
O may his country's guardian power
Attend the slumbering infant's bower,
And bright, inspiring dreams impart;
To rouse th' hereditary fire,
To kindle each sublime desire,
Exalt, and warm the heart.

Swift to reward a parent's fears,
A parent's hopes to crown,
Roll on in peace, ye blooming years,
That rear him to renown;
When in his finish'd form and face
Admiring multitudes shall trace
Each patrimonial charm combin'd,
The courteous yet majestic mien,
The liberal smile, the look serene,
The great and gentle mind.

Yet, though thou draw a nation's eyes,
And win a nation's love,
Let not thy towering mind despise
The village and the grove.
No slander there shall wound thy fame,
No ruffian take his deadly aim,
No rival weave the secret snare:
For Innocence with angel smile,
Simplicity that knows no guile,
And Love and Peace are there.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
And lay its glories waste,
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.
Thro' scenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas! is ne'er at home,
It hopes in time to roam no more;
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joy sincere,
The good alone are great:
Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
And hear the voice of artless praise;
As when along the trophy'd plain
Sublime they lead the victor train,
While shouting nations gaze.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

LADY CHARLOTTE GORDON.

DRESSED IN A TARTAN SCOTCH BONNET, WITH PLUMES, &c.

Why, lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely brow
With the dread semblance of that warlike helm,
That nodding plume, and wreath of various glow,
That grac'd the chiefs of Scotia's ancient realm?

Thou knowest that Virtue is of power the source,
And all her magic to thy eyes is given;
We own their empire, while we feel their force,
Beaming with the benignity of heaven.

The plumy helmet, and the martial mien,
Might dignify Minerva's awful charms;
But more resistless far th' Idalian queen—
Smiles, graces, gentleness, her only arms.

THE HERMIT,

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The Moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again.
But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind:
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'O pity, great Father of light,' then I cry'd,
'Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

ON THE REPORT OF A MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, TO THE MEMORY OF A LATE AUTHOR. (CHURCHILL.)

(Written in 1765.)

[Part of a Letter to a person of quality.]

——LEST your lordship, who are so well acquainted with every thing that relates to true honour, should think hardly of me for attacking the memory of the dead, I beg leave to offer a few words in my own vindication.

If I had composed the following verses, with a view to gratify private resentment, to promote the interest of any faction, or to recommend myself to the patronage of any person whatsoever, I should have been altogether inexcusable. To attack the memory of the dead from selfish considerations, or from mere wantonness of malice, is an enormity which none can hold in greater detestation, than I. But I composed them from very different motives; as every intelligent reader, who peruses them with attention, and who is willing to believe me upon my own testimony, will undoubtedly perceive. My motives proceeded from a sincere desire to do some small service to my country, and to the cause of truth and virtue. The promoters of faction I ever did, and ever will consider as the enemies of mankind: to the memory of such I owe no veneration: to the writings of such I owe no indulgence.

Your lordship knows that (Churchill) owed the greatest share of his renown to the most incompetent of all judges, the mob: actuated by the most unworthy of all principles, a spirit of insolence, and inflamed by the vilest of all human passions, hatred to their fellow citizens. Those who joined the cry in his favour seemed to me to be swayed rather by fashion than by real sentiment: he therefore might have lived and died unmolested by me, confident as I am, that posterity, when the present unhappy dissentions are forgotten, will do ample justice to his real character. But when I saw the extravagant honours that were paid to his memory, and heard that a monument in Westminster Abbey was intended for one whom even his admirers acknowledge to have been an incendiary, and a debauchee; I could not help wishing that my countrymen would reflect a little on what they were doing, before they consecrated, by what posterity would think the public voice, a character, which no friend to virtue or true taste can approve. It was this sentiment, enforced by the earnest request of a friend, which produced the following little poem; in which I have said nothing of (Churchill's) manners that is not warranted by the best authority: nor of his writings, that is not perfectly agreeable to the opinion of many of the most competent judges in Britain.

(Aberdeen) January, 1765.

BUFO, begone! with thee may Faction's fire,
That hatch'd thy salamander-fame, expire.
Fame, dirty idol of the brainless crowd,
What half-made moon-calf can mistake for good!
Since shared by knaves of high and low degree;
Cromwell and Cataline: Guido Faux, and thee.
By nature uninspir'd, untaught by art;
With not one thought that breathes the feeling heart,
With not one offering vow'd to Virtue's shrine,
With not one pure unprostituted line;
Alike debauch'd in body, soul, and lays;—
For pension'd censure, and for pension'd praise,
For ribaldry, for libels, lewdness, lies,
For blasphemy of all the good and wise:
Coarse violence in coarser doggrel writ, [wit!
Which bawling blackguards spell'd, and took for
For conscience, honour, slighted, spurn'd, o'er-
Lo, Bufo shines the minion of renown. [thrown:—
Is this the land that boasts a Milton's fire,
And magic Spenser's wildly warbling lyre!
The land that owns th' omnipotence of song,
When Shakespear whirls the throbbing heart along?
The land, where Pope, with energy divine,
In one strong blaze bade wit and fancy shine:
Whose verse, by truth in virtue's triumph born,
Gave knaves to infamy, and fools to scorn;
Yet pure in manners, and in thought refin'd,
Whose life and lays adorn'd and bless'd mankind?
Is this the land, where Gray's unlabour'd art
Soothes, melts, alarms, and ravishes the heart:
While the lone wanderer's sweet complainings flow
In simple majesty of manly woe:
Or while, sublime, on eagle-pinion driven,
He soars Pindaric heights, and sails the waste of Heaven?
Is this the land, o'er Shenstone's recent urn
Where all the Loves and gentler Graces mourn?
And where, to crown the hoary bard of night [1]
The Muses and the Virtues all unite?
Is this the land, where Akenside displays
The bold yet temperate flame of ancient days?
Like the rapt sage [2], in genius as in theme,
Whose hallow'd strain renown'd, Ilyssus' stream:
Or him, the indignant bard [3], whose patriot ire,
Sublime in vengance, smote the dreadful lyre:
For truth, for liberty, for virtue warm,
Whose mighty song unnerv'd a tyrant's arm,
Hush'd the rude roar of discord, rage, and lust,
And spurn'd licentious demagogues to dust.
Is this the queen of realms! the glorious isle,
Britannia, blest in Heaven's indulgent smile!

[1] Dr. Young. [2] Plato.
[3] Alcæus. See Akenside's Ode on Lyric Poetry

Guardian of truth, and patroness of art,
Nurse of th' undaunted soul, and generous heart!
Where, from a base unthankful world exil'd,
Freedom exults to roam the careless wild:
Where taste to science every charm supplies,
And genius soars unbounded to the skies!
And shall a Bufo's most polluted name
Stain her bright tablet of untainted fame!
Shall his disgraceful name with theirs be join'd,
Who wish'd and wrought the welfare of their kind!
His name accurst, who leagued with ****** and Hell,
Labour'd to rouse, with rude and murderous yell,
Discord the fiend, to toss rebellion's brand,
To whelm in rage and woe a guiltless land:
To frustrate wisdom's, virtue's noblest plan,
And triumph in the miseries of man.
Driveling and dull, when crawls the reptile Muse,
Swoln from the sty, and rankling from the stews,
With envy, spleen, and pestilence replete,
And gorg'd with dust she lick'd from Treason's feet:
Who once, like Satan, rais'd to Heaven her sight,
But turn'd abhorrent from the hated light:—
O'er such a Muse shall wreaths of glory bloom!
No—shame and execration be her doom.
Hard-fated Bufo, could not dulness save
Thy soul from sin, from infamy thy grave!
Blackmore and Quarles, those blockheads of renown,
Lavish'd their ink, but never harm'd the town.
Though this, thy brother in discordant song,
Harass'd the ear, and cramp'd the labouring tongue:
And that, like thee, taught staggering prose to stand,
And limp on stilts of rhyme around the land.
Harmless they doz'd a scribbling life away,
And yawning nations own'd th' innoxious lay;
But from thy graceless, rude, and beastly brain
What fury breath'd th' incendiary strain?
Did hate to vice exasperate thy style?
No—Bufo match'd the vilest of the vile.
Yet blazon'd was his verse with Virtue's name—
Thus prudes look down to hide their want of shame:
Thus hypocrites to truth, and fools to sense,
And fops to taste, have sometimes made pretence:
Thus thieves and gamesters swear by honour's laws:
Thus pension-hunters bawl "their country's cause:"
Thus furious Teague for moderation rav'd
And own'd his soul to liberty enslav'd.
Nor yet, though thousand cits admire thy rage,
Though less of fool than felon marks thy page:
Nor yet, though here and there one lonely spark
Of wit half brightens through th' involving dark,
To show the gloom more hideous for the foil,
But not repay the drudging reader's toil;
(For who for one poor pearl of clouded ray [way?)
Through Alpine dunghills delves his desperate
Did genius to thy verse such bane impart?
No. 'Twas the demon of thy venom'd heart,
(Thy heart with rancour's quintessence endued)
And the blind zeal of a misjudging crowd.
Thus from rank soil a poison'd mushroom sprung,
Nurseling obscene of mildew and of dung:
By Heaven design'd on its own native spot
Harmless t' enlarge its bloated bulk, and rot.
But gluttony th' abortive nuisance saw;
It rous'd his ravenous undiscerning maw:
Gulp'd down the tasteless throat, the mess abhorr'd
Shot fiery influence round the maddening board.
O had thy verse been impotent as dull,
Nor spoke the rancorous heart, but lumpish scull;
Had mobs distinguish'd, they who howl'd thy fame,
The icicle from the pure diamond's flame,
From fancy's soul thy gross imbruted sense,
From dauntless truth thy shameless insolence,
From elegance confusion's monstrous mass,
And from the lion's spoils the sculking ass,
From rapture's strain the drawling doggrel line,
From warbling seraphim the grunting swine;—
With gluttons, dunces, rakes, thy name had slept,
Nor o'er her sullied fame Britannia wept:
Nor had the Muse with honest zeal possess'd,
T' avenge her country, by thy name disgrac'd,
Rais'd this bold strain for virtue, truth, mankind,
And thy fell shade to infamy resign'd.
When frailty leads astray the soul sincere,
Let mercy shed the soft and manly tear.
When to the grave descends the sensual sot,
Unnamed, unnoticed, let his carrion rot.
When paltry rogues, by stealth, deceit, or force,
Hazard their necks, ambitious of your purse:
For such the hangman wreaths his trusty gin,
And let the gallows expiate their sin.
But when a ruffian, whose portentous crimes
Like plagues and earthquakes terrify the times,
Triumphs through life, from legal judgment free,
For Hell may hatch what law could ne'er foresee:
Sacred from vengeance shall his memory rest?—
Judas though dead, though damn'd, we still detest.

THE

JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

[*Published in* 1765.]

Far in the depth of Ida's inmost grove,
A scene for love and solitude design'd;
Where flowery woodbines wild by Nature wove
Form'd the lone bower, the royal swain reclin'd.

All up the craggy cliffs, that tower'd to Heaven,
Green wav'd the murmuring pines on every side;
Save where, fair opening to the beam of even,
A dale slop'd gradual to the valley wide.

Echoed the vale with many a cheerful note;
The lowing of the herds resounding long,
The shrilling pipe, and mellow horn remote,
And social clamours of the festive throng.

For now, low hovering o'er the western main,
Where amber clouds begirt his dazzling throne,
The Sun with ruddier verdure deckt the plain:
And lakes, and streams, and spires triumphal shone.

And many a band of ardent youths were seen;
Some into rapture fir'd by glory's charms,
Or hurl'd the thundering car along the green.
Or march'd embattled on in glittering arms.

Others more mild, in happy leisure gay,
The darkening forest's lonely gloom explore,
Or by Scamander's flowery margin stray,
Or the blue Hellespont's resounding shore.

But chief the eye to Ilion's glories turn'd,
That gleam'd along th' extended champaign far
And bulwarks, in terrific pomp adorn'd,
Where Peace sat smiling at the frowns of War.

Rich in the spoils of many a subject-clime,
In pride luxurious blaz'd th' imperial dome;
Tower'd mid th' encircling grove the fane sublime;
And dread memorials mark'd the hero's tomb.

Who from the black and bloody cavern led [breast;
The savage stern, and sooth'd his boisterous
Who spoke, and Science rear'd her radiant head,
And brighten'd o'er the long benighted waste;

Or, greatly daring in his country's cause, [design'd,
Whose heaven-taught soul the awful plan
Whence Power stood trembling at the voice of laws;
Whence soar'd on Freedom's wing th' ethereal mind.

But not the pomp that royalty displays,
Nor all th' imperial pride of lofty Troy,
Nor Virtue's triumph of immortal praise
Could rouse the languor of the lingering boy.

Abandon'd all to soft Enone's charms,
He to oblivion doom'd the listless day;
Inglorious Lull'd in love's dissolving arms, [lay.
While flutes lascivious breath'd th' enfeebling

To trim the ringlets of his scented hair:
To aim, insidious, Love's bewitching glance;
Or cull fresh garlands for the gaudy fair,
Or wanton loose in the voluptuous dance:

These were his arts; these won Enone's love,
Nor sought his fettered soul a nobler aim.
Ah why should beauty's smile those arts approve,
Which taint with infamy the lover's flame!

Now laid at large beside a murmuring spring,
Melting he listen'd to the vernal song,
And Echo listening wav'd her airy wing,
While the deep winding dales the lays prolong.

When slowly floating down the azure skies
A crimson cloud flash'd on his startled sight;
Whose skirts gay-sparkling with unnumber'd dies
Lanched the long billowy trails of flickery light.

That instant, hush'd was all the vocal grove,
Hush'd was the gale, and every ruder sound,
And strains aërial, warbling far above,
Rung in the ear a magic peal profound.

Near, and more near, the swimming radiance roll'd;
Along the mountains stream the lingering fires,
Sublime the groves of Ida blaze with gold,
And all the Heaven resounds with louder lyres.

The trumpet breathed a note: and all in air,
The glories vanish'd from the dazzled eye;
And three ethereal forms, divinely fair,
Down the steep glade were seen advancing nigh.

The flowering glade fell level where they mov'd;
O'er-arching high the clustering roses hung,
And gales from Heaven on balmy pinion rov'd,
And hill and dale with gratulation rung.

The FIRST with slow and stately step drew near,
Fix'd was her lofty eye, erect her mien:
Sublime in grace, in majesty severe,
She look'd and mov'd a goddess and a queen.

Her robe along the gale profusely stream'd,
Light lean'd the sceptre on her bending arm;
And round her brow a starry circlet gleam'd,
Heightening the pride of each commanding charm.

Milder the NEXT came on with artless grace,
And on a javelin's quivering length reclin'd:

T' exalt her mien she bade no splendour blaze,
Nor pomp of vesture fluctuate on the wind.

Serene, though awful, on her brow the light
Of heavenly wisdom shone: nor rov'd her eyes,
Save to the shadowy cliff's majestic height,
Or the blue concave of th' involving skies.

Keen were her eyes to search the inmost soul:
Yet Virtue triumph'd in their beams benign,
And impious Pride oft felt their dread controul,
When in fierce lightning flash'd the wrath divine [1].

With awe and wonder gaz'd th' adoring swain;
His kindling cheeks great Virtue's power confess'd;
But soon 'twas o'er, for Virtue prompts in vain,
When Pleasure's influence numbs the nerveless breast.

And now advanced the QUEEN OF MELTING JOY,
Smiling supreme in unresisted charms,
Ah then, what transports fir'd the trembling boy!
How throb'd his sickening frame with fierce alarms!

Her eyes in liquid light luxurious swim,
And languish with unutterable love. [limb,
Heaven's warm bloom glows along each bright'ning
Where fluttering bland the veil's thin mantlings rove.

Quick, blushing as abash'd, she half withdrew:
One hand a bough of flowering myrtle wav'd,
One graceful spread, where, scarce conceal'd from view,
Soft through the parting robe her bosom heav'd.

"Offspring of Jove supreme! belov'd of Heav'n!
Attend." Thus spoke the empress of the skies.
"For know, to thee, high-fated prince, 'tis given
Through the bright realms of Fame sublime to rise,

"Beyond man's boldest hope; if nor the wiles
Of Pallas triumph o'er th' ennobling thought;
Nor Pleasure lure with artificial smiles
To quaff the poison of her luscious draught.

"When Juno's charms the prize of beauty claim
Shall ought on Earth, shall ought in Heav'n contend?
Whom Juno calls to high triumphant fame,
Shall he to meaner sway inglorious bend?

"Yet lingering comfortless in lonesome wild,
Where Echo sleeps mid cavern'd vales profound,
The pride of Troy, Dominion's darling child,
Pines while the slow hour stalks its sullen round.

"Hear thou, of Heav'n inconscious! From the blaze
Of glory, stream'd from Jove's eternal throne,
Thy soul, O mortal, caught th' inspiring rays
That to a god exalt Earth's raptur'd son.

"Hence the bold wish, on boundless pinion born,
That fires, alarms, impels the maddening soul;
The hero's eye, hence, kindling into scorn,
Blasts the proud menace, and defies controul.

"But, unimprov'd, Heav'n's noblest boons are vain,
No sun with plenty crowns th' uncultur'd vale:
Where green lakes languish on the silent plain,
Death rides the billows of the western gale.

[1] This is agreeable to the theology of Homer, who often represents Pallas as the executioner of divine vengeance.

" Deep in yon mountain's womb, where the dark cave
Howls to the torrent's everlasting roar,
Does the rich gem its flashy radiance wave?
Or flames with steady ray th' imperial ore?

" Toil deck'd with glittering domes yon champaign wide,
And wakes yon grove-embosom'd lawns to joy,
And rends the rough ore from the mountain's side,
Spangling with starry pomp the thrones of Troy.

" Fly these soft scenes. Even now, with playful art,
Love wreathes the flowery ways with fatal snare.
And nurse th' ethereal fire that warms thy heart,
That fire ethereal lives but by thy care.

" Lo, hovering near on dark and dampy wing,
Sloth with stern patience waits the hour assign'd,
From her chill plume the deadly dews to fling,
That quench Heav'n's beam, and freeze the cheerless-mind.

" Vain, then, th' enlivening sound of Fame's alarms,
For Hope's exulting impulse prompts no more:
Vain even the joys that lure to Pleasure's arms,
The throb of transport is for ever o'er.

" Oh who shall then to Fancy's darkening eyes
Recall th' Elysian dreams of joy and light?
Dim through the gloom the formless visions rise,
Snatch'd instantaneous down the gulph of night.

" Thou, who securely lull'd in youth's warm ray
Mark'st not the desolations wrought by Time,
Be rous'd or perish. Ardent for its prey
Speeds the fell hour that ravages thy prime.

" And, midst the horrours shrin'd of midnight storm,
The fiend Oblivion eyes thee from afar,
Black with intolerable frowns her form,
Beckoning th' embattled whirlwinds into war.

" Fanes, bulwarks, mountains, worlds, their tempest whelms:
Yet Glory braves unmov'd th' impetuous sweep.
Fly then, ere, hurl'd from life's delightful realms,
Thou sink t' Oblivion's dark and boundless deep.

" Fly then, where Glory points the path sublime,
See her crown dazzling with eternal light!
'Tis Juno prompts thy daring steps to climb,
And girds thy bounding heart with matchless might.

" Warm in the raptures of divine desire,
Burst the soft chain that curbs th' aspiring mind:
And fly, where Victory, born on wings of fire,
Waves her red banner to the rattling wind.

" Ascend the car. Indulge the pride of arms,
Where clarions roll their kindling strains on high,
Where the eye maddens to the dread alarms,
And the long shout tumultuous rends the sky.

" Plung'd in the uproar of the thundering field
I see thy lofty arm the tempest guide:
Fate scatters lightening from thy meteor-shield,
And Ruin spreads around the sanguine tide.

" Go, urge the terrours of thy headlong car
On prostrate Pride, and Grandeur's spoils o'er-thrown,
While all amaz'd even heroes shrink afar,
And hosts embattled vanish at thy frown.

" When glory crowns thy godlike toils, and all
The triumph's lengthening pomp exalts thy soul,
When lowly at thy feet the mighty fall,
And tyrants tremble at thy stern controul:

" When conquering millions hail thy sovereign might,
And tribes unknown dread acclamation join:
How wilt thou spurn the forms of low delight!
For all the ecstasies of Heav'n are thine:

" For thine the joys, that fear no length of days,
Whose wide effulgence scorns all mortal bound:
Fame's trump in thunder shall announce thy praise,
Nor bursting worlds her clarion's blast confound."

The goddess ceas'd, not dubious of the prize:
Elate she mark'd his wild and rolling eye,
Mark'd his lip quiver, and his bosom rise,
And his warm cheek suffus'd with crimson die.

But Pallas now drew near. Sublime, serene
In conscious dignity, she viewed the swain:
Then, love and pity softening all her mien, [strain
Thus breathed with accents mild the solemn

" Let those, whose arts to fatal paths betray,
The soul with passion's gloom tempestuous blind,
And snatch from Reason's ken th' auspicious ray
Truth darts from Heaven to guide th' exploring mind.

" But Wisdom loves the calm and serious hour,
When Heaven's pure emanation beams confess'd:
Rage, ecstasy, alike disclaim her power,
She wooes each gentler impulse of the breast.

" Sincere th' unalter'd bliss her charms impart,
Sedate th' enlivening ardours they inspire:
She bids no transient rapture thrill the heart,
She wakes no feverish gust of fierce desire.

" Unwise, who, tossing on the watery way,
All to the storm th' unfetter'd sail devolve:
Man more unwise resigns the mental sway,
Born headlong on by passion's keen resolve.

" While storms remote but murmur on thine ear,
Nor waves in ruinous uproar round thee roll,
Yet, yet a moment check thy prone career,
And curb the keen resolve that prompts thy soul.

" Explore thy heart, that, rous'd by Glory's name,
Pants all enraptur'd with the mighty charm—
And, does Ambition quench each milder flame?
And is it conquest that alone can warm?

" T' indulge fell Rapine's desolating lust,
To drench the balmy lawn in streaming gore,
To spurn the hero's cold and silent dust— [more!
Are these thy joys? Nor throbs thy heart for

" Pleas'd canst thou listen to the patriot's groan,
And the wild wail of Innocence forlorn?
And hear th' abandon'd maid's last frantic moan,
Her love for ever from her bosom torn?

" Nor wilt thou shrink, when Virtue's fainting breath
Pours the dread curse of vengeance on thy head!
Nor when the pale ghost bursts the cave of death,
To glare distraction on thy midnight bed?

" Was it for this, though born to regal power,
Kind Heav'n to thee did nobler gifts consign,
Bade Fancy's influence gild thy natal hour,
And bade Philanthropy's applause be thine?

" Theirs be the dreadful glory to destroy,
And theirs the pride of pomp, and praise sublime,
Whose eye ne'er lighten'd at the smile of Joy,
Whose cheek the tear of Pity ne'er adorn'd?

" Whose soul, each finer sense instinctive quell'd,
The lyre's mellifluous ravishment defies:
Nor marks where Beauty roves the flowery field,
Or Grandeur's pinion sweeps th' unbounded skies.

" Hail to sweet Fancy's unexpressive charm!
Hail to the pure delights of social love!
Hail, pleasures mild, that fire not while ye warm,
Nor rack th' exulting frame, but gently move.

" But Fancy soothes no more, if stern Remorse
With iron grasp the tortur'd bosom wring.
Ah then, even Fancy speeds the venom's course,
Even Fancy points with rage the maddening sting.

" Her wrath a thousand gnashing fiends attend,
And roll the snakes, and toss the brands of Hell:
The beam of Beauty blasts: dark Heavens impend
Tottering: and Music thrills with startling yell.

" What then avails, that with exhaustless store
Obsequious Luxury loads thy glittering shrine:
What then avails, that prostrate slaves adore,
And Fame proclaims thee matchless and divine?

" What tho' bland Flattery all her arts apply?—
Will these avail to calm th' infuriate brain?
Or will the roaring surge, when heav'd on high,
Headlong hang, hush'd to hear the piping swain?

" In health how fair, how ghastly in decay
Man's lofty form! how heavenly fair the mind
Sublimed by Virtue's sweet enlivening sway!
But ah! to guilt's outrageous rule resign'd,

" How hideous and forlorn! when ruthless Care
With cankering tooth corrodes the seeds of life,
And deaf with passion's storms when pines Despair,
And howling furies rouse th' eternal strife.

" O, by thy hopes of joy that restless glow,
Pledges of Heaven! be taught by Wisdom's lore:
With anxious haste each doubtful path forego,
And life's wild ways with cautious fear explore.

" Straight be thy course: nor tempt the maze that conceals,
Where fell Remorse his shapeless strength leads
And oft Ambition's dizzy cliff he treads,
And slumbers oft in Pleasure's flow'ry vales.

" Nor linger unresolv'd: Heav'n prompts the choice;
Save when Presumption shuts the ear of Pride:
With grateful awe attend to Nature's voice,
The voice of Nature Heav'n ordained thy guide.

" Warn'd by her voice, the arduous path pursue,
That leads to Virtue's fane a hardy band,
What, though no gaudy scenes decoy their view,
Nor clouds of fragrance roll along the land?

" What, though rude mountains heave the flinty way?
Yet there the soul drinks light and life divine;
And pure aëreal gales of gladness play,
Brace every nerve, and every sense refine.

" Go, prince, be virtuous, and be blest. The throne
Rears not its state to swell the couch of Lust:
Nor dignify Corruption's daring son,
T' o'erwhelm his humbler brethren of the dust.

" But yield an ampler scene to Bounty's eye,
An ampler range to Mercy's ear expand:
And, midst admiring nations, set on high
Virtue's fair model, framed by Wisdom's hand.

" Go then: the moan of Woe demands thine aid:
Pride's licens'd outrage claims thy slumbering ire:
Pale Genius roams the bleak neglected shade,
And battening Avarice mocks his tuneless lyre.

" Even Nature pines by vilest chains oppress'd:
Th' astonish'd kingdoms crouch to Fashion's nod.
O ye pure inmates of the gentle breast,
Truth, Freedom, Love, O where is your abode?

" O yet once more shall Peace from Heaven return,
And young Simplicity with mortals dwell!
Nor Innocence th' august pavilion scorn,
Nor meek Contentment fly the humble cell!

" Wilt thou, my prince, the beauteous train implore
Midst Earth's forsaken scenes once more to bide?
Then shall the shepherd sing in every bower,
And Love with garlands wreath the domes of Pride.

" The bright tear starting in th' impassion'd eyes
Of silent gratitude; the smiling gaze
Of gratulation, faltering while he tries
With voice of transport to proclaim thy praise;

" Th' ethereal glow that stimulates thy frame,
When all th' according powers harmonious move,
And wake to energy each social aim,
Attuned spontaneous to the will of Jove;

" Be these, O man, the triumphs of thy soul;
And all the conqueror's dazzling glories slight,
That meteor-like, o'er trembling nations roll,
To sink at once in deep and dreadful night.

" Like thine, yon orb's stupendous glories burn
With genial beam; nor, at th' approach of even,
In shades of horrour leave the world to mourn,
But gild with lingering light th' impurpled Heav'n."

Thus while she spoke, her eye, sedately meek,
Look'd the pure fervour of maternal love.
No rival zeal intemperate flush'd her cheek—
Can Beauty's boast the soul of Wisdom move?

Worth's noble pride, can Envy's leer appal,
Or staring Folly's vain applauses soothe?
Can jealous Fear Truth's dauntless heart enthral?
Suspicion lurks not in the heart of Truth.

And now the shepherd raised his pensive head:
Yet unresolved and fearful roved his eyes
Scared at the glances of the aweful maid;
For young unpractis'd Guilt distrusts the guise

Of shameless Arrogance.—His wav'ring breast,
Though warm'd by Wisdom, own'd no constant fire;
While lawless Fancy roam'd afar, unblest
Save in the oblivious lap of soft Desire.

When thus the queen of soul-dissolving smiles:
" Let gentler fate my darling prince attend,
Joyless and cruel are the warrior's spoils,
Dreary the path stern Virtue's sons ascend.

" Of human joy full short is the career,
And the dread verge still gains upon your sight:
While idly gazing, far beyond your sphere,
Ye scan the dream of unapproach'd delight:

" Till every sprightly hour, and blooming scene,
Of life's gay morn unheeded glides away,
And clouds of tempests mount the blue serene,
And storms and ruin close the troublous day.

" Then still exult to hail the present joy,
Thine be the boon that comes unearn'd by toil;
No froward vain desire thy bliss annoy,
No flattering hope thy longing hours beguile.

" Ah! why should man pursue the charms of Fame,
For ever luring, yet for ever coy?
Light as the gaudy rainbow's pillar'd gleam,
That melts illusive from the wondering boy!

" What though her throne irradiate many a clime,
If hung loose-tottering o'er th' unfathom'd tomb?
What though her mighty clarion, rear'd sublime,
Display the imperial wreathe, and glittering plume?

" Can glittering plume, or can th' imperial wreathe
Redeem from unrelenting fate the brave?
What note of triumph can her clarion breathe,
T' alarm th' eternal midnight of the grave?

" That night draws on: nor will the vacant hour
Of expectation linger as it flies:
Nor Fate one moment-unenjoy'd restore:
Each moment's flight how precious to the wise!

" O shun th' annoyance of the bustling throng,
That haunt with zealous turbulence the great,
There coward Office boasts th' unpunished wrong,
And sneaks secure in insolence of state.

" O'er fancy'd injury Suspicion pines,
And in grim silence gnaws the festering wound;
Deceit the rage-embitter'd smile refines,
And Censure spreads the viperous hiss around.

" Hope not, fond prince, though Wisdom guard thy throne,
Tho' Truth and Bounty prompt each generous aim,
Tho' thine the palm of peace, the victor's crown,
The Muse's rapture, and the patriot's flame:

" Hope not, tho' all that captivates the wise,
All that endears the good exalt thy praise:
Hope not to taste repose: for Envy's eyes
At fairest worth still point their deadly rays.

" Envy, stern tyrant of the flinty heart,
Can aught of Virtue, Truth, or Beauty charm?
Can soft Compassion thrill with pleasing smart,
Repentance melt, or Gratitude disarm.

" Ah no. Where Winter Scythia's waste enchains,
And monstrous shapes roar to the ruthless storm,
Not Phœbus' smile can cheer the dreadful plains,
Or soil accurs'd with balmy life inform.

" Then, Envy, then is thy triumphant hour,
When mourns Benevolence his baffled scheme:
When Insult mocks the clemency of Pow'r,
And loud Dissention's livid firebrands gleam:

" When squint-ey'd Slander plies th' unhallow'd tongue,
From poison'd maw when Treason weaves his line,
And Muse apostate (infamy to song!)
Grovels, low-muttering, at Sedition's shrine.

" Let not my prince forego the peaceful shade,
The whispering grove, the fountain and the plain,
Power, with th' oppressive weight of pomp array'd,
Pants for simplicity and ease in vain.

" The yell of frantic Mirth may stun his ear,
But frantic Mirth soon leaves the heart forlorn:
And Pleasure flies that high tempestuous sphere,
Far different scenes her lucid paths adorn.

" She loves to wander on th' untrodden lawn,
Or the green bosom of reclining hill,
Sooth'd by the careless warbler of the dawn,
Or the lone plaint of ever murmuring rill.

" Or from the mountain-glade's aëreal brow,
While to her song a thousand echoes call,
Marks the wild woodland wave remote below,
Where shepherds pipe unseen, and waters fall.

" Her influence oft the festive hamlet proves,
Where the high carol cheers th' exulting ring;
And oft she roams the maze of wildering groves,
Listening th' unnumber'd melodies of Spring.

" Or to the long and lonely shore retires;
What time, loose-glimmering to the lunar beam,
Faint heaves the slumberous wave, and starry fires
Gild the blue deep with many a lengthening gleam.

" Then to the balmy bower of Rapture born,
While strings self-warbling breathe elysian rest,
Melts in delicious vision, till the morn
Spangle with twinkling dew the flowery waste.

" The frolic Moments, purple-pinion'd, dance
Around, and scatter roses as they play:
And the blithe Graces, hand in hand, advance,
Where, with her lov'd compeers, she deigns to stray.

" Mild Solitude, in veil of rustic die,
Her sylvan spear with moss-grown ivy bound:
And Indolence, with sweetly-languid eye,
And zoneless robe that trails along the ground.

" But chiefly Love—O thou, whose gentle mind
Each soft indulgence Nature fram'd to share,
Pomp, wealth, renown, dominion, all resign'd,
O haste to Pleasure's bower, for Love is there.

" Love, the desire of gods! the feast of Heaven!
Yet to Earth's favour'd offspring not denied!
Ah, let not thankless man the blessing given
Enslave to Fame, or sacrifice to Pride.

" Nor I from Virtue's call decoy thine ear;
Friendly to Pleasure are her sacred laws,
Let Temperance' smile the cup of gladness cheer,
That cup is death, if he withhold applause.

" Far from thy haunt be Envy's baneful sway,
And Hate, that works the harrass'd soul to storm,
But woo Content to breathe her soothing lay,
And charm from Fancy's view each angry form.

" No savage joy th' harmonious hours profane!
Whom Love refines, can barbarous tumults please?
Shall rage of blood pollute the sylvan reign?
Shall Leisure wanton in the spoils of Peace?

" Free let the feathery race indulge the song,
Inhale the liberal beam, and melt in love:
Free let the fleet hind bound her hills along,
And in pure streams the watery nations rove.

" To joy in Nature's universal smile
Well suits, O man, thy pleasurable sphere;
But why should Virtue doom thy years to toil?
Ah, why should Virtue's law be deem'd severe?

" What meed, Beneficence, thy care repays?
What, Sympathy, thy still returning pang?
And why his generous arm should Justice raise,
To dare the vengeance of a tyrant's fang?

" From thankless spite no bounty can secure;
Or froward wish of discontent fulfill,
That knows not to regret thy bounded power,
But blames with keen reproach thy partial will.

" To check th' impetuous all-involving tide
Of human woes, how impotent thy strife!
High o'er thy mounds devouring surges ride,
Nor reck thy baffled toils, or lavish'd life.

" The bower of bliss, the smile of love be thine,
Unlabour'd ease, and leisure's careless dream.
Such be their joys, who bend at VENUS' shrine,
And own her charms beyond compare supreme."

Warm'd as she spoke, all panting with delight,
Her kindling beauties breathed triumphant bloom;
And Cupids flutter'd round in circlets bright,
And Flora pour'd from all her stores perfume.

" Thine be the prize," exclaim'd th' enraptur'd youth,
" Queen of unrivall'd charms, and matchless joy."—
O blind to fate, felicity and truth!—
But such are they, whom Pleasure's snares decoy.

The Sun was sunk; the vision was no more;
Night downward rush'd tempestuous, at the frown
Of Jove's awaken'd wrath: deep thunders roar,
And forests howl afar and mountains groan.

And sanguine meteors glare athwart the plain;
With horrour's scream the Ilian towers resound,
Raves the hoarse storm along the bellowing main,
And the strong earthquake rends the shuddering ground.

THE WOLF AND SHEPHERDS,

A FABLE.

[*Written in* 1757, *and first published in* 1766.]

LAWS, as we read in ancient sages,
Have been like cobwebs in all ages.
Cobwebs for little flies are spread,
And laws for little folks are made;
But if an insect of renown,
Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,
Be caught in quest of sport or plunder,
The flimsy fetter flies in sunder.
Your simile perhaps may please one,
With whom wit holds the place of reason:
But can you prove that this in fact is
Agreeable to life and practice?
Then hear, what in his simple way
Old Esop told me t'other day.
In days of yore, but (which is very odd)
Our author mentions not the period.
We mortal men less given to speeches,
Allow'd the beasts sometimes to teach us.
But now we all are prattlers grown,
And suffer no voice but our own;
With us no beast has leave to speak,
Although his honest heart should break.
'Tis true, your asses and your apes,
And other brutes in human shapes,
And that thing made of sound and show
Which mortals have misnamed a beau,
(But in the language of the sky
Is call'd a two-legg'd butterfly)
Will make your very heartstrings ake
With loud and everlasting clack,
And beat your auditory drum,
Till you grow deaf, or they grow dumb.
But to our story we return:
'Twas early on a Summer morn,
A Wolf forsook the mountain-den,
And issued hungry on the plain.
Full many a stream and lawn he pass'd,
And reach'd a winding vale at last;
Where from a hollow rock he spy'd
The shepherds drest in flowery pride.
Garlands were strow'd, and all was gay,
To celebrate an holiday.
The merry tabor's gamesome sound
Provok'd the sprightly dance around.
Hard by a rural board was rear'd,
On which in fair array appear'd
The peach, the apple, and the raisin,
And all the fruitage of the season.
But, more distinguish'd than the rest,
Was seen a weather ready drest,
That smoking, recent from the flame,
Diffus'd a stomach-rousing steam.
Our wolf could not endure the sight,
Courageous grew his appetite:
His entrails groan'd with tenfold pain,
He lick'd his lips and lick'd again;
At last, with lightning in his eyes,
He bounces forth, and fiercely cries,
" Shepherds, I am not given to scolding,
But now my spleen I cannot hold in.
By Jove, such scandalous oppression
Would put an elephant in passion.
You, who your flocks (as you pretend)
By wholesome laws from harm defend,
Which make it death for any beast,
How much soe'er by hunger press'd,
To seize a sheep by force or stealth,
For sheep have right to life and health;
Can you commit, uncheck'd by shame,
What in a beast so much you blame?
What is a law, if those who make it
Become the forwardest to break it?
The case is plain: you would reserve
All to yourselves, while others starve.
Such laws from base self-interest spring,
Not from the reason of the thing—"
He was proceeding, when a swain
Burst out.—" And dares a wolf arraign
His betters, and condemn their measures,
And contradict their wills and pleasures?
We have establish'd laws, 'tis true,
But laws are made for such as you.
Know, sirrah, in its very nature
A law can't reach the legislature.
For laws, without a sanction join'd,
As all men know, can never bind:
But sanctions reach not us the makers,
For who dares punish us though breakers?
'Tis therefore plain, beyond denial,
That laws were ne'er design'd to tie all,
But those, whom sanctions reach alone;
We stand accountable to none.
Besides, 'tis evident, that, seeing
Laws from the great derive their being,
They as in duty bound should love
The great, in whom they live and move,
And humbly yield to their desires:
'Tis just what gratitude requires.
What suckling dandled on the lap
Would tear away its mother's pap?
But hold—Why deign I to dispute
With such a scoundrel of a brute?
Logick is lost upon a knave,
Let action prove the law our slave."
An angry nod his will declar'd
To his gruff yeomen of the guard,

The full-fed mongrels, train'd to ravage,
Fly to devour the shaggy savage.
The beast had now no time to lose
In chopping logick with his foes,
"This argument," quoth he, "has force,
And swiftness is my sole resource."
He said, and left the swains their prey,
And to the mountains scower'd away.

TRANSLATIONS.

ANACREON. ODE XXII.

Παρὰ τὴν σκίην, βάθυλλε,
Κάθισον ———

BATHYLLUS, in yonder lone grove
All carelessly let us recline:
To shade us the branches above
Their leaf-waving tendrils combine;
While a streamlet inviting repose
Soft-murmuring wanders away,
And gales warble wild through the boughs:
Who there would not pass the sweet day?

THE BEGINNING OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF LUCRETIUS.

Æneadum Genetrix ——— v. 1—45.

MOTHER of mighty Rome's imperial line,
Delight of man, and of the powers divine,
Venus, all-bounteous queen! whose genial pow'r
Diffuses beauty in unbounded store
Through seas, and fertile plains, and all that lies
Beneath the starr'd expansion of the skies.
Prepar'd by thee, the embryo springs to day,
And opes its eyelids on the golden ray.
At thy approach, the clouds tumultuous fly,
And the hush'd storms in gentle breezes die;
Flowers instantaneous spring; the billows sleep;
A wavy radiance smiles along the deep;
At thy approach, th' untroubled sky refines,
And all serene Heav'n's lofty concave shines.
Soon as her blooming form the Spring reveals,
And Zephyr breathes his warm prolific gales,
The feather'd tribes first catch the genial flame,
And to the groves thy glad return proclaim.
Thence to the beasts the soft infection spreads;
The raging cattle spurn the grassy meads,
Burst o'er the plains, and frantic in their course
Cleave the wild torrents with resistless force.
Won by thy charms thy dictates all obey,
And eager follow where thou lead'st the way.
Whatever haunts the mountains, or the main,
The rapid river, or the verdant plain,
Or forms its leafy mansion in the shades,
All, all thy universal power pervades,
Each panting bosom melts to soft desires,
And with the love of propagation fires.
And since thy sovereign influence guides the reins
Of nature, and the universe sustains;
Since nought without thee bursts the bonds of night,
To hail the happy realms of heavenly light;
Since love, and joy, and harmony are thine,
Guide me, O goddess, by thy power divine,
And to my rising lays thy succour bring,
While I the universe attempt to sing.
O, may my verse deserv'd applause obtain
Of him, for whom I try the daring strain,
My Memmius, him, whom thou profusely kind
Adorn'st with every excellence refin'd.
And that immortal charms my song may grace,
Let war, with all its cruel labours, cease;
O hush the dismal din of arms once more,
And calm the jarring world from shore to shore.
By thee alone the race of man foregoes
The rage of blood, and sinks in soft repose:
For mighty Mars, the dreadful god of arms,
Who wakes or stills the battle's dire alarms,
In love's strong fetters by thy charms is bound,
And languishes with an eternal wound.
Oft from his bloody toil the god retires
To quench in thy embrace his fierce desires.
Soft on thy heaving bosom he reclines,
And round thy yielding neck transported twines;
There fix'd in ecstacy intense surveys
Thy kindling beauties with insatiate gaze,
Grows to thy balmy mouth, and ardent sips
Celestial sweets from thy ambrosial lips.
O, while the god with fiercest raptures blest
Lies all dissolving on thy sacred breast,
O breathe thy melting whispers to his ear,
And bid him still the loud alarms of war.
In these tumultuous days, the Muse, in vain,
Her steady tenour lost, pursues the strain,
And Memmius', generous soul disdains to taste
The calm delights of philosophic rest;
Paternal fires his beating breast inflame,
To rescue Rome, and vindicate her name.

HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE X.

Rectius vives, Licini ———

WOULDST thou through life securely glide;
Nor boundless o'er the ocean ride;
Nor ply too near th' insidious shore,
Scar'd at the tempest's threat'ning roar.
The man, who follows Wisdom's voice,
And makes the golden mean his choice,
Nor plung'd in antique gloomy cells
Midst hoary desolation dwells;
Nor to allure the envious eye
Rears his proud palace to the sky.
The pine, that all the grove transcends,
With every blast the tempest rends;
Totters the tower with thundrous sound,
And spreads a mighty ruin round;
Jove's bolt with desolating blow
Strikes the etherial mountain's brow.
The man, whose stedfast soul can bear
Fortune indulgent or severe,

Hopes when she frowns, and when she smiles
With cautious fear eludes her wiles.
Jove with rude winter wastes the plain,
Jove decks the rosy spring again.
Life's former ills are overpast,
Nor will the present always last.
Now Phœbus wings his shafts, and now
He lays aside th' unbended bow,
Strikes into life the trembling string,
And wakes the silent Muse to sing.
With unabating courage, brave
Adversity's tumultuous wave;
When too propitious breezes rise,
And the light vessel swiftly flies,
With timid caution catch the gale,
And shorten the distended sail.

HORACE,

BOOK III. ODE XIII.

O Fons Blandusiæ ————————

Blandusia! more than chrystal clear!
Whose soothing murmurs charm the ear!
Whose margin soft with flowrets crown'd
Invites the festive band around,
Their careless limbs diffus'd supine,
To quaff the soul-enlivening wine.
To thee a tender kid I vow,
That aims for fight his budding brow;
In thought, the wrathful combat proves,
Or wantons with his little loves:
But vain are all his purpos'd schemes,
Delusive all his flattering dreams,
To morrow shall his fervent blood
Stain the pure silver of thy flood.
When fiery Sirius blasts the plain,
Untouch'd thy gelid streams remain.
To thee, the fainting flocks repair,
To taste thy cool reviving air;
To thee, the ox with toil opprest,
And lays his languid limbs to rest.
As springs of old renown'd, thy name
Blest fountain! I devote to fame;
Thus while I sing in deathless lays
The verdant holm, whose waving sprays,
Thy sweet retirement to defend,
High o'er the moss-grown rock impend,
Whence prattling in loquacious play
Thy sprightly waters leap away.

THE

PASTORALS OF VIRGIL [1].

Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod te imitari aveo ————————
Lucret. Lib. III.

[1] The re-publication of these translations is amply justified by the letter of lord Woodhouselee to sir William Forbes, inserted in the Appendix to sir William's Life of Dr. Beattie. *C.*

PASTORAL I. [2]

MELIBOEUS, TITYRUS.

MELIBOEUS.

Where the broad beech an ample shade displays,
Your slender reed resounds the sylvan lays,
O happy Tityrus! while we, forlorn,
Driven from our lands, to distant climes are born,
Stretch'd careless in the peaceful shade you sing,
And all the groves with Amaryllis ring.

TITYRUS.

This peace to a propitious god I owe;
None else, my friend, such blessings could bestow.
Him will I celebrate with rites divine,
And frequent lambs shall stain his sacred shrine.
By him, these feeding herds in safety stray;
By him, in peace I pipe the rural lay.

MELIBOEUS.

I envy not, but wonder at your fate,
That no alarms invade this blest retreat;
While neighbouring fields the voice of woe resound,
And desolation rages all around.
Worn with fatigue I slowly onward bend,
And scarce my feeble fainting goats attend.
My hand this sickly dam can hardly bear,
Whose young new-yean'd (ah once an hopeful pair!)
Amid the tangling hazles as they lay,
On the sharp flint were left to pine away.
These ills I had foreseen, but that my mind
To all portents and prodigies was blind.
Oft have the blasted oaks foretold my woe;
And often has the inauspicious crow,

[2] It has been observed by some critics, who have treated of pastoral poetry, that, in every poem of this kind, it is proper, that the scene or landscape, connected with the little plot or fable on which the poem is founded, be delineated with at least as much accuracy, as is sufficient to render the description particular and picturesque. How far Virgil has thought fit to attend to such a rule may appear from the remarks which the translator has subjoined to every Pastoral.

The scene of the first Pastoral is pictured out with great accuracy. The shepherds Melibœus and Tityrus are represented as conversing together beneath a spreading beech-tree. Flocks and herds are feeding hard by. At a little distance we behold, on the one hand a great rock, and on the other a fence of flowering willows. The prospect as it widens is diversified with groves, and streams, and some tall trees, particularly elms. Beyond all these appear marshy grounds, and rocky hills. The ragged and drooping flock of the unfortunate shepherd, particularly the she-goat which he leads along, are no inconsiderable figures in this picture. The time is the evening of a summer-day, a little before sunset. See of the Original, v. 1, 5, 9, 52, 54, 57, 59, 81, &c.

This Pastoral is said to have been written on the following occasion. Augustus, in order to reward the services of his veterans, by means of whom he had established himself in the Roman empire, distributed among them the lands that lay contiguous to Mantua and Cremona. To make way for these intruders, the rightful owners, of whom Virgil was one, were turned out. But our poet, by the inter-

Perch'd on the wither'd holm, with fateful cries
Scream'd in my ear her dismal prophecies.
But say, O Tityrus, what god bestows
This blissful life of undisturb'd repose?

TITYRUS.

Imperial Rome, while yet to me unknown,
I vainly liken'd to our country-town,
Our little Mantua, at which is sold
The yearly offspring of our fruitful fold:
As in the whelp the father's shape appears,
And as the kid its mother's semblance bears.
Thus greater things my inexperienc'd mind
Rated by others of inferior kind.
But she, midst other cities, rears her head
High, as the cypress overtops the reed.

MELIBOEUS.

And why to visit Rome was you inclin'd?

TITYRUS.

'Twas there I hoped my liberty to find.
And there my liberty I found at last,
Though long with listless indolence opprest;
Yet not till Time had silver'd o'er my hairs,
And I had told a tedious length of years;
Nor till the gentle Amaryllis charm'd [3],
And Galatea's love no longer warm'd.
For (to my friend I will confess the whole)
While Galatea captive held my soul,
Languid and lifeless all I drag'd the chain,
Neglected liberty, neglected gain.
Though from my fold the frequent victim bled,
Though my fat cheese th' ungrateful city fed,
For this I ne'er perceiv'd my wealth increase;
I lavish'd all her haughty heart to please.

MELIBOEUS.

Why Amaryllis pin'd, and pass'd away,
In lonely shades the melancholy day;
Why to the gods she breath'd incessant vows;
For whom her mellow apples press'd the boughs.
So late, I wonder'd—Tityrus was gone,
And she (ah luckless maid!) was left alone.
Your absence every warbling fountain mourn'd,
And woods and wilds the wailing strains return'd.

TITYRUS.

What could I do? to break th' enslaving chain
All other efforts had (alas!) been vain;
Nor durst my hopes presume, but there, to find
The gods so condescending and so kind.
'Twas there these eyes the Heaven-born youth [4] beheld,
To whom our altars monthly incense yield:
My suit he even prevented, while he spoke,
"Manure your ancient farm, and feed your former flock."

MELIBOEUS.

Happy old man! then shall your lands remain,
Extent sufficient for th' industrious swain!
Though bleak and bare yon ridgy rocks arise,
And lost in lakes the neighbouring pasture lies.
Your herds on wonted grounds shall safely range,
And never feel the dire effects of change.
No foreign flock shall spread infecting bane
To hurt your pregnant dams, thrice happy swain!
You by known streams and sacred fountains laid
Shall taste the coolness of the fragrant shade.
Beneath yon fence, where willow-boughs unite,
And to their flowers the swarming bees invite,
Oft shall the lulling hum persuade to rest,
And balmy slumbers steal into your breast;
While warbled from this rock the pruner's lay
In deep repose dissolves your soul away;
High on yon elm the turtle wails alone,
And your lov'd ringdoves breathe a hoarser moan.

TITYRUS.

The nimble harts shall graze in empty air,
And seas retreating leave their fishes bare,
The German dwell where rapid Tigris flows,
The Parthian banish'd by invading foes
Shall drink the Gallic Arar, from my breast
Ere his majestic image be effac'd.

MELIBOEUS.

But we must travel o'er a length of lands,
O'er Scythian snows, or Afric's burning sands;
Some wander where remote Oäxes laves
The Cretan meadows with his rapid waves;
In Britain some, from every comfort torn,
From all the world remov'd, are doom'd to mourn.
When long long years have tedious roll'd away,
Ah! shall I yet at last, at last, survey
My dear paternal lands, and dear abode,
Where once I reign'd in walls of humble sod!
These lands, these harvests must the soldier share!
For rude barbarians lavish we our care!
How are our fields become the spoil of wars!
How are we ruin'd by intestine jars!
Now, Meliboeus, now ingraff the pear,
Now teach the vine its tender sprays to rear!—
Go then, my goats!—go, once an happy store!
Once happy!—happy now (alas!) no more!
No more shall I, beneath the bowery shade
In rural quiet indolently laid,
Behold you from afar the cliffs ascend,
And from the shrubby precipice depend;
No more to music wake my melting flute,
While on the thyme you feed, and willow's whole some shoot.

TITYRUS.

This night at least with me you may repose
On the green foliage, and forget your woes.
Apples and nuts mature our boughs afford,
And curdled milk in plenty crowns my board.
Now from yon hamlets clouds of smoke arise,
And slowly roll along the evening-skies;
And see projected from the mountain's brow
A lengthen'd shade obscures the plain below.

cession, of Mecænas was reinstated in his possessions. Meliboeus here personates one of the unhappy exiles, and Virgil is represented under the character of Tityrus.

[3] The refinements of Taubmannus, De La Cerda, and others, who will have Amaryllis to signify Rome, and Galatea to signify Mantua, have perplexed this passage not a little: if the literal meaning be admitted, the whole becomes obvious and natural.

[4] Augustus Cæsar.

PASTORAL II [1].

ALEXIS.

Young Corydon for fair Alexis pin'd,
But hope ne'er gladden'd his desponding mind;

[1] The chief excellency of this poem consists i its delicacy and simplicity. Corydon addresses h

Nor vows nor tears the scornful boy could move,
Distinguish'd by his wealthier master's love.
Oft to the beech's deep-embowering shade
Pensive and sad this hapless shepherd stray'd;
There told in artless verse his tender pain
To echoing hills and groves, but all in vain.
In vain the flute's complaining lays I try;
And am I doom'd, unpitying boy, to die?
Now to faint flocks the grove a shade supplies,
And in the thorny brake the lizard lies;
Now Thestylis with herbs of savoury taste
Prepares the weary harvest-man's repast;
And all is still, save where the buzzing sound
Of chirping grasshoppers is heard around;
While I expos'd to all the rage of heat
Wander the wilds in search of thy retreat.
Was it not easier to support the pain
I felt from Amaryllis' fierce disdain?
Easier Menalcas' cold neglect to bear,
Black though he was, though thou art blooming fair?
Yet be relenting, nor too much presume,
O beauteous boy, on thy celestial bloom;
The sable violet [2] yields a precious die;
While useless on the field the withering lillies lie.
Ah cruel boy! my love is all in vain,
No thoughts of thine regard thy wretched swain.
How rich my flock thou carest not to know,
Nor how my pails with generous milk o'erflow.
With bleat of thousand lambs my hills resound,
And all the year my milky stores abound.
Not Amphion's lays were sweeter than my song,
Those lays that led the listening herds along.
And if the face be true I lately view'd,
Where calm and clear th' uncurling ocean stood,
I lack not beauty, nor could'st thou deny,
That even with Daphnis I may dare to vie.
O deign at last amid these lonely fields,
To taste the pleasures which the country yields;
With me to dwell in cottages resign'd,
To roam the woods, to shoot the bounding hind;
With me the weaning kids from home to guide
To the green mallows on the mountain-side;
With me in echoing groves the song to raise,
And emulate even Pan's celestial lays.
Pan taught the jointed reed its tuneful strain,
Pan guards the tender flock, and shepherd swain.
Nor grudge, Alexis, that the rural pipe
So oft hath stain'd the roses of thy lip:
How did Amyntas strive thy skill to gain!
How grieve at last to find his labour vain!
Of seven unequal reeds a pipe I have,
The precious gift which good Damoetas gave;
"Take this," the dying shepherd said, "for none
Inherits all my skill but thou alone."
He said; Amyntas murmurs at my praise,
And with an envious eye the gift surveys.
Besides, as presents for my soul's delight
Two beauteous kids I keep bestreak'd with white,
Nourish'd with care, nor purchas'd without pain;
An ewe's full udder twice a day they drain.
These to obtain oft Thestylis hath tried
Each winning art, while I her suit denied;
But I at last shall yield what she requests,
Since thy relentless pride my gifts detests.
Come, beauteous boy, and bless my rural bowers,
For thee the nymphs collect the choicest flowers:
Fair Nais culls amid the bloomy dale
The drooping poppy, and the violet pale,
To marygolds the hyacinth applies,
Shading the glossy with the tawny dies:
Narcissus' flower with daffodil entwin'd,
And casia's breathing sweets to these are join'd,
With every bloom that paints the vernal grove,
And all to form a garland for my love.
Myself with sweetest fruits will crown thy feast;
The luscious peach shall gratify thy taste,
And chesnut brown (once high in my regard,
For Amaryllis this to all prefer'd;
But if the blushing plum thy choice thou make,
The plum shall more be valued for thy sake.)
The myrtle wreath'd with laurel shall exhale
A blended fragrance to delight thy smell.
Ah Corydon! thou rustic, simple swain!
Thyself, thy prayers, thy offers all are vain.
How few, compar'd with rich Iolas' store,
Thy boasted gifts, and all thy wealth how poor!
Wretch that I am! while thus I pine forlorn,
And all the live-long day inactive mourn,
The boars have laid my silver fountains waste,
My flowers are fading in the southern blast.—
Fly'st thou, ah foolish boy, the lonesome grove?
Yet gods for this have left the realms above.
Paris with scorn the pomp of Troy survey'd,
And sought th' Idæan bowers and peaceful shade.
In her proud palaces let Pallas shine;
The lowly woods, and rural life be mine.
The lioness all dreadful in her course
Pursues the wolf, and he with headlong force
Flies at the wanton goat, that loves to climb
The cliff's steep side, and crop the flowering thyme;
Thee Corydon pursues, O beauteous boy:
Thus each is drawn along by some peculiar joy.
Now evening soft comes on; and homeward now
From field the weary oxen bear the plough,
The setting Sun now beams more mildly bright,
The shadows lengthening with the level light.

favourite in such a purity of sentiment as one would think might effectually discountenance the prepossessions which generally prevail against the subject of this eclogue. The nature of his affection may easily be ascertained from his ideas of the happiness which he hopes to enjoy in the company of his beloved Alexis.

O tantum libeat ——
O deign at last amid these lonely fields, &c.

It appears to have been no other than that friendship, which was encouraged by the wisest legislators of ancient Greece, as a noble incentive to virtue, and recommended by the example even of Agesilaus, Pericles and Socrates: an affection wholly distinct from the infamous attachments that prevailed among the licentious. The reader will find a full and satisfying account of this generous passion in Dr. Potter's Antiquities of Greece, B. iv. Chap. 9. Mons. Bayle in his Dictionary at the article Virgile has at great length vindicated our poet from the charge of immorality which the critics have grounded upon this pastoral.

The scene of this pastoral is a grove interspersed with beech-trees; the season, harvest.

[2] Vaccinium (here translated violet) yielded a purple colour used in dying the garments of slaves, according to Plin. l. xvi. c. 28.

While with love's flame my restless bosom glows,
For love no interval of ease allows.
Ah Corydon! to weak complaints a prey!
What madness thus to waste the fleeting day!
Be rous'd at length; thy half-prun'd vines demand
The needful culture of thy curbing hand.
Haste, lingering swain, the flexile willows weave,
And with thy wonted care thy wants relieve.
Forget Alexis' unrelenting scorn,
Another love thy passion will return.

PASTORAL III.

MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALÆMON [1].

MENALCAS.

To whom belongs this flock, Damoetas, pray:
To Meliboeus?

DAMOETAS.

No; the other day
The shepherd Ægon gave it me to keep.

MENALCAS.

Ah still neglected, still unhappy sheep [2]!
He plies Neæra with assiduous love,
And fears lest she my happier flame approve;
Meanwhile this hireling wretch (disgrace to swains!)
Defrauds his master, and purloins his gains,
Milks twice an hour, and drains the famish'd dams,
Whose empty dugs in vain attract the lambs.

DAMOETAS.

Forbear on men such language to bestow.
Thee, stain of manhood! thee, full well I know.
I know, with whom—and where—[3] (their grove defil'd
The nymphs reveng'd not, but indulgent smil'd)
And how the goats beheld, then browsing near,
The shameful sight with a lascivious leer.

MENALCAS.

No doubt, when Mycon's tender trees I broke,
And gash'd his young vines with a blunted hook.

DAMOETAS.

Or when conceal'd behind this ancient row
Of beech, you broke young Daphnis' shafts and bow,
With sharpest pangs of rancorous anguish stung
To see the gift confer'd on one so young;
And had you not thus wreak'd your sordid spite,
Of very envy you had died outright.

MENALCAS.

Gods! what may masters dare, when such a pilch
Of impudence their thievish hirelings reach!
Did I not, wretch (deny it if you dare)
Did I not see you Damon's goat ensnare?
Lycisca bark'd; then I the felon spy'd,
And "Whither slinks yon sneaking thief?" I cried.
The thief discover'd straight his prey forsook,
And skulk'd amid the sedges of the brook.

DAMOETAS.

That goat my pipe from Damon fairly gain'd;
A match was set, and I the prize obtain'd.
He own'd it due to my superior skill,
And yet refus'd his bargain to fulfil.

MENALCAS.

By your superior skill—the goat was won!
Have you a jointed pipe, indecent clown!
Whose whizzing straws with harshest discord jarr'd,
As in the streets your wretched rhymes you marr'd.

DAMOETAS.

Boasts are but vain. I'm ready, when you will,
To make a solemn trial of our skill.
I stake this heifer, no ignoble prize;
Two calves from her full udder she supplies,
And twice a day her milk the pail o'erflows;
What pledge of equal worth will you expose?

MENALCAS.

Ought from the flock I dare not risque; I fear
A cruel step-dame, and a sire severe,
Who of their store so strict a reckoning keep,
That twice a day they count the kids and sheep.
But, since you purpose to be mad to day,
Two beechen cups I scruple not to lay,
(Whose far superior worth yourself will own)
The labour'd work of fam'd Alcimedon.
Rais'd round the brims by the engraver's care
The flaunting vine unfolds its foliage fair;
Entwin'd the ivy's tendrils seem to grow,
Half-hid in leaves its mimic berries glow;
Two figures rise below, of curious frame,
Conon, and—what's that other sage's name,
Who with his rod describ'd the world's vast round,
Taught when to reap, and when to till the ground
At home I have reserv'd them unprofan'd,
No lip has e'er their glossy polish stain'd.

DAMOETAS.

Two cups for me that skilful artist made;
Their handles with acanthus are array'd;
Orpheus is in the midst, whose magic song
Leads in tumultuous dance the lofty groves along.
At home I have reserv'd them unprofan'd,
No lip has e'er their glossy polish stain'd.
But my pledg'd heifer if aright you prize,
The cups so much extoll'd you will despise.

MENALCAS.

These arts, proud boaster, all are lost on me;
To any terms I readily agree.
You shall not boast your victory to day,
Let him be judge who passes first this way:
And see the good Palæmon! trust me, swain,
You'll be more cautious how you brag again.

DAMOETAS.

Delays I brook not; if you dare, proceed;
At singing no antagonist I dread.
Palæmon, listen to th' important song,
To such debates attention strict belongs.

[1] The contending shepherds Menalcas and Damœtas, together with their umpire Palæmon, are seated on the grass, not far from a row of beech-trees. Flocks are seen feeding hard by. The time of the day seems to be noon, the season between Spring and Summer.

[2] Throughout the whole of this altercation, notwithstanding the untoward subject, the reader will find in the original such a happy union of simplicity and force of expression and harmony of verse, as it is vain to look for in an English translation.

[3] The abruptness and obscurity of the original is here imitated.

PALÆMON.

Sing then. A couch the flowery herbage yields:
Now blossom all the trees, and all the fields;
And all the woods their pomp of foliage wear,
And Nature's fairest robe adorns the blooming year.
Damoetas first th' alternate lay shall raise;
Th' inspiring Muses love alternate lays.

DAMOETAS.

Jove first I sing; ye Muses, aid my lay;
All Nature owns his energy and sway;
The Earth and Heavens his sovereign bounty share,
And to my verses he vouchsafes his care.

MENALCAS.

With great Apollo I begin the strain,
For I am great Apollo's favourite swain;
For him the purple hyacinth I wear,
And sacred bay to Phœbus ever dear.

DAMOETAS.

The sprightly Galatea at my head
An apple flung, and to the willows fled;
But as along the level lawn she flew,
The wanton wish'd not to escape my view.

MENALCAS.

I languish'd long for fair Amyntas' charms,
But now he comes unbidden to my arms,
And with my dogs is so familiar grown,
That my own Delia is no better known.

DAMOETAS.

I lately mark'd where midst the verdant shade
Two parent-doves had built their leafy bed;
I from the nest the young will shortly take,
And to my love an handsome present make.

MENALCAS.

Ten ruddy wildings, from a lofty bough,
That through the green leaves beam'd with yellow glow
I brought away, and to Amyntas bore;
To morrow I shall send as many more.

DAMOETAS.

Ah the keen raptures! when my yielding fair
Breath'd her kind whispers to my ravish'd ear!
Waft, gentle gales, her accents to the skies,
That gods themselves may hear with sweet surprise.

MENALCAS.

What, though I am not wretched by your scorn?
Say, beauteous boy, say can I cease to mourn,
If, while I hold the nets, the boar you face,
And rashly brave the dangers of the chace.

DAMOETAS.

Send Phyllis home, Iolas, for to day
I celebrate my birth, and all is gay;
When for my crop the victim I prepare,
Iolas in our festival may share.

MENALCAS.

Phyllis I love; she more than all can charm,
And mutual fires her gentle bosom warm:
Tears, when I leave her, bathe her beauteous eyes,
"A long, a long adieu, my love!" she cries.

DAMOETAS.

The wolf is dreadful to the woolly train,
Fatal to harvests is the crushing rain,
To the green woods the winds destructive prove,
To me the rage of mine offended love.

MENALCAS.

The willow's grateful to the pregnant ewes,
Showers to the corns, to kids the mountain-browse;
More grateful far to me my lovely boy,
In sweet Amyntas centers all my joy.

DAMOETAS.

Even Pollio deigns to hear my rural lays;
And cheers the bashful Muse with generous praise;
Ye sacred Nine, for your great patron feed
A beauteous heifer of the noblest breed.

MENALCAS.

Pollio the art of heavenly song adorns;
Then let a bull be bred with butting horns,
And ample front, that bellowing spurns the ground,
Tears up the turf, and throws the sands around.

DAMOETAS.

Him whom my Pollio loves may nought annoy,
May he like Pollio every wish enjoy,
O may his happy lands with honey flow,
And on his thorns Assyrian roses blow!

MENALCAS.

Who hates not foolish Bavius, let him love
Thee, Mævius, and thy tasteless rhymes approve!
Nor needs it thy admirer's reason shock
To milk the he-goats, and the foxes yoke.

DAMOETAS.

Ye boys, on garlands who employ your care,
And pull the creeping strawberries, beware,
Fly for your lives, and leave that fatal place,
A deadly snake lies lurking in the grass.

MENALCAS.

Forbear, my flocks, and warily proceed,
Nor on that faithless bank securely tread;
The heedless ram late plung'd amid the pool,
And in the sun now dries his reeking wool.

DAMOETAS.

Ho Tityrus! lead back the browsing flock,
And let them feed at distance from the brook;
At bathing-time I to the shade will bring
My goats, and wash them in the cooling spring.

MENALCAS.

Haste, from the sultry lawn the flocks remove
To the cool shelter of the shady grove:
When burning noon the curdling udder dries,
Th' ungrateful teats in vain the shepherd plies.

DAMOETAS.

How lean my bull in yonder mead appears,
Though the fat soil the richest pasture bears!
Ah Love! thou reign'st supreme in every heart,
Both flocks and shepherds languish with thy dart.

MENALCAS.

Love has not injur'd my consumptive flocks,
Yet bare their bones, and faded are their looks:
What envious eye hath squinted on my dams,
And sent its poison to my tender lambs!

DAMOETAS.

Say in what distant land the eye descries
But three short ells of all th' expanded skies;
Tell this, and great Apollo be your name;
Your skill is equal, equal be your fame.

MENALCAS.

Say in what soil a wondrous flower is born,
Whose leaves the sacred names of kings adorn;
Tell this, and take my Phyllis to your arms,
And reign th' unrivall'd sovereign of her charms.

PALÆMON.

'Tis not for me these high disputes to end;
Each to the heifer justly may pretend.
Such be their fortune, who so well can sing,
From love what painful joys, what pleasing torments spring.
Now, boys, obstruct the course of yonder rill
The meadows have already drunk their fill.

PASTORAL IV. [1]

POLLIO.

SICILIAN Muse, sublimer strains inspire,
And warm my bosom with diviner fire!
All take not pleasure in the rural scene,
In lowly tamarisks, and forests green.
If sylvan themes we sing, then let our lays
Deserve a consul's ear, a consul's praise.
The age comes on, that future age of gold
In Cuma's mystic prophecies foretold.
The years begin their mighty course again,
The Virgin now returns, and the Saturnian reign.
Now from the lofty mansions of the sky
To Earth descends an heaven-born progeny.
Thy Phebus reigns, Lucina, lend thine aid,
Nor be his birth, his glorious birth delay'd!
An iron race shall then no longer rage,
But all the world regain the golden age.
This child, the joy of nations, shall be born
Thy consulship, O Pollio, to adorn:
Thy consulship these happy times shall prove,
And see the mighty months begin to move:
Then all our former guilt shall be forgiv'n, [Heav'n.
And man shall dread no more th' avenging doom of
The son with heroes and with gods shall shine,
And lead, enroll'd with them, the life divine.
He o'er the peaceful nations shall preside,
And his sire's virtues shall his sceptre guide.
To thee, auspicious babe, th' unbidden earth
Shall bring the earliest of her flowery birth;
Acanthus soft in smiling beauty gay,
The blossom'd bean, and ivy's flaunting spray.
Th' untended goats shall to their homes repair,
And to the milker's hand the loaded udder bear.
The mighty lion shall no more be fear'd,
But graze innoxious with the friendly herd.
Sprung from thy cradle fragrant flowers shall spread,
And, fanning bland, shall wave around thy head.
Then shall the serpent die, with all his race:
No deadly herb the happy soil disgrace:
Assyrian balm on every bush shall bloom,
And breath in every gale its rich perfume.
But when thy father's deeds thy youth shall fire,
And to great actions all thy soul inspire,
When thou shalt read of heroes and of kings,
And mark the glory that from virtue springs;
Then boundless o'er the far-extended plain
Shall wave luxuriant crops of golden grain,
With purple grapes the loaded thorn shall bend,
And streaming honey from the oak descend.
Nor yet old fraud shall wholly be effac'd;
Navies for wealth shall roam the watery waste;
Proud cities fenc'd with towery walls appear,
And cruel shares shall earth's soft bosom tear:
Another Tiphys o'er the swelling tide
With steady skill the bounding ship shall guide;
Another Argo with the flower of Greece
From Colchos' shore shall waft the golden fleece;
Again the world shall hear war's loud alarms,
And great Achilles shine again in arms. [brace,
When riper years thy strengthen'd nerves shall
And o'er thy limbs diffuse a manly grace,
The mariner no more shall plough the deep,
Nor load with foreign wares the trading ship,
Each country shall abound in every store,
Nor need the products of another shore.
Henceforth no plough shall cleave the fertile ground,
No pruninghook the tender vine shall wound;
The husbandman with toil no longer broke
Shall loose his ox for ever from the yoke.
No more the wool a foreign die shall feign,
But purple flocks shall graze the flowery plain,
Glittering in native gold the ram shall tread,
And scarlet lambs shall wanton on the mead.
In concord join'd with fate's unalter'd law
The Destinies these happy times foresaw,
They bade the sacred spindle swiftly run,
And hasten the auspicious ages on.
O dear to all thy kindred gods above!
O thou, the offspring of eternal Jove!
Receive thy dignities, begin thy reign,
And o'er the world extend thy wide domain.
See nature's mighty frame exulting round,
Ocean, and earth, and heaven's immense profound!
See nations yet unborn with joy behold
Thy glad approach, and hail the age of gold!
O would th' immortals lend a length of days,
And give a soul sublime to sound thy praise;
Would Heaven this breast, this labouring breast
With ardour equal to the mighty theme; [inflame
Not Orpheus with diviner transports glow'd,
When all her fire his mother-muse bestow'd;
Nor loftier numbers flow'd from Linus' tongue,
Although his sire Apollo gave the song;
Even Pan, in presence of Arcadian swains
Would vainly strive to emulate my strains.
Repay a parent's care, O beauteous boy,
And greet thy mother with a smile of joy;
For thee, to loathing languors all resign'd
Ten slow-revolving months thy mother pin'd.
If cruel fate thy parents bliss denies,[2]
If no fond joy sits smiling in thine eyes,

[1] In this fourth pastoral, no particular landscape is delineated. The whole is a prophetic song of triumph. But as almost all the images and allusions are of the rural kind, it is no less a true bucolic than the others; if we admit the definition of a pastoral, given us by an author of the first rank *, who calls it "A poem in which any action or passion is represented by its effects upon country life."

It is of little importance to enquire on what occasion this poem was written. The spirit of prophetic enthusiasm that breathes through it, and the resemblance it bears in many places to the Oriental manner, makes it not improbable, that our poet composed it partly from some pieces of antient prophecy that might have fallen into his hands, and that he afterwards inscribed it to his friend and patron Pollio, on occasion of the birth of his son Salonius.

* The author of the Rambler.

[2] This passage has perplexed all the critics. Out of a number of significations that have been

No nymph of heavenly birth shall crown thy love,
Nor shalt thou share th' immortal feast above.

offered, the translator has pitched upon one, which he thinks the most agreeable to the scope of the poem and most consistent with the language of the original. The reader, who wants more particulars on this head, may consult Servius, De La Cerda, or Ruæus.

PASTORAL V [1].

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

Since you with skill can touch the tuneful reed,
Since few my verses or my voice exceed;
In this refreshing shade shall we recline,
Where hazels with the lofty elms combine?

MOPSUS.

Your riper age a due respect requires,
'Tis mine to yield to what my friend desires;
Whether you choose the zephyr's fanning breeze,
That shakes the wavering shadows of the trees;
Or the deep-shaded grotto's cool retreat:—
And see yon cave screen'd from the scorching heat,
Where the wild vine its curling tendrils weaves,
Whose grapes glow ruddy through the quivering leaves.

MENALCAS.

Of all the swains that to our hills belong,
Amyntas only vies with you in song.

MOPSUS.

What, though with me that haughty shepherd vie,
Who proudly dares Apollo's self defy?

MENALCAS.

Begin; let Alcon's praise inspire your strains [2],
Or Codrus' death; or Phyllis' amorous pains;
Begin, whatever theme your Muse prefer.
To feed the kids be, Tityrus, thy care.

MOPSUS.

I rather will repeat that mournful song,
Which late I carv'd the verdant beech along;
(I carv'd and trill'd by turns the labour'd lay)
And let Amyntas match me if he may.

MENALCAS.

As slender willows where the olive grows,
Or sordid shrubs when near the scarlet rose,
Such (if the judgment I have form'd be true)
Such is Amyntas when compar'd with you.

MOPSUS.

No more, Menalcas; we delay too long,
The grot's dim shade invites my promis'd song.
When Daphnis fell by fate's remorseless blow [3],
The weeping nymphs pour'd wild the plaint of woe;
Witness, O hazel-grove, and winding stream,
For all your echoes caught the mournful theme.
In agony of grief his mother prest
The clay-cold carcase to her throbbing breast,
Frantic with anguish wail'd his hapless fate,
Rav'd at the stars, and Heaven's relentless hate.
'Twas then the swains in deep despair forsook
Their pining flocks, nor led them to the brook;
The pining flocks for him their pastures slight,
Nor grassy plains, nor cooling streams invite.
The doleful tidings reach'd the Libyan shores,
And lions mourn'd in dec[illegible]peated roars.
His cruel doom the woodlands wild bewail,
And plaintive hills repeat the melancholy tale.
'Twas he, who first Armenia's tigers broke,
And tam'd their stubborn natures to the yoke;
He first with ivy wrapt the thyrsus round,
And made the hills with Bacchus' rites resound [4].
As vines adorn the trees which they entwine,
As purple clusters beautify the vine,
As bulls the herd, as corns the fertile plains,
The godlike Daphnis dignified the swains.
When Daphnis from our eager hopes was torn,
Phœbus and Pales left the plains to mourn.
Now weeds and wretched tares the crop subdue,
Where store of generous wheat but lately grew.
Narcissus' lovely flower no more is seen,
No more the velvet violet decks the green;
Thistles for these the blasted meadow yields,
And thorns and frizled burs deform the fields.
Swains, shade the springs, and let the ground be drest
With verdant leaves; 'twas Daphnis' last request.
Erect a tomb in honour to his name
Mark'd with this verse to celebrate his fame.
"The swains with Daphnis' name this tomb adorn,
Whose high renown above the skies is born;
Fair was his flock, he fairest on the plain,
The pride, the glory of the sylvan reign."

MENALCAS.

Sweeter, O bard divine, thy numbers seem,
Than to the scorched swain the cooling stream,
Or soft on fragrant flowrets to recline,
And the tir'd limbs to balmy sleep resign.
Blest youth! whose voice and pipe demand the praise
Due but to thine, and to thy master's lays.
I in return the darling theme will chuse,
And Daphnis' praises shall inspire my Muse;
He in my song shall high as Heaven ascend,
High as the Heavens, for Daphnis was my friend.

MOPSUS.

His virtues sure our noblest numbers claim;
Nought can delight me more than such a theme,
Which in your song new dignity obtains;
Oft has our Stimichon extol'd the strains.

MENALCAS.

Now Daphnis shines, among the gods a god,
Struck with the splendours of his new abode.

[1] Here we discover Menalcas and Mopsus seated in an arbour formed by the interwoven twigs of a wild-vine. A grove of hasles and elms surrounds this arbour. The season seems to be Summer. The time of the day is not specified.

[2] From this passage it is evident that Virgil thought pastoral poetry capable of a much greater variety in its subjects, than some modern critics will allow.

[3] It is the most general and most probable conjecture, that Julius Cæsar is the Daphnis, whose death and deification are here celebrated. Some however are of opinion, that by Daphnis is meant a real shepherd of Sicily of that name, who is said to have invented bucolic poetry, and in honour of whom the Sicilians performed yearly sacrifices.

[4] This can be applied only to Julius Cæsar; for it was he who introduced at Rome the celebration of the Bacchanalian revels.—Servius.

Beneath his footstool far remote appear.
The clouds slow-sailing, and the starry sphere.
Hence lawns and groves with gladsome raptures ring,
The swains, the nymphs, and Pan in concert sing.
The wolves to murder are no more inclin'd,
No guileful nets ensnare the wandering hind,
Deceit and violence and rapine cease,
For Daphnis loves the gentle arts of peace.
From savage mountains shouts of transport rise
Born in triumphant echoes to the skies;
The rocks and shrubs emit melodious sounds,
Through nature's vast extent the god, the god rebounds.

Be gracious still, still present to our pray'r;
Four altars, lo! we build with pious care,
Two for th' inspiring god of song divine,
And two, propitious Daphnis, shall be thine.
Two bowls white-foaming with their milky store,
Of generous oil two brimming goblets more,
Each year we shall present before thy shrine,
And cheer the feast with liberal draughts of wine;
Before the fire when winter-storms invade,
In summer's heat beneath the breezy shade:
The hallow'd bowls with wine of Chios crown'd
Shall pour their sparkling nectar to the ground.
Damoetas shall with Lyctian [5] Ægon play,
And celebrate with festive strains the day.
Alphesiboeus to the sprightly song
Shall like the dancing Satyrs trip along.
These rites shall still be paid, so justly due,
Both when the nymphs receive our annual vow;
And when with solemn songs, and victims crown'd,
Our lands in long procession we surround.
While fishes love the streams and briny deep,
And savage boars the mountain's rocky steep,
While grasshoppers their dewy food delights,
While balmy thyme the busy bee ingrites;
So long shall last thine honours and thy fame,
So long the shepherds shall resound thy name.
Such rites to thee shall husbandmen ordain,
As Ceres and the god of wine obtain.
Thou to our prayers propitiously inclin'd
Thy grateful suppliants to their vows shalt bind.

MOPSUS.

What boon, dear shepherd, can your song requite?
For nought in nature yields so sweet delight.
Not the soft sighing of the southern gale,
That faintly breathes along the flowery vale;
Nor, when light breezes curl the liquid plain,
To tread the margin of the murmuring main;
Nor melody of streams, that roll away
Through rocky dales, delights me as your lay.

MENALCAS.

No mean reward, my friend, your verses claim;
Take then this flute that breath'd the plaintive theme
Of Corydon [6]; when proud Damoetas [7] try'd
To match my skill, it dash'd his hasty pride.

MOPSUS.

And let this sheepcrook by my friend be worn,
Which brazen studs in beamy rows adorn;
This fair Antigenes oft beg'd to gain,
But all his beauty, all his prayers were vain.

[5] Lyctium was a city of Crete.

[6] See Pastoral second. [7] See Pastoral third.

PASTORAL VI. [1]

SILENUS.

My sportive Muse first sung Sicilian strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell in woods and lowly plains.
To sing of kings and wars when I aspire,
Apollo checks my vainly rising fire.
"To swains the flock and sylvan pipe belong,
Then choose some humbler theme, nor dare heroic song."
The voice divine, O Varus, I obey,
And to my reed shall chant a rural lay;
Since others long thy praises to rehearse,
And sing thy battles in immortal verse.
Yet if these songs, which Phœbus bids me write,
Hereafter to the swains shall yield delight,
Of thee the trees and humble shrubs shall sing,
And all the vocal grove with Varus ring.
The song inscrib'd to Varus' sacred name
To Phœbus' favour has the justest claim.
Come then, my Muse, a sylvan song repeat.
'Twas in his shady arbour's cool retreat
Two youthful swains the god Silenus found,
In drunkenness and sleep his senses bound.
His turgid veins the late debauch betray;
His garland on the ground neglected lay,
Fallen from his head; and by the well-worn ear
His cup of ample size depended near.
Sudden the swains the sleeping god surprise,
And with his garland bind him as he lies,
(No better chain at hand) incens'd so long
To be defrauded of their promis'd song.
To aid their project, and remove their fears,
Ægle, a beauteous fountain-nymph, appears;
Who, while he hardly opes his heavy eyes,
His stupid brow with bloody berries dies.
Then smiling at the fraud Silenus said,
"And dare you thus a sleeping god invade?
To see me was enough; but haste, unloose
My bonds; the song no longer I refuse;
Unloose me, youths; my song shall pay your pains;
For this fair nymph another boon remains"
He sung; responsive to the heavenly sound
The stubborn oaks and forests dance around.
Tripping the Satyrs and the Fauns advance, [dance.
Wild beasts forget their rage, and join the general
Not so Parnassus' listening rocks rejoice,
When Phœbus raises his celestial voice;
Nor Thracia's echoing mountains so admire,
When Orpheus strikes the loud-lamenting lyre.
For first he sung of Nature's wondrous birth;
How seeds of water, air, and flame, and earth,
Down the vast void with casual impulse hurl'd,
Clung into shapes, and form'd the fabric of the world.
Then hardens by degrees the tender soil,
And from the mighty mound the seas recoil.
O'er the wide world new various forms arise;
The infant-Sun along the brighten'd skies
Begins his course, while Earth with glad amaze
The blazing wonder from below surveys.

[1] The cave of Silenus, which is the scene of this eclogue, is delineated with sufficient accuracy. The time seems to be the evening; at least the song does not cease, till the flocks are folded, and the evening star appears.

The clouds sublime their genial moisture shed,
And the green grove lifts high its leafy head.
The savage beasts o'er desert mountains roam,
Yet few their numbers, and unknown their home.
He next the blest Saturnian ages sung;
How a new race of men from Pyrrha sprung [2];
Prometheus' daring theft, and dreadful doom,
Whose growing heart devouring birds consume.
Then names the spring renown'd for Hylas' fate
By the sad mariners bewail'd too late;
They call on Hylas with repeated cries,
And Hylas, Hylas, all the lonesome shore replies.
Next he bewails Pasiphae (hapless dame!)
Who for a bullock felt a brutal flame.
What fury fires thy bosom, frantic queen!
How happy thou, if herds had never been!
The maids, whom Juno, to avenge her wrong [3],
Like heifers doom'd to lowe the vales along,
Ne'er felt the rage of thy detested fire,
Ne'er were polluted with thy foul desire;
Though oft for horns they felt their polish'd brow,
And their soft necks oft fear'd the galling plough.
Ah wretched queen! thou roam'st the mountain-waste,
While, his white limbs on lillies laid to rest,
The half-digested herb again he chews,
Or some fair female of the herd pursues.
"Beset, ye Cretan nymphs, beset the grove,
And trace the wandering footsteps of my love.
Yet let my longing eyes my love behold,
Before some favourite beauty of the fold
Entice him with Gortynian [4] herds to stray,
Where smile the vales in richer pasture gay."
He sung how golden fruit's resistless grace
Decoy'd the wary virgin from the race [5].
Then wraps in bark the mourning sisters round [6],
And rears the lofty alders from the ground.
He sung, while Gallus by Permessus [7] stray'd,
A sister of the Nine the hero led
To the Aonian hill; the choir in haste [guest.
Left their bright thrones, and hail'd the welcome
Linus arose, for sacred song renown'd,
Whose brow a wreath of flowers and parsley bound;
And, "Take" he said, "this pipe, which heretofore
The far-fam'd shepherd of Ascræa [8] bore;
Then heard the mountain-oaks its magic sound,
Leap'd from their hills, and thronging danced around.
On this thou shalt renew the tuneful lay,
And grateful songs to thy Apollo pay,
Whose fam'd Grynæan [9] temple from thy strain
Shall more exalted dignity obtain."

[2] See Ovid Met. Lib. I.

[3] Their names were Lysippe, Ipponoë, and Cyrianassa. Juno to be avenged of them for preferring their own beauty to hers, struck them with madness, to such a degree, that they imagined themselves to be heifers.

[4] Gortyna was a city of Crete. See Ovid. Art. Am. Lib. I.

[5] Atalanta. See Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. X.

[6] See Ovid. Met. Lib. II.

[7] A river in Bœotia arising from mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses.

[8] Hesiod.

[9] Grynium was a maritime town of the Lesser Asia, where were an antient temple and oracle of Apollo.

Why should I sing unhappy Scylla's fate [10]?
Sad monument of jealous Circe's hate!
Round her white breast what furious monsters roll,
And to the dashing waves incessant howl:
How from the ships that bore Ulysses' crew [11]
Her dogs the trembling sailors drag'd, and slew.
Of Philomela's feast why should I sing [12],
And what dire chance befel the Thracian king?
Changed to a lapwing by th' avenging god
He made the barren waste his lone abode,
And oft on soaring pinions hover'd o'er
The lofty palace then his own no more.
The tuneful god renews each pleasing theme,
Which Phœbus sung by bless'd Eurotas' stream;
When bless'd Eurotas gently flow'd along,
And bade his laurels learn the lofty song.
Silenus sung; the vocal vales reply,
And heavenly music charms the listening sky.
But now their folds the number'd flocks invite,
The star of evening sheds its trembling light,
And the unwilling Heavens are wrapt in night.

[10] See Virgil Æn. III.

[11] See Homer Odyss. Lib. XII.

[12] See Ovid's Metamorph. Lib. VI.

PASTORAL VII [1].

MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS.

MELIBOEUS.

Beneath an holm that murmur'd to the breeze
The youthful Daphnis lean'd in rural ease:
With him two gay Arcadian swains reclin'd,
Who in the neighbouring vale their flocks had join'd,
Thyrsis, whose care it was the goats to keep,
And Corydon, who fed the fleecy sheep;
Both in the flowery prime of youthful days,
Both skill'd in single or responsive lays.
While I with busy hand a shelter form
To guard my myrtles from the future storm,
The husband of my goats had chanced to stray:
To find the vagrant out I take my way.
Which Daphnis seeing cries, "Dismiss your fear,
Your kids and goat are all in safety here;
And, if no other care require your stay,
Come, and with us unbend the toils of day
In this cool shade; at hand your heifers feed,
And of themselves will to the watering speed;
Here fringed with reeds slow Mincius winds along,
And round yon oak the bees soft-murmuring throng."
What could I do? for I was left alone,
My Phyllis and Alcippe both were gone,
And none remain'd to feed my weanling lambs,
And to restrain them from their bleating dams:
Betwixt the swains a solemn match was set,
To prove their skill, and end a long debate.

[1] The scene of this pastoral is as follows. Four shepherds, Daphnis in the most distinguished place, Corydon, Thyrsis and Meliboeus, are seen reclining beneath an holm. Sheep and goats intermixed are feeding hard by. At a little distance Mincius fringed with reeds appears winding along. Fields and trees compose the surrounding scene. A venerable oak, with bees swarming around it, is particularly distinguished. The time seems to be the forenoon of a summer-day.

Though serious matters claim'd my due regard,
Their pastime to my business I prefer'd.
To sing by turns the Muse inspir'd the swains,
And Corydon began th' alternate strains.

CORYDON.

Ye nymphs of Helicon, my sole desire!
O warm my breast with all my Codrus' fire.
If none can equal Codrus' heavenly lays,
For next to Phœbus he deserves the praise,
No more I ply the tuneful art divine,
My silent pipe shall hang on yonder pine.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian swains, an ivy wreath bestow,
With early honours crown your poet's brow;
Codrus shall chafe, if you my songs commend,
Till burning spite his tortur'd entrails rend;
Or amulets, to bind my temples, frame,
Lest his invidious praises blast my fame.

CORYDON.

A stag's tall horns, and stain'd with savage gore
This bristled visage of a tusky boar,
To thee, O virgin-goddess of the chace,
Young Mycon offers for thy former grace.
If like success his future labours crown,
Thine, goddess, then shall be a nobler boon,
In polish'd marble thou shalt shine complete,
And purple sandals shall adorn thy feet.

THYRSIS.

To thee, Priapus [2], each returning year,
This bowl of milk, these hallow'd cakes we bear;
Thy care our garden is but meanly stor'd,
And mean oblations all we can afford.
But if our flocks a numerous offspring yield,
And our decaying fold again be fill'd,
Though now in marble thou obscurely shine,
For thee a golden statue we design.

CORYDON.

O Galatea, whiter than the swan,
Loveliest of all thy sisters of the main,
Sweeter than Hybla, more than lillies fair!
If ought of Corydon employ thy care,
When shades of night involve the silent sky,
And slumbering in their stalls the oxen lie,
Come to my longing arms, and let me prove
Th' immortal sweets of Galatea's love.

THYRSIS.

As the vile sea-weed scatter'd by the storm,
As he whose face Sardinian herbs deform [3],
As burs and brambles that disgrace the plain,
So nauseous, so detested be thy swain;
If when thine absence I am doom'd to bear
The day appears not longer than a year.
Go home, my flocks, ye lengthen out the day,
For shame, ye tardy flocks, for shame away!

CORYDON.

Ye mossy fountains, warbling as ye flow!
And softer than the slumbers ye bestow
Ye grassy banks! ye trees with verdure crown'd,
Whose leaves a glimmering shade diffuse around!
Grant to my weary flocks a cool retreat,
And screen them from the summer's raging heat;
For now the year in brightest glory shines,
Now reddening clusters deck the bending vines.

THYRSIS.

Here's wood for fuel; here the fire displays
To all around its animating blaze;
Black with continual smoke our posts appear;
Nor dread we more the rigour of the year,
Than the fell wolf the fearful lambkins dreads,
When he the helpless fold by night invades;
Or swelling torrents, headlong as they roll,
The weak resistance of the shatter'd mole.

CORYDON.

Now yellow harvests wave on every field,
Now bending boughs the hoary chesnut yield,
Now loaded trees resign their annual store,
And on the ground the mellow fruitage pour;
Jocund, the face of Nature smiles, and gay;
But if the fair Alexis were away,
Inclement drought the hardening soil would drain,
And streams no longer murmur o'er the plain.

THYRSIS

A languid hue the thirsty fields assume,
Parch'd to the root the flowers resign their bloom,
The faded vines refuse their hills to shade,
Their leafy verdure wither'd and decay'd:
But if my Phyllis on these plains appear,
Again the groves their gayest green shall wear,
Again the clouds their copious moisture lend,
And in the genial rain shall Jove descend.

CORYDON.

Alcides' brows the poplar-leaves surround,
Apollo's beamy locks with bays are crown'd,
The myrtle, lovely queen of smiles, is thine,
And jolly Bacchus loves the curling vine;
But while my Phyllis loves the hazel-spray,
To hazel yield the myrtle and the bay.

THYRSIS.

The fir, the hills; the ash adorns the woods;
The pine, the gardens; and the poplar, floods.
If thou, my Lycidas, wilt deign to come,
And cheer thy shepherd's solitary home,
The ash so fair in woods, and garden-pine
Will own their beauty far excel'd by thine.

MELIBOEUS.

So sung the swains, but Thyrsis strove in vain;
Thus far I bear in mind th' alternate strain.
Young Corydon acquir'd unrival'd fame,
And still we pay a deference to his name.

PASTORAL VIII [1].

DAMON, ALPHESIBOEUS.

Rehearse we, Pollio, the enchanting strains
Alternate sung by two contending swains.

[2] This deity presided over gardens.

[3] It was the property of this poisonous herb to distort the features of those who had eaten of it, in such a manner, that they seemed to expire in an agony of laughter.

[1] In this eighth pastoral no particular scene is described. The poet rehearses the songs of two contending swains, Damon and Alphesiboeus. The former adopts the soliloquy of a despairing lover: the latter chooses for his subject the magic rites of an enchantress forsaken by her lover, and recalling him by the power of her spells.

Charm'd by their songs, the hungry heifers stood
In deep amaze, unmindful of their food;
The listening lynxes laid their rage aside,
The streams were silent, and forgot to glide.
O thou, where'er thou lead'st thy conquering host,
Or by Timavus [1], or th' Illyrian coast!
When shall my Muse, transported with the theme,
In strains sublime my Pollio's deeds proclaim;
And celebrate thy lays by all admir'd,
Such as of old Sophocles' Muse inspir'd?
To thee, the patron of my rural songs,
To thee my first, my latest lay belongs.
Then let this humble ivy-wreath enclose,
Twin'd with triumphal bays, thy godlike brows.
What time the chill sky brightens with the dawn,
When cattle love to crop the dewy lawn,
Thus Damon to the woodlands wild complain'd,
As 'gainst an olive's lofty trunk he lean'd.

DAMON.

Lead on the genial day, O star of morn!
While wretched I, all hopeless and forlorn,
With my last breath my fatal woes deplore,
And call the gods by whom false Nisa swore;
Though they, regardless of a lover's pain,
Heard her repeated vows, and heard in vain.
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain. [2]

Blest Mænalus! that hears the pastoral song
Still languishing its tuneful groves along!
That hears th' Arcadian god's celestial lay,
Who taught the idly-rustling reeds to play!
That hears the singing pines! that hears the swain
Of love's soft chains melodiously complain!
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Mopsus the willing Nisa now enjoys—
What may not lovers hope from such a choice!
Now mares and griffins shall their hate resign,
And the succeeding age shall see them join
In friendship's tie; now mutual love shall bring
The dog and doe to share the friendly spring.
Scatter thy nuts, O Mopsus, and prepare
The nuptial torch to light the wedded fair.
Lo, Hesper hastens to the western main!
And thine the night of bliss—thine, happy swain!
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Exult, O Nisa, in thy happy state!
Supremely blest in such a worthy mate;
While you my beard detest, and bushy brow,
And think the gods forget the world below:
While you my flock and rural pipe disdain,
And treat with bitter scorn a faithful swain.
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

When first I saw you by your mother's side,
To where our apples grew I was your guide:
Twelve summers since my birth had roll'd around,
And I could reach the branches from the ground.
How did I gaze!—how perish!—ah how vain
The fond bewitching hopes that sooth'd my pain!
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Too well I know thee, Love. From Scythian snows,
Or Lybia's burning sands the mischief rose.
Rocks adamantine nurs'd this foreign bane,
This fell invader of the peaceful plain.
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Love taught the mother's [3] murdering hand to kill,
Her children's blood love bade the mother spill.
Was love the cruel cause [4]? Or did the deed
From fierce unfeeling cruelty proceed?
Both fill'd her brutal bosom with their bane;
Both urg'd the deed, while Nature shrunk in vain.
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Now let the fearful lamb the wolf devour;
Let alders blossom with Narcissus' flower;
From barren shrubs let radiant amber flow;
Let rugged oaks with golden fruitage glow;
Let shrieking owls with swans melodious vie;
Let Tityrus the Thracian numbers try,
Outrival Orpheus in the sylvan reign,
And emulate Arion on the main.
Begin, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Let land no more the swelling waves divide;
Earth, be thou whelm'd beneath the boundless tide;
Headlong from yonder promontory's brow
I plunge into the rolling deep below.
Farewell, ye woods! farewell, thou flowery plain!
Hear the last lay of a despairing swain.
And cease, my pipe, the sweet Mænalian strain.

Here Damon ceas'd. And now, ye tuneful Nine,
Alphesiboeus' magic verse subjoin,
To his responsive song your aid we call,
Our power extends not equally to all.

ALPHESIBOEUS.

Bring living waters from the silver stream,
With vervain and fat incense feed the flame:
With this soft wreath the sacred altars bind,
To move my cruel Daphnis to be kind,
And with my phrenzy to inflame his soul;
Charms are but wanting to complete the whole.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

By powerful charms what prodigies are done!
Charms draw pale Cynthia from her silver throne;
Charms burst the bloated snake, and Circe's [5] guests
By mighty magic charms were changed to beasts.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Three woollen wreathes, and each of triple dye,
Three times about thy image I apply,
Then thrice I bear it round the sacred shrine;
Uneven numbers please the powers divine.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

Haste, let three colours with three knots be join'd,
And say, "Thy fetters, Venus, thus I bind."
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.

As this soft clay is harden'd by the flame,
And as this wax is soften'd by the same,
My love, that harden'd Daphnis to disdain,
Shall soften his relenting heart again.
Scatter the salted corn, and place the bays,
And with fat brimstone light the sacred blaze.

[1] A river in Italy.

[2] This intercalary line (as it is called by the commentators) which seems to be intended as a chorus or burden to the song, is here made the last of a triplet, that it may be as independent of the context and the verse in the translation as it is in the original.—Mænalus was a mountain of Arcadia.

[3] Medea.

[4] This seems to be Virgil's meaning. The translator did not choose to preserve the conceit on the words *puer* and *mater* in his version: as this (in his opinion) would have rendered the passage obscure and unpleasing to an English reader.

[5] See Hom. Odyss. Lib. X.

Daphnis my burning passion slights with scorn,
And Daphnis in this blazing bay I burn.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.
As when, to find her love, an heifer roams
Through trackless groves, and solitary glooms;
Sick with desire, abandon'd to her woes,
By some lone stream her languid limbs she throws;
There in deep anguish wastes the tedious night,
Nor thoughts of home her late return invite:
Thus may he love, and thus indulge his pain,
While I enhance his torments with disdain.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.
These robes beneath the threshold here I leave,
These pledges of his love, O Earth, receive.
Ye dear memorials of our mutual fire,
Of you my faithless Daphnis I require.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.
These deadly poisons, and these magic weeds,
Selected from the store which Pontus breeds,
Sage Moeris gave me; oft I saw him prove
Their sovereign power; by these, along the grove
A prowling wolf the dread magician roams;
Now gliding ghosts from the profoundest tombs
Inspired he calls; the rooted corn he wings,
And to strange fields the flying harvest brings.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.
These ashes from the altar take with speed,
And treading backwards cast them o'er your head
Into the running stream, nor turn your eye.
Yet this last spell, though hopeless, let me try.
But nought can move the unrelenting swain,
And spells, and magic verse, and gods are vain.
Bring Daphnis home, bring Daphnis to my arms,
O bring my long-lost love, my powerful charms.
Lo, while I linger, with spontaneous fire
The ashes redden, and the flames aspire!
May this new prodigy auspicious prove!
What fearful hopes my beating bosom move!
Hark, does not Hylax bark!—ye powers supreme,
Can it be real, or do lovers dream!—
He comes, my Daphnis comes; forbear my charms;
My love, my Daphnis flies to bless my longing arms.

PASTORAL IX[1].

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

Go you to town, my friend? this beaten way
Conducts us thither.

MOERIS.

O Ah! the fatal day
The unexpected day at last is come,
When a rude alien drives us from our home.
Hence, hence, ye clowns, th' usurper thus com-
To me you must resign your ancient lands. [mands
Thus helpless and forlorn we yield to fate;
And our rapacious lord to mitigate
This brace of kids a present I design,
Which load with curses, O ye powers divine!

LYCIDAS.

'Twas said, Menalcas with his tuneful strains
Had sav'd the grounds of all the neighbouring swains,
From where the hill, that terminates the vale,
In easy risings first begins to swell,
Far as the blasted beech that mates the sky,
And the clear stream that gently murmurs by.

MOERIS.

Such was the voice of fame; but music's charms,
Amid the dreadful clang of warlike arms,
Avail no more, than the Chaonian dove,
When down the sky descends the bird of Jove.
And had not the prophetic raven spoke
His dire presages from the hollow oak,
And often warn'd me to avoid debate,
And with a patient mind submit to fate,
Ne'er had thy Moeris seen this fatal hour,
And that melodious swain had been no more.

LYCIDAS.

What horrid breast such impious thoughts could breed!
What barbarous hand could make Menalcas bleed!
Could every tender Muse in him destroy,
And from the shepherds ravish all their joy!
For who but he the lovely nymphs could sing,
Or paint the vallies with the purple spring?
Who shade the fountains from the glare of day?
Who but Menalcas could compose the lay,
Which, as we journey'd to my love's abode,
I softly sung to cheer the lonely road?
"Tityrus, while I am absent, feed the flock;
And, having fed, conduct them to the brook,
(The way is short, and I shall soon return)
But shun the he-goat with the butting horn."

[1] This and the first eclogue seem to have been written on the same occasion. The time is a still evening. The landscape is described at the 97th line of this translation. On one side of the highway is an artificial arbour, where Lycidas invites Moeris to rest a little from the fatigue of his journey: and at a considerable distance appears a sepulchre by the way-side, where the ancient sepulchres were commonly erected.

The critics with one voice seem to condemn this eclogue as unworthy of its author; I know not for what good reason. The many beautiful lines scattered through it would, one might think, be no weak recommendation. But it is by no means to be reckoned a loose collection of incoherent fragments; its principal parts are all strictly connected, and refer to a certain end, and its allusions and images are wholly suited to pastoral life. Its subject though uncommon is not improper; for what is more natural, than that two shepherds, when occasionally mentioning the good qualities of their absent friend, particularly his poetical talents, should repeat such fragments of his songs as they recollected?

[2] These lines, which Virgil has translated literally from Theocritus, may be supposed to be a fragment of the poem mentioned in the preceding verses; or, what is more likely, to be spoken by Lycidas to his servant; something similar to which may be seen Past. 5. v. 20. of this translation.—The original is here remarkably explicit, even to a degree of affectation. This the translator has endeavoured to imitate.

MOERIS.

Or who could finish the imperfect lays
Sung by Menalcas to his Varus' praise?
"If fortune yet shall spare the Mantuan swains,
And save from plundering hands our peaceful plains,
Nor doom us sad Cremona's fate to share,
(For ah! a neighbour's woe excites our fear)
Then high as Heaven our Varus' fame shall rise,
The warbling swans shall bear it to the skies."

LYCIDAS.

Go on dear swain, these pleasing songs pursue;
So may thy bees avoid the bitter yew,
So may rich herds thy fruitful fields adorn,
So may thy cows with strutting dugs return.
Even I with poets have obtain'd a name,
The Muse inspires me with poetic flame;
Th' applauding shepherds to my songs attend,
But I suspect my skill, though they commend.
I dare not hope to please a Cinna's ear,
Or sing what Varus might vouchsafe to hear.
Harsh are the sweetest lays that I can bring,
So screams a goose where swans melodious sing.

MOERIS.

This I am pondering, if I can rehearse
The lofty numbers of that labour'd verse.
"Come Galatea, leave the rolling seas;
Can rugged rocks and heaving surges please?
Come, taste the pleasures of our sylvan bowers,
Our balmy-breathing gales, and fragrant flowers.
See, how our plains rejoice on every side, [glide:
How crystal streams through blooming vallies
O'er the cool grot the whitening poplars bend,
And clasping vines their grateful umbrage lend.
Come, beauteous nymph, forsake the briny wave,
Loud on the beach let the wild billows rave."

LYCIDAS.

Or what you sung one evening on the plain—
The air, but not the words, I yet retain.

MOERIS.

"Why Daphnis, dost thou calculate the skies,
To know when ancient constellations rise?
Lo, Cæsar's star its radiant light displays,
And on the nations sheds propitious rays.
On the glad hills the reddening clusters glow,
And smiling plenty decks the plains below.
Now graff thy pears; the star of Cæsar reigns,
To thy remotest race the fruit remains."
The rest I have forgot, for length of years
Deadens the sense, and memory impairs.
All things in time submit to sad decay;
Oft have we sung whole summer suns away.
These vanish'd joys must Moeris now deplore,
His voice delights, his numbers charm no more;
Him have the wolves beheld, bewitch'd his song [3],
Bewitch'd to silence his melodious tongue.
But your desire Menalcas can fulfil,
All these, and more, he sings with matchless skill.

LYCIDAS.

These faint excuses which my Moeris frames
But heighten my desire.—And now the streams
In slumber-soothing murmurs softly flow;
And now the sighing breeze hath ceas'd to blow.

[3] In Italia creditur luporum visus esse noxios; ocemque homini quem priores contemplentur adinere ad præsens. Plin. N. H. VIII. 22.

Half of our way is past, for I descry
Bianor's tomb just rising to the eye [4].
Here in this leafy arbour ease your toil,
Lay down your kids, and let us sing the while:
We soon shall reach the town; or, lest a storm
Of sudden rain the evening-sky deform,
Be yours to cheer the journey with a song,
Eas'd of your load, which I shall bear along.

MOERIS.

No more, my friend; your kind entreaties spare,
And let our journey be our present care;
Let fate restore our absent friend again,
Then gladly I resume the tuneful strain.

[4] Bianor is said to have founded Mantua. Servius.

PASTORAL X [1].

GALLUS.

To my last labour lend thy sacred aid,
O Arethusa: that the cruel maid
With deep remorse may read the mournful song,
For mournful lays to Gallus' love belong.
(What Muse in sympathy will not bestow
Some tender strains to sooth my Gallus' woe?)
So may thy waters pure of briny stain
Traverse the waves of the Sicilian main.
Sing mournful Muse, of Gallus' luckless love,
While the goats browse along the cliffs above.
Nor silent is the waste while we complain,
The woods return the long-resounding strain.
Whither, ye fountain-nymphs, were ye withdrawn,
To what lone woodland, or what devious lawn,
When Gallus' bosom languish'd with the fire
Of hopeless love, and unallay'd desire?
For neither by th' Aonian spring you stray'd, [shade.
Nor roam'd Parnassus' heights, nor Pindus' hallow'd
The pines of Mænalus were heard to mourn,
And sounds of woe along the groves were born.
And sympathetic tears the laurel shed,
And humbler shrubs declin'd their drooping head.
All wept his fate, when to despair resign'd
Beneath a desert-cliff he lay reclin'd.

[1] The scene of this pastoral is very accurately delineated. We behold the forlorn Gallus stretched along beneath a solitary cliff, his flocks standing round him at some distance. A group of deities and swains encircle him, each of whom is particularly described. On one side we see the shepherds with their crooks; next to them the neatherds, known by the clumsiness of their appearance; and next to these Menalcas with his clothes wet, as just come from beating or gathering winter-mast. On the other side we observe Apollo with his usual insignia; Sylvanus crown'd with flowers and brandishing in his hand the long lillies and flowering fennel; and last of all Pan, the god of shepherds, known by his ruddy smiling countenance, and the other peculiarities of his form.

Gallus was a Roman of very considerable rank, a poet of no small estimation, and an intimate friend of Virgil. He loved to distraction one Cytheris (here called Lycoris) who slighted him, and followed Antony into Gaul.

Lyceus' rocks were hung with many a tear,
And round the swain his flocks forlorn appear.
Nor scorn, celestial bard, a poet's name;
Renown'd Adonis by the lonely stream
Tended his flock.—As thus he lay along, [throng.
The swains and aukward neatherds round him
Wet from the winter-mast Menalcas came.
All ask, what beauty rais'd the fatal flame.
The god of verse vouchsafed to join the rest;
He said, "What phrensy thus torments thy breast?
While she, thy darling, thy Lycoris, scorns
Thy proffer'd love, and for another burns,
With whom o'er winter-wastes she wanders far, [war."
'Midst camps, and clashing arms, and boisterous
Sylvanus came with rural garlands crown'd, [round.
And wav'd the lillies long, and flowering fennel
Next we beheld the gay Arcadian god;
His smiling cheeks with bright vermilion glow'd.
"For ever wilt thou heave the bursting sigh?
Is love regardful of the weeping eye?
Love is not cloy'd with tears; alas, no more
Than bees luxurious with the balmy flow'r,
Than goats with foliage, than the grassy plain
With silver rills and soft refreshing rain."
Pan spoke; and thus the youth with grief opprest;
"Arcadians, hear, O hear my last request;
O ye, to whom the sweetest lays belong,
O let my sorrows on your hills be sung:
If your soft flutes shall celebrate my woes,
How will my bones in deepest peace repose!
Ah had I been with you a country-swain,
And prun'd the vine, and fed the bleating train;
Had Phyllis, or some other rural fair,
Or black Amyntas been my darling care; [seen
(Beauteous though black; what lovelier flower is
Than the dark violet on the painted green?)
These in the bower had yielded all their charms,
And sunk with mutual raptures in my arms:
Phyllis had crown'd my head with garlands gay,
Amyntas sung the pleasing hours away.
Here, O Lycoris, purls the limpid spring,
Bloom all the meads, and all the woodlands sing;
Here let me press thee to my panting breast,
Till youth, and joy, and life itself be past.
Banish'd by love o'er hostile lands I stray,
And mingle in the battle's dread array;
Whilst thou, relentless to my constant flame,
(Ah could I disbelieve the voice of fame!)
Far from thy home, unaided and forlorn,
Far from thy love, thy faithful love, art born,
On the bleak Alps with chilling blasts to pine,
Or wander waste along the frozen Rhine.
Ye icy paths, O spare her tender form!
O spare those heavenly charms, thou wintry storm?
"Hence let me hasten to some desert-grove,
And soothe with songs my long-unanswered love.
I go, in some lone wilderness to suit
Eubœan lays to my Sicilian flute.
Better with beasts of prey to make abode
In the deep cavern, or the darksome wood;
And carve on trees the story of my woe,
Which with the growing bark shall ever grow.
Meanwhile with woodland-nymphs, a lovely throng,
The winding groves of Mænalus along
I roam at large; or chace the foaming boar;
Or with sagacious hounds the wilds explore,
Careless of cold. And now methinks I bound
O'er rocks and cliffs, and hear the woods resound;
And now with beating heart I seem to wing
The Cretan arrow from the Parthian string—
As if I thus my phrensy could forego,
As if love's god could melt at human woe.
Alas! nor nymphs nor heavenly songs delight—
Farewell, ye groves! the groves no more invite.
No pains, no miseries of man can move
The unrelenting deity of love.
To quench your thirst in Hebrus' frozen flood,
To make the Scythian snows your drear abode;
Or feed your flock on Ethiopian plains,
When Sirius' fiery constellation reigns,
(When deep-imbrown'd the languid herbage lies,
And in the elm the vivid verdure dies)
Were all in vain. Love's unresisted sway
Extends to all, and we must love obey."
'Tis done; ye Nine, here ends your poet's strain
In pity sung to soothe his Gallus' pain.
While leaning on a flowery bank I twine
The flexile osiers, and the basket join.
Celestial Nine, your sacred influence bring,
And soothe my Gallus' sorrows while I sing:
Gallus, my much belov'd! for whom I feel
The flame of purest friendship rising still:
So by a brook the verdant alders rise,
When fostering zephyrs fan the vernal skies.
Let us be gone: at eve, the shade annoys
With noxious damps, and hurts the singer's voice;
The juniper breathes bitter vapours round,
That kill the springing corn, and blast the ground.
Homeward, my sated goats, now let us hie;
Lo beamy Hesper gilds the western sky.

THE

MINSTREL:

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

PREFACE.

THE design was, to trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a Minstrel, that is, as an itinerant poet and musician;—a character which, according to the notions of our fore-fathers, was not only respectable, but sacred.

I have endeavoured to imitate Spenser in the measure of his verse, and in the harmony, simplicity, and variety of his composition. Antique expressions I have avoided; admitting, however, some old words, where they seemed to suit the subject: but I hope none will be found that are now obsolete, or in any degree not intelligible to a reader of English poetry.

To those, who may be disposed to ask, what could induce me to write in so difficult a measure, I can only answer, that it pleases my ear, and seems, from its gothic structure and original, to bear some relation to the subject and spirit of the poem. It admits both simplicity and magnificence of sound and of language, beyond any other stanza that I am acquainted with. It allows the sententiousness of the couplet, as well as the more com-

plex modulation of blank verse. What some critics have remarked, of its uniformity growing at last tiresome to the ear, will be found to hold true, only when the poetry is faulty in other respects.

BOOK I.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the langour of inglorious days,
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel far'd in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey:
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wild responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide:
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horrour screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with wisest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plagus and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire:
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win it's way to thy corrupted heart:
For ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
Return my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Faryland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie [1];
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went.

From labour health, from health contentment springs:
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of, kings;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,

[1] There is hardly an ancient ballad, or romance, wherein a Minstrel or a Harper appears, but he is characterised, by way of eminence, to have been "of the north countrie." It is probable, that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent." See Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels.

That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy:
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
He mourned no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair:
His birth no oracle or seer foretold;
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy:
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad:
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested; those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant-far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But lo! the Sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round;
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern Sun diffused his dazzling shene[2],
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful thro' the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd!
Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rock away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on Earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic Man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
O smile, ye Heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn:
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return!
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

[2] Brightness, splendour. The word is used by some late writers, as well as by Milton.

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal springs shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright thro' th' eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.
No subtile nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.
"Let man's own sphere" said he "confine his view,
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him, to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduc'd, unaw'd by lawless might.

"And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own."

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower
The visionary boy from shelter fly;
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting Sun!
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chace thine ardour has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpos'd race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And disappointment of her sting disarm.
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire;
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay hope, and fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corses pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song, [along.
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles

Or, when the setting Moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'd'st the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft hath reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow!
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls, the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupefy the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! Hence! lest the Muse should deign,
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme),
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide;
Your voice each rugged path of life can smoothe,
For well I know where-ever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legend when the beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
The moon-light revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade [3],
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the Moon in blood;
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

But when to horrour his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart, by lust of lucre sear'd to stone?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan babes by thy fell arts undone.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn [4],
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die:
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:
"For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy store.

[3] Allusion to Shakespeare.
Macbeth. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is 't ye do?
Witches. A deed without a name.
Macbeth, Act 4. Scene 1.

[4] See the fine old ballad called, The Children in the Wood.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear,
"But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe?"
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel:
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope; to doubt is to rebel;
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driv
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage
Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend!
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide thro' unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end!

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Thro' the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

Thus Heaven enlarg'd his soul in riper years.
For Nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore:
And much they grope for Truth, but never hit.
For why? Their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their rain blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat, or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft when the winter storm had ceas'd to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue:
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glitt'ring cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening, with pleasing dread, to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array [day,
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began, [ran,
And o'er Heav'n's rending arch the rattling thunder

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refin'd,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy, [choly!
When with the charm compar'd of heavenly melan-

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn?
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine; [swine.
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton

For Edwin, Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his advent'rous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant Muse, though artless, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare:
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scan'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Rous'd him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury control'd,
And solitude, her soul his graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow [5].

Here pause, my gothic lyre, a little while,
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if Montague should smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame.
And her applause to me is more than fame;
For still with truth accords her taste refin'd.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind, [kind.
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human-

[5] Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers. Scheffer's *History of Lapland*, p. 16.

THE

MINSTREL:

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

BOOK II.

Or chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never never cease to wail;
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of Fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, Earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have rais'd to Heaven the humble vale,
And gulphs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd;
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd [1].

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the whither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine, [mine.
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the gothic lyre with harsher hand;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, tho' lov'd of Heaven, must not aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy:
But now and then the shades of life explore;
Tho' many a sound and sight of wo annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of Heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

[1] See Plato's Timeus.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he fram'd the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.
For rocks on rocks pil'd, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenc'd from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made:
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, thro' the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings, to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the Sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole.

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings, [springs.
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur

"Vain man! is grandeur giv'n to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid;
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
To hosts, thro' carnage who to conquest wade?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
Behold, what deeds of wo the locust can perform!

"True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has rais'd above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, tho' Fortune aim her deadliest blow."
This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow,
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew:
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
"Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd,
And hug'd the chain, that, glittering on their gaze,
Seems to outshine the pomp of Heaven's empyreal blaze.

"Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
And fawn'd and smil'd, to plunder and betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while;
So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file;
But now, with pangs of keen remorse, I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue!
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view!

"The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,
Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame, [fame.
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of

"The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd,
Who ever felt his weight of wo decrease?
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring!

"Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown;
In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

"And thither let the village swain repair;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
And when mild Evening comes in mantle gray,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
No ghost, nor spell, my long and last abode shall know.

"For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
O man! creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exil'd,
And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears defil'd?

"Along you glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends Night's lovely queen!
Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,

And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world, what chaos drear;
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien!
O when shall that eternal morn appear, [clear!
Those dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to

"O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light
Rose from th' abyss; when dark Confusion driven
Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way!"

Silence ensu'd: and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
"And is it thus in courtly life," he cries,
"That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire?
Hail Poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!"

He said, and turn'd away; nor did the sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd:
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills [2];
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd;
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.
Nor durst he hope the hermit's tale untrue;
For man he seem'd to love, and Heaven to fear;
And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.
"Yet, can man's gentle heart become so fell!
No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the hermit's cell;
'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass'd and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild; where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man: his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a flow'ret small.

And now the hoary sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching: innocence
Smil'd on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
"Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from whence?
Why roam thy steps to this sequester'd dale?"
"A shepherd-boy," the youth replied, "far hence
My habitation; hear my artless tale;
Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

"Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound;
And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
Heard these rude climes thine awful voice rebound,
(For in thy speech I recognise the sound.)
You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound;
Pondering on former days by guilt engross'd,
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

"But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul?
Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
Is glory there achiev'd by arts, as foul
As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan?
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tygers prowl:
Love is the godlike attribute of man.
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

"Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm, contented mind;
Which, late, exulting, view'd in Nature's frame,
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfin'd,
Grace, grandeur, and utility combin'd.
Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
Well pleas'd with all, but most with human-kind:
When Fancy roam'd thro' Nature's works at will,
Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uniform'd of ill."

"Wouldst thou," the sage replied, "in peace return
To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
For if my desultory strain with ruth
And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
Alas! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know.
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.

"But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.
For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
The voice of the Eternal said, Be free:
And this divine prerogative to thee
Does virtue, happiness, and Heaven convey;
For virtue is the child of liberty,
And happiness of virtue; nor can they
Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

"Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue over-power,
And in thy converse I shall find relief,
When the dark shades of melancholy lower;
For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain:
Come often then; for, haply, in my bower,
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain:
If I one soul improve, I have not liv'd in vain."

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of history unrolls her page.
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood asswage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn:
Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn,
And languish in the dust, and clasp 'th' abandon'd urn!

"Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
Where ruin's gulph unfathom'd yawns beneath!
Shall life, shall liberty be lost," he said,
"For the vain toys that pomp and power bequeath!

[2] How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
Shakespeare.

The car of victory, the plume, the wreathe,
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave:
No note the clarion of renown can breathe,
T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave, [wave.
Or check the headlong haste of time's o'erwhelming

"Ah, what avails it to have trac'd the springs,
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel!
Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings, [steel!
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with
To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
Heroes, alas! are things of small concern;
Could History man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn!

"This praise, O Cherœnean sage [3], is thine!
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong?)
All else from Nature's moral path decline,
Lur'd by the toys that captivate the throng;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

"O who of man the story will unfold,
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that elysian age (misnam'd of gold)
The age of love, and innocence and joy,
When all were great and free! man's sole employ
To deck the bosom of his parent earth;
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
To aid the flow'ret's long-expected birth, [mirth.
And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of

"Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves!
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
Then, hand in hand, health, sport, and labour went.
Nature supply'd the wish she taught to crave.
None prowl'd for prey, none watch'd to circumvent.
To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave:
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave.

But ah! th' historic Muse has never dar'd
To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis Fancy's beam
Pour'd on the vision of th' enraptur'd bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!
Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long, where Love and Fancy lead, to go
And meditate on Heaven, enough of Earth I know."

"I cannot blame thy choice," the sage replied,
"For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways:
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzl'd long by fiction's gaudy rays
In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shin'd?

"Fancy enervates, while it sooths, the heart,
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.

[3] Plutarch.

And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And thro' the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

"And yet, alas! the real ills of life
Claim the full vigour of a mind prepar'd,
Prepar'd for patient, long, laborious strife,
Its guide experience, and truth its guard.
We fare on Earth as other men have far'd.
Were they successful? Let not us despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare,
How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd to bear.

What charms th' historic Muse adorn, from spoil,
And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,
To hail the patriot prince, whose pious toils
Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
And peace, through every age divinely bright
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!
Sees yonder Sun, from his meridian height,
A lovelier scene, than virtue thus enshrin'd
In power, and man with man for mutual aid combin'd?

"Hail sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd!
Hail sacred Freedom, when by law restrain'd!
Without you what were man? A groveling herd
In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
Sublim'd by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
In arts unrivall'd: O, to latest days,
In Albion may your influence unprofan'd
To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
And prompt the sage's lore, and fire the poet's lays.

"But now let other themes our care engage.
For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
Philosophy appears! The gloomy race
By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solicitude give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

Then waken from long lethargy to life [4]
The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought;
Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge, lust that defies controul,
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl;
As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

And Reason now thro' number, time, and space,
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye.
And learns, from facts compar'd, the laws to trace
Whose long progression leads to Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar so high!

[4] The influence of the philosophic spirit, in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the universe;—in banishing superstition;—in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science.

Can mortal sight, so oft bedim'd with tears,
Such glory bear!—for lo, the shadows fly
From Nature's face; confusion disappears,
And order charms the eye, and harmony the ears!

"In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring Moon,
Or chace the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

"Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
Of Heaven his wretched fare; shivering in caves,
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away!

"And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her bounty, unimprov'd, is deadly bane:
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood;
For there, each eye-ball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

"'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing ax, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled!
The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale:
And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

"What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire!
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
Awhile, and turn aside Death's level'd dart,
Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

"Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway.
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or *pines*, to indolence and spleen a prey,
Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
Flee to the shade of Academus' grove;
Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of Truth, breath'd from the lips of Love.

"What cannot Art and Industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil!
They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-vers'd in man the philosophic sage
Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to assuage.

"'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil and clime
Explor'd, a nation's various powers can bind
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of policy, that, midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And industry and law maintain their sway severe."

Enraptur'd by the hermit's strain, the youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
And now, expanded to the beams of truth,
New energies and charms unknown before,
His mind discloses: Fancy now no more
Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
Aloft from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;
The cold desponding breast of sloth to warm,
The flame of industry and genius fan,
And emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of toil and solitude to charm.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shar'd
And bless'd, the Muse, and her celestial art,
Still claim th' enthusiast's fond and first regard.
From Nature's beauties variously compar'd
And variously combin'd, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection [5], which the bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

Of late, with cumbersome, tho' pompous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardour to adorn; but Nature now
To his experienced eye a modest grace
Presents, where ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' unwieldly line.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains [6]
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:
Fain would I sing what transport storm'd his soul,
How the red current throb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond controul,
Without art graceful, without effort strong,
Homer rais'd high to Heaven the loud, th' impetuous song.

[5] General ideas of excellence, the immediate archetypes of sublime imitation, both in painting and in poetry. See Aristotle's Poetics, and the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds. [6] Virgil.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skilled to sooth, to triumph, to complain,
Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
Was taught to modulate the artful strain.
I fain would sing:—but ah! I strive in vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound,
With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
And mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death resound.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
He, whom each virtue fir'd, each grace refin'd,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!
He sleeps in dust [7]. Ah, how shall I pursue
My theme! To heart-consuming grief resign'd,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu!

Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled!
And am I left to unavailing woe!
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow!
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go!
No more thy soothing voice my anguish chears:
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn: flow forth afresh, my tears.

[7] This excellent person died suddenly on the 10th of February 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

THIS very ingenious poet was the descendant of an ancient and honourable family. His father was the second son of Spenser Cowper (a younger brother of the lord chancellor Cowper) who was appointed chief justice of Chester in 1717, and afterwards a judge in the court of Common Pleas. He died in 1728, leaving a daughter, Judith, a young lady who had a striking taste for poetry, and who married colonel Madan, and transmitted her poetical taste and devotional spirit to a daughter. This daughter was married to her cousin major Cowper, and was afterwards the friend and correspondent of our poet. His father, John Cowper, entered into the church and became rector of Great Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire. He married Anne, the daughter of Roger Donne, esq. of Ludlam Hall in Norfolk, by whom he had several children, who died in their infancy, and two sons, William and John, who survived their mother. William was born at Berkhamstead Nov. 26, 1731, and from his infancy appears to have been of a very delicate habit both of mind and body.

To such a child the loss of a mother is an incalculable misfortune, and must have been particularly so to young Cowper. In his biographer's opinion, it contributed in the highest degree to the dark colouring of his subsequent life. Undoubtedly when a child requires a more than ordinary share of attention, the task can seldom be expected to be performed with so much success as by a mother, who to her natural affection joins that patience and undisturbed care which are rarely to be found in a father: but at the same time, it may be remarked that Cowper's very peculiar frame of mind appears to have been independent of any advantages or misfortunes in education.

In 1737, the year of his mother's death, he was sent to a school at Market-Street in Hertfordshire, under the conduct of Dr. Pitman, but was removed from it, at what time is uncertain, on account of a complaint in his eyes, for which he was consigned to the care of a female oculist for the space of two years. It does not, however, appear that he profited so much from her aid, as from the small-pox, which seized him at the age of fourteen, and removed the complaint for the present, but left a disposition to inflammation, to which he was subject nearly the whole of his life.

At Market-Street as well as at Westminster-school, to which he was now removed,

he is reported to have suffered much from the wanton tyranny of his school-fellows, who, with the usual unthinking cruelty of youth, triumphed over the gentleness and timidity of his spirit. As he informs us, however, that he "excelled at cricket and foot-ball," he could not have been wholly averse from joining in youthful sports, yet a preponderance of uneasiness from the behaviour of his companions was such, that in his advanced years he retained none but painful recollections of what men in general remember with more pleasure than any other period of their lives. These recollections no doubt animated his pen with more than his usual severity in exposing the abuses of public schools, to which he uniformly prefers a domestic education. This subject has since been discussed by various pens, and the conclusion seems to be, that the few instances which occur of domestic education successfully pursued are strongly in its favour where it is practicable, but that from the occupations and general state of talents in parents it can seldom be adopted, and is continually liable to be interrupted by accidents to which public schools are not exposed. In the case of Cowper, the public school might have been judiciously recommended to conquer *his constitutional* diffidence and shyness which, it was natural to suppose, would have been *increased by* a seclusion from boys of his own age, but the effect disappointed the expectations of his friends.

He left Westminster school in 1749, at the age of eighteen, and was articled to Mr. Chapman, an attorney, for the space of three years. This period he professed to employ in acquiring a species of knowledge which he was never to bring into use, and to which his peculiarity of disposition must have been averse. We are not told whether he had been consulted in this arrangement, but it was probably suggested as that in which his family interest might avail him. His own account may be relied on. "I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, a solicitor, that is to say, I slept three years in his house, but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days in Southampton-Row, as you very well remember. There was I, and the future lord chancellor (Thurlow) constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law [1]." Yet with this apparent *gaieté de cœur*, and with every advantage, natural and acquired, that bade fair for his advancement in public life, he was kept back by an extreme degree of modesty and shyness from all intercourse with the world, except the society of a few friends, who knew how to appreciate his character, and among whom he found himself without restraint. The loss of a friend and of a mistress appear, among other adversities, to have aggravated his sufferings at this time, and to have strengthened that constitutional melancholy which he delighted to paint, and which, it is to be feared, he loved to indulge.

When he had fulfilled the terms of his engagement in Mr. Chapman's office, he entered the Temple with a view to the further study of the law, a profession that has been more frequently deserted than any other by men of lively genius. Cowper was destined to add another instance to the number of those who, under the appearance of applying to an arduous and important public study, have employed their time in the cultivation of wit and poetry. He is known to have assisted some contemporary publications with essays in prose and verse, and what is rather more extraordinary, in

[1] Letter to Lady Hesketh. Hayley's Life, vol. ii. 377, oct. edit. *C.*

a man of his purity of conduct, cultivated the acquaintance of Churchill, Thornton, Lloyd, and Colman, who had been his school-fellows at Westminster. It is undoubtedly to Churchill and Lloyd, that he alludes in a letter to lady Hesketh, dated Sept. 4, 1765. "Two of my friends have been cut off during my illness, in the midst of such a life, as it is frightful to reflect upon, and here am I, in better health and spirits, than I can almost remember to have enjoyed before, after having spent months in the apprehension of instant death. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Why did I receive grace and mercy? Why was I preserved, afflicted for my good, received, as I trust, into favour, and blessed with the greatest happiness, I can ever know, or hope for, in this life, while these were overtaken by the great arrest, unawakened, unrepenting, and every way unprepared for it?"

About the period alluded to, he assisted Colman with some papers for the Connoisseur, and probably Thornton and Lloyd, who then carried on various periodical undertakings, but the amount of what he wrote cannot now be ascertained, and was always so little known, that on the appearance of his first volume of poems when he had reached his fiftieth year (1782), he was considered as a new writer. But his general occupations will best appear in an extract from one of his letters to Mr. Park, in 1792. "From the age of twenty to thirty-three" (when he left the Temple) "I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law: from thirty-three to sixty, I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age I commenced an author:—it is a whim that has served me longest, and best, and will probably be my last." His first poetical effort was a translation of an elegy of Tibullus made at the age of fourteen: at eighteen he wrote the beautiful verses On finding the Heel of a Shoe, but as little more of his juvenile poetry has been preserved, all the steps of his progress to that perfection which produced the Task, cannot now be traced.

Unfit as he was from extreme diffidence to advance in his profession, his family interest procured him a situation which seemed not ill adapted to gratify his very moderate ambition, while it did not much interfere with his reluctance to public life. In his thirty-fourth year, he was nominated to the offices of reading clerk, and clerk of the private committees of the house of lords. But in this arrangement his friends were disappointed. It presented to his mind the formidable danger of reading in public, which was next to speaking in public; his native modesty therefore recoiled at the thought, and he resigned the office. On this, his friends procured him the place of clerk of the journals to the house of lords, the consequence of which is thus related by Mr. Hayley.

"It was hoped from the change of his station that his personal appearance in parliament might not be required, but a parliamentary dispute made it necessary for him to appear at the bar of the house of lords, to entitle himself publicly to the office.

"Speaking of this important incident in a sketch, which he once formed himself of passages in his early life, he expresses what he endured at the time, in these remarkable words: 'They, whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition

of themselves is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horrours of my situation—others can have none.'

"His terrours on this occasion arose to such an astonishing height, that they utterly overwhelmed his reason: for although he had endeavoured to prepare himself for his public duty, by attending closely at the office for several months, to examine the parliamentary journals, his application was rendered useless by that excess of diffidence, which made him conceive, that, whatever knowledge he might previously acquire, it would all forsake him at the bar of the house. This distressing apprehension encreased to such a degree, as the time for his appearance approached, that when the day, so anxiously dreaded, arrived, he was unable to make the experiment. The very friends, who called on him for the purpose of attending him to the house of lords, acquiesced in the cruel necessity of his relinquishing the prospect of a station so severely formidable to a frame of such singular sensibility.

"The conflict between the wishes of just affectionate ambition and the terrours of diffidence, so entirely overwhelmed his health and faculties, that after two learned and benevolent divines (Mr. John Cowper, his brother, and the celebrated Mr. Martin Madan, his first cousin) had vainly endeavoured to establish a lasting tranquillity in his mind, by friendly and religious conversation; it was found necessary to remove him to St. Alban's, where he resided a considerable time, under the care of that eminent physician, Dr. Cotton."

The period of his residence here was from Dec. 1763 to July 1764, and the mode of his insanity appears to have been that of religious despondency; but this, about the last mentioned date, gave way to more cheering views, which first presented themselves to his mind during a perusal of the third chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

After his recovery from this awful visitation, he determined to retire from the busy world altogether, finding his mind alienated from the conversation and company, however select, in which he had hitherto delighted, and looking back with particular horrour on some of his former associations: and by the advice of his brother the rev. John Cowper of Benuet College, Cambridge, he removed to a private lodging in Huntingdon. He had not, however, resided long in this place, before he was introduced into a family that had the honour for many years of administring to his happiness, and of evincing a warmth of friendship of which there are few examples. This intercourse was begun by Mr. Cawthorn Unwin, a young man then a student at Cambridge and son to the rev. Mr. Unwin, rector of Grimston, but now a resident at Huntingdon. Mr. Unwin the younger, was one day so attracted by Cowper's uncommon and interesting appearance, that he attempted to solicit his acquaintance, and achieved this purpose with such reciprocity of delight, that Cowper was finally induced to take up his abode with his new friend's amiable family, which then consisted of the rev. Mr. Unwin, Mrs. Unwin, the son just mentioned, and a daughter. It appears to have been about the month of September 1765, that he formed this acquaintance, and about February 1766, he became an inmate in the family. In July 1767, Mr. Unwin senior was killed by a fall from his horse. The letters which Mr. Hayley has published, "describe in the clearest light, the singularly peaceful and devout life of the amiable

writer, during his residence at Huntingdon, and this melancholy accident which occasioned his removal to a distant county."

About this time he added to the number of his friends, the late venerable and pious John Newton, rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, but then curate of Olney in Buckinghamshire, who being consulted by Mr. Cowper as to an eligible residence for Mrs. Unwin, recommended a house at Olney, to which that lady, her daughter, and our poet removed on the 14th of October, 1767. At this residence, endeared to them by the company and public services of a man of congenial sentiments, Cowper for some years continued to enjoy those blessings of a retired and devotional life which had constituted his only happiness since his recovery. His correspondence at this era evinces a placid train of sentiment, mixed with an air of innocent gaiety, that must have afforded the highest satisfaction to his friends. Among other pleasures of the purest kind, he delighted in acts of benevolence, and as he was not rich, he had the additional felicity of being employed as an almoner in the secret beneficences of that most charitable of all human beings, the late John Thornton, esq. an opulent merchant of London, whose name he has immortalized in his poem on Charity, and in some verses on his death which Mr. Hayley first published. Mr. Thornton statedly allowed Mr. Newton the sum of 200*l. per annum* [2], for the use of the poor of Olney, and it was the the joint concern of Mr. Newton and Mr. Cowper to distribute this sum in the most judicious and useful manner. Such a bond of union could not fail to increase their intimacy. "Cowper," says Mr. Newton, "loved the poor; he often visited them in their cottages, conversed with them in the most condescending manner, sympathized with them, counselled and comforted them in their distresses: and those who were seriously disposed, were often cheered and animated by his prayers." Of their intimacy, the same writer speaks in these emphatic terms—"For nearly twelve years we were seldom separated for seven hours at a time, when we were awake and at home —the first six I passed in daily admiring, and aiming to imitate him: during the second six, I walked pensively with him in the valley of the shadow of death." Among other friendly services about this time, he wrote for Mr. Newton some beautiful, hymns, which the latter introduced in public worship, and published in a collection long before Cowper was known as a poet.

On these employments Mr. Hayley passes the following opinion. "Where the nerves are tender, and the imagination tremblingly alive, any fervid excess in the exercise of the purest piety may be attended with such perils to corporeal and mental health, as men of a more firm and hardy fibre would be far from apprehending. Perhaps the life that Cowper led, on his settling at Olney, had a tendency to increase the morbid propensity of his frame, though it was a life of admirable sanctity." It appears, however, by his letters, that this was the life of his choice, and that it was varied by exercise and rational amusements. How such a life could have a tendency to increase a morbid propensity, or what mode of life could have been contrived more likely to diminish that propensity, it is difficult to imagine.

In 1770, his brother John died at Cambridge, an event which made a lasting, but

[2] Cecil's Life of Newton, p. 142. Mr. Newton told his biographer that he thought he had received upwards of 3000*l.* in this way from Mr. Thornton, during the time that he resided at Olney, little more than fifteen years. *C.*

not unfavourable impression on the tender and affectionate mind of our poet. While the circumstances of this event were recent he committed them to paper, and they were published by Mr. Newton in 1802. Cowper afterwards introduced some lines to his memory in the Task:

> ——————"I had a brother once
> Peace to the mem'ry of a man of worth,
> A man of letters, and of manners too," &c.

For some years this brother withstood, but finally adopted, our author's opinions in religious matters; and severely as the survivor felt the loss of so amiable a relative it produced no other effect on his mind than to increase his confidence in the principles he had adopted, and to rejoice in the consolations he derived from them.

From this period, his life affords little of the narrative kind, until 1773, when, in the language of his biographer, "he sunk into such severe paroxysms of religious despondency, that he required an attendant of the most gentle, vigilant, and *inflexible* spirit. Such an attendant he found in that faithful guardian (Mrs. Unwin) *whom he had professed* to love as a mother, and who watched over him, during this long fit *of depressive* malady, extended through several years, with that perfect mixture of tenderness and fortitude, which constitutes the inestimable influence of maternal protection. I wish to pass rapidly over this calamitous period, and shall only observe, that nothing could surpass the sufferings of the patient, or excell the care of the nurse. That meritorious care received from Heaven the most delightful of all rewards, in seeing the pure and powerful mind, to whose restoration it has contributed so much, not only gradually restored to the common enjoyments of life, but successively endowed with new and marvellous funds of diversified talents, and courageous application."

His recovery was slow, and he knew enough of his malady to abstain from literary employment while his mind was in any degree unsettled. The first amusement which engaged his humane affections was the taming of three hares, a circumstance that would have scarcely deserved notice unless among the memoranda of natural history, if he had not given to it an extraordinary interest in every heart by the animated account he wrote of this singular family. In the mean time, his friends Mrs. Unwin and Mr. Newton redoubled their efforts to promote his happiness, and to reconcile him to the world in which he had yet a very important part to act: but as, in 1780, Mr. Newton was obliged to leave Olney and accept of the living of St. Mary Woolnoth London, he contrived to introduce Cowper to the friendship of the rev. Mr. Bull of Newport Pagnell. This gentleman, who had many excellent qualities to recommend him as a fit successor to Mr. Newton, soon acquired the unreserved confidence of our author [3]. It was at Mr. Bull's request that he translated several spiritual songs from the French of Madame De La Mothe Guion [4], which have since been published separately. His recovery from this second illness may be dated from the summer of 1778, after which he began to meditate those greater exertions upon which his fame rests.

About this time he was advised to make application to lord Thurlow, who had been

[3] See Cowper's character of him. Hayley, vol. ii. p. 90. *C.*

[4] Cowper says, "Her verse is the only French verse I ever read that I found agreeable: there is neatness in it equal to that which we applaud, with so much reason, in the compositions of Prior." Hayley, vol. ii. p. 51. *C.*

one of his juvenile companions, for some situation of emolument, but he declined this from motives of highly justifiable delicacy, intimating that he had hopes from that quarter, and that it would be better not to anticipate his patron's favours by solicitation. He afterwards sent a copy of his first volume of poems to his lordship, accompanied with a very elegant letter, and seems to murmur a little, on more occasions than one, at his lordship's apparent neglect. A correspondence took place between them at a more distant period, but whether from want of a proper representation of his situation, or from forgetfulness, it is to be lamented that this nobleman's interest was employed when too late for the purpose which Cowper's friends hoped to promote. It will be difficult to impute a want of liberality to lord Thurlow, while his voluntary and generous offer to Dr. Johnson remains on record.

In the mean time, our author continued to amuse himself with reading such new books as his friends could procure, with writing short pieces of poetry, tending his tame hares, and birds, and drawing landscapes, a talent which he discovered in himself very late in life, and which he employed with considerable skill. In all this perhaps there was not much labour, but it was not idleness. A short passage in one of his letters to the rev. William Unwin, dated May 1780, will serve to make the distinction. "Excellence is providentially placed beyond the reach of indolence, that success may be the reward of industry, and that idleness may be punished with obscurity and disgrace. So long as I am pleased with an employment, I am capable of unwearied application, because my feelings are all of the intense kind: I never received a *little* pleasure from any thing in my life: if I am delighted, it is in the extreme. The unhappy consequence of this temperature is, that my attachment to any occupation, seldom outlives the novelty of it."

Urged, however, by his amiable friend and companion, Mrs. Unwin, he employed the winter of 1780-1, in preparing his first volume of poems for the press, consisting of the Table-Talk, Hope, the Progress of Errour, Charity, &c. But such was his diffidence in their success, that he appears to have been in doubt whether any bookseller would be willing to print them on his own account. He was fortunate enough, however, to find in Mr. Johnson of St. Paul's Church Yard, (his friend Mr. Newton's publisher,) one whose spirit and liberality immediately set his mind at rest. The volume was accordingly completed, and Mr. Newton furnished the preface, a circumstance which his biographer attributes to "his extreme diffidence in regard to himself, and his kind eagerness to gratify the affectionate ambition of a friend whom he tenderly esteemed." It was published in 1782.

The success of this volume was undoubtedly not equal to its merit, for, as his biographer has justly observed, "it exhibits such a diversity of poetical powers, as have been given very rarely, indeed, to any individual of the modern, or of the ancient world." As an apology for the inattention of the public to a present of such value, Mr. Hayley has supposed that he gave offence by his bold eulogy on Whitfield, "whom the dramatic satire of Foote, in his comedy of the Minor, had taught the nation to deride as a mischievous fanatic;" and that he hazarded sentiments too precise and strict for public opinion. The character of Whitfield, however, had been long rescued from the impious buffooneries of Foote, and the public could now bear his eulogium with tolerable patience, but that there are austerities in these poems, which indicate

the moroseness of a recluse, Cowper was not unwilling to allow. Whether he softened them in the subsequent editions, his biographer has not informed us. It may be added that the volume was introduced into the world without any of the quackish parade so frequently adopted, and had none of those embellishments by which the eye of the purchaser is caught at the expence of his pocket. The periodical critics, whose opinions Cowper watched with more anxiety than could have been wished in a man so superior to the common candidates for poetic fame, were divided, and even those who were most favourable, betrayed no extraordinary raptures. In the mean time the work crept slowly into notice, and acquired the praise of those who knew the value of such an addition to our stock of English poetry.

Some time before the publication of this volume, Mr. Cowper made a most important acquisition in the friendship and conversation of lady Austen (widow of sir Robert Austen) whom he found a woman of elegant taste, and such critical powers as enabled her to direct his studies by her judgment and encourage them by her praise. An accidental visit which this lady made to Olney served to introduce her to the poet, whose shyness generally gave way to a display of mental excellence and polished manners. In a short time, lady Austen shared his esteem with his older friend Mrs. Unwin, although not without exciting some little degree of jealousy, which Mr. Hayley has noticed with his usual delicacy. Cowper, without at first suspecting that the feelings of Mrs. Unwin could be hurt, "considered the cheerful and animating society of his new accomplished friend, as a blessing conferred on him by the signal favour of Providence." Some months after their first interview, lady Austen quitted her house in London, and having taken up her residence in the parsonage house of Olney, Cowper, Mrs. Unwin, and she, became almost one family, dining always together alternately in the houses of the two ladies.

Among other small pieces which he composed at the suggestion of lady Austen, was the celebrated ballad of John Gilpin, the origin of which Mr. Hayley thus relates: "It happened one afternoon, that lady Austen observed him sinking into increasing dejection: it was her custom, on these occasions, to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief. She told him the story of John Gilpin (which had been treasured in her memory from her childhood) to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment: he informed her the next morning, that convulsions of laughter brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad." Mrs. Unwin sent it to the Public Advertiser, where the late Mr. Henderson, theplayer, first saw it, and conceiving it might serve to display his comic powers, read it at Free-Mason's-hall, in a course of similar entertainments given by himself and Mr. Thomas Sheridan. It became afterwards extremely popular among all classes of readers, but was not generally known to be Cowper's, until it was added to his second volume.

The public was soon laid under a far higher obligation to lady Austen for having suggested our author's principal poem, The Task, "a poem," says Mr. Hayley, "of such infinite variety, that it seems to include every subject, and every style, without any dissonance or disorder: and to have flowed without effort, from inspired philanthropy, eager to impress upon the hearts of all readers, whatever may lead them,

most happily, to the full enjoyment of human life, and to the final attainment of heaven."

This admirable poem appears to have been written in the years 1783 and 1784, but underwent many careful revisions. The public had done much for Cowper, but he had too much regard for it and for his own character, to obtrude what was incorrect, or might be made better. It was his opinion, an opinion of great weight from such a critic, that poetry, in order to attain excellence, must be indebted to labour; and it was his correspondent practice to revise his poems with scrupulous care and severity. In a letter to his friend Mr. Bull, on this poem, he says "I find it severe exercise, to mould and fashion it to my mind." Much of it was written in the winter, a season generally unfavourable to the author's health, but there is reason to think that the encouragement and attention of his amiable and judicious friends animated him to proceed, and that the regularity of his progress was favourable to his health and spirits. Disorders, like his, have been known to give way to some species of mental labour, if voluntarily undertaken, and pursued with steadiness. The Task filled up many of those leisure hours, for which rural walks and employments would have amply provided at a more favourable season. It may be added, likewise, that no man appears to have had a more keen relish for the snugness of a winter fire-side, and that, free from ambition or the love of grand and tumultuous enjoyments, his heart was elated with gratitude for those humbler comforts which a mind like his would be apt to magnify by reflecting on the misery of those who want them.

In November 1784, The Task was sent to the press, and he began the Tirocinium, the purport of which, in his own words, was, "to censure the want of discipline, and the scandalous inattention to morals, that obtain in public schools; especially in the largest: and to recommend private tuition as a mode of education preferable on all accounts; to call upon fathers to become tutors of their own sons, where that is practicable; to take home a domestic tutor where it is not: and if neither can be done, to place them under the care of some rural clergyman whose attention is limited to a few."

In this year, when he was beginning his translation of Homer, the quiet and even tenour of his life was disturbed by the necessity he felt of parting with lady Austen. A short extract from Mr. Hayley will give this matter as clear explanation as delicacy can permit. They who cannot apologize for the feelings of both ladies on this occasion, know but little of the human heart.

"Delightful and advantageous as his friendship with lady Austen had proved, he now began to feel, that it grew impossible to preserve that triple cord, which his own pure heart had led him to suppose not speedily to be broken. Mrs. Unwin, though by no means destitute of mental accomplishments, was eclipsed by the brilliancy of the poet's new friend, and naturally became uneasy, under the apprehension of being so, for to a woman of sensibility, what evil can be more afflicting, than the fear of losing all mental influence over a man of genius and virtue, whom she has long been accustomed to inspirit and to guide?

"Cowper perceived the painful necessity of sacrificing a great portion of his present gratifications. He felt, that he must relinquish that ancient friend, whom he regarded as a venerable parent: or the new associate whom he idolized, as a sister of a heart and mind peculiarly congenial to his own. His gratitude for past services of unexampled

magnitude and weight, would not allow him to hesitate; with a resolution and delicacy, that do the highest honour to his feelings, he wrote a farewell letter to lady Austen, explaining and lamenting the circumstances, that forced him to renounce the society of a friend whose enchanting talents and kindness had proved so agreeably instrumental to the revival of his spirits, and to the exercise of his fancy.

"In those very interesting conferences with which I was honoured by lady Austen, I was irresistibly led to express an anxious desire for the sight of a letter written by Cowper in a situation that must have called forth all the finest powers of his eloquence as a monitor and a friend. The lady confirmed me in my opinion that a more admirable letter could not be written; and had it existed at that time, I am persuaded from her noble frankness and zeal for the honour of the departed poet, she would have given me a copy; but she ingenuously confessed, that in a moment of natural mortification, she burnt this very tender, yet resolute letter. Had it been confided to my care, I am persuaded I should have thought it very proper for publication, as it displayed both the tenderness and the magnanimity of Cowper, nor could I have deemed it a want of delicacy towards the memory of lady Austen, to exhibit a proof, that animated by the warmest admiration of the great poet, whose fancy she could so successfully call forth, she was willing to devote her life and fortune to his service and protection. The sentiment is to be regarded as honourable to the lady: it is still more honourable to the poet, that with such feelings, as rendered him perfectly sensible of all lady Austen's fascinating power, he could return her tenderness with innocent gallantry, and yet resolutely preclude himself from her society when he could no longer enjoy it without appearing deficient in gratitude towards the compassionate and generous guardian of his sequestered life. No person can justly blame Mrs. Unwin for feeling apprehensive that Cowper's intimacy with a lady of such extraordinary talents, might lead him into perplexities of which he was by no means aware. This remark was suggested by a few elegant and tender verses, addressed by the poet to lady Austen, and shewn to me by that lady.

"Those who were acquainted with the unsuspecting innocence, and sportive gaiety of Cowper, would readily allow, if they had seen the verses to which I allude, that they are such as he might have addressed to a real sister: but a lady only called by that endearing name, may be easily pardoned, if she was induced by them to hope that they might possibly be a prelude to a still dearer alliance. To me they appeared expressive of that peculiarity in his character, a gay and tender gallantry perfectly distinct from amorous attachment. If the lady who was the subject of the verses, had given them to me with a permission to print them, I should have thought the poet himself might have approved of their appearance, accompanied with such a commentary."

Notwithstanding this interruption to his tranquillity, for such it certainly proved, although he was conscious that he had acted the part which was most honourable to him, he proceeded with the Tirocinium, and the other pieces which composed his second volume. These were published in 1785, and soon engaged the attention and admiration of the public in a way that left him no regret for the cool reception and slow progress of his first volume. Its success also obtained for him another female friend and associate, lady Hesketh, his cousin, who had long been separated from him. Their intercourse was first revived by a correspondence, of which Mr. Hayley has published many

interesting specimens, and says, with great truth, that Cowper's letters "are rivals to his poems in the rare excellence of representing life and nature with graceful and endearing fidelity." In explaining the nature of his situation to lady Hesketh, who came to reside at Olney in the month of June 1786, he informs her, that he had lived twenty years with Mrs. Unwin, to whose affectionate care it was owing that he lived at all, but that for thirteen of those years he had been in a state of mind which made all her care and attention necessary. He informs her at the same time that dejection of spirits, which may have prevented many a man from becoming an author, made him one. He found employment necessary, and therefore took care to be constantly employed. Manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently, as he knew by experience, having tried many. But composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly. It was his practice, therefore, to write generally three hours in a morning, and in an evening he transcribed. He read also, but less than he wrote, for bodily exercise was necessary, and he never passed a day without it. All this shows that Cowper understood his own case most exactly, and that he was not one of those melancholics who are said to give way to their disorder. No man could have discussed the subject with more perspicuity, or treated himself with more judgment. The returns of his malady, therefore, appear to have been wholly unavoidable, and wholly independent of his employment, whether of a religious or literary kind.

In October 1785, he had reached the twentieth book of his translation of Homer, although probably no part was finished as he could have wished. His stated number was forty lines each day, with transcription and revision. His immediate object was to publish the Homer by subscription, in order to add something to his income, which appears to have been always scanty, and in this resolution he persisted, notwithstanding offers from his liberal bookseller far more advantageous than a subscription was then likely to have produced. He seems to have felt a certain degree of pleasure, not wholly unmixed, in watching the progress of his subscription, and the gradual accession of names known to the learned world, or dear to himself by past recollections.

During the composition of this work, he at first declined what he had done before, *shewing specimens to his friends*, and on this subject, indeed, his opinion seems to have undergone a complete change. To his friend Mr. Unwin, who informed him that a gentleman wanted a sample, he says with some humour, "When I deal in wine, cloth, or cheese, I will give samples, but of verse, never. No consideration would have induced me to comply with the gentleman's demand, unless he could have assured me that his wife had longed." From this resolution he afterwards departed in a variety of instances. He first sent a specimen, with the proposals, to his relation general Cowper: it consisted of one hundred and seven lines, taken from the interview between Priam and Achilles in the last book. This specimen fell into the hands of Mr. Fuseli, the celebrated painter, whose critical knowledge of Homer is universally acknowledged: and Cowper likewise agreed that if Mr. Maty, who then published a Review, wished to see a book of Homer, he should be welcome; and the first book and a part of the second were accordingly sent [5]. Mr. Fuseli afterwards was permitted

[5] There is some confusion in the account of this matter in Cowper's Letters. It would appear that a specimen was printed before Maty saw this manuscript, and the severity of his remarks is insinuated to have arisen from this circumstance. Hayley's Cowper, vol. ii. p. 391.

to revise the whole of the manuscript, and how well Cowper was satisfied in falling in with such a critic, appears (among other proofs of his high esteem) from the short character he gives of him in one of his letters. "For his knowledge of Homer, he has, I verily believe, no fellow." Colman, likewise, his old companion, with whom he had renewed an epistolary intimacy, revised some parts in a manner which afforded the author much satisfaction, and appears to have corrected the sheets for the press. With Maty he was less pleased, as his criticisms appeared "unjust and in part illiberal."

While thus intent on his Homer, he was enabled, by the kindness of lady Hesketh, to remove in November 1796, from Olney to Weston, about two miles distant, where the house provided for him was more sequestered and commodious. Here too he had access to the society of Mr. Throckmorton, a gentleman of fortune in that neighbourhood, whose family had for some time studied to add to his comforts in a manner the most delicate and affectionate. It is, indeed, not easy to speak of the conduct of Cowper's friends in terms adequate to their merit, their kindness, sensibility and judgment. Their attentions exceeded much of what we read, and perhaps all that we commonly meet with under the name of friendship. In the midst of these fair prospects, however, he lost his steady and beloved friend Mr. Unwin, who died in December of this year.

The translation of Homer, after innumerable interruptions, was sent to press about November 1790, and published on the first of July 1791, in two quarto volumes, the Iliad being inscribed to earl Cowper, his young kinsman, and the Odyssey to the dowager lady Spencer. Such was its success with the subscribers and non-subscribers that the edition was nearly out of print in less than six months. Yet after all the labour he had employed, and all the anxiety he felt for this work, it fell so short of the expectation formed by the public, and of the perfection which he hoped he had attained, that instead of a second edition, he began, at no long distance of time, what may be termed a new translation. To himself, however, his first attempt had been of great advantage, nor were any number of his years spent in more general tranquillity, than the five which he had dedicated to Homer.

One of the greatest benefits he derived from his attention to this translation, was the renewed conviction that labour of this kind, although with intermissions sometimes of relaxation and sometimes of anxiety, was necessary to his health and happiness; and this conviction led him very soon to accede to a proposal made by his bookseller, to undertake a magnificent edition of Milton's poetical works, the beauties of which had engaged his wonder at a very early period of life. These he was now to illustrate by notes, original and selected, and to translate the Latin and Italian poems, while Mr. Fuseli was to paint a series of pictures to be engraven by the first artists. To this scheme, when yet in its infancy, the public is indebted for the friendship which Mr. Hayley contracted with Cowper, and one of its happiest consequences, such a specimen of biography, minute, elegant and highly instructive, as can seldom be expected.

Mr. Hayley about this time had written a life of Milton to accompany the splendid edition published by Messrs. Boydells: and having been represented, in a newspaper, as the rival of Cowper, he immediately wrote to him on the subject. Cowper answered him in such a manner as drew on a closer correspondence, which soon terminated in mutual esteem and cordial friendship. Personal interviews followed, and Mr. Hayley has gratified his readers with a very interesting account of his first visit to Wes-

ton, and of the return by Cowper and Mrs. Unwin at his seat Eartham, in Sussex, but in a style so peculiarly affectionate as to be wholly incapable of abridgment. On Cowper's journey to Eartham, he passed through London, but without stopping, the only time he had seen it for nearly thirty years; thirty such years! What his feelings were on this occasion, who would not wish to be informed?

The edition of Milton went on but slowly. A revisal of Homer presented itself in the mean time, as a more urgent as well as pleasing undertaking, and from 1792 we find our author employed in correcting, re-writing and adding notes. In 1793 he appears to have been solely occupied in these labours, and wished to engage Mr. Hayley with him in a regular and complete revisal of his Homer. Mr. Hayley, with every inclination for an office so agreeable, and a partnership so honourable, still imagined that at this time he might render more essential service to the poet by an application to his more powerful friends. This delicate office was undertaken in consequence of what he had observed in Cowper on a late visit to Weston. "He possessed completely at this period," says his biographer, "all the admirable faculties of his mind, and all the native tenderness of his heart; but there was something indescribable in his appearance, which led me to apprehend, that without some signal event in his favour, to re-animate his spirits, they would gradually sink into hopeless dejection. The state of his aged and infirm companion (Mrs. Unwin) afforded additional ground for increasing solicitude. Her cheerful and beneficent spirit could hardly resist her own accumulated maladies, so far as to preserve ability sufficient to watch over the tender health of him, whom she had watched and guarded so long. Imbecility of body and mind must gradually render this tender and heroic woman unfit for the charge which she had so laudably sustained. The signs of such imbecility were beginning to be painfully visible: nor can nature present a spectacle more truly pitiable than imbecility in such a shape eagerly grasping for dominion, which it knows neither how to retain, or how to relinquish."

For some time, however, the fears of Mr. Cowper's affectionate friend, appeared to be groundless. His correspondence after the departure of Mr. Hayley, in November 1793, bespoke a mind considerably at ease, and even cheerful and active. From various circumstances, the scheme of publishing an edition of Milton appears to have been totally relinquished, and as his enthusiasm for this undertaking had abated, he expresses considerable satisfaction that he could devote the whole of his time to the improvement of his translation of Homer. A new scheme, more suitable to his original talents, had been suggested in 1791, by the rev. Mr. Buchanan, curate of Ravenstone, a man of worth and genius. This was a poem to be entitled The Four Ages, or the four distinct periods of Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age. For some time our poet meditated with great satisfaction on this design, and probably revolved many of the subordinate subjects in his mind. It seems to have been particularly calculated for his powers of reflection, his knowledge of the human heart, and his exquisite talent for depicting life and manners, and it was intended likewise to unite the fascinations of the graphic art. Mr. Hayley has published a fragment of this work, imperfect as the author left it, but more than enough to make us regret that his situation and the situation of his aged companion soon forbade all hopes of its being executed [6].

[6] Mr. Hayley mentions two modern poems on The Four Ages of Man, the one by M. Warthmuller, a citizen of Zurich, and another by M. Zacharie, professor of poetry at Brunswick. To these I may

In January 1794, he informed his friend Mr. Rose[7], that he had just ability enough to transcribe, and that he wrote at that moment under the pressure of sadness not to be described. In the expressive language of his biographer, "his health, his comfort and his little fortune, were perishing most deplorably." Mrs. Unwin had passed into a state of second childhood, and something seemed wanting to cheer the mind of Cowper if possible, against the prospect of decaying comforts and competence. Application was accordingly made to those who had it in their power to procure, what so much merit must have dignified, a pension; but many months elapsed before effectual attention could be obtained. What power refused, however, was in some degree performed by friendship; lady Hesketh, with her accustomed benevolence of character and with an affection of which the instances are very rare, removed to Weston, and became the tender nurse of the two drooping invalids, of Mrs. Unwin, who was declining by years and infirmities, and of Cowper, who, in April 1794, had relapsed into his worst state of mental inquietude.

At this time, in consequence of a humane and judicious letter from the rev. Mr. Greathead of Newport Pagnell, Mr. Hayley paid a visit to this house of mourning, but *found* his poor friend, "too much overwhelmed by his oppressive malady to shew even the least glimmering of satisfaction at the appearance of a guest, whom he used to receive with the most lively expressions of affectionate delight." In this deplorable state he continued during Mr. Hayley's visit of some weeks, and the only circumstance which contributed in any degree to cheer the hearts of the friends who were now watching over him was the intelligence that his majesty had been pleased to confer upon him such a pension as would insure an honourable competence for his life. Earl Spencer was the immediate agent in procuring this favour, and it would no doubt have added to its value had the object of it known that he was indebted to one, who of all his noble friends stood the highest in his esteem. But he was now, and for the remainder of his unhappy life, beyond the power of knowing or acknowledging the benevolence in which his heart delighted. Mr. Hayley left him for the last time, in the spring of 1794, and from that period till the latter end of July 1795, Cowper remained in a state of the deepest melancholy.

His removal from Weston now appeared to his friends a necessary experiment, to try what change of air and of objects might produce: and his young kinsman, the rev. Mr. Johnson, undertook to convey him and Mrs. Unwin from that place to North Tuddenham in Norfolk, where they arrived in the beginning of August 1795, and resided till the nineteenth. Of Cowper's state during this time, all that we are told is, that he exhibited some regret on leaving Weston, and some composure of mind during a conversation of which the poet Thomson was the subject. He was able also to bear considerable exercise, and on one occasion walked with Mr. Johnson to

add a third by my venerable friend the rev. Dr. John Ogilvie, entitled Human Life, published, without his name, in 1806. *C.*

[7] Another of those friends whom Providence raised up to reconcile Cowper with the world, which has since had to lament his loss. Mr. Hayley has given a very interesting account of this amiable young man who promised to be an ornament to his profession and to the republic of letters. He was honoured with Cowper's esteem and confidence for some years. After this, it is poor praise to add that I never knew a man more justly endeared to a numerous circle of friends, by the most valuable qualities of head or heart, or one whom, among the many whom I have survived, I more frequently miss. *C.*

the neighbouring village of Mattishall, on a visit to his cousin Mrs. Bodham. "On surveying his own portrait by Abbot, in the house of that lady, he clasped his hands in a paroxysm of pain, and uttered a vehement wish, that his present sensations might be such as they were when that picture was painted."

After this short residence at Tuddenham, Mr. Johnson conducted his two invalids to Mundsley, a village on the Norfolk coast, where they continued till October, but without deriving any apparent benefit from the sea air. Some calm recollection of past scenes, however, returned, enough to prompt him to write a letter to Mr. Buchanan, enquiring after matters at Weston. But this was almost the last of his correspondence. In October, Mr. Johnson removed him and Mrs. Unwin to Dereham, which they left in November for Dunham Lodge, a house situated on high ground in a park about four miles from Swaffam.

Here his affectionate kinsman endeavoured by various means to rouse in him an attention to literary or common subjects, such as might prevent his mind from preying on itself, and on some occasions he appears to have succeeded in a small degree; but the recurrence of fixed melancholy was so frequent as to destroy the transient hopes which these promising appearances excited. In the following year, change of scene was again adopted, and not without such effect as justified the measure, even when all prospect of permanent advantage had vanished. In December 1796, death removed Mrs. Unwin by a change as tranquil as her decayed body and mind promised. Cowper, about an hour after her departure, looked at the corpse, but started suddenly away with a broken sentence of passionate sorrow, and spoke of her no more. He was now in that state and at that age, when grief is neither exasperated by memory, nor relieved by consolation, and was mercifully relieved from feelings which neither religion nor reason could any longer regulate.

His subsequent intervals of bodily health, few as they were, appear to have been attended with some return of attention to his favourite pursuits. His anxious and tender friend Mr. Johnson embraced such opportunities to lead him to take delight in the revision of his Homer, and from September 1797, to March 1799, he completed, by snatches, the revisal of the Odyssey. Of the returns of his disorder, he appears to have been sensible, and could describe it on its commencement, and before it totally overpowered his faculties. In a letter to lady Hesketh, dated Oct. 13, 1798, which Mr. Hayley has preserved, he describes himself as one to whom nature "in one day, in one minute, became an universal blank." On this his biographer notices the opinion of some of his friends, that his disorder arose from a scorbutic habit, which, when perspiration was obstructed, occasioned an unsearchable obstruction in the fine parts of his frame.

At intervals he still wrote a few original verses, of which The Cast-away, his too favourite subject, was the last that came from his pen, but he amused himself occasionally with translations from Latin and Greek epigrams. His last effort of the literary kind, was an improved version of a passage in Homer, which he wrote at Mr. Hayley's suggestion, and which that gentleman received on the thirty-first of January 1800. In the following month he exhibited all the symptoms of dropsy, which soon made a rapid progress. On April 25, about five in the afternoon, he expired so quietly that

not one of his friends who were present perceived his departure, but from the awful stillness which succeeded.

On Saturday, May 3, he was buried in St. Edmund's chapel in Dereham church, where lady Hesketh caused a marble tablet to be erected, with the following inscription:

In Memory
of
WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.
Born in Hertfordshire
1731,
Buried in this church
1800.

YE who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
Here to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name:
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise:
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues form'd the magic of his song.

That such a man should have been doomed to endure a life of mental distraction, relieved by few intervals, will probably ever be the subject of wonder; but that wonder will not be removed by curious inquiries into the state of Cowper's mind, as displaying circumstances that have never occurred before. Awful as his case was, and most deeply as it ever must be deplored, there was nothing singular in the dispensation, unless that it befel one of more than common powers of genius, and consequently excited more general sympathy. Mr. Hayley, who has often endeavoured to reason on the subject, seems to resolve it at last into a bodily disorder, a sort of scorbutic affection which, when repelled, brought on derangement of more or less duration. It appears to the present writer, from a careful perusal of that instructive piece of biography published by Mr. Hayley, that Cowper, from his infancy, had a tendency to errations of mind; and without admitting this fact in some degree, it must seem extremely improbable that the mere dread of appearing as a reader in the house of lords should have brought on his first settled fit of lunacy. Much, indeed, has been said of his uncommon shyness and diffidence, and more, perhaps, than the history of his early life will justify. Shyness and diffidence are common to all young persons who have not been early introduced into company, and Cowper, who had not, perhaps, that advantage at home, might have continued to be shy when other boys are forward. But had his mind been, even in this early period, in a healthful state, he must have gradually assumed the free manners of an ingenuous youth, conscious of no unusual imperfection that should keep him back. At school, we are told, he was trampled upon by ruder boys who took advantage of his weakness, yet we find that he mixed in their amusements, which must in some degree have advanced him on a level with them: and what is yet more extraordinary, we find him for some years associating with men of more gaiety than pure

morality admits, and sporting with the utmost vivacity and wildness with Thurlow and others, when it was natural to expect that he would have been glad to court solitude for the purposes of study, as well as for the indulgence of his habitual shyness, if, indeed, at this period it was so habitual as we are taught to believe.

Although, therefore, it be inconsistent with the common theories of mania, to ascribe his first attack to his aversion to the situation which was provided for him, or to the operation of delicacy or sensibility on a healthy mind, it is certain that at that time, and when, by his own account, he was an entire stranger to the religious system which he afterwards adopted, he was visited by the first attack of his disorder, which was so violent and of such a length as to put an end to all prospect of advancement in his profession. It is particularly incumbent on all who venerate the sound and amiable mind of Cowper, the clearness of his understanding, and his powers of reasoning, to notice the date and circumstances of this first attack, because it has been the practice of superficial observers, and professed infidels, who are now running down all the important doctrines of revealed religion under the name of methodism, to ascribe Cowper's malady to his religious principles, and his religious principles to the company he kept. But important as it may be to repel insinuations of this kind, it is become less necessary since the publication of Mr. Hayley's Life, which affords the most complete vindication of Mr. Cowper's friends, and decidedly proves that his religious system was no more connected with his malady than with his literary pursuits; that his malady continued to return without any impulse from either, and that no means of the most judicious kind were omitted by himself or his friends to have prevented the attack, if human means could have availed. With respect to his friends, there can be nothing conceived more consolatory to him who wishes to cherish a good opinion of mankind, than to contemplate Cowper in the midst of those friends, men and women exquisitely tender, kind, and disinterested, animated by the most pure benevolence towards the helpless and interesting sufferer, enduring cheerfully every species of fatigue and privation, to administer the least comfort to him, and sensible of no gratification but what arose from their success in prolonging and gladdening the life on which they set so high a value.

To add much to this sketch, respecting the merit of Cowper as a poet, would be superfluous. After passing through the many trials which criticism has instituted, he remains, by universal acknowledgment, one of the first poets of the eighteenth century. Even without awaiting the issue of such trials, he attained a degree of popularity which is almost without a precedent, while the species of popularity which he has acquired is yet more honourable than the extent of it. No man's works ever appeared with less of artificial preparation; no venal heralds proclaimed the approach of a new poet, nor told the world what it was to admire. He emerged from obscurity, the object of no patronage, and the adherent of no party. His fame, great and extensive as it is, arose from gradual conviction, and gratitude for pleasure received. The genius, the scholar, the critic, the man of the world, and the man of piety, each found in Cowper's works something to excite their surprize and their admiration, something congenial with their habits and feelings, something, which taste readily selected, and judgment decidedly confirmed. Cowper was found to possess that combination of energies which marks the comprehensive mind of a great and inventive genius, and to furnish examples of

the sublime, the pathetic, the descriptive, the moral, and the satirical, so numerous, that nothing seemed beyond his grasp, and so original, that nothing reminds us of any former poet.

If this praise be admitted, it will be needless to inquire in what peculiar charms Cowper's poems consist, or why he, above all poets of recent times, has become the universal favourite of his nation. Yet as he appears to have been formed not only to be an ornament but a model to his brethren, it may not be useless to remind them, that in him the virtues of the man and the genius of the poet were inseparable, that in every thing he respected the highest interests of human kind, the promotion of religion, morality, and benevolence, and that while he enchants the imagination by the decorations of genuine poetry, and even condescends to trifle with innocent gaiety, his serious purposes are all of the nobler kind. He secures the judgment by depth of reflection on morals and manners, and by a vigour of sentiment, and a knowledge of human nature, such as every man's taste and every man's experience must confirm. In description, whether of objects of nature, or of artificial society, he has few equals, and whether he passes from description to reasoning, or illustrates the one by the other, he has found the happy art of administering to the pleasures of the senses, and those of the intellect with equal success. But what adds a peculiar charm to Cowper is, that his language is every where the language of the heart. The pathetic, in which he excels, is exclusively consecrated to subjects worthy of it. He obtrudes none of those assumed feelings by which some have obtained the character of moral, tender, and sympathetic, who in private life, are known to be gross, selfish, and unfeeling. In Cowper we have every where the happiness to contemplate not only the most favourite of poets, but the best of men.

PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME.

WHEN an author, by appearing in print, requests an audience of the public, and is upon the point of speaking for himself, whoever presumes to step before him with a preface, and to say, "Nay, but hear me first," should have something worthy of attention to offer, or he will be justly deemed officious and impertinent. The judicious reader has probably, upon other occasions, been beforehand with me in this reflection: and I am not very willing it should now be applied to me, however I may seem to expose myself to the danger of it. But the thought of having my own name perpetuated in connexion with the name in the title page is so pleasing and flattering to the feelings of my heart, that I am content to risk something for the gratification.

This preface is not designed to commend the poems, to which it is prefixed. My testimony would be insufficient for those, who are not qualified to judge properly for themselves, and unnecessary to those, who are. Besides, the reasons, which render it improper and unseemly for a man to celebrate his own performances, or those of his nearest relatives, will have some influence in suppressing much of what he might otherwise wish to say in favour of a friend, when that friend is indeed an *alter idem*, and excites almost the same emotions of sensibility and affection, as he feels for himself.

It is very probable these poems may come into the hands of some persons, in whom the sight of the author's name will awaken a recollection of incidents and scenes, which through length of time they had almost forgotten. They will be reminded of one, who was once the companion of their chosen hours, and who set out with them in early life in the paths which lead to literary honours, to influence and affluence, with equal prospects of success. But he was suddenly and powerfully withdrawn from those pursuits, and he left them without regret; yet not till he had sufficient opportunity of counting the cost, and of knowing the value of what he gave up. If happiness could have been found in classical attainments, in an elegant taste, in the exertions of wit, fancy, and genius, and in the esteem and converse of such persons, as in these respects were most congenial with himself, he would have been happy. But he was not—He wondered (as thousands in a similar situation still do) that he should continue dissatisfied, with all the means apparently conducive to satisfaction within his reach—But in due time the cause of his disappointment was discovered to him—He had lived without God in the world. In a memorable hour the wisdom which is from above visited his heart. Then he felt himself a wanderer, and then he found a guide. Upon this change of views, a change of plan and conduct followed of course. When he saw the busy and the gay world in it's true light, he left it with as little reluctance as a prisoner, when called to liberty, leaves his dungeon. Not that he became a Cynic or an Ascetic—A heart filled with love to God will assuredly breathe benevolence to men. But the turn of his temper inclining him to rural life, he indulged it, and the providence of God evidently preparing his way and marking out his retreat, he retired into the country. By these steps the good hand of God, unknown to me, was providing for me one of the principal blessings of my life; a friend and a counsellor, in whose company for almost seven years, though we were seldom seven successive waking hours separated, I always found new pleasure. A friend who was not only a comfort to myself, but a blessing to the affectionate poor people, among whom I then lived.

Some time after inclination had thus removed him from the hurry and bustle of life, he was still more secluded by a long indisposition, and my pleasure was succeeded by a proportionable degree of anxiety and concern. But a hope, that the God whom he served would support him under his affliction, and at length vouchsafe him a happy deliverance, never forsook me. The desirable crisis, I trust, is now nearly approaching. The dawn, the presage of returning day, is already arrived. He is again enabled to resume his pen, and some of the first fruits of his recovery are here presented to the public. In his principal subjects the same acumen, which distinguished him in the early period of life, is happily employed in illustrating and enforcing the truths, of which he received such deep and unalterable impressions in his maturer years. His satire, if it may be called so, is benevolent, (like the operations of the skilful and humane surgeon, who wounds only to heal) dictated by a just regard for the honour of God, and indignant grief excited by the profligacy of the age, and a tender compassion for the souls of men.

His favourite topics are least insisted on in the piece entitled Table Talk; which therefore, with some regard to the prevailing taste, and that those, who are governed by it, may not be discouraged at the very threshold from proceeding farther, is placed first. In most of the large Poems which follow, his leading design is more explicitly avowed and pursued. He aims to communicate his own perceptions of the truth, beauty, and influence of the religion of the Bible—A religion, which, however discredited by the misconduct of many, who have not renounced the Christian name, proves itself, when rightly understood, and cordially embraced, to be the grand desideratum, which alone can relieve the mind of a man from painful and unavoidable anxieties, inspire it with stable peace and solid hope, and furnish those motives and prospects, which, in the present state of things, are absolutely necessary to produce a conduct worthy of a rational creature, distinguished by a vastness of capacity, which no assemblage of earthly good can satisfy, and by a principle and preintimation of immortality.

At a time when hypothesis and conjecture in philosophy are so justly exploded, and little is considered as deserving the name of knowledge, which will not stand the test of experiment, the very use of the term experimental, in religious concernments, is by too many unhappily rejected with disgust. But we well know, that they, who affect to despise the inward feelings, which religious persons speak of, and to treat them as enthusiasm and folly, have inward feelings of their own, which, though they would, they cannot suppress. We have been too long in the secret ourselves, to account the proud, the ambitious, or the voluptuous, happy. We must lose the remembrance of what we once were, before we can believe, that a man is satisfied with himself, merely because he endeavours to appear so. A smile upon the face is often but a mask worn occasionally and in company, to prevent, if possible, a suspicion of what at the same time is passing in the heart. We know that there are people, who seldom smile when they are alone, who therefore are glad to hide themselves in a throng from the violence of their own reflections; and who, while by their looks and their language they wish to persuade us they are happy, would be glad to change their conditions with a dog. But in defiance of all their efforts they continue to think, forebode, and tremble. This we know, for it has been our own state, and therefore we know how to commiserate it in others.—From this state the Bible relieved us—When we were led to read it with attention, we found ourselves described.—We learnt the causes of our inquietude—we were directed to a method of relief—we tried, and we were not disappointed.

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

We are now certain, that the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. It has reconciled us to God, and to ourselves, to our duty, and our situation. It is the balm and cordial of the present life, and a sovereign antidote against the fear of death.

Sed hactenus hæc. Some smaller pieces upon less important subjects close the volume. Not one of them, I believe, was written with a view to publication, but I was unwilling they should be omitted.

JOHN NEWTON.

Charles Square, Hoxton,
February 18, 1782.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER.

TABLE TALK.

Si te fortè meæ gravis uret sarcina chartæ,
Abjicito. Hor. Lib. i. Epist. 13.

A. YOU told me, I remember, "Glory, built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt;
The deeds, that men admire as half divine,
Stark naught, because corrupt in their design."
Strange doctrine this! that without scruple tears
The laurel, that the very lightning spares;
Brings down the warrior's trophy to the dust,
And eats into his bloody sword like rust.

B. I grant that, men continuing what they are,
Fierce, avaricious, proud, there must be war.
And never meant the rule should be applied
To him, that fights with justice on his side.
Let laurels, drench'd in pure Parnassian dews,
Reward his mem'ry, dear to ev'ry Muse,
Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
In honour's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that Justice draws,
And will prevail or perish in her cause.
'Tis to the virtues of such men, man owes
His portion in the good, that Heav'n bestows.
And when recording History displays
Feats of renown, though wrought in ancient days,
Tells of a few stout hearts, that fought and died,
Where duty placed them, at their country's side;
The man, that is not mov'd with what he reads,
That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.
But let eternal infamy pursue
The wretch to nought but his ambition true,
Who, for the sake of filling with one blast
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste.
Think yourself station'd on a tow'ring rock,
To see a people scatter'd like a flock,
Some royal mastiff panting at their heels,
With all the savage thirst a tiger feels;
Then view himself-proclaim'd in a gazette
Chief monster that has plagu'd the nations yet.
The globe and sceptre in such hands misplac'd,
Those ensigns of dominion, how disgrac'd!
The glass, that bids man mark the fleeting hour,
And Death's own sithe would better speak his pow'r;
Then grace the bony phantom in their stead
With the king's shoulderknot and gay cockade;
Clothe the twin brethren in each other's dress,
The same their occupation and success.

A. 'Tis your belief the world was made for man;
Kings do but reason on the selfsame plan:
Maintaining yours, you cannot theirs condemn,
Who think, or seem to think, man made for them.

B. Seldom, alas! the pow'r of logic reigns
With much sufficiency in royal brains;
Such reas'ning falls like an inverted cone,
Wanting it's proper base to stand upon.
Man made for kings! those optics are but dim,
That tell you so—say, rather, they for him.
That were indeed a king-ennobling thought,
Could they, or would they, reason as they ought.
The diadem, with mighty projects lin'd
To catch renown by ruining mankind,
Is worth, with all it's gold and glitt'ring store,
Just what the toy will sell for, and no more.
Oh! bright occasions of dispensing good,
How seldom us'd, how little understood!
To pour in Virtue's lap her just reward;
Keep Vice restrain'd behind a double guard;
To quell the faction, that affronts the throne,
By silent magnanimity alone;
To nurse with tender care the thriving arts;
Watch ev'ry beam Philosophy imparts;
To give Religion her unbridl'd scope,
Nor judge by statute a believer's hope;
With close fidelity and love unfeign'd
To keep the matrimonial bond unstain'd;
Covetous only of a virtuous praise;
His life a lesson to the land he sways;
To touch the sword with conscientious awe,
Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw;
To sheath it in the peace-restoring close
With joy beyond what victory bestows;
Blest country, where these kingly glories shine!
Blest England, if this happiness be thine!

A. Gu[illegible]rd what you say; the patriotic tribe
Will sneer and charge you with a bribe.—B. A bribe?

The worth of his three kingdoms I defy,
To lure me to the baseness of a lie:
And, of all lies, (be that one poet's boast)
The lie that flatters I abhor the most.
Those arts be theirs, who hate his gentle reign,
But he that loves him has no need to feign.

A. Your smooth eulogium to one crown address'd,
Seems to imply a censure on the rest.

B. Quevedo, as he tells his sober tale,
Ask'd, when in Hell, to see the royal jail;
Approv'd their method in all other things:
"But where, good sir, do you confine your kings?"
"There," said his guide, "the group is full in view."
"Indeed?" replied the don, "there are but few."
His black interpreter the charge disdain'd—
"Few, fellow?—there are all that ever reign'd."
Wit, undistinguishing, is apt to strike
The guilty and not guilty both alike:
I grant the sarcasm is too severe,
And we can readily refute it here;
While Alfred's name, the father of his age,
And the Sixth Edward's grace th' historic page.

A. Kings then at last have but the lot of all:
By their own conduct they must stand or fall.

B. True. While they live, the courtly laureat pays
His quitrent ode, his peppercorn of praise;
And many a dunce, whose fingers itch to write,
Adds, as he can, his tributary mite:
A subject's faults a subject may proclaim,
A monarch's errours are forbidden game!
Thus free from censure, overaw'd by fear,
And prais'd for virtues, that they scorn to wear,
The fleeting forms of majesty engage
Respect, while stalking o'er life's narrow stage;
Then leave their crimes for history to scan,
And ask with busy scorn, "Was this the man?"
I pity kings, whom Worship waits upon
Obsequious from the cradle to the throne;
Before whose infant eyes the flatt'rer bows,
And binds a wreath about their baby brows;
Whom Education stiffens into state,
And Death awakens from that dream too late.
Oh! if Servility with supple knees,
Whose trade it is to smile, to crouch, to please;
If smooth Dissimulation, skill'd to grace
A devil's purpose with an angel's face;
If smiling peeresses, and sirup'ring peers,
Encompassing his throne a few short years;
If the gilt carriage and the pamper'd steed,
That wants no driving, and disdains the lead;
If guards, mechanically form'd in ranks,
Playing, at beat of drum, their martial pranks,
Should'ring and standing as if stuck to stone,
While condescending majesty looks on;
If monarchy consist in such base things,
Sighing, I say again, "I pity kings!"
To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood,
Ev'n when he labours for his country's good;
To see a band, call'd patriot for no cause,
But that they catch at popular applause,
Careless of all th' anxiety he fee'ls,
Hook disappointment on the public wheels;
With all their flippant fluency of tongue,
Most confident, when palpably most wrong;
If this be kingly, then farewell for me
All kingship; and may I be poor and free!
To be the Table Talk of clubs up stairs,
To which th' unwash'd artificer repairs,
T' indulge his genius after long fatigue,
By diving into cabinet intrigue;
(For what kings deem a toil, as well they may.
To him is relaxation and mere play)
To win no praise when well-wrought plans prevail,
But to be rudely censur'd when they fail;
To doubt the love his fav'rites may pretend,
And in reality to find no friend;
If he indulge a cultivated taste,
His gall'ries with the works of art well grac'd,
To hear it call'd extravagance and waste;
If these attendants, and if such as these,
Must follow royalty, then welcome ease;
However humble and confin'd the sphere,
Happy the state, that has not these.

A. Thus men, whose thoughts contemplative have
On situations, that they never felt,
Start up sagacious, cover'd with the dust
Of dreaming study and pedantic rust,
And prate and preach about what others prove,
As if the world and they were hand and glove.
Leave kingly backs to cope with kingly cares;
They have their weight to carry, subjects theirs;
Poets, of all men, ever least regret
Increasing taxes and the nation's debt.
Could you contrive the payment, and rehearse
The mighty plan, oracular, in verse,
No bard, howe'er majestic, old or new,
Should claim my fix'd attention more than you.

B. Not Brindley nor Bridgewater would essay
To turn the course of Helicon that way;
Nor would the Nine consent the sacred tide
Should purl amidst the traffic of Cheapside,
Or tinkle in 'Change Alley, to amuse
The leathern ears of stockjobbers and Jews.

A. Vouchsafe, at least, to pitch the key of rhyme
To themes more pertinent, if less sublime.
When ministers and ministerial arts;
Patriots, who love good places at their hearts;
When admirals, extoll'd for standing still,
Or doing nothing with a deal of skill;
Gen'rals, who will not conquer when they may,
Firm friends to peace, to pleasure, and good pay;
When Freedom, wounded almost to despair,
Though Discontent alone can find out where;
When themes like these employ the poet's tongue,
I hear as mute as if a syren sung.
Or tell me, if you can, what pow'r maintains
A Briton's scorn of arbitrary chains:
That were a theme might animate the dead,
And move the lips of poets cast in lead.

B. The cause, tho' worth the search, may yet elude
Conjecture and remark, however shrewd.
They take perhaps a well-directed aim,
Who seek it in his climate and his frame.
Lib'ral in all things else, yet Nature here
With stern severity deals out the year.
Winter invades the spring, and often pours
A chilling flood on summer's drooping flow'rs;
Unwelcome vapours quench autumnal beams,
Ungenial blasts attending curl the streams:
The peasants urge their harvest, ply the fork
With double toil, and shiver at their work;
Thus with a rigour, for his good design'd,
She rears her fav'rite man of all mankind.
His form robust and of elastic tone,
Proportion'd well, half muscle and half bone,
Supplies with warm activity and force
A mind well-lodg'd, and masculine of course.
Hence Liberty, sweet Liberty inspires,
And keeps alive his fierce but noble fires.

Patient of constitutional control,
He bears it with meek manliness of soul;
But if Authority grow wanton, woe
To him that treads upon his free-born toe;
One step beyond the bound'ry of the laws
Fires him at once in Freedom's glorious cause.
Thus proud Prerogative, not much rever'd,
Is seldom felt, though sometimes seen and heard,
And in his cage, like parrot fine and gay,
Is kept to strut, look big, and talk away.
Born in a climate softer far than ours,
Not arm'd like us, with such Herculean pow'rs,
The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
Give him his lass, his fiddle, and his frisk,
Is always happy, reign whoever may,
And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away.
He drinks his simple bev'rage with a gust;
And, feasting on an onion and a crust,
We never feel the alacrity and joy,
With which he shouts and carols *Vive le Roy*,
Fill'd with as much true merriment and glee,
As if he heard his king say—"Slave, be free."
Thus happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose.
Vigilant over all that he has made,
Kind Providence attends with gracious aid;
Bids equity throughout his works prevail,
And weighs the nations in an even scale;
He can encourage Slav'ry to a smile,
And fill with discontent a British isle.

A. Freeman and slave then, if the case be such,
Stand on a level; and you prove too much:
If all men indiscriminately share
His fost'ring power and tutelary care,
As well be yok'd by Despotism's hand,
As dwell at large in Britain's charter'd land.

B. No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
The mind attains beneath her happy reign
The growth, that Nature meant she should attain;
The varied fields of science, ever new,
Op'ning and wider op'ning on her view,
She ventures onward with a prosp'rous force,
While no base fear impedes her in her course.
Religion, richest favour of the skies,
Stands most reveal'd before the freeman's eyes;
No shades of superstition blot the day,
Liberty chases all that gloom away;
The soul enfranchis'ed, unoppress'd,
Free to prove all things and hold fast the best,
Learns much; and to a thousand list'ning minds
Communicates with joy the good she finds:
Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show
His manly forehead to the fiercest foe;
Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
His spirits rising as his toils increase,
Guards well what arts and industry have won,
And Freedom claims him for her first-born son.
Slaves fight for what were better cast away—
The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway;
But they, that fight for freedom, undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake:—
Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.
O Liberty! the pris'ner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme;
Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse;
Lost without thee th' ennobling pow'rs of verse;
Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
It's clearest tone, the rapture it inspires:
Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if Liberty be there;
And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

A. Sing where you please; in such a cause I grant
An English poet's privilege to rant:
But is not Freedom—at least is not ours
Too apt to play the wanton with her pow'rs,
Grow freakish, and, o'erleaping ev'ry mound,
Spread anarchy and terrour all around?

B. Agreed. But would you sell or slay your horse
For bounding and curvetting in his course?
Or if, when ridden with a careless rein,
He break away, and seek the distant plain?
No. His high mettle, under good control, [goal.
Gives him Olympic speed, and shoots him to the
Let Discipline employ her wholesome arts;
Let magistrates alert perform their parts,
Not skulk or put on a prudential mask,
As if their duty were a desp'rate task;
Let active Laws apply the needful curb,
To guard the Peace, that Riot would disturb;
And Liberty, preserv'd from wild excess,
Shall raise no feuds for armies to suppress.
When Tumult lately burst his prison door,
And set plebeian thousands in a roar;
When lie usurp'd Authority's just place,
And dar'd to look his master in the face;
When the rude rabble's watchword was—destroy,
And blazing London seem'd a second Troy;
Liberty blush'd, and hung her drooping head,
Beheld their progress with the deepest dread;
Blush'd, that effects like these she should produce,
Worse than the deeds of galley-slaves broke loose.
She loses in such storms her very name,
And fierce Licentiousness should bear the blame.
Incomparable gem! thy worth untold; [sold;
Cheap tho' blood-bought, and thrown away when
May no foes ravish thee, and no false friend
Betray thee, while professing to defend!
Prize it, ye ministers; ye monarchs, spare;
Ye patriots, guard it with a miser's care.

A. Patriots, alas! the few that have been found,
Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
The country's need have scantily supplied,
And the last left the scene, when Chatham died.

B. Not so—the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She cloth'd him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood, as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave, that dar'd oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;
And ev'ry venal stickler for the yoke
Felt himself crush'd at the first word he spoke.
Such men are rais'd to station and command,
When Providence means mercy to a land.
He speaks, and they appear; to him they owe
Skill to direct, and strength to strike the blow;
To manage with address, to seize with pow'r
The crisis of a dark decisive hour.

So Gideon earn'd a victory not his own;
Subserviency his praise, and that alone.
Poor England! thou art a devoted deer,
Beset with ev'ry ill but that of fear.
The nations hunt; all mark thee for a prey;
They swarm around thee, and thou stand'st at bay,
Undaunted still, though wearied and perplex'd,
Once Chatham sav'd thee: but who saves thee next?
Alas! the tide of pleasure sweeps along
All that should be the boast of British song.
'Tis not the wreath, that once adorn'd thy brow,
The prize of happier times, will serve thee now.
Our ancestry, a gallant, christian race,
Patterns of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
Confess'd a God; they kneel'd before they fought,
And prais'd him in the victories he wrought.
Now from the dust of ancient days bring forth
Their sober zeal, integrity, and worth;
Courage ungrac'd by these, affronts the skies,
Is but the fire without the sacrifice.
The stream, that feeds the wellspring of the heart,
Not more invigorates life's noblest part,
Than Virtue quickens with a warmth divine
The pow'rs, that Sin has brought to a decline.

A. Th' inestimable Estimate of Brown
Rose like a paper-kite, and charm'd the town;
But measures plann'd and executed well,
Shifted the wind that rais'd it, and it fell.
He trod the very self-same ground you tread,
And Victory refuted all he said.

B. And yet his judgment was not fram'd amiss;
It's errour, if it err'd, was merely this—
He thought the dying hour already come,
And a complete recov'ry struck him dumb.
But that effeminacy, folly, lust,
Enervate and enfeeble, and needs must;
And that a nation shamefully debas'd,
Will be despis'd and trampled on at last,
Unless sweet Penitence her pow'rs renew;
Is truth, if history itself be true.
There *is* a time, and Justice marks the date,
For long-forbearing Clemency to wait;
That hour elaps'd, th' incurable revolt
Is punish'd, and down comes the thunderbolt.
If Mercy *then* put by the threat'ning blow
Must she perform the same kind office *now*?
May she! and, if offended Heav'n be still
Accessible, and pray'r prevail, she will.
'Tis not, however, insolence and noise,
The tempest of tumultuary joys,
Nor is it yet despondence and dismay
Will win her visits or engage her stay;
Pray'r only, and the penitential tear,
Can call her smiling down, and fix her here.
But when a country (one that I could name)
In prostitution sinks the sense of shame;
When infamous Venality, grown bold,
Writes on his bosom, *to be let or sold*;
When Perjury, that Heav'n-defying vice,
Sells oaths by tale, and at the lowest price,
Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
To turn a penny in the way of trade;
When Av'rice starves (and never hides his face)
Two or three millions of the human race,
And not a tongue inquires, how, where, or when,
Though conscience will have twinges now and then;
When profanation of the sacred cause
In all it's parts, times, ministry, and laws,
Bespeaks a land, once christian, fall'n, and lost,
In all, that wars against that title most;
What follows next let cities of great name,
And regions long since desolate proclaim.
Nineveh, Babylon, and ancient Rome,
Speak to the present times, and times to come;
They cry aloud in ev'ry careless ear,
"Stop, while ye may; suspend your mad career,
O learn from our example and our fate,
Learn wisdom and repentance ere too late."
Not only Vice disposes and prepares
The Mind, that slumbers sweetly in her snares,
To stoop to Tyranny's usurp'd controul,
And bend her polish'd neck beneath his hand,
(A dire effect, by one of Nature's laws
Unchangeably connected with it's cause;)
But Providence himself will intervene,
To throw his dark displeasure o'er the scene.
All are his instruments; each form of war,
What burns at home, or threatens from afar,
Nature in arms, her elements at strife,
The storms, that overset the joys of life,
Are but his rods to scourge a guilty land,
And waste it at the bidding of his hand.
He gives the word, and Mutiny soon roars
In all her gates, and shakes her distant shores;
The standards of all nations are unfurl'd;
She has one foe, and that one foe the world.
And, if he doom that people with a frown,
And mark them with a seal of wrath press'd down,
Obduracy takes place; callous and tough,
The reprobated race grows judgment proof:
Earth shakes beneath them, and Heav'n roars above;
But nothing scares them from the course they love,
To the lascivious pipe and wanton song,
That charm down fear, they frolic it along,
With mad rapidity and unconcern,
Down to the gulf, from which is no return.
They trust in navies, and their navies fail—
God's curse can cast away ten thousand sail!
They trust in armies, and their courage dies;
In wisdom, wealth, in fortune, and in lies;
But all they trust in withers, as it must,
When He commands, in whom they place no trust.
Vengeance at last pours down upon their coast
A long despis'd, but now victorious, host;
Tyranny sends the chain, that must abridge
The noble sweep of all their privilege;
Gives liberty the last, the mortal shock:
Slips the slave's collar on, and snaps the lock.

A. Such lofty strains embellish what you teach,
Mean you to prophesy, or but to preach?

B. I know the mind, that feels indeed the fire
The Muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her soft attention claim,
A tender sympathy pervades the frame,
She pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of ev'ry feeling line.
But if a deed not tamely to be borne
Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,
The strings are swept with such a pow'r, so loud,
The storm of music shakes th' astonish'd crowd.
So, when remote futurity is brought
Before the keen enquiry of her thought,
A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms;

He hears the thunder ere the tempest low'rs;
And, arm'd with strength surpassing human pow'rs,
Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of prophet and of poet was the same;
Hence British poets too the priesthood shar'd,
And every hallow'd druid was a bard.
But no prophetic fires to me belong;
I play with syllables, and sport in song.
A. At Westminster, where little poets strive
To get a distich upon six and five,
Where [illegible] helps op'ning buds of sense,
And makes his pupils proud with silver pence,
I was a poet too; but modern taste
Is so refin'd, and delicate, and chaste,
That verse, whatever fire the fancy warms,
Without a creamy smoothness has no charms.
Thus, all success depending on an ear,
And thinking I might purchase it too dear,
If sentiment were sacrific'd to sound,
And truth cut short to make a period round,
I judg'd a man of sense could scarce do worse,
Than caper in the morris-dance of verse.
B. Thus reputation is a spur to wit,
And some wits flag through fear of losing it.
Give me the line, that ploughs it's stately course
Like a proud swan, conq'ring the stream by force;
That, like some cottage beauty, strikes the heart,
Quite unindebted to the tricks of art.
When Labour and when Dulness, club in hand,
Like the two figures at St. Dunstan's stand,
Beating alternately, in measur'd time,
The clock-work tintinabulum of rhime,
Exact and regular the sounds will be;
But such mere quarter-strokes are not for me.
From him, who rears a poem lank and long,
To him who strains his all into a song;
Perhaps some bonny Caledonian air,
All birks and braes, though he was never there;
Or, having whelp'd a prologue with great pains,
Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains;
A prologue interdash'd with many a stroke—
An art contriv'd to advertise a joke,
So that the jest is clearly to be seen,
Not in the words—but in the gap between:
Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.
To dally much with subjects mean and low
Proves that the mind is weak, or makes it so.
Neglected talents rust into decay,
And ev'ry effort ends in pushpin play.
The man that means success, should soar above
A soldier's feather, or a lady's glove;
Else summoning the Muse to such a theme,
The fruit of all her labour is whipp'd cream.
As if an eagle flew aloft, and then—
Stoop'd from it's highest pitch to pounce a wren.
As if the poet, purposing to wed,
Should carve himself a wife in gingerbread.
Ages elaps'd ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard.
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth, ask'd ages more.
Thus Genius rose and set at order'd times,
And shot a dayspring into distant climes,
Ennobling ev'ry region that he chose;
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose:
And, tedious years of Gothic darkness pass'd,
Emerg'd all splendour in our isle at last.
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then show far off their shining plumes again.
A. Is genius only found in epic lays?
Prove this, and forfeit all pretence to praise.
Make their heroic pow'rs your own at once,
Or candidly confess yourself a dunce.
B. These were the chief: each interval of night
Was grac'd with many an undulating light,
In less illustrious bards his beauty shone
A meteor, or a star; in these the Sun.
The nightingale may claim the topmost bough,
While the poor grasshopper must chirp below.
Like him unnotic'd, I, and such as I,
Spread little wings, and rather skip than fly;
Perch'd on the meagre produce of the land,
An elf or two of prospect we command;
But never peep beyond the thorny bound,
Or oaken fence, that hems the paddock round.
In Eden, ere yet innocence of heart
Had faded, poetry was not an art;
Language, above all teaching, or if taught,
Only by gratitude and glowing thought,
Elegant as simplicity, and warm
As ecstasy, unmanacled by form,
Not prompted, as in our degen'rate days,
By low ambition and the thirst of praise,
Was natural as is the flowing stream,
And yet magnificent—A God the theme!
That theme on Earth exhausted, though above
'Tis found as everlasting as his love,
Man lavish'd all his thoughts on human things—
The feats of heroes, and the wrath of kings;
But still, while Virtue kindled his delight,
The song was moral, and so far was right.
'Twas thus till Luxury seduc'd the mind
To joys less innocent, as less refin'd;
Then Genius danc'd a bacchanal; he crown'd
The brimming goblet, seiz'd the thyrsus, bound
His brows with ivy, rush'd into the field
Of wild imagination, and there reel'd,
The victim of his own lascivious fires;
And, dizzy with delight, profan'd the sacred wires.
Anacreon, Horace, play'd in Greece and Rome
This bedlam part; and others nearer home.
When Cromwell fought for pow'r, and while he reign'd
The proud protector of the pow'r he gain'd,
Religion, harsh, intolerant, austere,
Parent of manners like herself severe,
Drew a rough copy of the Christian face
Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace;
The dark and sullen humour of the time
Judg'd ev'ry effort of the Muse a crime;
Verse, in the finest mould of fancy cast,
Was lumber in an age so void of taste:
But when the second Charles assum'd the sway,
And arts reviv'd beneath a softer day,
Then, like a bow long forc'd into a curve,
The mind, releas'd from too constrain'd a nerve,
Flew to it's first position with a spring,
That made the vaulted roofs of Pleasure ring.
His court, the dissolute and hateful school
Of Wantonness, where vice was taught by rule,
Swarm'd with a scribbling herd, as deep inlaid
With brutal lust as ever Circe made.
From these a long succession, in the rage
Of rank obscenity, debauch'd their age;

Nor ceas'd, till, ever anxious to redress
The abuses of her sacred charge, the press,
The Muse instructed a well-nurtur'd train
Of abler votaries to cleanse the stain,
And claim the palm for purity of song,
That Lewdness had usurp'd and worn so long.
Then decent Pleasantry and sterling Sense,
That neither gave nor would endure offence,
Whipp'd out of sight, with satire just and keen,
The puppy pack, that had defil'd the scene.
In front of these came Addison. In him
Humour in holiday and sightly trim,
Sublimity and attic taste, combin'd,
To polish, furnish, and delight, the mind.
Then Pope, as harmony itself exact,
In verse well disciplin'd, complete, compact,
Gave virtue and morality a grace,
That, quite eclipsing Pleasure's painted face,
Levied a tax of wonder and applause,
Ev'n on the fools that trampled on their laws.
But he (his musical finesse was such,
So nice his ear, so delicate his touch)
Made poetry a mere mechanic art;
And ev'ry warbler has his tune by heart.
Nature imparting her satiric gift,
Her serious mirth, to Arbuthnot and Swift,
With droll sobriety they rais'd a smile
At Folly's cost, themselves unmov'd the while.
That constellation set, the world in vain
Must hope to look upon their like again.
A. Are we then left—B. Not wholly in the dark;
Wit now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark,
Sufficient to redeem the modern race
From total night and absolute disgrace.
While servile trick and imitative knack
Confine the million in the beaten track,
Perhaps some courser, who disdains the road,
Snuffs up the wind, and flings himself abroad.
Contemporaries all surpass'd, see one;
Short his career indeed, but ably run;
Churchill; himself unconscious of his pow'rs
In penury consum'd his idle hours;
And, like a scatter'd seed at random sown,
Was left to spring by vigour of his own.
Lifted at length, by dignity of thought
And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,
He laid his head in Luxury's soft lap,
And took, too often, there his easy nap.
If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,
'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.
Surly, and slovenly, and bold, and coarse,
Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,
Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
And so disdain'd the rules he understood,
The laurel seem'd to wait on his command,
He snatch'd it rudely from the Muses' hand.
Nature, exerting an unwearied pow'r,
Forms, opens, and gives scent to ev'ry flow'r;
Spreads the fresh verdure of the field, and leads
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads:
She fills profuse ten thousand little throats
With music, modulating all their notes;
And charms the woodland scenes, and wilds unknown,
With artless airs and concerts of her own:
But seldom (as if fearful of expence)
Vouchsafes to map a poet's just pretence—
Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought;
Fancy, that from the bow, that spans the sky,
Brings colours, dipp'd in Heav'n, that never die;
A soul exalted above Earth, a mind
Skill'd in the characters that form mankind;
And, as the Sun in rising beauty dress'd,
Looks to the westward from the dappled east,
And marks, whatever clouds may interpose,
Ere yet his race begins, it's glorious close;
An eye like his to catch the distant goal;
Or, ere the wheels of verse begin to roll,
Like his to shed illuminating rays
On ev'ry scene and subject it surveys:
Thus grac'd, the man asserts a poet's name,
And the world cheerfully admits the claim.
Pity Religion has so seldom found
A skilful guide into poetic ground!
The flow'rs would spring where'er she deign'd to stray,
And ev'ry Muse attend her in her way.
Virtue indeed meets many a rhyming friend,
And many a compliment politely penn'd;
But, unattir'd in that becoming vest
Religion weaves for her, and half undress'd,
Stands in the desert, shiv'ring and forlorn,
A wint'ry figure, like a wither'd thorn.
The shelves are full, all other themes are sped;
Hackney'd and worn to the last flimsy thread,
Satire has long since done his best; and curst
And loathsome Ribaldry has done his worst;
Fancy has sported all her pow'rs away
In tales, in trifles, and in children's play;
And 'tis the sad complaint, and almost true,
Whate'er we write, we bring forth nothing new.
'Twere new indeed to see a bard all fire,
Touch'd with a coal from Heav'n, assume the lyre,
And tell the world, still kindling as he sung,
With more than mortal music on his tongue,
That He, who died below, and reigns above,
Inspires the song, and that his name is Love.
For, after all, if merely to beguile,
By flowing numbers and a flow'ry style,
The tædium that the lazy rich endure,
Which now and then sweet poetry may cure;
Or, if to see the name of idle self,
Stamp'd on the well-bound quarto, grace the shelf,
To float a bubble on the breath of Fame,
Prompt his endeavour and engage his aim,
Debas'd to servile purposes of pride,
How are the pow'rs of genius misapplied!
The gift, whose office is the Giver's praise,
To trace him in his word, his works, his ways!
Then spread the rich discov'ry, and invite
Mankind to share in the divine delight,
Distorted from it's use and just design,
To make the pitiful possessor shine,
To purchase, at the fool-frequented fair
Of vanity, a wreath for self to wear,
Is profanation of the basest kind—
Proof of a trifling and a worthless mind.
A. Hail Sternhold, then; and Hopkins, hail!—
B. Amen.
If flatt'ry, folly, lust, employ the pen;
If acrimony, slander, and abuse;
Give it a charge to blacken and traduce;
Though Butler's wit, Pope's numbers, Prior's ease,
With all that fancy can invent to please,
Adorn the polish'd periods as they fall,
One madrigal of theirs is worth them all.

A. 'Twould thin the ranks of the poetic tribe,
To dash the pen through all that you proscribe.
B. No matter—we could shift when they were not;
And should, no doubt, if they were all forgot.

THE

PROGRESS OF ERROUR.

Si quid loquar audiendum. Hor. Lib. iv. Od. 2.

Sing, Muse, (if such a theme, so dark, so long,
May find a Muse to grace it with a song)
By what unseen and unsuspected arts
The serpent Errour twines round human hearts;
Tell where she lurks, beneath what flow'ry shades,
That not a glimpse of genuine light pervades,
The pois'nous, black, insinuating worm
Successfully conceals her loathsome form.
Take, if ye can, ye careless and supine,
Counsel and caution from a voice like mine!
Truths, that the theorist could never reach,
And observation taught me, I would teach.
Not all, whose eloquence the fancy fills,
Musical as the chime of tinkling rills,
Weak to perform, though mighty to pretend,
Can trace her mazy windings to their end;
Discern the fraud beneath the specious lure,
Prevent the danger, or prescribe the cure.
The clear harangue, and cold as it is clear,
Falls soporific on the listless ear;
Like quicksilver, the rhet'ric they display
Shines as it runs, but grasp'd at slips away.
Plac'd for his trial on this bustling stage,
From thoughtless youth to ruminating age,
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis, or abuse;
Else, on the fatalist's unrighteous plan,
Say to what bar amenable were man?
With nought in charge, he could betray no trust;
And, if he fell, would fall because he must;
If Love reward him, or if Vengeance strike,
His recompense in both unjust alike.
Divine authority within his breast
Brings ev'ry thought, word, action, to the test;
Warns him or prompts, approves him or restrains,
As Reason, or as Passion, takes the reins.
Heav'n from above, and Conscience from within,
Cries in his startled ear—"Abstain from sin!"
The world around solicits his desire,
And kindles in his soul a treach'rous fire;
While, all his purposes and steps to guard,
Peace follows virtue as it's sure reward;
And Pleasure brings us surely in her train
Remorse, and Sorrow, and vindictive Pain.
Man, thus endu'd with an elective voice,
Must be supplied with objects of his choice,
Where'er he turns, enjoyment and delight,
Or present, or in prospect, meet his sight;
Those open on the spot their honey'd store;
These call him loudly to pursuit of more.
His unexhausted mine the sordid vice
Avarice shows, and virtue is the price.
Her various motives his ambition raise—
Pow'r, pomp, and splendour, and the thirst of praise;
There Beauty woos him with expanded arms;
Ev'n Bacchanalian madness has it's charms.
Nor these alone, whose pleasures less refin'd
Might well alarm the most unguarded mind,
Seek to supplant his inexperienc'd youth,
Or lead him devious from the path of truth;
Hourly allurements on his passions press,
Safe in themselves, but dang'rous in th' excess.
Hark! how it floats upon the dewy air!
O what a dying, dying close was there!
'Tis harmony from yon sequester'd bow'r,
Sweet harmony, that sooths the midnight hour!
Long ere the charioteer of day had run
His morning course, th' enchantment was begun;
And he shall gild yon mountain's height again,
Ere yet the pleasing toil becomes a pain.
Is this the rugged path, the steep ascent,
That Virtue points to? Can a life thus spent
Lead to the bliss she promises the wise, [skies
Detach the soul from Earth, and speed her to th
Ye devotees to your ador'd employ,
Enthusiasts, drunk with an unreal joy,
Love makes the music of the blest above,
Heav'n's harmony is universal love;
And earthly sounds, tho' sweet and well combin'd,
And lenient as soft opiates to the mind,
Leave Vice and Folly unsubdu'd behind.
Gray dawn appears; the sportsman and his train
Speckle the bosom of the distant plain;
'Tis he, the Nimrod of the neighb'ring lairs;
Save that his scent is less acute than theirs,
For persevering chase, and headlong leaps,
True beagle as the stanchest hound he keeps.
Charg'd with the folly of his life's mad scene,
He takes offence, and wonders what you mean;
The joy the danger and the toil o'erpays—
'Tis exercise, and health, and length of days.
Again impetuous to the field he flies;
Leaps ev'ry fence but one, there falls and dies;
Like a slain deer, the tumbrel brings him home,
Unmiss'd but by his dogs and by his groom.
Ye clergy, while your orbit is your place,
Lights of the world, and stars of human race;
But if eccentric ye forsake your sphere,
Prodigies ominous, and view'd with fear;
The comet's baneful influence is a dream;
Yours real and pernicious in th' extreme.
What then!—are appetites and lusts laid down
With the same ease that man puts on his gown?
Will Av'rice and Concupiscence give place,
Charm'd by the sounds—Your Rev'rence, or Your Grace?
No. But his own engagement binds him fast;
Or, if it does not, brands him to the last,
What atheists call him—a designing knave,
A mere church juggler, hypocrite, and slave.
Oh, laugh or mourn with me the rueful jest,
A cassock'd huntsman, and a fiddling priest!
He from Italian songsters takes his cue;
Set Paul to music, he shall quote him too.
He takes the field, the master of the pack [back.
Cries—"Well done saint!" and claps him on the
Is this the path of sanctity? Is this
To stand a waymark in the road to bliss?
Himself a wand'rer from the narrow way,
His silly sheep what wonder if they stray?

Go, cast your orders at your Bishop's feet,
Send your dishonour'd gown to Monmouth street!
The sacred function in your hands is made—
Sad sacrilege! no function, but a trade!
Occiduus is a pastor of renown,
When he has pray'd and preach'd the sabbath down,
With wire and catgut he concludes the day,
Quav'ring and semiquav'ring care away.
The full concerto swells upon your ear;
All elbows shake. Look in, and you would swear
The Babylonian tyrant with a nod,
Had summon'd them to serve his golden God.
So well that thought th' employment seems to suit,
Psalt'ry and sackbut, dulcimer and flute.
O fie! 'tis evangelical and pure:
Observe each face, how sober and demure!
Ecstasy sets her stamp on ev'ry mien;
Chins fall'n, and not an eyeball to be seen.
Still I insist, though music heretofore
Has charm'd me much, (not ev'n Occiduus more)
Love, joy, and peace make harmony more meet
For sabbath ev'nings, and perhaps as sweet.
Will not the sickliest sheep of ev'ry flock
Resort to this example as a rock;
There stand, and justify the foul abuse
Of sabbath hours with plausible excuse;
If apostolic gravity be free
To play the fool on Sundays, why not we?
If he the tinkling harpsichord regards
As inoffensive, what offence in cards?
Strike up the fiddles, let us all be gay,
Laymen have leave to dance, if parsons play.
Oh Italy!—Thy sabbaths will be soon
Our sabbaths, clos'd with mumm'ry and buffoon.
Preaching and pranks will share the motley scene,
Ours parcell'd out, as thine have ever been,
God's worship and the mountebank between.
What says the prophet? Let that day be blest
With holiness and consecrated rest.
Pastime and business both it should exclude,
And bar the door the moment they intrude:
Nobly distinguish'd above all the six
By deeds, in which the world must never mix.
Hear him again. He calls it a delight,
A day of luxury observ'd aright,
When the glad soul is made Heav'n's welcome guest,
Sits banqueting, and God provides the feast.
But triflers are engag'd and cannot come;
Their answer to the call is—"*Not at home.*"
O the dear pleasures of the velvet plain,
The painted tablets, dealt and dealt again!
Cards with what rapture, and the polish'd die,
The yawning chasm of indolence supply!
Then to the dance, and make the sober Moon
Witness of joys that shun the sight of noon.
Blame, cynic, if you can, quadrille or ball,
The snug close party, or the splendid hall,
Where Night, down-stooping from her ebon throne,
Views constellations brighter than her own.
'Tis innocent, and harmless, and refin'd,
The balm of care, Elysium of the mind.
Innocent! Oh if venerable Time
Slain at the feet of Pleasure be no crime,
Then, with his silver beard and magic wand,
Let Comus rise archbishop of the land;
Let him your rubric and your feasts prescribe,
Grand metropolitan of all the tribe.
Of manners rough, and coarse athletic cast,
The rank debauch suits Clodio's filthy taste.
Rufillus, exquisitely form'd by rule,
Not of the moral but the dancing school,
Wonders at Clodio's follies, in a tone
As tragical, as others at his own.
He cannot drink five bottles, bilk the *score*,
Then kill a constable, and drink five *more*;
But he can draw a pattern, make a tart,
And has the ladies' etiquette by heart.
Go, fool; and, arm in arm with Clodio, plead
Your cause before a bar you little dread;
But know, the law, that bids the drunkard die,
Is far too just to pass the trifler by.
Both baby-featur'd, and of infant size,
View'd from a distance, and with heedless eyes,
Folly and Innocence are so alike,
The diff'rence, though essential, fails to strike.
Yet Folly ever has a vacant stare.
A simp'ring count'nance, and a trifling air;
But Innocence, sedate, serene, erect,
Delights us, by engaging our respect.
Man, Nature's guest by invitation sweet,
Receives from her both appetite and treat;
But, if he play the glutton and exceed,
His benefactress blushes at the deed,
For Nature, nice, as lib'ral to dispense,
Made nothing but a brute the slave of sense.
Daniel eat pulse by choice—example rare! [fair.
Heav'n bless'd the youth, and made him fresh and
Gorgonius sits, abdominous and wan,
Like a fat squab upon a Chinese fan:
He snuffs far off th' anticipated joy;
Turtle and ven'son all his thoughts employ;
Prepares for meals as jockies take a sweat,
Oh, nauseous!—an emetic for a whet!
Will Providence o'erlook the wasted good?
Temperance were no virtue if he could.
That pleasures, therefore, or what such we call,
Are hurtful, is a truth confess'd by all.
And some, that seem to threaten virtue less,
Still hurtful in th' abuse, or by th' excess.
Is man then only for his torment plac'd
The centre of delights he may not taste?
Like fabled Tantalus, condemn'd to hear
The precious stream still purling in his ear,
Lip-deep in what he longs for, and yet curst
With prohibition, and perpetual thirst?
No, wrangler!—destitute of shame and sense,
The precept, that enjoins him abstinence,
Forbids him none but the licentious joy,
Whose fruit, though fair, tempts only to destroy.
Remorse, the fatal egg by Pleasure laid
In ev'ry bosom where her nest is made
Hatch'd by the beams of truth denies him rest,
And proves a raging scorpion in his breast.
No pleasure? Are domestic comforts dead?
Are all the nameless sweets of friendship fled?
Has time worn out, or fashion put to shame,
Good sense, good health, good conscience, and good
fame?
All these belong to virtue, and all prove,
That virtue has a title to your love.
Have you no touch of pity, that the poor
Stand starv'd at your inhospitable door?
Or if yourself too scantily supplied
Need help, let honest industry provide.
Earn, if you want; if you abound, impart:
These both are pleasures to the feeling heart.
No pleasure? Has some sickly eastern waste
Sent us a wind to parch us at a blast?

Can British Paradise no scenes afford
To please her sated and indiff'rent lord?
Are sweet philosophy's enjoyments run
Quite to the lees? And has religion none?
Brutes capable would tell you 'tis a lie,
And judge you from the kennel and the stye.
Delights like these, ye sensual and profane,
Ye are bid, beg'd, besought to entertain;
Call'd to these chrystal streams, do ye turn off
Obscene to swill and swallow at a trough?
Envy the beast then, on whom Heav'n bestows
Your pleasures, with no curses in the close.
Pleasure indulged in undue degree
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.
'Tis not alone the grape's enticing juice,
Unnerves the moral pow'rs, and mars their use;
Ambition, av'rice, and the lust of fame,
And woman, lovely woman, does the same.
The heart, surrender'd to the ruling pow'r
Of some ungovern'd passion ev'ry hour,
Finds by degrees the truths, that once bore sway,
And all their deep impressions, wear away;
So coin grows smooth, in traffic current pass'd,
Till Cæsar's image is effac'd at last.
The breach, tho' small at first soon op'ning wide,
In rushes folly with a full-moon tide;
Then welcome errours of whatever size,
To justify it by a thousand lies.
As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon;
So sophistry cleaves close to and protects
Sin's rotten trunk, concealing it's defects.
Mortals, whose pleasures are their only care,
First wish to be impos'd on and then are.
And, lest the fulsome artifice should fail,
Themselves will hide it's coarseness with a veil,
Not more industrious are the just and true,
To give to Virtue what is Virtue's due—
The praise of wisdom, comeliness, and worth,
And call her charms to public notice forth—
Than Vice's mean and disingenuous race,
To hide the shocking features of her face:
Her form with dress and lotion they repair;
Then kiss their idol and pronounce her fair.
The sacred implement I now employ
Might prove a mischief, or at best a toy;
A trifle, if it move but to amuse;
But, if to wrong the judgment and abuse,
Worse than a poniard in the basest hand,
It stabs at once the morals of a land.
Ye writers of what none with safety reads;
Footing it in the dance that Fancy leads;
Ye novelists, who mar what ye would mend,
Sniv'lling and driv'lling folly without end;
Whose corresponding misses fill the ream
With sentimental, foppery and dream,
Caught in a delicate soft silken net
By some lewd earl, or rakehell baronet:
Ye pimps, who under virtue's fair pretence,
Steal to the closet of young innocence,
And teach her, unexperienc'd yet and green,
To scribble as you scribbled at fifteen;
Who kindling a combustion of desire,
With some cold moral think to quench the fire;
Though all your engineering proves in vain,
The dribbling stream ne'er puts it out again:
O that a verse had pow'r, and could command
Far, far away these flush flies of the land;
Who fasten without mercy on the fair,
And suck, and leave a craving maggot there!
Howe'er disguis'd th' inflammatory tale,
And cover'd with a fine-spun specious veil;
Such writers, and such readers, owe the gust
And relish of their pleasure all to lust.
But the Muse, eagle-pinion'd, has in view
A quarry more important still than you;
Down, down the wind she swims, and sails away,
Now stoops upon it, and now grasps the prey.
Petronius! all the Muses weep for thee;
But ev'ry tear shall scald thy memory:
The Graces too, while Virtue at their shrine
Lay bleeding under that soft hand of thine,
Felt each a mortal stab in her own breast,
Abhorr'd the sacrifice, and curs'd the priest.
Thou polish'd and high finish'd foe to truth,
Graybeard corrupter of our list'ning youth,
To purge and skim away the filth of vice,
That so refin'd it might the more entice,
Then pour it on the morals of thy sou;
To taint *his* heart, was worthy of *thine own!*
Now, while the poison all high life pervades,
Write, if thou canst, one letter from the shades,
One, and one only, charg'd with deep regret,
That thy worse part, thy principles, live yet.
One sad epistle thence may cure mankind
Of the plague spread by bundles left behind.
'Tis granted, and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important are our earliest years;
The Mind impressible and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clew,
That Education gives her, false or true.
Plants rais'd with tenderness are seldom strong;
Man's coltish disposition asks the thong;
And without discipline the fav'rite child,
Like a neglected forester, runs wild.
But we, as if good qualities would grow
Spontaneous, take but little pains to sow;
We give some Latin, and a smatch of Greek;
Teach him to fence and figure twice a week;
And having done, we think, the best we can,
Praise his proficiency, and dub him man.
From school to Cam or Isis, and thence home;
And thence with all convenient speed to Rome,
With rev'rend tutor clad in habit lay,
To tease for cash, and quarrel with all day;
With memorandum-book for ev'ry town,
And ev'ry post, and where the chaise broke down;
His stock, a few French phrases got by heart,
With much to learn, but nothing to impart.
The youth, obedient to his sire's commands,
Sets off a wand'rer into foreign lands.
Surpris'd at all they meet, the gosling pair,
With awkward gait, stretch'd neck, and silly stare,
Discover huge cathedrals built with stone,
And steeples tow'ring high much like our own;
But show peculiar light by many a grin
At popish practices observ'd within.
Ere long some bowing, smirking, smart abbé
Remarks two loit'rers, that have lost their way;
And being always prim'd with *politesse*
For men of their appearance and address,
With much compassion undertakes the task,
To tell them more than they have wit to ask;
Points to inscriptions wheresoe'er they tread,
Such as, when legible, were never read,

But, being canker'd now and half worn out,
Craze antiquarian brains with endless doubt;
Some headless hero, or some Cæsar shows—
Defective only in his Roman nose;
Exhibits elevations, drawings, plans,
Models of Herculanean pots and pans;
And sells them medals, which, if neither rare
Nor ancient, will be so, preserv'd with care.

Strange the recital! from whatever cause
His great improvement and new light he draws,
The squire, once bashful, is shamefac'd no more,
But teems with pow'rs he never felt before:
Whether increas'd momentum, and the force,
With which from clime to clime he sped his course,
(As axles sometimes kindle as they go)
Chaf'd him, and brought dull nature to a glow;
Or whether clearer skies and softer air,
That make Italian flow'rs so sweet and fair,
Fresh'ning his lazy spirits as he ran,
Unfolded genially and spread the man;
Returning he proclaims by many a grace,
By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce, that has been kept at home.

Accomplishments have taken virtue's place,
And wisdom falls before exterior grace:
We slight the precious kernel of the stone,
And toil to polish it's rough coat alone.
A just deportment, manners grac'd with ease,
Elegant phrase, and figure form'd to please,
Are qualities that seem to comprehend
Whatever parents, guardians, schools, intend;
Hence an unfurnish'd and a listless mind,
Though busy, trifling; empty, though refin'd;
Hence all that interferes, and dares to clash
With indolence and luxury, is trash:
While learning, once the man's exclusive pride,
Seems verging fast towards the female side.
Learning itself, receiv'd into a mind
By nature weak, or viciously inclin'd,
Serves but to lead philosophers astray,
Where children would with ease discern the way.
And of all arts sagacious dupes invent,
To cheat themselves and gain the world's assent,
The worst is—Scripture warp'd from it's intent.

The carriage bowls along, and all are pleas'd
If Tom be sober, and the wheels well greas'd;
But if the rogue have gone a cup too far,
Left out his linchpin, or forgot his tar,
It suffers interruption and delay,
And meets with hindrance in the smoothest way.
When some hypothesis absurd and vain
Has fill'd with all it's fumes a critic's brain,
The text, that sorts not with his darling whim,
Though plain to others, is obscure to him.
The will made subject to a lawless force,
All is irregular and out of course;
And Judgment drunk, and brib'd to lose his way,
Winks hard, and talks of darkness at noonday.

A critic on the sacred book should be
Candid and learn'd, dispassionate and free:
Free from the wayward bias bigots feel,
From fancy's influence, and intemp'rate zeal:
But above all, (or let the wretch refrain,
Nor touch the page he cannot but profane)
Free from the domineering pow'r of lust;
A lewd interpreter is never just.

How shall I speak thee, or thy pow'r address,
Thou god of our idolatry, the Press?
By thee religion, liberty, and laws,
Exert their influence, and advance their cause;
By thee worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befel,
Diffus'd, make Earth the vestibule of Hell;
Thou fountain, at which drink the good and wise;
Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies;
Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
Till half mankind were like himself possess'd.
Philosophers, who darken and put out
Eternal truth by everlasting doubt;
Church quacks, with passions under no command,
Who fill the world with doctrines contraband,
Discov'rers of they know not what, confin'd
Within no bounds,—the blind that lead the blind;
To streams of popular opinion drawn,
Deposit in those shallows all their spawn.
The wrigling fry soon fill the creeks around,
Pois'ning the waters where their swarms abound.
Scorn'd by the nobler tenants of the flood,
Minnows and gudgeons gorge th'unwholesome food,
The propagated myriads spread so fast,
Ev'n Lewenhoeck himself would stand aghast,
Employ'd to calculate th' enormous sum,
And own his crab-computing pow'rs o'ercome.
Is this hyperbole? The world well known,
Your sober thoughts will hardly find it one.

Fresh confidence the speculatist takes
From ev'ry hair-brain'd proselyte he makes;
And therefore prints. Himself but half deceiv'd,
Till others have the soothing tale believ'd.
Hence comment after comment spun as fine
As bloated spiders draw the flimsy line.
Hence the same word, that bids our lusts obey,
Is misapplied to sanctify their sway.
If stubborn Greek refuse to be his friend,
Hebrew or Syriac shall be forc'd to bend:
If languages and copies all cry, No—
Somebody prov'd it centuries ago.
Like trout pursued, the critic in despair
Darts to the mud, and finds his safety there:
Woman, whom custom has forbid to fly
The scholar's pitch, (the scholar best knows why)
With all the simple and unletter'd poor,
Admire his learning, and almost adore.
Whoever errs, the priest can ne'er be wrong,
With such fine words familiar to his tongue.

Ye ladies! (for indiff'rent in your cause,
I should deserve to forfeit all applause)
Whatever shocks or gives the least offence
To virtue, delicacy, truth, or sense,
(Try the criterion, 'tis a faithful guide)
Nor has, nor can have, Scripture on its side.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the chil'd she bears.
Committed once into the public arms,
The baby seems to smile with added charms.
Like something precious ventur'd far from shore,
'Tis valued for the danger's sake the more.
He views it with complacency supreme,
Solicits kind attention to his dream;
And daily more enamour'd of the cheat,
Kneels, and asks Heav'n to bless the dear deceit.
So one, whose story serves at least to show
Men lov'd their own productions long ago,
Woo'd an unfeeling statue for his wife,
Nor rested till the gods had giv'n it life.

If some mere driv'ler suck the sugar'd fib,
One that still needs his leading string and bib,
And praise his genius, he is soon repaid
In praise applied to the same part—his head:
For 'tis a rule, that holds for ever true,
Grant me discernment, and I grant it you.
Patient of contradiction as a child,
Affable, humble, diffident, and mild;
Such was sir Isaac, and such Boyle and Locke:
Your blund'rer is as sturdy as a rock.
The creature is so sure to kick and bite,
A muleteer 's the man to set him right.
First appetite enlists him Truth's sworn foe,
Then obstinate Self-will confirms him so.
Tell him he wanders; that his errour leads
To fatal ills; that, though the path he treads
Be flow'ry, and he see no cause of fear,
Death and the pains of Hell attend him there:
In vain; the slave of arrogance and pride,
He has no hearing on the prudent side.
His still refuted quirks he still repeats;
New rais'd objections with new quibbles meets;
Till, sinking in the quicksand he defends,
He dies disputing, and the contest ends—
But not the mischiefs; they, still left behind,
Like thistle-seeds, are sown by ev'ry wind.
Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill;
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will;
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for a guide.
Halting on crutches of unequal size,
One leg by truth supported, one by lies;
They sidle to the goal with awkward pace,
Secure of nothing—but to lose the race.
Faults in the life breed errours in the brain,
And these reciprocally those again.
The mind and conduct mutually imprint
And stamp their image in each other's mint:
Each sire and dam, of an infernal race,
Begetting and conceiving all that's base.
None sends his arrow to the mark in view,
Whose hand is feeble, or his aim untrue.
For though, ere yet the shaft is on the wing,
Or when it first forsakes th' elastic string,
It err but little from th' intended line,
It falls at last far wide of his design:
So he, who seeks a mansion in the sky,
Must watch his purpose with a stedfast eye;
That prize belongs to none but the sincere,
The least obliquity is fatal here.
With caution taste the sweet Circean cup:
He that sips often, at last drinks it up.
Habits are soon assum'd; but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flay'd alive.
Call'd to the temple of impure delight,
He that abstains, and he alone, does right.
If a wish wander that way, call it home;
He cannot long be safe whose wishes roam.
But, if you pass the threshold you are caught;
Die then, if pow'r Almighty save you not.
There hard'ning by degrees, till double steel'd,
Take leave of nature's God, and God reveal'd;
Then laugh at all you trembled at before;
And joining the free-thinkers' brutal roar,
Swallow the two grand nostrums they dispense—
That Scripture lies, and blasphemy is sense.
If clemency revolted by abuse
Be damnable, then damn'd without excuse.

Some dream that they can silence, when they will,
The storm of passion, and say, "Peace, be still;"
But "Thus far and no farther," when address'd
To the wild wave, or wilder human breast,
Implies authority that never can,
That never ought to be the lot of man.
But Muse forbear; long flights forbode a fall;
Strike on the deep-ton'd chord the sum of all.
Hear the just law—the judgment of the skies!
He that hates truth shall be the dupe of lies:
And he that will be cheated to the last,
Delusions strong as Hell shall bind him fast.
But if the wand'rer his mistake discern,
Judge his own ways and sigh for a return,
Bewilder'd once, must he bewail his loss
For ever and for ever? No—the cross!
There and there only (though the deist rave,
And atheist, if Earth bear so base a slave);
There and there only is the pow'r to save.
There no delusive hope invites despair;
No mock'ry meets you, no deception there.
The spells and charms, that blinded you before,
All vanish there, and fascinate no more.
I am no preacher, let this hint suffice—
The cross once seen is death to ev'ry vice:
Else he that hung there suffer'd all his pain,
Bled, groan'd, and agoniz'd, and died, in vain.

TRUTH.

Percantur trutinâ. Hor. Lib. ii, Epist. i.

Man, on the dubious waves of errour toss'd,
His ship half founder'd, and his compass lost,
Sees, far as human optics may command,
A sleeping fog, and fancies it dry land:
Spreads all his canvass, ev'ry sinew plies;
Pants for't, aims at it, enters it, and dies!
Then farewell all self-satisfying schemes,
His well built systems, philosophic dreams;
Deceitful views of future bliss farewell!
He reads his sentence at the flames of Hell,
Hard lot of man—to toil for the reward
Of virtue, and yet lose it! Wherefore hard?—
He that would win the race must guide his horse
Obedient to the customs of the course;
Else, though unequall'd to the goal he flies,
A meaner than himself shall gain the prize.
Grace leads the right way: if you choose the wrong,
Take it and perish; but restrain your tongue;
Charge not, with light sufficient, and left free,
Your wilful suicide on God's decree.
O how unlike the complex works of man,
Heav'n's easy, artless, unincumber'd plan!
No meritricious graces to beguile,
No clust'ring ornaments to clog the pile;
From ostentation as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulean arch we see,
Majestic in it's own simplicity.
Inscrib'd above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give,
Stand the soul-quick'ning words—BELIEVE AND LIVE.
Too many, shock'd at what should charm them most,
Despise the plain direction, and are lost.

"Heav'n on such terms!" (they cry with proud dis-
"Incredible, impossible, and vain!"— [dain)
Rebel, because 'tis easy to obey;
And scorn, for it's own sake, the gracious way.
These are the sober, in whose cooler brains
Some thought of immortality remains;
The rest too busy or too gay to wait
On the sad theme, their everlasting state,
Sport for a day, and perish in a night,
The foam upon the waters not so light.
Who judg'd the pharisee? What odious cause
Expos'd him to the vengeance of the laws?
Had he seduc'd a virgin, wrong'd a friend,
Or stabb'd a man to serve some private end?
Was blasphemy his sin? Or did he stray
From the strict duties of the sacred day?
Sit long and late at the carousing board?
(Such were the sins with which he charg'd his Lord.)
No—the man's morals were exact, what then?
'Twas his ambition to be seen of men;
His virtues were his pride; and that one vice
Made all his virtues gewgaws of no price;
He wore them as fine trappings for a show,
A praying, synagogue-frequenting, beau.
The self-applauding bird, the peacock see—
Mark what a sumptuous pharisee is he!
Meridian sun-beams tempt him to unfold
His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold:
He treads as if, some solemn music near,
His measur'd step were govern'd by his ear;
And seems to say—"Ye meaner fowl, give place,
I am all splendour, dignity, and grace!"
Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,
Though he too has a glory in his plumes.
He, christian-like, retreats with modest mien
To the close copse, or far sequester'd green,
And shines without desiring to be seen.
The plea of works, as arrogant and vain,
Heav'n turns from with abhorrence and disdain;
Not more affronted by avow'd neglect,
Than by the mere dissembler's feign'd respect.
What is all righteousness that men devise?
What—but a sordid bargain for the skies?
But Christ as soon would abdicate his own,
As stoop from Heav'n to sell the proud a throne.
His dwelling a recess in some rude rock,
Book, beads, and maple-dish, his meagre stock;
In shirt of hair and weeds of canvass dress'd,
Girt with a bell-rope that the pope has bless'd;
Adust with stripes told out for ev'ry crime,
And sore tormented long before his time;
His pray'r preferr'd to saints that cannot aid;
His praise postpon'd, and never to be paid;
See the sage hermit, by mankind admir'd,
With all that bigotry adopts inspir'd,
Wearing out life in his religious whim,
Till his religious whimsy wears out him.
His works, his abstinence, his zeal allow'd,
You think him humble—God accounts him proud;
High in demand, though lowly in pretence,
Of all his conduct this the genuine sense—
My penitential stripes, my streaming blood,
Have purchas'd Heav'n, and prove my title good.
Turn eastward now, and fancy shall apply
To your weak sight her telescopic eye.
The bramin kindles on his own bare head
The sacred fire, self-torturing his trade,
His voluntary pains, severe and long,
Would give a barb'rous air to British song;
No grand inquisitor could worse invent,
Than he contrives to suffer well content.
Which is the saintlier worthy of the two?
Past all dispute, yon anchorite, say you.
Your sentence and mine differ. What's a name?
I say the bramin has the fairer claim.
If suff'rings, Scripture no where recommends,
Devis'd by self to answer selfish ends,
Give saintship; then all Europe must agree,
Ten starv'ling hermits suffer less than he.
The truths (if the truth may suit your ear,
And prejudice have left a passage clear)
Pride has attain'd it's most luxuriant growth,
And poison'd ev'ry virtue in them both.
Pride may be pamper'd while the flesh grows lean;
Humility may clothe an English dean;
That grace was Cowper's—his, confess'd by all—
Though plac'd in golden Durham's second stall.
Not all the plenty of a bishop's board,
His palace, and his lacquèys, and "My lord,"
More nourish pride, that condescending vice,
Than abstinence, and beggary, and lice;
It thrives in mis'ry, and abundant grows:
In mis'ry fools upon themselves impose.
But why before us protestants produce
An Indian mystic, or a French recluse?
Their sin is plain; but what have we to fear,
Reform'd and well instructed? You shall hear.
You ancient prude, whose wither'd features show
She might be young some forty years ago,
Her elbows pinion'd close upon her hips,
Her head erect, her fan upon her lips,
Her eye-brows arch'd, her eyes both gone astray
To watch yon am'rous couple in their play,
With bony and unkerchief'd neck defies
The rude inclemency of wintry skies,
And sails with lappet-head and mincing airs
Duly at chink of bell to morning pray'rs.
To thrift and parsimony much inclin'd,
She yet allows herself that boy behind;
The shiv'ring urchin, bending as he goes,
With slipshod heels, and dewdrop at his nose;
His predecessor's coat advanc'd to wear,
Which future pages yet are doom'd to share,
Carries her Bible tuck'd beneath his arm,
And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm.
She, half an angel in her own account,
Doubts not hereafter with the saints to mount,
Though not a grace appears on strictest search,
But that she fasts, and item, goes to church.
Conscious of age she recollects her youth,
And tells, not always with an eye to truth,
Who span'd her waist, and who, where'er he came,
Scrawl'd upon glass miss Bridget's lovely name;
Who stole her slipper, fill'd it with tokay,
And drank the little bumper ev'ry day.
Of temper as envenom'd as an asp,
Censorious, and her ev'ry word a wasp;
In faithful mem'ry she records the crimes
Or real, or fictitious, of the times;
Laughs at the reputations she has torn,
And holds them dangling at arm's length in scorn.
Such are the fruits of sanctimonious pride,
Of malice fed while flesh is mortified:
Take, madam, the reward of all your pray'rs,
Where hermits and where bramins meet with theirs;
Your portion is with them—Nay, never frown,
But, if you please, some fathoms lower down.

Artist attend—your brushes and your paint—
Produce them—take a chair—now draw a saint.
Oh sorrowful and sad! the streaming tears
Channel her cheeks—a Niobe appears!
Is this a saint? Throw tints and all away—
True Piety is cheerful as the day,
Will weep indeed and heave a pitying groan
For others' woes, but smiles upon her own.
What purpose has the King of saints in view?
Why falls the Gospel like a gracious dew?
To call up plenty from the teeming earth,
Or curse the desert with a tenfold dearth?
Is it that Adam's offspring may be sav'd
From servile fear, or be the more enslav'd?
To loose the links, that gall'd mankind before,
Or bind them faster on; and add still more?
The freeborn Christian has no chains to prove,
Or, if a chain, the golden one of love:
No fear attends to quench his glowing fires,
What fear he feels his gratitude inspires.
Shall he, for such deliv'rance freely wrought,
Recompense ill? He trembles at the thought.
His master's int'rest and his own combin'd
Prompt ev'ry movement of his heart and mind:
Thought, word and deed, his liberty evince,
His freedom is the freedom of a prince.
Man's obligations infinite, of course
His life should prove that he perceives their force;
His utmost he can render is but small—
The principle and motive all in all.
You have two servants—Tom, an arch, sly rogue,
From top to toe the Geta now in vogue,
Genteel in figure, easy in address,
Moves without noise, and swift as an express,
Reports a message with a pleasing grace,
Expert in all the duties of his place;
Say, on what hinge does his obedience move?
Has he a world of gratitude and love?
No, not a spark—'tis all mere sharper's play;
He likes your house, your housemaid, and your pay;
Reduce his wages, or get rid of her,
Tom quits you with "Your most obedient, sir."
The dinner serv'd, Charles takes his usual stand,
Watches your eye, anticipates command;
Sighs if perhaps your appetite should fail;
And if he but suspects a frown, turns pale;
Consults all day your int'rest and your ease,
Richly rewarded if he can but please;
And, proud to make his firm attachment known,
To save your life would nobly risk his own.
Now which stands highest in your serious thought?
Charles, without doubt, say you—and so he ought;
One act, that from a thankful heart proceeds,
Excels ten thousand mercenary deeds.
Thus Heav'n approves as honest and sincere
The work of gen'rous love and filial fear;
But with averted eyes th' omniscient Judge
Scorns the base hireling, and the slavish drudge.
Where dwell these matchless saints?—old Curio cries.
Ev'n at your side, sir, and before your eyes,
The favour'd few—th' enthusiasts you despise.
And pleas'd at heart because on holy ground
Sometimes a canting hypocrite is found)
Reproach a people with his single fall,
And cast his filthy raiment at them all.
Attend!—an apt similitude shall show
Whence springs the conduct that offends you so.

See where it smokes along the sounding plain,
Blown all aslant, a driving, dashing rain,
Peal upon peal redoubling all around,
Shakes it again and faster to the ground;
Now flashing wide, now glancing as in play,
Swift beyond thought the lightnings dart away.
Ere yet it came the trav'ller urg'd his steed,
And hurried, but with unsuccessful speed;
Now drench'd throughout, and hopeless of his case,
He drops the rein, and leaves him to his pace.
Suppose, unlook'd for in a scene so rude,
Long hid by interposing hill or wood,
Some mansion, near and elegantly dress'd,
By some kind hospitable heart possess'd,
Offer him warmth, security, and rest;
Think with what pleasure, safe and at his ease,
He hears the tempest howling in the trees;
What glowing thanks his lips and heart employ,
While danger past is turn'd to present joy.
So fares it with the sinner, when he feels
A growing dread of vengeance at his heels:
His conscience, like a glassy lake before,
Lash'd into foaming waves begins to roar;
The law, grown clamorous, though silent long,
Arraigns him—charges him with ev'ry wrong—
Asserts the rights of his offended Lord,
And death or restitution is the word:
The last impossible, he fears the first,
And, having well deserv'd, expects the worst.
Then welcome refuge, and a peaceful home;
Oh for a shelter from the wrath to come!
Crush me ye rocks; ye falling mountains hide,
Or bury me in ocean's angry tide.—
The scrutiny of those all-seeing eyes
I dare not—And you need not, God replies;
The remedy you want I freely give:
The book shall teach you—read, believe, and live!
'Tis done—the raging storm is heard no more,
Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore:
And Justice, guardian of the dread command,
Drops the red vengeance from his willing hand.
A soul redeem'd demands a life of praise;
Hence the complexion of his future days,
Hence a demeanor holy and unspeck'd,
And the world's hatred, as it's sure effect.
Some lead a life unblamable and just,
Their own dear virtue their unshaken trust:
They never sin—or if (as all offend)
Some trivial slips their daily walk attend,
The poor are near at hand, the charge is small,
A slight gratuity atones for all.
For though the pope has lost his int'rest here,
And pardons are not sold as once they were,
No papist more desirous to compound,
Than some grave sinners upon English ground.
That plea refuted, other quirks they seek—
Mercy is infinite, and man is weak;
The future shall obliterate the past,
And Heav'n no doubt shall be their home at last.
Come then—a still, small whisper in your ear
He has no hope who never had a fear;
And he that never doubted of his state,
He may perhaps—perhaps he may—too late.
The path to bliss abounds with many a snare;
Learning is one, and wit however rare.
The Frenchman, first in literary fame,
(Mention him if you please. Voltaire?—The same.)
With spirit, genius, eloquence, supplied,
Liv'd long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily, and died;

The Scripture was his jest-book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Christian and the Jew;
An infidel in health, but what when sick?
Oh—then a text would touch him at the quick:
View him at Paris in his last career,
Surrounding throngs the demigod revere,
Exalted on his pedestal of pride,
And fum'd with frankincence on ev'ry side,
He begs their flatt'ry with his latest breath,
And smother'd in't at last, is prais'd to death.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit,
Receives no praise; but, though her lot be such,
(Toilsome and indigent) she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
Her title to a treasure in the skies.

O happy peasant! Oh unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He prais'd perhaps for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home:
He lost in errours his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers.

Not many wise, rich, noble, or profound
In science, win one inch of heav'nly ground.
And is it not a mortifying thought
The poor should gain it, and the rich should not?
No—the voluptuaries, who ne'er forget
One pleasure lost, lose Heav'n without regret;
Regret would rouse them, and give birth to pray'r,
Pray'r would add faith, and faith would fix them there.

Not that the Former of us all in this,
Or aught he does, is govern'd by caprice;
The supposition is replete with sin,
And bears the brand of blasphemy burnt in.
Not so—the silver trumpet's heav'nly call
Sounds for the poor, but sounds alike for all:
Kings are invited, and would kings obey,
No slaves on Earth more welcome were than they:
But royalty, nobility, and state,
Are such a dead preponderating weight,
That endless bliss (how strange soe'er it seem)
In counterpoise, flies up and kicks the beam.
'Tis open, and ye cannot enter—why?
Because ye will not, Conyers would reply—
And he says much that many may dispute
And cavil at with ease, but none refute.
O bless'd effect of penury and want,
The seed sown there, how vig'rous is the plant!
No soil like poverty for growth divine,
As leanest land supplies the richest vine.
Earth gives too little, giving only bread,
To nourish pride, or turn the weakest head:
To them the sounding jargon of the schools
Seems what it is—a cap and bell for fools:
The light they walk by, kindled from above,
Shows them the shortest way to life and love:
They, strangers to the controversial field,
Where deists, always foil'd, yet scorn to yield,
And never check'd by what impedes the wise,
Believe, rush forward, and possess the prize.

Envy, ye great, the dull unletter'd small:
Ye have much cause for envy—but not all.
We boast some rich ones whom the Gospel sways,
And one who wears a coronet and prays;
Like gleanings of an olive-tree they show,
Here and there one upon the topmost bough.

How readily upon the Gospel plan,
That question has it's answer—What is man?
Sinful and weak, *in* ev'ry sense a wretch;
An instrument, whose chords upon the stretch,
And strain'd to the last screw that he can bear,
Yield only discord in his Maker's ear:
Once the blest residence of truth divine,
Glorious as Solyma's interior shrine,
Where, in his own oracular abode,
Dwelt visibly the light creating God;
But made long since, like Babylon of old,
A den of mischiefs never to be told:
And she, once mistress of the realms around,
Now scatter'd wide and no where to be found,
As soon shall rise and re-ascend the throne,
By native pow'r and energy her own,
As nature at her own peculiar cost,
Restore to man the glories he has lost.
Go—bid the winter cease to chill the year,
Replace the wand'ring comet in his sphere,
Then boast (but wait for that unhop'd-for hour)
The self-restoring arm of human pow'r.
But what is man in his own proud esteem?
Hear him—himself the poet and the theme:
A monarch cloth'd with majesty and awe,
His mind his kingdom, and his will his law,
Grace in his mien, and glory in his eyes,
Supreme on Earth, and worthy of the skies,
Strength in his heart, dominion in his nod,
And, thunderbolts excepted, quite a God!
So sings he, charm'd with his own mind and form,
The song magnificent—the theme a worm!
Himself so much the source of his delight,
His Maker has no beauty in his sight.
See where he sits contemplative and fix'd,
Pleasure and wonder in his features mix'd,
His passions tam'd and all at his control,
How perfect the composure of his soul!
Complacency has breath'd a gentle gale
O'er all his thoughts, and swell'd his easy sail:
His books well trimm'd and in the gayest style
Like regimental coxcombs rank and file,
Adorn his intellects as well as shelves,
And teach him notions splendid as themselves:
The Bible only stands neglected there,
Though that of all most worthy of his care;
And like an infant troublesome awake,
Is left to sleep for peace and quiet sake.

What shall the man deserve of humankind,
Whose happy skill and industry combin'd
Shall prove (what argument could never yet)
The Bible an imposture and a cheat?
The praises of the libertine profess'd,
The worst of men, and curses of the best.
Where should the living, weeping o'er his woes;
The dying, trembling at the awful close;
Where the betray'd, forsaken, and oppress'd,
The thousands whom the world forbids to rest,
Where should they find, (those comforts at an end
The Scripture yields) or hope to find a friend?
Sorrow might muse herself to madness then,
And seeking exile from the sight of men,

Bury herself in solitude profound,
Grow frantic with her pangs, and bite the ground.
Thus often Unbelief, grown sick of life,
Flies to the tempting pool, or felon knife.
The jury meet, the coroner is short,
And lunacy the verdict of the court;
Reverse the sentence, let the truth be known,
Such lunacy is ignorance alone;
They knew not, what some bishops may not know,
That Scripture is the only cure of wo;
That field of promise, how it flings abroad
It's odour o'er the Christian's thorny road!
The soul, reposing on assur'd relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.
But the same word, that, like the polish'd share,
Ploughs up the roots of a believer's care,
Kills too the flow'ry weeds, where'er they grow,
That bind the sinner's Bacchanalian brow.
Oh that unwelcome voice of heav'nly love,
Sad messenger of mercy from above!
How does it grate upon his thankless ear,
Crippling his pleasures with the cramp of fear!
His will and judgment at continual strife,
That civil war imbitters all his life:
In vain he points his pow'rs against the skies,
In vain he closes or averts his eyes,
Truth will intrude—she bids him yet beware;
And shakes the sceptic in the scorner's chair.
Though various foes against the Truth combine
Pride above all opposes her design;
Pride, of a growth superior to the rest,
The subtlest serpent with the loftiest crest,
Swells at the thought, and, kindling into rage,
Would hiss the cherub Mercy from the stage.
And is the soul indeed so lost?—she cries,
Fall'n from her glory, and too weak to rise?
Torpid and dull beneath a frozen zone,
Has she no spark that may be deem'd her own?
Grant her indebted to what zealots call
Grace undeserv'd, yet surely not for all—
Some beams of rectitude she yet displays,
Some love of virtue, and some pow'r to praise;
Can lift herself above corporeal things,
And, soaring on her own unborrow'd wings,
Possess herself of all that's good or true,
Assert the skies, and vindicate her due.
Past indiscretion is a venial crime,
And if the youth, unmellow'd yet by time,
Bore on his branch luxuriant then and rude
Fruits of a blighted size, austere and crude,
Maturer years shall happier stores produce,
And meliorate the well concocted juice.
Then, conscious of her meritorious zeal,
To Justice she may make her bold appeal,
And leave to Mercy, with a tranquil mind,
The worthless and unfruitful of mankind.
Hear then how Mercy, slighted and defied,
Retorts the affront against the crown of Pride.
Perish the virtue, as it ought, abhorr'd,
And the fool with it, who insults his Lord.
The atonement, a Redeemer's love has wrought,
Is not for you—the righteous need it not.
Seest thou yon harlot wooing all she meets,
The worn-out nuisance of the public streets,
Herself from morn to night, from night to morn,
Her own abhorrence, and as much your scorn:
The gracious show'r, unlimited and free,
Shall fall on her, when Heav'n denies it thee.
Of all that wisdom dictates this the drift,
That man is dead in sin, and life a gift.
Is virtue then, unless of Christian growth,
Mere fallacy, or foolishness, or both?
Ten thousand sages lost in endless wo,
For ignorance of what they could not know?
That speech betrays at once a bigot's tongue,
Charge not a God with such outrageous wrong.
Truly not I—the partial light men have,
My creed persuades me, well employ'd, may save;
While he that scorns the nooonday beam, perverse,
Shall find the blessing unimprov'd a curse.
Let heathen worthies, whose exalted mind
Left sensuality and dross behind,
Possess for me their undisputed lot,
And take unenvied the reward they sought.
But still in virtue of a Saviour's plea,
Not blind by choice, but destin'd not to see.
Their fortitude and wisdom were a flame
Celestial, though they knew not whence it came,
Deriv'd from the same source of light and grace,
That guides the Christian in his swifter race;
Their judge was conscience, and her rule their law,
That rule, pursued with rev'rence and with awe,
Led them, however falt'ring, faint, and slow,
From what they knew, to what they wish'd to know.
But let not him, that shares a brighter day,
Traduce the splendour of a noontide ray,
Prefer the twilight of a darker time,
And deem his base stupidity no crime;
The wretch, who slights the bounty of the skies,
And sinks, while favour'd with the means to rise,
Shall find them rated at their full amount,
The good he scorn'd all carried to account.
Marshalling all his terrours as he came,
Thunder, and earthquake, and devouring flame,
From Sinai's top Jehovah gave the law,
Life for obedience, death for ev'ry flaw.
When the great Sov'reign would his will express,
He gives a perfect rule, what can he less?
And guards it with a sanction as severe
As vengeance can inflict, or sinners fear:
Else his own glorious rights he would disclaim,
And man might safely trifle with his name.
He bids him glow with unremitting love
To all on Earth, and to himself above;
Condemns th' injurious deed, the sland'rous tongue,
The thought that meditates a brother's wrong:
Brings not alone the more conspicuous part,
His conduct to the test, but tries his heart.
Hark! universal nature shook and groan'd,
'Twas the last trumpet—see the Judge enthron'd.
Rouse all your courage at your utmost need,
Now summon ev'ry virtue, stand and plead.
What! silent? Is your boasting heard no more?
That self-renouncing wisdom; learn'd before,
Had shed immortal glories on your brow,
That all your virtues cannot purchase now.
All joy to the believer! He can speak—
Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek.
Since the dear hour, that brought me to thy foot,
And cut up all my follies by the root,
I never trusted in an arm but thine,
Nor hop'd, but in thy righteousness divine:
My pray'rs and alms, imperfect and defil'd,
Were but the feeble efforts of a child

Howe'er perform'd, it was their brightest part,
That they proceeded from a grateful heart.
Cleans'd in thine own all-purifying blood,
Forgive their evil, and accept their good;
I cast them at thy feet—my only plea
Is what it was, dependence upon thee,
While struggling in the vale of tears below,
That never fail'd, nor shall it fail me now.
Angelic gratulations rend the skies,
Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise,
Humility is crown'd, and Faith receives the prize.

EXPOSTULATION.

Tantane, tam patiens, nullo certamine tolli
Dona sines? Virg.

Why weeps the Muse for England? What appears
In England's case, to move the Muse to tears?
From side to side of her delightful isle
Is she not cloth'd with a perpetual smile?
Can Nature add a charm, or Art confer
A new-found luxury not seen in her?
Where under Heav'n is pleasure more pursued,
Or where does cold reflection less intrude?
Her fields a rich expanse of wavy corn,
Pour'd out from Plenty's overflowing horn;
Ambrosial gardens, in which art supplies
The fervour and the force of Indian skies;
Her peaceful shores, where busy Commerce waits
To pour his golden tide through all her gates;
Whom fiery suns, that scorch the russet spice
Of eastern groves, and oceans floor'd with ice
Forbid in vain to push his daring way
To darker climes, or climes of brighter day;
Whom the winds waft where'er the billows roll,
From the World's girdle to the frozen pole;
The chariots bounding in her wheel-worn streets,
Her vaults below, where ev'ry vintage meets;
Her theatres, her revels, and her sports;
The scenes, to which not youth alone resorts,
But age, in spite of weakness and of pain,
Still haunts, in hope to dream of youth again;
All speak her happy: let the Muse look round
From East to West, no sorrow can be found:
Or only what, in cottages confin'd,
Sighs unregarded to the passing wind.
Then wherefore weep for England? What appears
In England's case, to move the Muse to tears?
The prophet wept for Israel; wish'd his eyes
Where fountains fed with infinite supplies:
For Israel dealt in robbery and wrong;
There were the scorner's and the sland'rer's tongue;
Oaths, us'd as playthings or convenient tools,
As int'rest biass'd knaves, or fashion fools;
Adult'ry, neighing at his neighbour's door;
Oppression, lab'ring hard to grind the poor;
The partial balance, and deceitful weight;
The treach'rous smile, a mask for secret hate;
Hypocrisy, formality in pray'r,
And the dull service of the lip were there.
Her women, insolent and self-caress'd,
By Vanity's unwearied finger dress'd,
Forgot the blush, that virgin fears impart
To modest cheeks, and borrow'd one from art;
Were just such trifles, without worth or use,
As silly pride and idleness produce;
Curl'd, scented, furbelow'd, and flounc'd around,
With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
They stretch'd the neck, and roll'd the wanton eye,
And sigh'd for ev'ry fool that flutter'd by.
He saw his people slaves to ev'ry lust,
Lewd, avaricious, arrogant, unjust;
He heard the wheels of an avenging God
Groan heavily along the distant road;
Saw Babylon set wide her two-leav'd brass
To let the military deluge pass;
Jerusalem a prey, her glory soil'd,
Her princes captive, and her treasures spoil'd;
Wept till all Israel heard his bitter cry,
Stamp'd with his foot, and smote upon his thigh:
But wept, and stamp'd, and smote his thigh in vain,
Pleasure is deaf when told of future pain,
And sounds prophetic are too rough to suit
Ears long accustom'd to the pleasing lute:
They scorn'd his inspiration and his theme,
Pronounc'd him frantic, and his fears a dream;
With self-indulgence wing'd the fleeting hours,
Till the foe found them, and down fell the tow'rs.
Long time Assyria bound them in her chain,
Till penitence had purg'd the public stain,
And Cyrus, with relenting pity mov'd
Return'd them happy to the land they lov'd;
There, proof against prosperity, awhile
They stood the test of her ensnaring smile,
And had the grace in scenes of peace to show
The virtue, they had learn'd in scenes of wo.
But man is frail, and can but ill sustain
A long immunity from grief and pain;
And after all the joys that Plenty leads,
With tiptoe step Vice silently succeeds.
When he that rul'd them with a shepherd's rod,
In form a man, in dignity a God,
Came, not expected in that humble guise,
To sift and search them with unerring eyes,
He found conceal'd beneath a fair outside,
The filth of rottenness, and worm of pride;
Their piety a system of deceit,
Scripture employ'd to sanctify the cheat;
The pharisee the dupe of his own art,
Self-idoliz'd, and yet a knave at heart.
When nations are to perish in their sins,
'Tis in the church the leprosy begins;
The priest, whose office is with zeal sincere
To watch the fountain and preserve it clear,
Carelessly nods and sleeps upon the brink,
While others poison what the flock must drink;
Or, waking at the call of lust alone,
Infuses lies and errours of his own;
His unsuspecting sheep believe it pure:
And, tainted by the very means of cure,
Catch from each other a contagious spot,
The foul fore-runner of a gen'ral rot.
Then Truth is hush'd that Heresy may preach;
And all is trash, that Reason cannot reach:
Then God's own image on the soul impress'd
Becomes a mock'ry, and a standing jest:
And faith, the root whence only can arise
The graces of a life that wins the skies,
Loses at once all value and esteem
Pronounc'd by graybeards a pernicious dream:
Then Ceremony leads her bigots forth,
Prepar'd to fight for shadows of no worth;

While truths, on which eternal things depend,
Find not, or hardly find, a single friend :
As soldiers watch the signal of command,
They learn to bow, to kneel, to sit, to stand ;
Happy to fill religion's vacant place
With hollow form, and gesture, and grimace.
Such, when the teacher of his church was there,
People and priest, the sons of Israel were ;
Stiff in the letter, lax in the design
And import, of their oracles divine ;
Their learning legendary, false, absurd,
And yet exalted above God's own word ;
They drew a curse from an intended good,
Puff'd up with gifts they never understood.
He judg'd them with as terrible a frown,
As if not love, but wrath, had brought him down :
Yet he was gentle as soft summer airs,
Had grace for others' sins, but none for theirs ;
Through all he spoke a noble plainness ran—
Rhet'ric is artifice, the work of man ;
And tricks and turns, that fancy may devise,
Are far too mean for him that rules the skies.
Th' astonish'd vulgar trembled while he tore
The mask from faces never seen before ;
He stripp'd th' impostors in the noonday sun,
Show'd that they follow'd all they seem'd to shun ;
Their pray'rs made public, their excesses kept
As private as the chambers where they slept ;
The temple and it's holy rites profan'd
By mum'ries, he that dwelt in it disdain'd ;
Uplifted hands, that at convenient times
Could act extortion and the worst of crimes,
Wash'd with a neatness scrupulously nice,
And free from ev'ry taint but that of vice.
Judgment, however tardy, mends her pace
When Obstinacy once has conquer'd Grace.
They saw distemper heal'd, and life restor'd,
In answer to the fiat of his word ;
Confess'd the wonder, and with daring tongue
Blasphem'd th' authority from which it sprung.
They knew by sure prognostics seen on high,
The future tone and temper of the sky ;
But, grave dissemblers ! could not understand
That Sin let loose speaks Punishment at hand.
Ask now of history's authentic page,
And call up evidence from ev'ry age ;
Display with busy and laborious hand
The blessings of the most indebted land ;
What nation will you find, whose annals prove
So rich an int'rest in almighty love ?
Where dwell they now, where dwelt in ancient day
A people planted, water'd, blest as they ?
Let Egypt's plagues and Canaan's woes proclaim
The favours pour'd upon the Jewish name ;
Their freedom purchas'd for them at the cost
Of all their hard oppressors valued most ;
Their title to a country not their own
Made sure by prodigies till then unknown ;
For them the states they left made waste and void ;
For them the states, to which they went, destroy'd ;
A cloud to measure out their march by day,
By night a fire to cheer the gloomy way ;
That moving signal summoning, when best,
Their host to move, and when it stay'd, to rest.
For them the rocks dissolv'd into a flood,
The dews condens'd into angelic food,
Their very garments sacred, old yet new,
And Time forbid to touch them as he flew ;
Streams, swell'd above the bank, enjoin'd to stand,
While they pass'd through to their appointed land ;
Their leader arm'd with meekness, zeal, and love,
And grac'd with clear credentials from above ;
Themselves secur'd beneath th' Almighty wing ;
Their God their captain [1], lawgiver, and king ;
Crown'd with a thousand vict'ries, and at last
Lords of the conquer'd soil, there rooted fast,
In peace possessing what they won by war,
Their name far publish'd, and rever'd as far ;
Where will you find a race like theirs, endow'd
With all that man e'er wish'd, or Heav'n bestow'd ?
They, and they only, amongst all mankind
Receiv'd the transcript of th' eternal mind ;
Were trusted with his own engraven laws,
And constituted guardians of his cause ;
Theirs were the prophets, theirs the priestly call,
And theirs by birth the Saviour of us all.
In vain the nations, that had seen them rise
With fierce and envious yet admiring eyes,
Had sought to crush them, guarded as they were
By pow'r divine, and skill that could not err.
Had they maintain'd allegiance firm and sure,
And kept the faith immaculate and pure,
Then the proud eagles of all-conqu'ring Rome
Had found one city not to be o'ercome ;
And the twelve standards of the tribes unfurl'd
Had bid defiance to the warring world.
But grace abus'd brings forth the foulest deeds,
As richest soil the most luxuriant weeds.
Cur'd of the golden calves, their fathers' sin,
They set up self, that idol god within ;
View'd a Deliv'rer with disdain and hate,
Who left them still a tributary state ;
Seiz'd fast his hand, held out to set them free
From a worse yoke, and nail'd it to the tree :
There was the consummation and the crown,
The flow'rs of Israel's infamy full blown ;
Thence date their sad declension and their fall,
Their woes not yet repeal'd, thence date them all.
Thus fell the best instructed in her day,
And the most favour'd land, look where we may.
Philosophy indeed on Grecian eyes
Had pour'd the day, and clear'd the Roman skies ;
In other climes perhaps creative Art,
With pow'r surpassing theirs, perform'd her part ;
Might give more life to marble, or might fill
The glowing tablets with a juster skill,
Might shine in fable, and grace idle themes
With all th' embroid'ry of poetic dreams ;
'Twas theirs alone to dive into the plan,
That Truth and Mercy had reveal'd to man ;
And while the world beside, that plan unknown,
Deified useless wood, or senseless stone,
They breath'd in faith their well-directed pray'rs,
And the true God, the God of truth, was theirs.
Their glory faded, and their race dispers'd,
The last of nations now, though once the first ;
They warn and teach the proudest, would they learn,
" Keep wisdom, or meet vengeance in your turn :
If we escap'd not, if Heav'n spar'd not us,
Peel'd, scatter'd, and exterminated thus ;
If Vice receiv'd her retribution due,
When we were visited, what hope for you ?
When God arises with an awful frown
To punish lust, or pluck presumption down ;
When gifts perverted, or not duly priz'd,
Pleasure o'ervalued, and his grace despis'd,

[1] Vide Joshua, v. 14.

Provoke the vengeance of his righteous hand,
To pour down wrath upon a thankless land!
He will be found impartially severe,
Too just to wink, or speak the guilty clear."
Oh Israel, of all nations most undone!
Thy diadem displac'd, thy sceptre gone;
Thy temple, once thy glory, fall'n and ras'd,
And thou a worshipper e'en where thou mays't;
Thy services, once only without spot,
Mere shadows now, their ancient pomp forgot;
Thy Levites, once a consecrated host,
No longer Levites, and their lineage lost.
And thou thyself o'er ev'ry country sown,
With none on Earth that thou canst call thine own;
Cry aloud, thou, that sittest in the dust,
Cry to the proud, the cruel, and unjust;
Knock at the gates of nations, rouse their fears;
Say wrath is coming, and the storm appears;
But raise the shrillest cry in British ears.
What ails thee, restless as the waves that roar,
And fling their foam against thy chalky shore?
Mistress, at least while Providence shall please,
And trident-bearing queen of the wide seas—
Why, having kept good faith, and often shown
Friendship and truth to others, find'st thou none?
Thou that hast set the persecuted free,
None interposes now to succour thee.
Countries indebted to thy pow'r, that shine
With light deriv'd from thee, would smother thine:
Thy very children watch for thy disgrace—
A lawless brood, and curse thee to thy face.
Thy rulers load thy credit, year by year,
With sums Peruvian mines could never clear;
As if, like arches built with skilful hand,
The more 'twere press'd the firmer it would stand.
The cry in all thy ships is still the same,
Speed us away to battle and to fame.
Thy mariners explore the wild expanse,
Impatient to descry the flags of France:
But though they fight as thine have ever fought,
Return asham'd without the wreaths they sought.
Thy senate is a scene of civil jar,
Chaos of contrarieties at war;
Where sharp and solid, phlegmatic and light,
Discordant atoms meet, ferment, and fight;
Where Obstinacy takes his sturdy stand,
To disconcert what Policy has plann'd;
Where Policy is busied all night long
In setting right what Faction has set wrong;
Where flails of oratory thrash the floor,
That yields them chaff and dust, and nothing more.
Thy rack'd inhabitants repine, complain,
Tax'd till the brow of Labour sweats in vain;
War lays a burden on the reeling state,
And peace does nothing to relieve the weight;
Successive loads succeeding broils impose,
And sighing millions prophesy the close.
Is adverse Providence, when ponder'd well,
So dimly writ, or difficult to spell,
Thou canst not read with readiness and ease
Providence adverse in events like these?
Know then that heav'nly wisdom on this ball
Creates, gives birth to, guides, consummates all;
That, while laborious and quick-thoughted man
Snuffs up the praise of what he seems to plan,
He first conceives, then perfects his design,
As a mere instrument in hands divine:
Blind to the working of that secret pow'r,
That balances the wings of ev'ry hour,
The busy trifler dreams himself alone,
Frames many a purpose, and God works his own.
States thrive or wither as moons wax and wane,
Ev'n as his will and his decrees ordain;
While honour, virtue, piety bear sway,
They flourish; and as these decline, decay:
In just resentment of his injur'd laws,
He pours contempt on them and on their cause;
Strikes the rough thread of error right athwart
The web of ev'ry scheme they have at heart;
Bids rotteness invade and bring to dust
The pillars of support, in which they trust,
And do his errand of disgrace and shame
On the chief strength and glory of the frame.
None ever yet impeded what he wrought,
None bars him out from his most secret thought:
Darkness itself before his eye is light,
And Hell's close mischief naked in his sight.
Stand now and judge thyself—Hast thou incurr'd
His anger, who can waste thee with a word,
Who poises and proportions sea and land,
Weighing them in the hollow of his hand,
And in whose awful sight all nations seem
As grasshoppers, as dust, a drop, a dream?
Hast thou (a sacrilege his soul abhors)
Claim'd all the glory of thy prosp'rous wars?
Proud of thy fleets and armies, stol'n the gem
Of his just praise, to lavish it on them?
Hast thou not learn'd, what thou art often told,
A truth still sacred, and believ'd of old,
That no success attends on spears and swords
Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's?
That courage is his creature; and dismay
The post, that at his bidding speeds away,
Ghastly in feature, and his stamm'ring tongue
With doleful humour and sad presage hung,
To quell the valour of the stoutest heart,
And teach the combatant a woman's part?
That he bids thousands fly when none pursue,
Saves as he will by many or by few,
And claims for ever, as his royal right,
Th' event and sure decision of the fight? [breast,
Hast thou, though suckled at fair Freedom's
Exported slav'ry to the conquer'd East?
Pull'd down the tyrants India serv'd with dread,
And rais'd thyself, a greater, in their stead?
Gone thither arm'd and hungry, return'd full,
Fed from the richest veins of the mogul,
A despot big with pow'r obtain'd by wealth,
And that obtain'd by rapine and by stealth?
With Asiatic vices stor'd thy mind,
But left their virtues and thine own behind?
And, having truck'd thy soul, brought home the fee,
To tempt the poor to sell himself to thee?
Hast thou by statute shov'd from it's design
The Saviour's feast, his own blest bread and wine,
And made the symbols of atoning grace
An office-key, a picklock to a place,
That infidels may prove their title good
By an oath dipp'd in sacramental blood?
A blot that will be still a blot, in spite
Of all that grave apologists may write;
And though a bishop toil to cleanse the stain,
He wipes and scours the silver cup in vain.
And hast thou sworn on ev'ry slight pretence,
Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
While thousands careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book's outside, who ne'er look'd within?

Hast thou, when Heav'n has cloth'd thee with disgrace,
And long provok'd, repaid thee to thy face,
(For thou hast known eclipses, and endur'd
Dimness and anguish, all thy beams obscur'd,
When sin has shed dishonour on thy brow;
And never of a sabler hue than now),
Hast thou, with heart perverse and conscience sear'd,
Despising all rebuke, still persever'd,
And loving chosen evil, scorn'd the voice
That cried, "Repent!" and gloried in thy choice?
Thy fastings, when calamity at last
Suggests th' expedient of a yearly fast, [pow'r
What mean they? Canst thou dream there is a
In lighter diet at a later hour,
To charm to sleep the threat'ning of the skies,
And hide past folly from all-seeing eyes?
The fast, that wins deliv'rance, and suspends
The stroke that a vindictive God intends,
Is to renounce hypocrisy; to draw
Thy life upon the pattern of the law;
To war with pleasure, idoliz'd before;
To vanquish lust, and wear it's yoke no more.
All fasting else, whate'er be the pretence,
Is wooing mercy by renew'd offence.

Hast thou within the sin, that in old time
Brought fire from Heav'n, the sex abusing crime,
Whose horrid perpetration stamps disgrace,
Baboons are free from, upon human race?
Think on the fruitful and well-water'd spot,
That fed the flocks and herds of wealthy Lot,
Where Paradise seem'd still vouchsaf'd on Earth,
Burning and scorch'd into perpetual dearth,
Or, in his words who damn'd the base desire,
Suff'ring the vengeance of eternal fire:
Then Nature injur'd, scandaliz'd, defil'd,
Unveil'd her blushing cheek, look'd on, and smil'd;
Beheld with joy the lovely scene defac'd,
And prais'd the wrath, that laid her beauties waste.

Far be the thought from any verse of mine,
And farther still the form'd and fix'd design,
To thrust the charge of deeds, that I detest,
Against an innocent unconscious breast:
The man that dares traduce, because he can
With safety to himself, is not a man;
An individual is a sacred mark,
Not to be pierc'd in play, or in the dark;
But public censure speaks a public foe,
Unless a zeal for virtue guide the blow.

The priestly brotherhood, devout, sincere,
From mean self-int'rest and ambition clear,
Their hope in Heav'n, servility their scorn,
Prompt to persuade, expostulate, and warn,
Their wisdom pure, and giv'n them from above,
Their usefulness ensur'd by zeal and love,
As meek as the man Moses, and withal
As bold as is Agrippa's presence Paul,
Should fly the world's contaminating touch,
Holy and unpolluted:—are thine such?
Except a few with Eli's spirit blest,
Hophni and Phineas may describe the rest.

Where shall a teacher look, in days like these,
For ears and hearts, that he can hope to please?
Look to the poor—the simple and the plain
Will hear perhaps thy salutary strain:
Humility is gentle, apt to learn,
Speak but the word, will listen and return.
Alas, not so! the poorest of the flock
Are proud, and set their faces as a rock;
Denied that earthly opulence they choose,
God's better gift they scoff at and refuse.
The rich, the produce of a nobler stem,
Are more intelligent at least, try them.
Oh vain inquiry! they without remorse
Are altogether gone a devious course;
When beck'ning Pleasure leads them, wildly stray;
Have burst the bands, and cast the yoke away.

Now borne upon the wings of truth sublime,
Review thy dim original and prime.
This island, spot of unreclaim'd rude earth,
The cradle that receiv'd thee at thy birth,
Was rock'd by many a rough Norwegian blast,
And Danish howlings scar'd thee as they pass'd;
For thou wast born amid the din of arms,
And suck'd a breast that panted with alarms.
While yet thou wast a grov'ling puling chit,
Thy bones not fashion'd, and thy joints not knit,
The Roman taught thy stubborn knee to bow,
Though twice a Cæsar could not bend thee now.
His victory was that of orient light,
When the Sun's shafts disperse the gloom of night.
Thy language at this distant moment shows
How much the country to the conqu'rer owes;
Expressive, energetic, and refin'd,
It sparkles with the gems he left behind:
He brought thy land a blessing when he came,
He found thee savage, and he left thee tame;
Taught thee to clothe thy pink'd and painted hide,
And grace thy figure with a soldier's pride;
He sow'd the seeds of order where he went,
Improv'd thee far beyond his own intent,
And, while he rul'd thee by the sword alone,
Made thee at last a warrior like his own.
Religion, if in heav'nly truths attir'd,
Needs only to be seen to be admir'd;
But thine, as dark as witch'ries of the night,
Was form'd to harden hearts and shock the sight;
Thy Druids struck the well-hung harps they bore
With fingers deeply dyed in human gore;
And while the victim slowly bled to death,
Upon the rolling chords rung out his dying breath.

Who brought the lamp, that with awaking beams
Dispell'd thy gloom, and broke away thy dreams,
Tradition, now decrepit and worn out,
Babbler of ancient fables, leaves a doubt:
But still light reach'd thee; and those gods of thine,
Woden and Thor, each tott'ring in his shrine,
Fell broken and defac'd at his own door,
As Dagon in Philistia long before.
But Rome with sorceries and magic wand
Soon rais'd a cloud, that darken'd ev'ry land;
And thine was smother'd in the stench and fog
Of Tiber's marshes and the papal bog. [crowns,
Then priests with bulls and briefs, and shaven
And griping fists, and unrelenting frowns,
Legates and delegates with pow'rs from Hell,
Though heav'nly in pretension, fleec'd thee well;
And to this hour, to keep it fresh in mind,
Some twigs of that old scourge are left behind [2].
Thy soldiery, the pope's well manag'd pack,
Were train'd beneath his lash, and knew the smack,
And, when he laid them on the scent of blood,
Would hunt a Saracen through fire and flood.
Lavish of life, to win an empty tomb,
That prov'd a mint of wealth, a mine to Rome,
They left their bones beneath unfriendly skies,
His worthless absolution all the prize.

[2] Which may be found at Doctors' Commons.

Thou wast the veriest slave in days of yore,
That ever dragg'd a chain or tugg'd an oar;
Thy monarchs, arbitrary, fierce, unjust,
Themselves the slaves of bigotry or lust,
Disdain'd thy counsels, only in distress
Found thee a goodly sponge for Pow'r to press.
Thy chiefs, the lords of many a petty fee,
Provok'd and han—s'd, in return plagu'd thee;
Call'd thee away from peaceable employ,
Domestic happiness and rural joy,
To waste thy life in arms, or lay it down
In causeless feuds and bick'rings of their own.
Thy parliaments ador'd on bended knees
The sov'reignty, they were conven'd to please;
Whate'er was ask'd, too timid to resist,
Complied with, and were graciously dismiss'd;
And if some Spartan soul a doubt express'd,
And, blushing at the tameness of the rest,
Dar'd to suppose the subject had a choice,
He was a traitor by the gen'ral voice.
Oh slave! with pow'rs thou didst not dare exert,
Verse cannot stoop so low as thy desert;
It shakes the sides of splenetic Disdain,
Thou self-entitled ruler of the main,
To trace thee to the date when yon fair sea,
That clips thy shores, had no such charms for thee!
When other nations flew from coast to coast,
And thou hadst neither fleet nor flag to boast.
Kneel now, and lay thy forehead in the dust;
Blush if thou canst; not petrified, thou must:
Act but an honest and a faithful part;
Compare what then thou wast with what thou art;
And God's disposing providence confess'd,
Obduracy itself must yield the rest—
Then thou art bound to serve him, and to prove,
Hour after hour, thy gratitude and love.
Has he not hid thee, and thy favour'd land,
For ages safe beneath his shelt'ring hand,
Giv'n thee his blessing on the clearest proof,
Bid nations leagu'd against thee stand aloof,
And charg'd Hostility and Hate to roar
Where else they would, but not upon thy shore?
His pow'r secur'd thee, when presumptuous Spain
Baptiz'd her fleet invincible in vain;
Her gloomy monarch, doubtful and resign'd
To ev'ry pang that racks an anxious mind,
Ask'd of the waves, that broke upon his coast,
What tidings? and the surge replied—"All lost!"
And when the Stuart leaning on the Scot,
Then too much fear'd and now too much forgot,
Pierc'd to the very centre of the realm,
And hop'd to seize his abdicated helm,
'Twas but to prove how quickly with a frown,
He that had rais'd thee could have pluck'd thee down.
Peculiar is the grace by thee possess'd,
Thy foes implacable, thy land at rest;
Thy thunders travel over earth and seas,
And all at home is pleasure, wealth, and ease.
'Tis thus, extending his tempestuous arm,
Thy Maker fills the nations with alarm,
While his own Heav'n surveys the troubled scene,
And feels no change, unshaken and serene.
Freedom, in other lands scarce known to shine,
Pours out a flood of splendour upon thine;
Thou hast as bright an int'rest in her rays,
As ever Roman had in Rome's best days.
True freedom is where no restraint is known,
That Scripture, justice, and good sense disown,
Where only vice and injury are tied,
And all from shore to shore is free beside.
Such freedom is—and Windsor's hoary tow'rs
Stood trembling at the boldness of thy pow'rs,
That won a nymph on that immortal plain,
Like her the fabled Phœbus woo'd in vain:
He found the laurel only—happier you
Th' unfading laurel, and the virgin too[3]!
Now think, if Pleasure have a thought to spare;
If God himself be not beneath her care;
If Business, constant as the wheels of time,
Can pause an hour to read a serious rhime;
If the new mail thy merchants now receive,
Or expectation of the next give leave;
Oh think, if chargeable with deep arrears
For such indulgence gilding all thy years,
How much, though long neglected, shining yet,
The beams of heav'nly truth have swell'd the debt.
When persecuting zeal made royal sport
With tortur'd innocence in Mary's court,
And Bonner, blithe as shepherd at a wake,
Enjoy'd the shoke, and danc'd about the stake;
The sacred book, it's value understood,
Receiv'd the seal of martyrdom in blood.
Those holy men, so full of truth and grace,
Seem in reflection of a diff'rent race,
Meek, modest, venerable, wise, sincere,
In such a cause they could not dare to fear;
They could not purchase Earth with such a prize,
Or spare a life too short to reach the skies.
From them to thee convey'd along the tide,
Their streaming hearts pour'd freely, when they died,
Those truths, which neither use nor years impair,
Invite thee, woo thee, to the bliss they share.
What dotage will not vanity maintain?
What web too weak to catch a modern brain?
The moles and bats in full assembly find,
On special scearch, the keen-ey'd eagle blind.
And did they dream, and art thou wiser now!
Prove it—if better, I submit and bow.
Wisdom and Goodness are twin-born, one heart
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart.
So then—as darkness overspread the deep,
Ere Nature rose from her eternal sleep,
And this delightful Earth, and that fair sky,
Leap'd out of nothing, call'd by the Most High;
By such a change thy darkness is made light,
Thy chaos order, and thy weakness might;
And He, whose pow'r mere nullity obeys,
Who found thee nothing, form'd thee for his praise.
To praise him is to serve him, and fulfil,
Doing and suff'ring, his unquestion'd will;
'Tis to believe what men inspir'd of old,
Faithful, and faithfully inform'd, unfold;
Candid and just, with no false aim in view,
To take for truth what cannot but be true;
To learn in God's own school the Christian part,
And bind the task assign'd thee to thine heart:
Happy the man there seeking and there found,
Happy the nation where such men abound.
How shall a verse impress thee? by what name
Shall I adjure thee not to court thy shame?
By theirs, whose bright example unimpeach'd
Directs thee to that eminence they reach'd,

[3] Alluding to the grant of Magna Charta, which was extorted from king John by the barons at Runnymede near Windsor.

Heroes and worthies of days past, thy sires?
Or his, who touch'd their hearts with hallow'd fires?
Their names, alas! in vain reproach an age,
Whom all the vanities they scorn'd engage!
And His, that seraphs tremble at, is hung
Disgracefully on ev'ry trifler's tongue,
Or serves the champion in forensic war
To flourish and parade with at the bar.
Pleasure herself perhaps suggests a plea,
If int'rest move thee, to persuade ev'n thee;
By ev'ry charm, that smiles upon her face,
By joys possess'd, and joys still held in chase,
If dear society be worth a thought,
And if the feast of freedom cloy thee not,
Reflect that these, and all that seems thine own,
Held by the tenure of his will alone,
Like angels in the service of their Lord,
Remain with thee, or leave thee at his word;
That gratitude and temp'rance in our use
Of what he gives, unsparing and profuse,
Secure the favour, and enhance the joy,
That thankless waste and wild abuse destroy.
But above all reflect, how cheap soe'er
Those rights, that millions envy thee, appear,
And, though resolv'd to risk them, and swim down
The tide of pleasure, heedless of His frown,
That blessings truly sacred, and when giv'n
Mark'd with the signature and stamp of Heav'n,
The word of prophecy, those truths divine,
Which make that Heav'n, if thou desire it, thine,
(Awful alternative! believ'd, believ'd,
Thy glory, and thy shame if unimprov'd)
Are never long vouchsaf'd, if push'd aside
With cold disgust or philosophic pride!
And that, judicially withdrawn, disgrace,
Errour, and darkness occupy their place.
A world is up in arms, and thou, a spot
Not quickly found, if negligently sought,
Thy soul as ample as thy bounds are small,
Endur'st the brunt, and dar'st defy them all:
And wilt thou join to this bold enterprise,
A bolder still, a contest with the skies?
Remember, if He guard thee and secure,
Whoe'er assails thee, thy success is sure;
But if He leave thee, though the skill and pow'r
Of nations, sworn to spoil thee and devour,
Were all collected in thy single arm,
And thou couldst laugh away the fear of harm,
That strength would fail, oppos'd against the push
And feeble onset of a pigmy rush.
Say not (and if the thought of such defence
Should spring within thy bosom, drive it thence)
What nation amongst all my foes is free
From crimes as base as any charg'd on me?
Their measure fill'd, they too shall pay the debt,
Which God though long forborn, will not forget.
But know that Wrath divine, when most severe,
Makes justice still the guide of his career,
And will not punish, in one mingled crowd,
Them without light, and thee without a cloud.
Muse, hang this harp upon yon aged beech,
Still murm'ring with the solemn truths I teach;
And while at intervals a cold blast sings
Through the dry leaves, and pants upon the strings,
My soul shall sigh in secret, and lament
A nation scourg'd, yet tardy to repent.
I know the warning song is sung in vain;
That few will hear, and fewer heed the strain;

But if a sweeter voice, and one design'd
A blessing to my country and mankind,
Reclaim the wand'ring thousands, and bring home
A flock so scatter'd and so wont to roam,
Then place it once again between my knees;
The sound of truth will then be sure to please:
And truth alone, where'er my life be cast,
In scenes of plenty, or the pining waste,
Shall be my chosen theme, my glory to the last.

HOPE.

.....docens iter, et sacra ostia pandas.
Virg. En. 6.

Ask "What is human life?"—the sage replies,
With disappointment low'ring in his eyes,
"A painful passage o'er a restless flood,"
A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
A scene of fancied bliss and heart-felt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair.
The poor, inur'd to drudg'ry and distress,
Act without aim, think little, and feel less,
And no where, but in feign'd Arcadian scenes,
Taste happiness, or know what pleasure means.
Riches are pass'd away from hand to hand,
As fortune, vice, or folly may command;
As in a dance the pair that take the lead
Turn downward, and the lowest pair succeed,
So shifting and so various is the plan,
By which Heav'n rules the mix'd affairs of man;
Vicissitude wheels round the motley crowd,
The rich grow poor, the poor become purse-proud;
Bus'ness is labour, and man's weakness such,
Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much,
The very sense of it foregoes its use,
By repetition pall'd, by age obtuse.
Youth lost in dissipation we deplore,
Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore;
Our years, a fruitless race without a prize,
Too many, yet too few to make us wise."
Dangling his cane about, and taking snuff,
Lothario cries, "What philosophic stuff—
O querulous and weak!—whose useless brain
Once thought of nothing, and now thinks in vain;
Whose eye reverted weeps o'er all the past,
Whose prospect shows thee a disheart'ning waste;
Would age in thee resign his wintry reign,
And youth invigorate that frame again,
Renew'd desire would grace with other speech
Joys always priz'd, when plac'd within our reach.
"For lift thy palsied head, shake off the gloom,
That overhangs the borders of thy tomb,
See Nature gay, as when she first began
With smiles alluring her admirer man;
She spreads the morning over eastern hills,
Earth glitters with the drops the night distils;
The Sun obedient at her call appears,
To fling his glories o'er the robe she wears;
Banks cloth'd with flow'rs, groves fill'd with sprightly sounds,
Thy yellow tilth, green meads, rocks, rising grounds,
Streams edg'd with osiers, fatt'ning ev'ry field,
Where'er they flow, now seen and now conceal'd;
From the blue rim, where skies and mountains meet,
Down to the very turf beneath thy feet,

Ten thousand charms, that only fools despise,
Or Pride can look at with indifferent eyes,
All speak one language, all with one sweet voice
Cry to her universal realm, Rejoice!
Man feels the spur of passions and desires,
And she gives largely more than he requires;
Not that his hours devoted all to Care,
Hollow-ey'd Abstinence, and lean Despair,
The wretch may pine, while to his smell, taste, sight,
She holds a paradise of rich delight;
But gently to rebuke his awkward fear,
To prove that what she gives, she gives sincere,
To banish hesitation, and proclaim
His happiness, her dear, her only aim.
'Tis grave philosophy's absurdest dream,
That Heav'ns intentions are not what they seem,
That only shadows are dispens'd below,
And Earth has no reality but woe."

Thus things terrestrial wear a different hue,
As youth or age persuades; and neither true.
So Flora's wreath through colour'd crystal seen,
The rose or lily appears blue or green,
But still th' imputed tints are those alone
The medium represents, and not their own.

To rise at noon, sit slipshod and undress'd,
To read the news, or fiddle, as seems best,
Till half the world comes rattling at his door,
To fill the dull vacuity till four;
And, just when ev'ning turns the blue vault gray,
To spend two hours in dressing for the day;
To make the Sun a bauble without use,
Save for the fruits his heav'nly beams produce;
Quite to forget, or deem it worth no thought,
Who bids him shine, or if he shine or not;
Through mere necessity to close his eyes
Just when the larks and when the shepherds rise;
Is such a life, so tediously the same,
So void of all utility or aim,
That poor Jonquil, with almost ev'ry breath
Sighs for his exit, vulgarly called death:
For he, with all his follies, has a mind
Not yet so blank, or fashionably blind,
But now and then perhaps a feeble ray
Of distant wisdom shoots across his way;
By which he reads, that life without a plan,
As useless as the moment it began,
Serves merely as a soil for discontent
To thrive in; an incumbrance ere half spent.
Oh weariness beyond what asses feel,
That tread the circuit of the cistern wheel;
A dull rotation, never at a stay,
Yesterday's face twin image of to day;
While conversation, an exhausted stock,
Grows drowsy as the clicking of a clock.
No need, he cries, of gravity stuff'd out
With academic dignity devout,
To read wise lectures, vanity the text:
Proclaim the remedy, ye learned, next;
For truth self-evident, with pomp impress'd,
Is vanity surpassing all the rest.

That remedy, not hid in deeps profound,
Yet seldom sought where only to be found,
While passion turns aside from its due scope
Th' inquirer's aim, that remedy is hope.
Life is His gift, from whom whate'er life needs,
With ev'ry good and perfect gift, proceeds;
Bestow'd on man, like all that we partake,
Royally, freely, for his bounty's sake;
Transient indeed, as is the fleeting hour,
And yet the seed of an immortal flow'r;
Design'd in honour of his endless love,
To fill with fragrance his abode above;
No trifle, howsoever short it seem,
And howsoever shadowy, no dream;
It's value, what no thought can ascertain,
Nor all an angel's eloquence explain,
Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away;
Live to no sober purpose, and contend
That their Creator had no serious end.
When God and man stand opposite in view,
Man's disappointment must of course ensue.
The just Creator condescends to write,
In beams of inextinguishable light,
His names of wisdom, goodness, pow'r, and love,
On all that blooms below, or shines above;
To catch the wand'ring notice of mankind,
And teach the world, if not perversely blind,
His gracious attributes, and prove the share
His offspring hold in his paternal care.
If, led from earthly things to things *divine*,
His creature thwart not his august *design*,
Then praise is heard instead of reas'ning pride,
And captious cavil and complaint subside.
Nature, employ'd in her allotted place,
Is hand-maid to the purposes of Grace;
By good vouchsaf'd makes known superior good,
And bliss not seen by blessings understood:
That bliss, reveal'd in Scripture, with a glow
Bright as the covenant-ensuring *bow*,
Fires all his feelings with a noble scorn
Of sensual evil, and thus Hope is born.

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all,
That men have deem'd substantial since the fall,
Yet has the wondrous virtue to educe
From emptiness itself a real use;
And while she takes, as at a father's hand,
What health and sober appetite demand,
From fading good derives, with chemic art,
That *lasting* happiness, a thankful heart.
Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from Earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,
On steady wings sails through th' immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bow'rs of bliss,
And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.
Hope! nothing else can nourish and secure
His new-born virtues, and preserve him pure.
Hope! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights in thee.
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land,
That boasts the treasure, all at his command;
The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,
Were light, when weigh'd against one smile of thine.
Though clasp'd and cradled in his nurse's arms,
He shines with all a cherub's artless charms.
Man is the genuine offspring of revolt,
Stubborn and sturdy, a wild ass's colt;
His passions, like the wat'ry stores that sleep
Beneath the smiling surface of the deep,
Wait but the lashes of a wintry storm,
To frown and roar, and shake his feeble form.

From infancy through childhood's giddy maze,
Froward at school, and fretful in his plays,
The puny tyrant burns to subjugate
The free republic of the whip-gig state.
If one, his equal in athletic frame,
Or, more provoking still, of nobler name,
Dare step across his arbitrary views,
An Iliad, only not in verse, ensues:
The little Greeks look trembling at the scales,
Till the best tongue, or heaviest hand prevails.
Now see him launch'd into the world at large;
If priest, supinely droning o'er his charge,
Their fleece his pillow, and his weekly drawl,
Though short, too long, the price he pays for all:
If lawyer, loud whatever cause he plead,
But proudest of the worst, if that succeed.
Perhaps a grave physician, gath'ring fees,
Punctually paid for length'ning out disease;
No Cotton, whose humanity sheds rays,
That make superior skill his second praise.
If arms engage him, he devotes to sport
His date of life, so likely to be short;
A soldier may be any thing, if brave,
So may a tradesman, if not quite a knave.
Such stuff the world is made of; and mankind
To passion, int'rest, pleasure, whim, resign'd,
Insist on, as if each were his own pope,
Forgiveness, and the privilege of hope,
But Conscience, in some awful silent hour,
When captivating lusts have lost their pow'r,
Perhaps when sickness, or some fearful dream,
Reminds him of religion, hated theme!
Starts from the down, on which she lately slept,
And tells of laws despis'd, at least not kept:
Shows with a pointing finger, but no noise,
A pale procession of past sinful joys,
All witnesses of blessings foully scorn'd,
And life abus'd, and not to be suborn'd. [afar,
"Mark these," she says; "these summon'd from
Begin their march to meet thee at the bar;
There find a Judge inexorably just,
And perish there, as all presumption must."
Peace be to those (such peace as Earth can give)
Who live in pleasure, dead ev'n while they live;
Born capable indeed of heav'nly truth;
But down to latest age, from earliest youth,
Their mind a wilderness through want of care,
The plough of wisdom never ent'ring there.
Peace, (if insensibility may claim
A right to the meek honours of her name)
To men of pedigree, their noble race,
Emulous always of the nearest place
To any throne, except the throne of Grace.
Let cottagers and unenlighten'd swains
Revere the laws they dream that Heav'n ordains;
Resort on Sundays to the house of pray'r,
And ask, and fancy, they find, blessings there.
Themselves, perhaps, when weary they retreat
T' enjoy cool nature in a country seat,
T' exchange the centre of a thousand trades,
For clumps, and lawns, and temples, and cascades,
May now and then their velvet cushions take,
And seem to pray for good example sake;
Judging, in charity no doubt, the town
Pious enough, and having need of none.
Kind souls! to teach their tenantry to prize
What they themselves, without remorse, despise:
Nor hope have they, nor fear of aught to come,
As well for them had prophecy been dumb;
They could have held the conduct they pursue,
That Paul of Tarsus liv'd and died a Jew;
And truth, propos'd to reas'ners wise as they,
Is a pearl cast—completely cast away.
They die.—Death lends them, pleas'd, and as in sport,
All the grim honours of his ghastly court.
Far other paint gs grace the chamber now,
Where late we saw the mimic landscape glow:
The busy heralds hang the sable scene
With mournful escutcheons, and dim lamps between;
Proclaim their titles to the crowd around,
But they that wore them move not at the sound;
The coronet, plac'd idly at their head,
Adds nothing now to the degraded dead;
And ev'n the star, that glitters on the bier,
Can only say—"Nobility lies here."
Peace to all such—'twere pity to offend,
By useless censure, whom we cannot mend;
Life without hope can close but in despair, [there.
'Twas there we found them, and must leave them
As, when two pilgrims in a forest stray,
Both may be lost, yet each in his own way;
So fares it with the multitudes beguil'd
In vain Opinion's waste and dang'rous wild;
Ten thousand rove the brakes and thorns among,
Some eastward, and some westward, and all wrong.
But here, alas! the fatal diff'rence lies,
Each man's belief is right in his own eyes;
And he that blames, what they have blindly chose,
Incurs resentment for the love he shows.
Say botanist, within whose province fall
The cedar and the hyssop on the wall,
Of all that deck the lanes, the fields, the bow'rs,
What parts the kindred tribes of weeds and flow'rs?
Sweet scent, or lovely form, or both combin'd,
Distinguish'd ev'ry cultivated kind;
The want of both denotes a meaner breed,
And Chloe from her garland picks the weed.
Thus hopes of ev'ry sort, whatever sect
Esteem them, sow them, rear them, and protect,
If wild in nature, and not duly found,
Gethsemane! in thy dear hallow'd ground,
That cannot bear the blaze of Scripture light,
Nor cheer the spirit, nor refresh the sight,
Nor animate the soul to Christian deeds,
(Oh cast them from thee!) are weeds, arrant weeds.
Ethelred's house, the centre of six ways,
Diverging each from each, like equal rays,
Himself as bountiful as April rains,
Lord paramount of the surrounding plains,
Would give relief of bed and board to none,
But guests that sought it in th' appointed One:
And they might enter at his open door,
Ev'n till his spacious hall would hold no more.
He sent a servant forth by ev'ry road,
To sound his horn, and publish it abroad,
That all might mark—knight, menial, high, and low,
An ord'nance concern'd them much to know.
If after all some headstrong hardy lout
Would disobey, though sure to be shut out,
Could he with reason murmur at his case,
Himself sole author of his own disgrace?
No! the decree was just and without flaw;
And he, that made, had right to make, the law;
His sov'reign pow'r and pleasure unrestrain'd,
The wrong was his, who wrongfully complain'd:
Yet half mankind maintain a churlish strife
With Him, the Donor of eternal life,

Because the deed, by which his love confirms
The largess he bestows, prescribes the terms.
Compliance with his will your lot ensures,
Accept it only, and the boon is yours.
And sure it is as kind to smile and give,
As with a frown to say, "Do this, and live."
Love is not pedlar's trump'ry bought and sold:
He *will* give freely, or he *will* withhold;
His soul abhors a mercenary thought,
And him as deeply who abhors it not;
He stipulates indeed, but merely this,
That man will freely take an unbought bliss,
Will trust him for a faithful gen'rous part,
Nor set a price upon a willing heart.
Of all the ways that seem to promise fair,
To place you where his saints his presence share,
This only can; for this plain cause, express'd
In terms as plain, "Himself has shut the rest."
But oh the strife, the bick'ring, and debate,
The tidings of unpurchas'd Heav'n create!
The flirted fan, the bridle and the toss,
All speakers, yet all language at a loss.
From stucco'd walls smart arguments rebound;
And beaus, adept in ev'ry thing profound,
Die of disdain, or whistle off the sound.
Such is the clamour of rooks, daws, and kites,
Th' explosion of the levell'd tube excites,
Where mould'ring abbey-walls o'erhang the glade,
And oaks coeval spread a mournful shade,
The screaming nations, hov'ring in mid air,
Loudly resent the stranger's freedom there,
And seem to warn him never to repeat
His bold intrusion on their dark retreat.
"Adieu," Vinosa cries, ere yet he sips
The purple bumper trembling at his lips,
"Adieu to all morality! if Grace
Make works a vain ingredient in the case.
The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—
If I *mistake* not—Blockhead! with a fork!
Without good works, whatever some may boast,
Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast.
My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
That Heav'n will weigh man's virtues and his crimes
With nice attention, in a righteous scale,
And save or damn as these or those prevail.
I plant my foot upon this ground of trust,
And silence ev'ry fear with—God is just.
But if perchance on some dull drizzling day
A thought intrude, that says, or seems to say,
If thus th' important cause is to be tried,
Suppose the beam should dip on the wrong side;
I soon recover from these needless frights,
And God is merciful—sets all to rights.
Thus between justice, as my prime support,
And mercy, fled to as the last resort,
I glide and steal along with Heav'n in view,
And,—pardon me, the bottle stands with you."
"I never will believe," the Colonel cries,
"The sanguinary schemes, that some devise,
Who make the good Creator on their plan
A being of less equity than man.
If appetite, or what divines call lust,
Which men comply with, ev'n because they must,
Be punish'd with perdition, who is pure?
Then theirs no doubt, as well as mine, is sure.
If sentence of eternal pain belong
To ev'ry sudden slip and transient wrong,
Then Heav'n enjoins the fallible and frail
A hopeless task, and damns them if they fail.
My creed (whatever some creed-makers mean
By Athanasian nonsense, or Nicene)
My creed is, he is safe, that does his best,
And death's a doom sufficient for the rest."
"Right," says an ensign; "and for aught I see,
Your faith and mine substantially agree;
The best of ev'ry man's performance here
Is to discharge the duties of his sphere,
A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair,
Honesty shines with great advantage there.
Fasting and pray'r sit well upon a priest,
A decent caution and reserve at least.
A soldier's best is courage in the field,
With nothing here that wants to be conceal'd.
Manly deportment, gallant, easy, gay;
A hand as lib'ral as the light of day.
The soldier thus endow'd, who never shrinks,
Nor closets up his thoughts, whate'er he thinks,
Who scorns to do an injury by stealth,
Must go to Heav'n—and I must drink his health.
Sir Smug," he cries, (for lowest at the *board*,
Just made fifth chaplain of his patron *lord*;
His shoulders witnessing by many a shrug
How much his feelings suffer'd, sat Sir Smug)
"Your office is to winnow false from true;
Come, prophet, drink, and tell us, What think you?"
Sighing and smiling as he takes his glass,
Which they that woo preferment rarely pass,
"Fallible man," the churchbred youth replies,
"Is still found fallible, however wise;
And diff'ring judgments serve but to declare,
That truth lies somewhere, if we knew but where.
Of all it ever was my lot to read,
Of critics now alive, or long since dead,
The book of all the world that charm'd me most
Was, welladay, the titlepage was lost;
The writer well remarks, a heart, that knows
To take with gratitude what Heav'n bestows,
With prudence always ready at our call,
To guide our use of it, is all in all.
Doubtless it is.—To which, of my own store,
I superadd a few essentials more;
But these, excuse the liberty I take,
I wave just now, for conversation's sake."
"Spoke like an oracle, they all exclaim,"
And add "Right Rev'rend" to Smug's honour'd [name,
And yet our lot is giv'n us in a land,
Where busy arts are never at a stand;
Where Science points her telescopic eye,
Familiar with the wonders of the sky;
Where bold Inquiry, diving out of sight,
Brings many a precious pearl of truth to light;
Where nought eludes the persevering quest,
That fashion, taste, or luxury suggest.
But above all in her own light array'd,
See Mercy's grand apocalypse display'd!
The sacred book no longer suffers wrong,
Bound in the fetters of an unknown tongue;
But speaks with plainness, art could never mend,
What simplest minds can soonest comprehend.
God gives the word, the preachers throng around,
Live from his lips, and spread the glorious sound:
That sound bespeaks Salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life-restoring day;
'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.

And still it spreads. [1] See Germany send forth
Her sons [1] to pour it on the farthest north:
Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows.
O blest within th' enclosure of your rocks,
Not herds have ye to boast nor bleating flocks;
Nor fatt'ning streams your fields divide,
That shine and revers'd the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those, that walk at ev'ning where ye dwell:
But Winter, arm'd with terrours here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey;
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant Sun.
—Yet Truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle!
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile;
The pride of letter'd Ignorance, that binds
In chains of errour our accomplish'd minds,
That decks, with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here;
But brighter beams, than *his* who fires the skies,
Have ris'n at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day,
From which our nicer optics turn away.
Here see th' encouragement Grace gives to vice,
The dire effect of mercy without price! [art,
What were they? what some fools are made by
They were by nature, atheists, head and heart.
The gross idolatry blind heathens teach
Was too refin'd for them, beyond their reach.
Not ev'n the glorious Sun, though men revere
The monarch most, that seldom will appear, [shine,
And though his beams, that quicken where they
May claim some right to be esteem'd divine,
Not ev'n the Sun, desirable as rare,
Could bend one knee, engage one votary there;
They were, what base Credulity believes
True Christians are, dissemblers, drunkards, thieves.
The full-gorg'd savage, at his nauseous feast
Spent half the darkness, and snor'd out the rest,
Was one, whom Justice, on an equal plan
Denouncing death upon the sins of man,
Might almost have indulg'd with an escape,
Chargeable only with a human shape.
What are they now?—Morality may spare
Her grave concern, her kind suspicions there:
The wretch, who once sang wildly, dane'd and laugh'd,
And suck'd in dizzy madness with his draught,
Has wept a silent flood, revers'd his ways,
Is sober, meek, benevolent, and prays,
Feeds sparingly, communicates his store,
Abhors the craft he boasted of before,
And he that stole has learn'd to steal no more.

[1] The Moravian Missionaries in Greenland. See Krantz.

Well spake the prophet, Let the desert sing,
Where sprang the thorn, the spiry fir shall spring,
And where unsightly and rank thistles grew,
Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant yew.
Go now, and with important tone demand
On what foundation virtue is to stand,
If self-exalting claims be turn'd adrift,
And grace be grace indeed, and life a gift:
The poor reclaim'd inhabitant, his eyes
Glist'ning at once with pity and surprise,
Amaz'd that shadows should obscure the sight
Of one, whose birth was in a land of light,
Shall answer, Hope, sweet hope, has set me free,
And made all pleasures else mere dross to me.
These, amidst scenes as waste as if denied
The common care that waits on all beside,
Wild as if Nature there, void of all good,
Play'd only gambols in a frantic mood,
(Yet charge not heav'nly skill with having plann'd
A plaything world, unworthy of his hand;)
Can see his love, though secret evil lurks
In all we touch, stamp'd plainly on his works;
Deem life a blessing with it's num'rous woes,
Nor spurn away a gift a God bestows.
Hard task indeed o'er arctic seas to roam!
Is hope exotic? grows it not at home?
Yes, but an object, bright as orient morn,
May press the eye too closely to be borne;
A distant virtue we can all confess,
It hurts our pride, and moves our envy, less.
Leuconomus (beneath well-sounding Greek
I slur a name a poet must not speak)
Stood pilloried on Infamy's high stage,
And bore the pelting score of half an age;
The very butt of Slander, and the blot
For ev'ry dart that Malice ever shot.
The man that mention'd *him* at once dismiss'd,
All mercy from his lips, and sneer'd and hiss'd;
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
And Perjury stood up to swear all true;
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
His speech rebellion against common sense;
A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule;
And when by that of reason, a mere fool;
The World's best comfort was, his doom was pass'd;
Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last.
Now Truth perform thine office; waft aside
The curtain drawn by Prejudice and Pride,
Reveal (the man is dead) to wond'ring eyes
This more than monster in his proper guise.
He lov'd the World that hated him: the tear
That dropp'd upon his Bible was sincere:
Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forg'd, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's int'rest in his heart.
Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbrib'd,
Were copied close in him, and well transcrib'd.
He follow'd Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,
His apostolic charity the same:
Like him, cross'd cheerfully tempestuous seas,
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;
Like him he labour'd, and like him content
To bear it, suffer'd shame where'er he went.
Blush Calumny! and write upon his tomb,
If honest Eulogy can spare thee room,
Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
Which, aim'd at him, have pierc'd th' offended skies!

And say, "Blot out my sin, confess'd, deplor'd,
Against thine image, in thy saint, O Lord!"
No blinker bigot, I maintain it still,
Than he who must have pleasure, come what will:
He laughs, whatever weapon Truth may draw,
And deems her sharp artillery mere straw.
Scripture indeed is plain; but God and he
On Scripture ground are sure to disagree;
Some wiser rule must teach him how to live,
Than this his Maker has seen fit to give;
Supple and flexible as Indian cane,
To take the bend his appetites ordain;
Contriv'd to suit frail Nature's crazy case,
And reconcile his lusts with saving grace.
By this, with nice precision of design,
He draws upon life's map a zigzag line,
That shows how far 'tis safe to follow sin,
And where his danger and God's wrath begin.
By this he forms, as pleas'd he sports along,
His well pois'd estimate of right and wrong;
And finds the modish manners of the day,
Though loose, as harmless as an infant's play.
Build by whatever plan Caprice decrees,
With what materials, on what ground you please;
Your hope shall stand unblam'd, perhaps admir'd,
If not that hope the Scripture has requir'd.
The strange conceits, vain projects, and wild dreams,
With which hypocrisy for ever teems,
(Though other follies strike the public eye,
And raise a laugh) pass unmolested by;
But if, unblamable in word and thought,
A *man* arise, a man whom God has taught,
With all Elijah's dignity of tone,
And all the love of the beloved John,
To storm the citadels they build in air,
And smite th' untemper'd wall; 'tis death to spare.
To sweep away all refuges of lies,
And place, instead of quirks themselves devise,
LAMA SABACTHANI before their eyes;
To prove, that without Christ all gain is loss,
All hope despair, that stands not on his cross;
Except the few his God may have impress'd,
A tenfold frenzy seizes all the rest.
Throughout mankind, the Christian kind at least,
There dwells a consciousness in ev'ry breast,
That folly ends where genuine hope begins,
And he that finds his Heav'n must lose his sins.
Nature opposes with her utmost force
This riving stroke, this ultimate divorce;
And, while religion seems to be her view,
Hates with a deep sincerity *the true*:
For this, of all that ever influenc'd man,
Since Abel worshipp'd, or the world began,
This only spares no lust, admits no plea,
But makes him, if at all, completely free;
Sounds forth the signal, as she mounts her car,
Of an eternal, universal war;
Rejects all treaty, penetrates all wiles,
Scorns with the same indiff'rence frowns and smiles;
Drives through the realms of Sin, where Riot reels,
And grinds his crown beneath her burning wheels!
Hence all that is in man, pride, passion, art,
Pow'rs of the mind, and feelings of the heart,
Insensible of Truth's almighty charms,
Starts at her first approach, and sounds to arms!
While Bigotry, with well-dissembled fears,
His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears,
Mighty to parry and push by God's word
With senseless noise, his argument the sword,
Pretends a zeal for godliness and grace,
And spits abhorrence in the Christian's face.
Parent of Hope, immortal Truth! make known
Thy deathless wreaths and triumphs all thine own:
The silent progress of thy pow'r is such,
Thy means so feeble, and despis'd so much,
That few believe the wonders thou hast wrought,
And none can teach them, but whom thou hast taught.
O see me sworn to serve thee, and command
A painter's skill into a poet's hand,
That, while I trembling trace a work divine,
Fancy may stand aloof from the design,
And light, and shade, and every stroke be thine.
If ever thou hast felt another's pain,
If ever when he sigh'd hast sigh'd again,
If ever on thy eyelid stood the tear,
That pity had engender'd, drop one here.
This man was happy—had the World's good word,
And with it ev'ry joy it can afford;
Friendship and love seem'd tenderly at strife,
Which most should sweeten his untroubled life;
Politely learn'd, and of a gentle race,
Good breeding and good sense gave all a grace,
And whether at the toilette of the fair
He laugh'd and trifled, made him welcome there,
Or if in masculine debate he shar'd,
Ensur'd him mute attention and regard.
Alas how chang'd! Expressive of his mind,
His eyes are sunk, arms folded, head reclin'd;
Those awful syllables, Hell, death, and sin,
Though whisper'd, plainly tell what works within;
That Conscience there performs her proper part,
And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart;
Forsaking, and forsaken of all friends,
He now perceives where earthly pleasure ends;
Hard task! for one who lately knew no care,
And harder still as learnt beneath despair;
His hours no longer pass unmark'd away,
A dark importance saddens ev'ry day;
He hears the notice of the clock perplex'd
And cries, "Perhaps eternity strikes next;"
Sweet music is no longer music here,
And laughter sounds like madness in his ear:
His grief the World of all her pow'r disarms,
Wine has no taste, and beauty has no charms:
God's holy word, once trivial in his view,
Now by the voice of his experience true,
Seems, as it is, the fountain whence alone
Must spring that hope he pants to make his own.
Now let the bright reverse be known abroad;
Say man's a worm, and pow'r belongs to God.
As when a felon, whom his country's laws
Have justly doom'd for some atrocious cause,
Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears,
The shameful close of all his misspent years;
If chance, on heavy pinions slowly borne,
A tempest usher in the dreadful morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightning play,
The thunder seems to summon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies:
If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When Hope, long ling'ring, at last yields the ghost
The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his fetters and his fear;

A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
Of him, whom Hope has with a touch made whole.
'Tis Heav'n, all Heav'n descending on the wings
Of the glad legions of the King of kings;
'Tis more—'tis God diffus'd through ev'ry part,
'Tis God himself triumphant in his heart.
O welcome now the Sun's once hated light,
His noonday beams were never half so bright.
Not kindred minds alone are call'd t' employ
Their hours, their days, in list'ning to his joy;
Unconscious nature, all that he surveys, [praise.
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his

These are thy glorious works, eternal Truth,
The scoff of wither'd age and beardless youth;
These move the censure and illib'ral grin
Of fools, that hate thee and delight in sin: [pole,
But these shall last when night has quench'd the
And Heav'n is all departed as a scroll.
And when, as Justice has long since decreed,
This Earth shall blaze, and a new world succeed,
Then these thy glorious works, and they who share
That hope, which can alone exclude despair,
Shall live exempt from weakness and decay,
The brightest wonders of an endless day.

Happy the bard, (if that fair name belong
To him, that blends no fable with his song)
Whose lines uniting, by an honest art,
The faithful monitor's and poet's part,
Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind,
And while they captivate, inform the mind:
Still happier, if he till a thankful soil,
And fruit reward his honourable toil:
But happier far, who comfort those, that wait
To hear plain truth at Judah's hallow'd gate:
Their language simple, as their manners meek,
No shining ornaments have they to seek;
Nor labbur they, nor time nor talents waste,
In sorting flow'rs to suit a fickle taste;
But while they speak the wisdom of the skies,
Which art can only darken and disguise,
Th' abundant harvest, recompense divine,
Repays their work—the gleaning only mine.

CHARITY.

Quo nihil majus melíusve terris
Fata donavêre, bonique divi;
Nec dábunt, quamvis redeant in aurum
Tempora priscum.
Hor. Lib. iv. Ode 2.

FAIREST and foremost of the train, that wait
On man's most dignified and happiest state,
Whether we name thee Charity or Love,
Chief grace below, and all in all above,
Prosper (I press thee with a pow'rful plea)
A task I venture on, impell'd by thee:
I never seen but in thy blest effects,
Or felt but in the soul that Heav'n selects;
Who seeks to praise thee, and to make thee known
To other hearts must have thee in his own.

Come, prompt me with benevolent desires,
Teach me to kindle at thy gentle fires,
And though disgrac'd and slighted, to redeem
A poet's name, by making thee the theme.

God, working ever on a social plan,
By various ties attaches man to man:
He made at first, though free and unconfin'd,
One man the common father of the kind;
That ev'ry tribe, though plac'd as he sees best,
Where seas or deserts part them from the rest,
Diff'ring in language, manners, or in face,
Might feel themselves allied to all the race.
When Cook—lamented, and with tears as just
As ever mingled with heroic dust,
Steer'd Britain's oak into a world unknown,
And in his country's glory sought his own,
Wherever he found man, to nature true,
The rights of man were sacred in his view;
He sooth'd with gifts, and greeted with a smile,
The simple native of the new-found isle;
He spurn'd the wretch, that slighted or withstood
The tender argument of kindred blood,
Nor would endure, that any should control
His freeborn brethren of the southern pole.

But though some nobler minds a law respect,
That none shall with impunity neglect,
In baser souls unnumber'd evils meet,
To thwart it's influence, and it's end defeat.
While Cook is lov'd for savage lives he sav'd,
See Cortez odious for a world enslav'd!
Where wast thou then, sweet Charity? where then,
Thou tutelary friend of helpless men?
Wast thou in monkish cells and nunn'ries found,
Or building hospitals on English ground?
No.—Mammon makes the World his legatee
Through fear, not love; and Heav'n abhors the fee.
Wherever found, (and all men need thy care)
Nor age nor infancy could find thee there.
The hand, that slew till it could slay no more,
Was glued to the sword-hilt with Indian gore.
Their prince, as justly seated on his throne
As vain imperial Philip on his own,
Trick'd out of all his royalty by art,
That stripp'd him bare, and broke his honest heart,
Died by the sentence of a shaven priest,
For scorning what they taught him to detest.
How dark the veil, that intercepts the blaze
Of Heav'n's mysterious purposes and ways;
God stood not, though he seem'd to stand, aloof;
And at this hour the conqu'ror feels the proof:
The wreath he won drew down an instant curse,
The fretting plague is in the public purse,
The canker'd spoil corrodes the pining state,
Starv'd by that indolence their mines create.

Oh could their ancient Incas rise again,
How would they take up Israel's taunting strain!
"Art thou too fall'n Iberia? Do we see
The robber and the murd'rer weak as we?'
Thou, that hast wasted Earth, and dar'd despise
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid
Low in the pits thine avarice has made.
We come with joy from our eternal rest,
To see th' oppressor in his turn oppress'd.
Art thou the god, the thunder of whose hand
Roll'd over all our desolated land,
Shook principalities and kingdoms down,
And made the mountains tremble at his frown?

The sword shall light upon thy boasted pow'rs,
And waste them, as thy sword has wasted ours.
'Tis thus Omnipotence his law fulfils,
And Vengeance executes what Justice wills."
Again—the band of commerce was design'd
T' associate all the branches of mankind;
And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.
Wise to promote whatever end he means,
God opens fruitful nature's various scenes:
Each climate needs what other climes produce,
And offers something to the gen'ral use;
No land but listens to the common call,
And in return receives supply from all.
This genial intercourse, and mutual aid,
Cheers what were else a universal shade,
Calls Nature from her ivy-mantled den,
And softens human rock-work into men.
Ingenious Art, with her expressive face,
Steps forth to fashion and refine the race;
Not only fills Necessity's demand,
But overcharges her capacious hand:
Capricious taste itself can crave no more,
Than she supplies from her abounding store:
She strikes out all that luxury can ask,
And gains new vigour at her endless task.
Hers is the spacious arch, the shapely spire,
The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre;
From her the canvass borrows light and shade,
And verse, more lasting, hues that never fade.
She guides the finger o'er the dancing keys,
Gives difficulty all the grace of ease,
And pours a torrent of sweet notes around,
Fast as the thirsting ear can drink the sound.
These are the gifts of Art, and Art thrives most
Where Commerce has enrich'd the busy coast;
He catches all improvements in his flight,
Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight,
Imports what others have invented well,
And stirs his own to match them or excel.
'Tis thus reciprocating, each with each,
Alternately the nations learn and teach;
While Providence enjoins to ev'ry soul
A union with the vast terraqueous whole.
Heav'n speed the canvass, gallantly unfurl'd
To furnish and accommodate a world,
To give the pole the produce of the Sun,
And knit th' unsocial climates into one.—
Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave
Impel the fleet, whose errand is to save,
To succour wasted regions, and replace
The smile of Opulence in Sorrow's face.—
Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,
Impede the bark, that ploughs the deep serene,
Charg'd with a freight transcending in it's worth
The gems of India, Nature's rarest birth,
That flies, like Gabriel on his Lord's commands,
A herald of God's love to pagan lands.
But ah! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gauge, and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end;
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the sithe of Death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far-receding shore,
But not the thought, that they must meet no more;
Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left, that he can yet forego?
Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resign'd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind;
Puts off his gen'rous nature; and, to suit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.
O most degrading of all ills, that wait
On man, a mourner in his best estate!
All other sorrows Virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure;
Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd
T' improve the fortitude that bears its load,
To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,
The path of Wisdom is the path of peace;
But slav'ry!—Virtue dreads it as her grave:
Patience itself is meanness in a slave;
Or if the will and sovereignty of God
Bid suffer it awhile, and kiss the rod,
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
And snap the chain the moment when you may.
Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
That has a heart and life in it, Be free;
The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor force
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:
He breaks the cord, that held him at the rack;
And, conscious of an unincumber'd back,
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein;
Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane;
Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs;
Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.
Canst thou, and honour'd with a Christian name,
Buy what is woman-born, and feel no shame;
Trade in the blood of innocence, and plead
Expedience as a warrant for the deed?
So may the wolf, whom famine has made bold,
To quit the forest and invade the fold:
So may the ruffian, who with ghostly glide,
Dagger in hand, steals close to your bedside;
Not he, but his emergence forc'd the door,
He found it inconvenient to be poor.
Has God then giv'n it's sweetness to the cane,
Unless his laws be trampled on—in vain?
Built a brave World, which cannot yet subsist,
Unless his right to rule it be dismiss'd?
Impudent blasphemy! So Folly pleads,
And, Av'rice being judge, with ease succeeds.
But grant the plea, and let it stand for just,
That man make man his prey, because he must;
Still there is room for pity to abate,
And soothe the sorrows of so sad a state.
A Briton knows, or if he knows it not,
The Scripture plac'd within his reach, he ought,
That souls have no discriminating hue,
Alike important in their Maker's view;
That none are free from blemish since the fall,
And Love divine has paid one price for all.
The wretch, that works and weeps without relief,
Has one that notices his silent grief.
He, from whose hands alone all pow'r proceeds,
Ranks it's abuse among the foulest deeds,
Considers *all* injustice with a frown;
But *marks* the man, that treads his fellow down.
Begone—the whip and bell in that hard hand
Are hateful ensigns of usurp'd command.
Not Mexico could purchase kings a claim
To scourge him, weariness his only blame.

Remember Heav'n has an avenging rod,
To smite the poor is treason against God.
Trouble is grudgingly and hardly brook'd,
While life's sublimest joys are overlook'd:
We wander o'er a sunburnt thirsty soil,
Murm'ring and weary of our daily toil,
Forget t' enjoy the palm-tree's offer'd shade,
Or taste the fountain in the neighb'ring glade:
Else who would lose, that had the pow'r t' improve,
Th' occasion of transmuting fear to love?
O 'tis a godlike privilege to save,
And he that scorns it is himself a slave.
Inform his mind; one flash of heav'nly day
Would heal his heart, and melt his chains away.
"Beauty for ashes" is a gift indeed,
And slaves, by truth enlarg'd, are doubly freed.
Then would he say, submissive at thy feet,
While gratitude and love made service sweet,
"My dear deliv'rer out of hopeless night,
Whose bounty bought me but to give me light,
I was a bondman on my native plain,
Sin forg'd, and Ignorance made fast, the chain;
Thy lips have shed instruction as the dew,
Taught me what path to shun, and what pursue;
Farewell my former joys! I sigh no more
For Africa's once lov'd, benighted shore;
Serving a benefactor I am free;
At my best home, if not exil'd from thee."
Some men make gain a fountain, whence proceeds
A stream of lib'ral and heroic deeds;
The swell of pity, not to be confin'd
Within the scanty limits of the mind,
Disdains the bank, and throws the golden sands,
A rich deposit, on the bord'ring lands:
These have an ear for his paternal call,
Who makes some rich for the supply of all;
God's gift with pleasure in his praise employ;
And Thornton is familiar with the joy.
O could I worship aught beneath the skies,
That Earth has seen, or fancy can devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
Duly, as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of Morning shed a dawning light,
Again, when Ev'ning in her sober vest
Drew the gray curtain of the fading west,
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise,
For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home.
We feel thy force still active, at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r,
While Conscience, happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.
Propitious spirit! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rights have suffer'd, and our land, too long.
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts, that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care.
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood;
And honest Merit stands on slipp'ry ground,
Where covert guile and artifice abound.
Let just Restraint, for public peace design'd,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind;
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
But let insolvent Innocence go free.
Patron of else the most despis'd of men,
Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen;
Verse, like the laurel, it's immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed;
I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
(Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.
Blest with all wealth can give thee, to resign
Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine,
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow,
To seek a nobler amidst scenes of woe,
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,
Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
But knowledge such as only dungeons teach,
And only sympathy like thine could reach;
That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,
Might smooth her feathers, and enjoy her cage;
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal,
The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
O that the voice of clamour and debate,
That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,
Were hush'd in favour of thy gen'rous plea,
The poor thy clients, and Heav'n's smile thy fee!
Philosophy, that does not dream or stray,
Walks arm in arm with Nature all his way;
Compasses Earth, dives into it, ascends
Whatever steep Inquiry recommends,
Sees planetary wonders smoothly roll
Round other systems under her control,
Drinks wisdom at the milky stream of light,
That cheers the silent journey of the night,
And brings at his return a bosom charg'd
With rich instruction, and a soul enlarg'd.
The treasur'd sweets of the capacious plan,
That Heav'n spreads wide before the view of man,
All prompt his pleas'd pursuit; and to pursue
Still prompt him, with a pleasure always new;
He too has a connecting pow'r, and draws
Man to the centre of the common cause,
Aiding a dubious and deficient sight
With a new medium and a purer light.
All truth is precious, if not all divine;
And what dilates the pow'rs must needs refine.
He reads the skies, and, watching ev'ry change,
Provides the faculties an ampler range;
And wins mankind, as his attempts prevail,
A prouder station on the gen'ral scale.
But Reason still, unless divinely taught,
Whate'er she learns, learns nothing as she ought;
The lamp of revelation only shows,
What human wisdom cannot but oppose,
That man, in nature's richest mantle clad,
And grac'd with all Philosophy can add,
Though fair without, and luminous within,
Is still the progeny and heir of sin.
Thus taught, down falls the plumage of his pride;
He feels his need of an unerring guide,
And knows that falling he shall rise no more,
Unless the pow'r that bade him stand restore.
This is indeed philosophy; this known
Makes wisdom, worthy of the name, his own;
And without this, whatever he discuss,
Whether the space between the stars and us;

Whether he measure Earth, compute the sea,
Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or spit a flea;
The solemn trifler with his boasted skill
Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still:
Blind was he born, and his misguided eyes
Grown dim in trifling studies, blind he dies.
Self-knowledge truly learn'd of course implies
The rich possession of a nobler prize;
For self to self, and God to man reveal'd,
(Two themes to Nature's eye for ever seal'd)
Are taught by rays, that fly with equal pace
From the same centre of enlight'ning grace.
Here stay thy foot; how copious, and how clear,
Th' o'erflowing well of Charity springs here!
Hark! 'tis the music of a thousand rills, [hills,
Some through the groves, some down the sloping
Winding a secret or an open course,
And all supplied from an eternal source.
The ties of Nature do but feebly bind;
And Commerce partially reclaims mankind;
Philosophy, without his heav'nly guide,
May blow up self-conceit, and nourish pride,
But, while his promise is the reas'ning part,
Has still a veil of midnight on his heart:
'Tis Truth divine, exhibited on Earth,
Gives Charity her being and her birth.

Suppose (when thought is warm and fancy flows,
What will not argument sometimes suppose?)
An isle possess'd by creatures of our kind,
Endued with reason, yet by nature blind.
Let supposition lend her aid once more,
And land some grave optician on the shore:
He claps his lens, if haply they may see,
Close to the part where vision ought to be;
But finds, that, though his tubes assist the sight,
They cannot give it, or make darkness light.
He reads wise lectures, and describes aloud
A sense they know not, to the wond'ring crowd;
He talks of light, and the prismatic hues,
As men of depth in erudition use;
But all he gains for his harangue is—"Well——
What monstrous lies some travellers will tell!"

The soul, whose sight all-quick'ning grace renews,
Takes the resemblance of the good she views,
As diamonds, stripp'd of their opaque disguise,
Reflect the noonday glory of the skies.
She speaks of him, her author, guardian, friend,
Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,
In language warm as all that love inspires,
And in the glow of her intense desires,
Pants to communicate her noble fires.
She sees a world stark blind to what employs
Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys;
Though Wisdom hail them, heedless of her call,
Flies to save some, and feels a pang for all:
Herself as weak as her support is strong,
She feels that frailty she denied so long;
And, from a knowledge of her own disease,
Learns to compassionate the sick she sees.
Here see, acquitted of all vain pretence,
The reign of genuine Charity commence.
Though scorn repay her sympathetic tears,
She still is kind, and still she perseveres;
The truth she loves a sightless world blaspheme,
'Tis childish dotage, a delirious dream,
The danger they discern not, they deny;
Laugh at their only remedy, and die.
But still a soul thus touch'd can never cease,
Whoever threatens war, to speak of peace.

Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child:
She makes excuses where she might condemn,
Revil'd by those that hate her, prays for them;
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,
The worst suggested, she believes the best;
Not soon provok'd, however stung and teas'd,
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeas'd;
She rather waves than will dispute her right,
And injur'd makes forgiveness her delight.

Such was the portrait an apostle drew,
The bright original was one he knew;
Heav'n held his hand, the likeness must h[ave]
When one, that holds communion w[ith] the skies
Has fill'd his urn where these pure waters rise
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis ev'n as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship well freighted with the stores,
The Sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropp'd her anchor, and her canvass furl'd,
In some safe haven of our western world,
'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went,
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

Some seek, when queasy conscience has it's [qualms,
To lull the painful malady with alms;
But charity not feign'd intends alone
Another's good—theirs centres in their own;
And, too short liv'd to reach the realms of peace,
Must cease for ever when the poor shall cease.
Flavia, most tender of her own good name,
Is rather careless of her sister's fame:
Her superfluity the poor supplies,
But, if she touch a character, it dies.
The seeming virtue weigh'd against the vice,
She deems all safe, for she has paid the price:
No charity but alms aught values she,
Except in perc'lain on her mantletree.
How many deeds, with which the world has rung,
From Pride, in league with Ignorance, have sprung!
But God o'errules all human follies still,
And bends the tough materials to his will.
A conflagration, or a wintry flood,
Has left some hundreds without home or food;
Extravagance and Av'rice shall subscribe,
While fame and self-complacence are the bribe.
The brief proclaim'd, it visits every pew,
But first the squire's, a compliment but due:
With slow deliberation he unties
His glitt'ring purse, that envy of all eyes,
And, while the clerk just puzzles out the psalm,
Slides guinea behind guinea in his palm;
Till finding, what he might have found before,
A smaller piece amidst the precious store,
Pinch'd close between his finger and his thumb,
He half exhibits, and then drops the sum.
Gold to be sure!—Throughout the town 'tis told,
How the good squire gives never less than gold.
From motives such as his, though not the best,
Springs in due time supply for the distress'd;
Not less effectual than what love bestows,
Except that office clips it as it goes.

But lest I seem to sin against a friend,
And wound the grace I mean to recommend,
(Though vice derided with a just design
Implies no trespass against love divine,)
Once more I would adopt the graver style,
A teacher should be sparing of his smile.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame;
He hides behind a magisterial air
His own offences, and strips others bare;
Affects indeed a most humane concern,
That men, if gently tutor'd, will not learn;
That foolish Folly, not to be reclaim'd
By softer methods, must be made asham'd;
[illegible] night instance in St. Patrick's dean,
Too oft in rails to gratify his spleen.
Most satirists are indeed a public scourge;
Their mildest physic is a farrier's purge:
Their acrid temper turns, as soon as stirr'd,
The milk of their good purpose all to curd.
Their zeal begot[illegible] their works rehearse,
By lean despair upon an empty purse,
The wild assassins start into the street,
Prepar'd to poniard whomsoe'er they meet.
No skill in swordmanship, however just,
Can be secure against a madman's thrust;
And even Virtue, so unfairly match'd,
Although immortal, may be prick'd or scratch'd.
When Scandal has new minted an old lie,
Or tax'd invention for a fresh supply,
'Tis call'd a satire, and the world appears
Gath'ring around it with erected ears:
A thousand names are toss'd into the crowd;
Some whisper'd softly, and some twang'd aloud;
Just as the sapience of an author's brain
Suggests it safe or dang'rous to be plain.
Strange! how the frequent interjected dash
Quickens a market, and helps off the trash;
Th' important letters, that include the rest,
Serve as a key to those that are suppress'd;
Conjecture gripes the victims in his paw,
The world is charm'd, and Scrib escapes the law.
So, when the cold damp shades of night prevail,
Worms may be caught by either head or tail;
Forcibly drawn from many a close recess,
They meet with little pity, no redress;
Plung'd in the stream they lodge upon the mud,
Food for the famish'd rovers of the flood.

All zeal for a reform, that gives offence
To peace and charity, is mere pretence:
A bold remark, but which, if well applied,
Would humble many a tow'ring poet's pride.
Perhaps the man was in a sportive fit,
And had no other play-place for his wit;
Perhaps enchanted with the love of fame,
He sought the jewel in his neighbour's shame;
Perhaps—whatever end he might pursue,
The cause of virtue could not be his view.
At ev'ry stroke wit flashes in our eyes;
The turns are quick, the polish'd points surprise,
But shine with cruel and tremendous charms,
That, while they please, possess us with alarms;
So have I seen, (and hasten'd to the sight
On all the wings of holiday delight)
Where stands that monument of ancient pow'r,
Nam'd with emphatic dignity, the Tow'r,
Guns, halberts, swords, and pistols, great and small,
In starry forms dispos'd upon the wall;
We wonder, as we gazing stand below,
That brass and steel should make so fine a show;
But though we praise th' exact designer's skill,
Account them implements of mischief still.

No works shall find acceptance in that day,
When all disguises shall be rent away,
That square not truly with the Scripture plan,
Nor spring from love to God, or love to man.
As he ordains things sordid in their birth
To be resolv'd into their parent earth;
And, though the soul shall seek superior orbs,
Whate'er this world produces, it absorbs;
So self starts nothing, but what tends apace
Home to the goal, where it began the race.
Such as our motive is, our aim must be;
If this be servile, that can ne'er be free:
If self employ us, whatsoe'er is wrought,
We glorify that self, not him we ought;
Such virtues had need prove their own reward,
The judge of all men owes them no regard.
True Charity, a plant divinely nurs'd,
Fed by the love, from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven it's unfading green;
Exub'rant is the shadow it supplies,
It's fruit on Earth, it's growth above the skies.
To look at Him, who form'd us and redeem'd,
So glorious now, though once so disesteem'd,
To see a God stretch forth his human hand,
T' uphold the boundless scenes of his command;
To recollect, that, in a form like ours,
He bruis'd beneath his feet th' infernal pow'rs,
Captivity led captive, rose to claim
The wreath he won so dearly in our name;
That thron'd above all height he condescends,
To call the few that trust in him his friends;
That, in the Heav'n of heav'ns, that space he deems
Too scanty for th' exertion of his beams,
And shines, as if impatient to bestow
Life and a kingdom upon worms below;
That sight imparts a never-dying flame,
Though feeble in degree, in kind the same.
Like him the soul thus kindled from above
Spreads wide her arms of universal love;
And, still enlarg'd as she receives the grace,
Includes creation in her close embrace.
Behold a Christian!—and without the fires
The founder of that name alone inspires,
Though all accomplishment, all knowledge meet,
To make the shining prodigy complete,
Whoever boasts that name—behold a cheat!
Were love, in these the World's last doting years,
As frequent as the want of it appears,
The churches warm'd, they would no longer hold
Such frozen figures, stiff as they are cold;
Relenting forms would lose their pow'r, or cease;
And ev'n the dipp'd and sprinkled live in peace;
Each heart would quit it's prison in the breast,
And flow in free communion with the rest.
The statesman, skill'd in projects dark and deep,
Might burn his useless Machiavel, and sleep;
His budget often fill'd, yet always poor,
Might swing at ease behind his study door,
No longer prey upon our annual rents,
Or scare the nation with it's big contents:
Disbanded legions freely might depart,
And slaying man would cease to be an art.
No learned disputants would take the field,
Sure not to conquer, and sure not to yield;
Both sides deceiv'd, if rightly understood,
Pelting each other for the public good.
Did charity prevail, the press would prove
A vehicle of virtue, truth, and love;
And I might spare myself the pains to show
What few can learn, and all suppose they know.

Thus have I sought to grace a serious lay.
With many a wild indeed but flow'ry spray,
In hopes to gain, what else I must have lost,
Th' attention pleasure has so much engross'd.
But if unhappily deceiv'd I dream,
And prove too weak for so divine a theme,
Let Charity forgive me a mistake,
That zeal, not vanity, has chanc'd to make,
And spare the poet for his subject's sake.

CONVERSATION.

Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.
Virg. Ecl. 5.

Though Nature weigh our talents, and dispense
To ev'ry man his modicum of sense,
And Conversation in it's better part
May be esteem'd a gift, and not an art,
Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
On culture, and the sowing of the soil.
Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.
As Alphabets in ivory employ,
Hour after hour, the yet unletter'd boy,
Sorting and puzzling with a deal of glee
Those seeds of science called his A B C;
So language in the months of the adult,
Witness it's insignificant result,
Too often proves an implement of play,
A toy to sport with, and pass time away.
Collect at ev'ning what the day brought forth,
Compress the sum into it's solid worth,
And if it weigh th' importance of a fly,
The scales are false, or algebra a lie.
Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought!
But all shall give account of ev'ry wrong,
Who dare dishonour or defile the tongue;
Who prostitute it in the cause of vice,
Or sell their glory at a market-price;
Who vote for hire, or point it with lampoon,
The dear-bought placeman, and the cheap buffoon.
There is a prurience in the speech of some,
Wrath stays him, or else God would strike them dumb:
His wise forbearance has their end in view,
They fill their measure, and receive their due.
The heathen law-givers of ancient days,
Names almost worthy of a Christian's praise,
Would drive them forth from the resort of men,
And shut up ev'ry satyr in his den.
O come not ye near innocence and truth,
Ye worms that eat into the bud of youth!
Infectious as impure, your blighting pow'r
Taints in it's rudiments the promis'd flow'r;
It's odour perish'd and it's charming hue,
Thenceforth 'tis hateful, for it smells of you.
Not ev'n the vigorous and headlong rage
Of adolescence, or a firmer age,
Affords a plea allowable or just
For making speech the pamperer of lust;
But when the breath of age commits the fault,
'Tis nauseous as the vapour of a vault.
So wither'd stumps disgrace the sylvan scene,
No longer fruitful, and no longer green;
The sapless wood divested of the bark,
Grows fungous, and takes fire at ev'ry spark.
Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife—
Some men have surely then a peaceful life;
Whate'er subject occupy discourse,
The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,
Asseveration blust'ring in your face
Makes contradiction such a hopeless case,
In ev'ry tale they tell, or false or true,
Well known, or such as no one ever knew,
They fix attention, heedless of the pain,
With oaths like rivets driven into the brain;
And ev'n when sober truth prevails throughout,
They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.
A Persian, humble servant of the Sun,
Who though devout yet bigotry had none,
Hearing a lawyer, grave in his address,
With adjurations ev'ry word impress,
Suppos'd the man a bishop, or at least,
God's name so much upon his lips, a priest;
Bow'd at the close with all his graceful air,
And begg'd an int'rest in his frequent pray'rs.
Go, quit the rank to which ye stood preferr'd,
Henceforth associate in one common herd;
Religion, virtue, reason, common sense,
Pronounce your human form a false pretence;
A mere disguise, in which a devil lurks,
Who yet betrays his secret by his works.
Ye pow'rs who rule the tongue, if such there are,
And make colloquial happiness your care,
Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
A duel in the form of a debate.
The clash of arguments and jar of words,
Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords,
Decide no question with their tedious length,
For opposition gives opinion strength,
Divert the champions prodigal of breath,
And put the peaceably-dispos'd to death.
O thwart me not, sir Soph, at ev'ry turn,
Nor carp at ev'ry flaw you may discern;
Though syllogisms hang not on my tongue,
I am not surely always in the wrong;
'Tis hard if all is false, that I advance,
A fool must now and then be right by chance.
Not that all freedom of dissent I blame;
No—there I grant the privilege I claim.
A disputable point is no man's ground;
Rove where you please, 'tis common all around.
Discourse may want an animated—No,
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.
The mark, at which my juster aim I take,
Is contradiction for it's own dear sake.
Set your opinion at whatever pitch,
Knots and impediments make something hitch;
Adopt his own, 'tis equally in vain,
Your thread of argument is snapp'd again;
The wrangler, rather than accord with you,
Will judge himself deceiv'd, and prove it too.
Vociferated logic kills me quite,
A noisy man is always in the right,
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,

And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly—"To be sure—no doubt!"
Dubius is such a scrupulous good man—
Yes—you may catch him tripping, if you can.
He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own;
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
His evidence, if he were call'd by law
To swear to some enormity he saw,
For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not;
What he remembers seems to have forgot;
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Centring at last in having none at all.
Yet, though he tease and balk your list'ning ear,
He makes one useful point exceeding clear;
Howe'er ingenious on his darling theme
A sceptic in philosophy may seem,
Reduc'd to practice, his beloved rule
Would only prove him a consummate fool;
Useless in him alike both brain and speech,
Fate having plac'd all truth above his reach,
His ambiguities his total sum,
He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb.
Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay;
Their want of light and intellect supplied
By sparks absurdity strikes out of pride.
Without the means of knowing right from wrong,
They always are decisive, clear, and strong;
Where others toil with philosophic force,
Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course;
Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
And gains remote conclusions at a jump:
Their own defect, invisible to them,
Seen in another, they at once condemn;
And, though self-idoliz'd in ev'ry case,
Hate their own likeness in a brother's face.
The cause is plain, and not to be denied,
The proud are always most provok'd by pride,
Few competitions but engender spite;
And those the most, where neither has a right.
The point of honour has been deem'd of use,
To teach good manners, and to curb abuse;
Admit it true, the consequence is clear,
Our polish'd manners are a mask we wear,
And, at the bottom barb'rous still and rude,
We are restrain'd indeed, but not subdu'd.
The very remedy, however sure,
Springs from the mischief it intends to cure,
And savage in it's principle appears,
Tried, as it should be, by the fruit it bears.
'Tis hard indeed, if nothing will defend
Mankind from quarrels but their fatal end;
That now and then a hero must decease,
That the surviving world may live in peace.
Perhaps at last close scrutiny may show
The practice dastardly, and mean, and low;
That men engage in it compell'd by force,
And fear, not courage, is it's proper source:
The fear of tyrant custom, and th' fear
Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer.
At least to trample on our Maker's laws,
And hazard life for any or no cause,
To rush into a fix'd eternal state
Out of the very flames of rage and hate,
Or send another shiv'ring to the bar
With all the guilt of such unnat'ral war,
Whatever Use may urge, or Honour plead,
On Reason's verdict is a madman's deed.
Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a bear is rude and surly? No—
A moral, sensible, and well bred man
Will not affront me; and no other can.
Were I empower'd to regulate the lists,
They should encounter with well-loaded *fists*;
A Trojan combat would be something new,
Let Dares beat Entellus black and blue;
Then each might show, to his admiring friends,
In honourable bumps his rieh amends,
And carry, in contusions of his skull,
A satisfactory receipt in full.
A story, in which native humour reigns,
Is often useful, always entertains:
A graver fact, enlisted on your side,
May furnish illustration, well applied;
But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
'Tis the most asinine employ on Earth,
To hear them tell of parentage and birth,
And echo conversations, dull and dry,
Embellish'd with—"He said," and "So said I."
At ev'ry interview their route the same,
The repetition makes attention lame:
We bustle up with unsuccessful speed,
And in the saddest part cry—"Droll indeed!"
The path of narrative with care pursue,
Still making probability your clew;
On all the vestiges of truth attend,
And let them guide you to a decent end.
Of all ambitions man may entertain,
The worst, that can invade a fickly brain,
Is that, which angles hourly for surprise,
And baits it's hook with prodigies and lies.
Credulous infancy, or age as weak,
Are fittest auditors for such to seek;
Who to please others will themselves disgrace,
Yet please not, but affront you to your face.
A great retailer of this curious ware
Having unloaded and made many stare,
"Can this be true?"—an arch observer cries,
"Yes," (rather mov'd) "I saw it with these eyes;"
"Sir! I believe it on that ground alone;
I could not, had I seen it with my own."
A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct;
The language plain, and incidents well link'd;
Tell not as new what ev'ry body knows,
And, new or old, still hasten to a close;
There, centring in a focus round and neat,
Let all your rays of information meet.
What neither yields us profit nor delight
Is like a nurse's lullaby at night;
Guy Earl of Warwick and fair Eleanore,
Or giant-killing Jack, would please me more.
The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again.
Such often, like the tube they so admire,
Important triflers! have more smoke than fire.
Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,

Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex, whose presence civilizes ours:
Thou art indeed the drug a gard'ner wants,
To poison vermin that infest his plants;
But are we so to wit and beauty blind,
As to despise the glory of our kind,
And show the softest minds and fairest forms
As little mercy, as he grubs and worms?
They dare not wait the riotous abuse,
Thy thirst-creating steams at length produce,
When wine has giv'n indecent language birth,
And forc'd the floodgates of licentious mirth;
For seaborn Venus her attachment shows
Still to that element, from which she rose,
And with a quiet, which no fumes disturb,
Sips meek infusions of a milder herb.

Th' emphatic speaker dearly loves t' oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose.
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
Touch'd with the magnet had attracted his.
His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a windgun's airy charge,
An extract of his diary—no more,
A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walk'd abroad, o'ertaken in the rain
Call'd on a friend, drank tea, stepp'd home again,
Resum'd his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
"Adieu, dear sir! lest you should lose it now."

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume;
The sight's enough—no need to smell a beau—
Who thrusts his nose into a rareeshow?
His odoriferous attempts to please
Perhaps might prosper with a swarm of bees;
But we that make no honey, though we sting,
Poets, are sometimes apt to maul the thing.
'Tis wrong to bring into a mix'd resort,
What makes some sick, and others *à-la-mort*:
An argument of cogence, we may say,
Why such a one should keep himself away.

A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he:
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop; significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all it's weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home:
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage;
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity and love,
But when unpack'd your disappointment groans
To find it stuff'd with brickbats, earth, and stones.

Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped;
Nothing is slightly touch'd, much less forgot,
Nose, ears, and eyes, seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seem'd, and now the doctor's skill;
And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps!
They put on a damp nightcap and relapse; [bad;
They thought they must have died, they were so
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.

Some fretful tempers wince at ev'ry touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse—the drone-pipe of an humble-bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis dark.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish,
With soal—that's just the meat he would not wish.
He takes what he at first profess'd to loath,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on ev'ry plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can—
Alas! his efforts double his distress,
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teas'd,
His only pleasure is—to be displeas'd.

I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserv'd disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame, and self-impos'd disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip:
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.
Few Frenchmen of this evil have complain'd;
It seems as if we Britons were ordain'd,
By way of wholesome curb upon our pride,
To fear each other, fearing none beside.
The cause perhaps inquiry may descry,
Self searching with an introverted eye,
Conceal'd within an unsuspected part,
The vainest corner of our own vain heart:
For ever aiming at the world's esteem,
Our self importance ruins it's own scheme;
In other eyes our talents rarely shown,
Become at length so splendid in our own,
We dare not risk them into public view,
Lest they miscarry of what seems their due.
True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in the proper place;
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through fear,
Where 'tis a shame to be asham'd t' appear:
Humility the parent of the first,
The last by vanity produc'd and nurs'd.
The circle form'd, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate; [show
"Yes ma'am," and "No ma'am," utter'd softly,
Ev'ry five minutes how the minutes go;
Each individual suff'ring a constraint
Poetry may paint, but colours cannot paint,
As if in close committee on the sky,
Reports it hot or cold, or wet or dry;
And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection, and well-tim'd discourse.

We next inquire, but softly and by stealth,
Like conservators of the public health,
Of epidemic throats, if such there are,
And coughs, and rheums, and phthisic, and catarrh.
That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,
Fill'd up at last with interesting news,
Who danc'd with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is hang'd, and who is brought to bed:
But fear to call a more important cause,
As if 'twere treason against English laws,
The visit paid, with ecstacy we come,
As from a sev'n years transportation, home,
And there resume an unembarrass'd brow,
Recov'ring what we lost we know not how,
The faculties, that seem'd reduc'd to nought,
Expression and the privilege of thought.

The reeking, roaring hero of the chase,
I give him over as a desp'rate case.
Physicians write in hopes to work a cure,
Never, if honest ones, when death is sure;
And though the fox he follows may be tam'd,
A mere fox-foll'wer never is reclaim'd.
Some farrier should prescribe his proper course,
Whose only fit companion is his horse,
Or if, deserving of a better doom,
The noble beast judge otherwise, his groom.
Yet ev'n the rogue that serves him, though he stand,
To take his honour's orders, cap in hand,
Prefers his fellow-grooms with much good sense,
Their skill a truth, his master's a pretence.
If neither horse nor groom affect the squire,
Where can at last his jockeyship retire?
O to the club, the scene of savage joys,
The school of coarse good fellowship and noise;
There, in the sweet society of those,
Whose friendship from his boyish years he chose,
Let him improve his talent if he can,
Till none but beasts acknowledge him a man.

Man's heart had been impenetrably seal'd,
Like theirs that cleave the flood or graze the field,
Had not his Maker's all-bestowing hand
Giv'n him a soul, and bade him understand;
The reas'ning pow'r vouchsaf'd of course inferr'd
The pow'r to clothe that reason with his word;
For all is perfect, that God works on Earth,
And he, that gives conception, aids the birth.
If this be plain, 'tis plainly understood,
What uses of his boon the giver would.
The Mind, dispatch'd upon her busy toil,
Should range where Providence has bless'd the soil;
Visiting ev'ry flow'r with labour meet,
And gath'ring all her treasures sweet by sweet,
She should imbue the tongue with what she sips,
And shed the balmy blessing on the lips,
That good diffus'd may more abundant grow,
And speech may praise the pow'r that bids it flow.
Will the sweet warbler of the livelong night,
That fills the list'ning lover with delight,
Forget his harmony, with rapture heard,
To learn the twitt'ring of a meaner bird?
Or make the parrot's mimicry his choice,
That odious libel on a human voice?
No—Nature, unsophisticate by man,
Starts not aside from her Creator's plan;
The melody, that was at first design'd
To cheer the rude forefathers of mankind,
Is note for note deliver'd in our ears,
In the last scene of her six thousand years.

Yet Fashion, leader of a chatt'ring train,
Whom man for his own hurt permits to reign,
Who shifts and changes all things but his shape,
And would degrade her vot'ry to an ape,
The fruitful parent of abuse and wrong,
Holds a usurp'd dominion o'er his tongue;
There sits and prompts him with his own disgrace,
Prescribes the theme, the tone, and the grimace,
And, when accomplish'd in her wayward school,
Calls gentleman whom she has made a fool.
'Tis an unalterable fix'd decree,
That none could frame or ratify but she,
That Heav'n and Hell, and righteousness and sin,
Snares in his path, and foes that lurk within,
God and his attributes (a field of day
Where 'tis an angel's happiness to stray),
Fruits of his love and wonders of his might,
Be never nam'd in ears esteem'd polite.
That he who dares, when she forbids, be grave,
Shall stand proscrib'd, a madman or a knave,
A close designer not to be believ'd,
Or, if excus'd that charge, at least deceiv'd.
Oh folly worthy of the nurse's lap,
Give it the breast, or stop it's mouth with pap!
Is it incredible, or can it seem
A dream to any, except those that dream,
That man should love his Maker, and *that* fire,
Warming his heart, should at his lips transpire?
Know then, and modestly let fall your eyes,
And veil your daring crest that braves the skies;
That air of insolence affronts your God,
You need his pardon, and provoke his rod:
Now, in a posture that becomes you more
Than that heroic strut assum'd before,
Know, your arrears with ev'ry hour accrue
For mercy shown, while wrath is justly due.
The time is short, and there are souls on Earth,
Though future pain may serve for present mirth,
Acquainted with the woes, that fear or shame,
By Fashion taught, forbade them once to name,
And, having felt the pangs you deem a jest,
Have prov'd them truths too big to be express'd.
Go seek on revelation's hallow'd ground,
Sure to succeed, the remedy they found;
Touch'd by that pow'r that you have dar'd to mock,
That makes seas stable, and dissolves the rock,
Your heart shall yield a life-renewing stream,
That fools, as you have done, shall call a dream.

It happen'd on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our Surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went
In musings worthy of the great event:
They spake of him they lov'd, of him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther trac'd, enrich'd them still the more;
They thought him, and they justly thought him, one
Sent to do more than he appear'd t' have done;
T' exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wonder'd he should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger join'd them, courteous as a friend,
And ask'd them with a kind engaging air
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.

Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well
The tender theme, on which they chose to dwell,
That reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near,
We must not now be parted, sojourn here" [near,
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all he deign'd to say,"
Did they not burn within us by the way?

Now theirs was converse, such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves:
Their views indeed were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aim'd at him.
Christ and his character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope,
They felt what it became them much to feel,
And, wanting him to loose the sacred seal,
Found him as prompt, as their desire was true,
To spread the newborn glories in their view.
Well—what are ages and the lapse of time
Match'd against truths, as lasting as sublime?
Can length of years on God himself exact?
Or make that fiction, which was once a fact?
No—marble and recording brass decay,
And like the graver's mem'ry pass away;
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust;
But truth divine for ever stands secure,
It's head is guarded as it's base is sure;
Fix'd in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of th' eternal plan appears,
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that architect, who built the skies.
Hearts may be found, that harbour at this hour
That love of Christ, and all it's quick'ning pow'r;
And lips unstain'd by folly or by strife,
Whose wisdom, drawn from the deep well of life,
Tastes of it's healthful origin, and flows
A Jordan for th' ablution of our woes.
O days of Heav'n, and nights of equal praise,
Serene and peaceful as those heav'nly days,
When souls drawn upwards in communion sweet
Enjoy the stillness of some close retreat,
Discourse, as if releas'd and safe at home,
Of dangers past, and wonders yet to come,
And spread the sacred treasures of the breast
Upon the lap of covenanted Rest.

"What, always dreaming over heav'nly things,
Like angel-heads in stone with pigeon-wings?
Canting and whining out all day the word,
And half the night? fanatic and absurd!
Mine be the friend less frequent in his pray'rs,
Who makes no bustle with his soul's affairs,
Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day,
And chase the splenetic dull hours away;
Content on Earth in earthly things to shine,
Who waits for Heav'n ere he becomes divine,
Leaves saints t' enjoy those altitudes they teach,
And plucks the fruit plac'd more within his reach."

Well spoken, Advocate of sin and shame,
Known by thy bleating, Ignorance thy name.
Is sparkling wit the World's exclusive right?
The fix'd fee-simple of the vain and light?
Can hopes of Heav'n, bright prospects of an hour,
That come to waft us out of Sorrow's pow'r,
Obscure or quench a faculty, that finds
It's happiest soil in the serenest minds?
Religion curbs indeed it's wanton play,
And brings the trifler under rig'rous sway,
But gives it usefulness unknown before,
And, purifying, makes it shine the more.
A Christian's wit is inoffensive light,
A beam that aids, but never grieves the sight;
Vig'rous in age as in the flush of youth,
'Tis always active on the side of truth;
Temp'rance and peace insure it's healthful state,
And make it brightest at it's latest date.
Oh I have seen (nor hope perhaps in vain,
Ere life go down, to see such sights again)
A vet'ran warrior in the Christian field,
Who never saw the sword he could not wield;
Grave without dulness, learned without pride,
Exact, yet not precise, though meek, keen-ey'd;
A man that would have foil'd at their own play
A dozen would-bes of the modern day;
Who, when occasion justified it's use,
Had wit as bright as ready to produce,
Could fetch from records of an earlier age,
Or from philosophy's enlighten'd page,
His rich materials, and regale your ear
With strains it was a privilege to hear:
Yet above all his luxury supreme,
And his chief glory, was the Gospel theme;
There he was copious as old Greece or Rome,
His happy eloquence seem'd there at home,
Ambitious not to shine or to excel,
But to treat justly what he lov'd so well.

It moves me more perhaps than folly ought,
When some green heads, as void of wit as thought,
Suppose *themselves* monopolists of sense,
And wiser men's ability pretence.
Though time will wear us, and we must grow old,
Such men are not forgot as soon as cold,
Their fragrant mem'ry will outlast their tomb,
Embalm'd for ever in it's own perfume.
And to say truth, though in it's early prime,
And when unstain'd with any grosser crime,
Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost,
And Virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years;
Yet Age, by long experience well inform'd,
Well read, well temper'd, with religion warm'd,
That fire abated, which impels rash youth,
Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth,
As time improves the grape's authentic juice,
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,
And claims a rev'rence in it's short'ning day,
That 'tis an honour and a joy to pay.
The fruits of Age, less fair, are yet more sound,
Than those a brighter season pours around;
And, like the stores autumnal suns mature,
Through wintry rigours unimpair'd endure.

What is fanatic frenzy, scorn'd so much,
And dreaded more than a contagious touch?
I grant it dang'rous, and approve your fear,
That fire is catching if you draw too near;
But sage observers oft mistake the flame,
And give true piety that odious name.
To tremble (as the creature of an hour
Ought at the view of an almighty pow'r)
Before his presence, at whose awful throne
All tremble in all worlds, except our own,

To supplicate his mercy, love his ways,
And prize them above pleasure, wealth, or praise,
Though common sense, allow'd a casting voice,
And free from bias, must approve the choice,
Convicts a man fanatic in th' extreme,
And wild as madness in the world's esteem.
But that disease, when soberly defin'd,
Is the false fire of an o'erheated mind;
It views the truth with a distorted eye,
And either warps or lays it useless by;
'Tis narrow, selfish, arrogant, and dra[illegible]
It's sordid nourishment from man's applause;
And while at heart sin unrelinquish'd lies,
Presumes itself chief fav'rite of the skies.
'Tis such a light as putrefaction breeds
In fly-blown flesh, whereon the maggot feeds,
Shines in the dark, but, usher'd into day,
The stench remains, the lustre dies away.
True bliss, if man may reach it, is compos'd
Of hearts in union mutually disclos'd;
And, farewell else all hope of pure delight,
Those hearts should be reclaim'd, renew'd, upright.
Bad men, profaning friendship's hallow'd name,
Form, in it's stead, a covenant of shame,
A dark confed'racy against the laws
Of virtue, and religion's glorious cause:
They build each other up with dreadful skill,
As bastions set point blank against God's will;
Enlarge and fortify the dread redoubt,
Deeply resolv'd to shut a Saviour out;
Call legions up from Hell to back the deed;
And, curs'd with conquest, finally succeed.
But souls, that carry on a blest exchange
Of joys, they meet with in their heav'nly range;
And with a fearless confidence make known
The sorrows, sympathy esteems it's own,
Daily derive increasing light and force
From such communion in their pleasant course,
Feel less the journey's roughness and it's length,
Meet their opposers with united strength,
And, one in heart, in int'rest, and design,
Gird up each other to the race divine.
But Conversation, choose what theme we may,
And chiefly when religion leads the way,
Should flow, like waters after summer show'rs,
Not as if rais'd by mere mechanic pow'rs.
The Christian, in whose soul, though now distress'd,
Lives the dear thought of joys he once possess'd,
When all his glowing language issu'd forth
With God's deep stamp upon it's current worth,
Will speak without disguise, and must impart,
Sad as it is, his undissembling heart,
Abhors constraint, and dares not feign a zeal,
Or seem to boast a fire he does not feel.
The song of Sion is a tasteless thing,
Unless, when rising on a joyful wing,
The soul can mix with the celestial bands,
And give the strain the compass it demands.
Strange tidings these to tell a World, who treat
All but their own experience as deceit!
Will they believe, though credulous enough,
To swallow much upon much weaker proof,
That there are blest inhabitants of Earth,
Partakers of a new ethereal birth,
Their hopes, desires, and purposes estrang'd
From things terrestrial, and divinely chang'd,
Their very language of a kind, that speaks
The soul's sure int'rest in the good she seeks,
Who deal with Scripture, it's importance felt,
As Tully with philosophy once dealt,
And in the silent watches of the night,
And through the scenes of toil-renewing light,
The social walk, or solitary ride,
Keep still the dear companion at their side?
No—shame upon a self-disgracing age,
God's work may serve an ape upon a stage
With such a jest, as fill'd with hellish glee
Certain invisibles as shrew'd as he;
But veneration or respect finds none,
Save from the subjects of that work alone.
The World grown old her deep discernment shows,
Claps spectacles on her sagacious nose,
Peruses closely the true Christian's face,
And finds it a mere mask of sly grimace;
Usurps God's office, lays his bosom bare,
And finds hypocrisy close lurking there;
And, serving God herself through mere constraint,
Concludes his unfeign'd love of him a feint.
And yet, God knows, look human nature through,
(And in due time the World shall know it too)
That since the flow'rs of Eden felt the blast,
That after man's defection laid all waste,
Sincerity tow'rds the heart-searching God
Has made the new-born creature her abode,
Nor shall be found in unregen'rate souls,
Till the last fire burn all between the poles.
Sincerity! why 'tis his only pride,
Weak and imperfect in all grace beside,
He knows that God demands his heart entire,
And gives him all his just demands require.
Without it his pretensions were as vain,
As having it he deems the World's disdain;
That great defect would cost him not alone
Man's favourable judgment, but his own;
His birthright shaken, and no longer clear
Than while his conduct proves his heart sincere,
Retort the charge, and let the World be told
She boasts a confidence she does not hold;
That, conscious of her crimes, she feels instead
A cold misgiving, and a killing dread:
That while in health the ground of her support
Is madly to forget that life is short;
That sick she trembles, knowing she must die,
Her hope presumption, and her faith a lie;
That while she dotes, and dreams that she believes,
She mocks her Maker, and herself deceives,
Her utmost reach, historical assent,
The doctrines warp'd to what they never meant;
That truth itself is in her head as dull
And useless as a candle in a scull,
And all her love of God a groundless claim,
A trick upon the canvass, painted flame.
Tell her again, the sneer upon her face,
And all her censures of the work of grace,
Are insincere, meant only to conceal
A dread she would not, yet is forc'd to feel;
That in her heart the Christian she reveres,
And while she seems to scorn him, only fears.
A poet does not work by square or line,
As smiths, and joiners perfect a design;
At least we moderns, our attention less,
Beyond th' example of our sires digress,
And claim a right to scamper and run wide,
Wherever chance, caprice, or fancy guide.
The World and I fortuitously met;
I ow'd a trifle and have paid the debt;

She did me wrong, I recompens'd the deed,
And, having struck the balance, now proceed.
Perhaps however as some years have pass'd,
Since she and I convers'd together last,
And I have liv'd recluse in rural shades,
Which seldom a distinct report pervades,
Great changes and new manners have occurr'd,
And blest reforms, that I have never heard,
And she may now be as discreet and wise,
As once absurd in all discerning eyes.
Sobriety perhaps may now be found,
Where once intoxication press'd the ground;
The subtle and injurious may be just,
And he grown chaste, that was the slave of lust;
Arts once esteem'd may be with shame dismiss'd;
Charity may relax the miser's fist;
The gamester may have cast his cards away,
Forgot to curse, and only kneel to pray.
It has indeed been told me (with what weight,
How credibly, 'tis hard for me to state)
That fables old, that seem'd for ever mute,
Reviv'd are hast'ning into fresh repute,
And gods and goddesses, discarded long
Like useless lumber, or a stroller's song,
Are bringing into vogue their heathen train,
And Jupiter bids fair to rule again;
That certain feasts are instituted now,
Where Venus hears the lover's tender vow;
That all Olympus through the country roves,
To consecrate our few remaining groves,
And Echo learns politely to repeat
The praise of names for ages obsolete;
That having prov'd the weakness, it should seem,
Of revelation's ineffectual beam,
To bring the passions under sober sway,
And give the moral springs their proper play,
They mean to try what may at last be done,
By stout substantial gods of wood and stone,
And whether Roman rites may not produce
The virtues of old Rome for English use.
May such success attend the pious plan,
May Mercury once more embellish man,
Grace him again with long forgotten arts,
Reclaim his taste, and brighten up his parts,
Make him athletic as in days of old,
Learn'd at the bar, in the palæstra bold,
Divest the rougher sex of female airs,
And teach the softer not to copy theirs:
The change shall please, nor shall it matter aught
Who works the wonder, if it be but wrought.
'Tis time, however, if the case stands thus,
For us plain folks, and all who side with us,
To build our altar, confident and bold,
And say as stern Elijah said of old,
The strife now stands upon a fair award,
If Israel's Lord be God, then serve the Lord:
If he be silent, faith is all a whim,
Then Baal is the God, and worship him.
Digression is so much in modern use,
Thought is so rare, and fancy so profuse,
Some never seem so wide of their intent,
As when returning to the theme they meant;
As mendicants, whose business is to roam,
Make ev'ry parish but their own their home.
Though such continual zigzags in a book,
Such drunken reelings have an awkward look,
And I had rather creep to what is true,
Than rove and stagger with no mark in view;
Yet to consult a little, seem'd no crime,
The freakish humour of the present time:
But now to gather up what seems dispers'd,
And touch the subject I design'd at first,
May prove, though much beside the rules of art,
Best for the public, and my wisest part.
And first, let no man charge me, that I mean
To clothe in sable ev'ry social scene,
And give good company a face severe,
As if they met around a father's bier;
For tell some men, that pleasure all their bent,
And laughter all their work, is life misspent,
Their wisdom bursts into this sage reply,
"Then mirth is sin, and we should always cry."
To find the medium asks some share of wit,
And therefore 'tis a mark fools never hit.
But though life's valley be a vale of tears,
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears,
Whose glory with a light, that never fades,
Shoots between scatter'd rocks and op'ning shades,
And, while it shows the land the soul desires,
The language of the land she seeks inspires.
Thus touch'd, the tongue receives a sacred cure
Of all that was absurd, profane, impure;
Held within modest bounds, the tide of speech
Pursues the course, that Truth and Nature teach;
No longer labours merely to produce
The pomp of sound, or tinkle without use:
Where'er it winds, the salutary stream,
Sprightly and fresh, enriches ev'ry theme,
While all the happy man posess'd before,
The gift of nature, or the classic store,
Is made subservient to the grand design,
For which Hea'vn form'd the faculty divine.
So should an idiot, while at large he strays,
Find the sweet lyre, on which an artist plays,
With rash and awkward force the chord he shakes,
And grins with wonder at the jar he makes;
But let the wise and well-instructed hand
Once take the shell beneath his just command,
In gentle sounds it seems as it complain'd
Of the rude injuries it late sustain'd,
Till tun'd at length to some immortal song,
It sounds Jehovah's name, and pours his praise along.

RETIREMENT.

. . . . . studiis florens ignobilis oti.
Virg. Geor. iii.

Hackney'd in business, wearied at that oar,
Which thousands, once fast chain'd to, quit no more
But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego;
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where, all his long anxieties forgot
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er,
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of Ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And, having lived a trifler, die a man.

Thus Conscience pleads her cause within the breast,
Though long rebell'd against, not yet suppress'd,
And calls a creature form'd for God alone,
For Heavn's high purposes, and not his own,
Calls him away from selfish ends and aims,
From what debilitates and what inflames,
From cities humming with a restless crow'd,
Sordid as active, ignorant as loud,
Whose highest praise is that they live in vain,
The dupes of pleasure, or the slaves of gain,
Where works of man are cluster'd close around,
And works of God are hardly to be found,
To regions where, in spite of sin and art,
Traces of Eden are still seen below,
Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,
Remind him of his Maker's pow'r and love.
'Tis well if, look'd for at so late a day,
In the last scene of such a senseless play,
True wisdom will attend his feeble call,
And grace his action ere the curtain fall.
Souls, that have long despis'd their heavnly birth,
Their wishes all impregnated with Earth,
For threescore years employ'd with ceaseless care
In catching smoke and feeding upon air,
Conversant only with the ways of man,
Rarely redeem the short remaining ten.
Invet'rate habits choke th' unfruitful heart,
Their fibres penetrate it's tend'rest part,
And, draining it's nutritious pow'rs to feed
Their noxious growth, starve ev'ry better seed.
Happy, if full of days—but happier far,
If, ere we yet discern life's ev'ning star,
Sick of the service of a world, that feeds
It's patient drudges with dry chaff and weeds,
We can escape from Custom's idiot sway,
To serve the Sov'reign we were born t' obey.
Then sweet to muse upon his skill display'd
(Infinite skill) in all that he has made!
To trace in Nature's most minute design
The signature and stamp of power divine,
Contrivance intricate, express'd with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees,
The shapely limb and lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point,
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun,
His mighty work, who speaks and it is done,
Th' invisible in things scarce seen reveal'd,
To whom an atom is an ample field;
To wonder at a thousand insect forms,
These hatch'd and those resuscitated worms,
New life ordain'd and brighter scenes to share,
Once prone on earth, now buoyant upon air,
Whose shape would make them, had they bulk and size,
More hideous foes than fancy can devise;
With helmet-heads, and dragon-scales adorn'd,
The mighty myriads, now securely scorn'd,
Would mock the majesty of man's high birth,
Despise his bulwarks, and unpeople earth:
Then with a glance of fancy to survey,
Far as the faculty can stretch away,
Ten thousand rivers pour'd at his command
From urns, that never fail, through ev'ry land;
These like a deluge with impetuous force,
Those winding modestly a silent course;
The cloud-surmounting Alps, the fruitful vales;
Seas, on which ev'ry nation spreads her sails;
The Sun, a world whence other worlds drink light,
The crescent Moon, the diadem of night;
Stars countless, each in his appointed place,
Fast anchor'd in the deep abyss of space—
At such a sight to catch the poet's flame,
And with a rapture like his own exclaim,
"These are thy glorious works, thou source of good,
How dimly seen, how faintly understood!
Thine, and upheld by thy paternal care,
This universal frame, thus wondrous fair;
Thy pow'r divine, and bounty beyond thought,
Ador'd and prais'd in all that thou hast wrought.
Absorb'd in that immensity I see,
I shrink abas'd, and yet aspire to thee;
Instruct me, guide me to that heav'nly day,
Thy words, more clearly than thy works, display,
That, while thy truths my grosser thoughts refine,
I may resemble thee, and call thee mine."
O blest proficiency! surpassing all,
That men erroneously their glory call,
The recompense that arts or arms can yield,
The bar, the senate, or the tented field.
Compar'd with this sublimest life below,
Ye kings and rulers, what have courts to show?
Thus studied, us'd and consecrated thus,
On Earth what is, seems form'd indeed for us:
Not as the plaything of a froward child,
Fretful unless diverted and beguil'd,
Much less to feed and fan the fatal fires
Of pride, ambition, or impure desires,
But as a scale, by which the soul ascends
From mighty means to more important ends,
Securely, though by steps but rarely trod,
Mounts from inferior beings up to God,
And sees by no fallacious light or dim,
Earth made for man, and man himself for him.
Not that I mean t' approve, or would enforce
A superstitious and monastic course:
Truth is not local, God alike pervades
And fills the world of traffic and the shades,
And may be fear'd amidst the busiest scenes,
Or scorn'd where business never intervenes.
But 'tis not easy with a mind like ours,
Conscious of weakness in it's noblest pow'rs,
And in a world where, other ills apart,
The roving eye misleads the careless heart,
To limit Thought, by nature prone to stray
Wherever freakish Fancy points the way;
To bid the pleadings of Self-love be still,
Resign our own and seek our Maker's will;
To spread the page of Scripture, and compare
Our conduct with the laws engraven there;
To measure all that passes in the breast,
Faithfully, fairly, by that sacred test;
To dive into the secret deeps within,
To spare no passion and no fav'rite sin,
And search the themes, important above all,
Ourselves, and our recov'ry from our fall.
But leisure, silence, and a mind releas'd
From anxious thought how wealth may be increas'd,
How to secure, in some propitious hour,
The point of int'rest or the post of pow'r,
A soul serene, and equally retir'd
From objects too much dreaded or desir'd,
Safe from the clamours of perverse dispute,
At least are friendly to the great pursuit.
Op'ning the map of God's extensive plan,
We find a little isle this life of man;
Eternity's unknown expanse appears
Circling around and limiting his years.

The busy race examine and explore
Each creek and cavern of the dang'rous shore,
With care collect what in their eyes excels,
Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells;
Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
And happiest he that groans beneath his weight;
The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
And ev'ry hour sweeps multitudes away;
They shriek and sink, survivors start and weep,
Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.
A few forsake the throng; with lifted eyes
Ask wealth of Heav'n, and gain a real prize,
Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
Seal'd with his signet, whom they serve and love;
Scorn'd by the rest, with patient hope they wait
A kind release from their imperfect state,
And unregretted are soon snatch'd away
From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.

Nor these alone prefer a life recluse,
Who seek retirement for it's proper use;
The love of change, that lives in ev'ry breast,
Genius and temper, and desire of rest,
Discordant motives in one centre meet,
And each inclines it's vot'ry to retreat.
Some minds by nature are averse to noise,
And hate the tumult half the world enjoys;
The lure of av'rice, or the pompous prize,
That courts display before ambitious eyes;
The fruits that hang on pleasure's flow'ry stem,
Whate'er enchants them, are no snares to them.
To them the deep recess of dusky groves,
Or forest, where the deer securely roves,
The fall of waters, and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The World can boast, and her chief fav'rites share.
With eager step, and carelessly array'd,
For such a cause the poet seeks the shade,
From all he sees he catches new delight,
Pleas'd Fancy claps her pinions at the sight,
The rising or the setting orb of day,
The clouds that flit, or slowly float away,
Nature in all the various shapes she wears,
Frowning in storms, or breathing gentle airs,
The snowy robe her wintry state assumes,
Her summer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes,
All, all alike transport the glowing bard,
Success in rhyme his glory and reward.
O Nature! whose Elysian scenes disclose
His bright perfections, at whose word they rose,
Next to that pow'r, who form'd thee and sustains,
Be thou the great inspirer of my strains.
Still, as I touch the lyre, do thou expand
Thy genuine charms, and guide an artless hand,
That I may catch a fire but rarely known,
Give useful light, though I should miss renown,
And, poring on thy page, whose ev'ry line
Bears proof of an intelligence divine,
May feel a heart enrich'd by what it pays,
That builds it's glory on it's Maker's praise.
Wo to the man, whose wit disclaims it's use,
Glitt'ring in vain, or only to seduce,
Who studies nature with a wanton eye,
Admires the work, but slips the lesson by;
His hours of leisure and recess employs
In drawing pictures of forbidden joys,
Retires to blazon his own worthless name,
Or shoot the careless with a surer aim.

The lover too shuns business and alarms,
Tender idolater of absent charms.
Saints offer nothing in their warmest pray'rs,
That he devotes not with a zeal like theirs;
'Tis consecration of his heart, soul, time,
And ev'ry thought that wanders is a crime.
In sighs he worships his supremely fair,
And weeps a sad libation in despair;
Adores a creature, and, devout in vain,
Wins in return an answer of disdain.
As woodbine weds the plant within her reach,
Rough elm, or smooth-grain'd ash, or glossy beech,
In spiral rings ascends the trunk, and lays
Her golden tassels on the leafy sprays,
But does a mischief while she lends a grace,
Straitning it's growth by such a strict embrace;
So love, that clings around the noblest minds,
Forbids th' enlargement of the soul he binds;
The suitor's air indeed he soon improves,
And forms it to the taste of her he loves,
Teaches his eyes a language, and no less
Refines his speech, and fashions his address;
But farewell promises of happier fruits,
Manly designs, and learning's graver pursuits;
Girt with a chain he cannot wish to break,
His only bliss is sorrow for her sake;
Who will may pant for glory and excel,
Her smile his aim, all higher aims farewell!
Thyrsis, Alexis, or whatever name,
May least offend against so pure a flame,
Though sage advice of friends the most sincere
Sounds harshly in so delicate an ear,
And lovers, of all creatures, tame or wild,
Can least brook management, however mild,
Yet let a poet (poetry disarms
The fiercest animals with magic charms)
Risk an intrusion on thy pensive mood,
And woo and win thee to thy proper good.
Pastoral images and still retreats,
Umbrageous walks and solitary seats,
Sweet birds in concert with harmonious streams,
Soft airs, nocturnal vigils, and day dreams,
Are all enchantments in a case like thine,
Conspire against thy peace with one design,
Sooth thee to make thee but a surer prey,
And feed the fire, that wastes thy pow'rs away.
Up—God has form'd thee with a wiser view,
Not to be led in chains, but to subdue;
Calls thee to cope with enemies, and first
Points out a conflict with thyself, the worst.
Woman indeed, a gift he would bestow
When he design'd a Paradise below,
The richest earthly boon his hands afford,
Deserves to be belov'd, but not ador'd.
Post away swiftly to more active scenes,
Collect the scatter'd truths that study gleans,
Mix with the world, but with it's wiser part,
No longer give an image all thine heart;
It's empire is not hers, nor is it thine,
'Tis God's just claim, prerogative divine.

Virtuous and faithful Heberden, whose skill
Attemps no task it cannot well fulfil,
Gives melancholy up to Nature's care,
And sends the patient into purer air.
Look where he comes—in this embow'r'd alcove
Stand close conceal'd, and see a statue move:
Lips busy, and eyes fix'd, foot falling slow,
Arms hanging idly down, hands clasp'd below,

Interpret to the marking eye distress,
Such as it's symptoms can alone express,
That tongue is silent now; that silent tongue
Could argue once, could jest or join the song,
Could give advice, could censure or commend,
Or charm the sorrows of a drooping friend.
Renounc'd alike it's office and it's sport,
It's brisker and it's graver strains fall short;
Both fail beneath a fever's secret sway,
And like a summer-brook are past away.
This, is a sight for Pity to peruse,
Till she resemble faintly what she views,
Till Sympathy contract a kindred pain,
Pierc'd with the woes that she laments in vain.
This of all maladies that man infests,
Claims most compassion and receives the least:
Job felt it, when he groan'd beneath the rod
And the barb'd arrows of a frowning God;
And such emollients as his friends could spare,
Friends such as his for modern Jobs prepare.
Blest, rather curst, with hearts that never feel,
Kept snug in caskets of close-hammer'd steel,
With mouths made only to grin wide and eat,
And minds, that deem derided pain a treat,
With limbs of British oak, and nerves of wire,
And wit that puppet-prompters might inspire,
Their sov'reign nostrum is a clumsy joke
Or pangs enforc'd with God's severest stroke.
But with a soul, that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing:
Not to molest, or irritate, or raise
A laugh at his expense, is slender praise;
He, that has not usurp'd the name of man,
Does all, and deems too little all, he can,
T' assuage the throbbings of a fester'd part,
And stanch the bleedings of a broken heart.
'Tis not, as heads that never ache suppose,
Forg'ry of fancy, and a dream of woes;
Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
Each yielding harmony dispos'd aright;
The screws revers'd (a task which if he please
God in a moment executes with ease),
Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
Lost, till he tune them, all their pow'r and use.
Then neither heathy wilds, nor scenes as fair
As ever recompens'd the peasant's care,
Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,
Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
Parks in which Art preceptress Nature weds,
Nor gardens interspers'd with flow'ry beds,
Nor gales, that catch the scent of blooming groves,
And waft it to the mourner as he roves,
Can call up life into his faded eye,
That passes all he sees unheeded by;
No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels,
No cure for such, till God who makes them, heals.
And thou, sad suff'rer under nameless ill,
That yields not to the touch of human skill,
Improve the kind occasion, understand
A Father's frown, and kiss his chast'ning hand.
To thee the dayspring, and the blaze of noon,
The purple ev'ning and resplendent Moon,
The stars, that, sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
Seem drops descending in a show'r of light,
Shine not, or undesir'd and hated shine,
Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine:
Yet seek him, in his favour life is found,
All bliss beside a shadow or a sound:

Then Heav'n, eclips'd so long, and this dull Earth,
Shall seem to start into a second birth;
Nature, assuming a more lovely face,
Borr'wing a beauty from the works of grace,
Shall be despis'd and overlook'd no more,
Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before,
Impart to things inanimate a voice,
And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice;
The sound shall run along the winding vales,
And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.
Ye groves (the statesman at his desk exclaims,
Sick of a thousand disappointed aims,)
My patrimonial treasure and my pride,
Beneath your shades your gray possessor hide,
Receive me languishing for that repose,
The servant of the public never knows.
Ye saw me once (ah those regretted days,
When boyish innocence was all my praise!)
Hour after hour delightfully allot
To studies then familiar, since forgot,
And cultivate a taste for ancient song,
Catching it's ardour as I mus'd along;
Nor seldom, as propitious Heav'n might send,
What once I valu'd and could boast, a friend,
Were witnesses how cordially I press'd
His undissembling virtue to my breast;
Receive me now, not uncorrupt as then,
Nor guiltless of corrupting other men,
But vers'd in arts, that, while they seem to stay
A falling empire, hasten it's decay.
To the fair haven of my native home,
The wreck of what I was, fatigued I come;
For once, I can approve the patriot's voice,
And make the course he recommends my choice:
We meet at last in one sincere desire,
His wish and mine both prompt me to retire.
'Tis done—he steps into the welcome chaise,
Lolls at his ease behind four handsome bays,
That whirl away from business and debate
The disencumber'd Atlas of the state.
Ask not the boy, who, when the breeze of morn
First shakes the glitt'ring drops from ev'ry thorn,
Unfolds his flock, then under bank or bush
Sits linking cherry stones, or platting rush,
How fair is Freedom?—he was always free:
To carve his rustic name upon a tree,
To snare the mole, or with ill-fashion'd hook
To draw th' incautious minnow from the brook,
Are life's prime pleasures in his simple view,
His flock the chief concern he ever knew;
She shines but little in his heedless eyes,
The good we never miss we rarely prize:
But ask the noble drudge in state affairs,
Escap'd from office and it's constant cares,
What charms he sees in Freedom's smile express'd,
In Freedom lost so long, now repossess'd; [mands,
The tongue, whose strains were cogent as com-
Rever'd at home, and felt in foreign lands,
Shall own itself a stamm'rer in that cause,
Or plead it's silence as it's best applause.
He knows indeed that whether dress'd or rude,
Wild without art, or artfully subdued,
Nature in ev'ry form inspires delight,
But never mark'd her with so just a sight.
Her hedge-row shrubs, a variegated store,
With woodbine and wild roses mantled o'er, [spreads
Green balks and furrow'd lands, the stream that
It's cooling vapour o'er the dewy meads,

Downs, that almost escape th' inquiring eye,
That melt and fade into the distant sky,
Beauties he lately slighted as he pass'd,
Seem all created since he travell'd last.
Master of all th' enjoyments he design'd,
No rough annoyance rankling in his mind,
What early philosophic hours he keeps,
How regular his meals, how sound he sleeps!
Not sounder he, that on the mainmast head,
While morning kindles with a windy red,
Begins a long look-out for distant land,
Nor quits till ev'ning watch his giddy stand,
Then swift descending with a seaman's haste,
Slips to his hammock, and forgets the blast.
He chooses company, but not the squire's,
Whose wit is rudeness, whose good breeding tires;
Nor yet the parson's, who would gladly come,
Obsequious when abroad, though proud at home;
Nor can he much affect the neighb'ring peer,
Whose toe of emulation treads too near;
But wisely seeks a more convenient friend,
With whom, dismissing forms, he may unbend;
A man, whom marks of condescending grace
Teach, while they flatter him, his proper place;
Who comes when call'd, and at a word withdraws,
Speaks with reserve, and listens with applause;
Some plain mechanic, who, without pretence
To birth or wit, nor gives nor takes offence;
On whom he rests well-pleas'd his weary pow'rs,
And talks and laughs away his vacant hours.
The tide of life, swift always in it's course,
May run in cities with a brisker force,
But no where with a current so serene,
Or half so clear, as in the rural scene.
Yet how fallacious is all earthly bliss,
What obvious truths the wisest heads may miss;
Some pleasures live a month, and some a year,
But short the date of all we gather here;
No happiness is felt except the true,
That does not charm the more for being new.
This observation, as it chanc'd, not made,
Or, if the thought occurr'd, not duly weigh'd,
He sighs—for after all by slow degrees
The spot he lov'd has lost the pow'r to please;
To cross his ambling poney day by day,
Seems at the best but dreaming life away;
The prospect, such as might enchant despair,
He views it not, or sees no beauty there;
With aching heart, and discontented looks,
Returns at noon to billiards or to books,
But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
A secret thirst of his renounc'd employs.
He chides the tardiness of ev'ry post,
Pants to be told of battles won or lost,
Blames his own indolence, observes, though late,
'Tis criminal to leave a sinking state,
Flies to the levee, and receiv'd with grace,
Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.
Suburban villas, highway-side retreats,
That dread th' encroachment of our growing streets,
Tight boxes, neatly sash'd, and in a blaze
With all a July sun's collected rays,
Delight the citizen, who, gasping there,
Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air.
O sweet retirement, who would balk the thought,
That could afford retirement, or could not?
'Tis such an easy walk, so smooth and straight,
The second milestone fronts the garden gate;
A step if fair, and, if a show'r approach,
You find safe shelter in the next stage-coach.
There, prison'd in a parlour snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall,
The man of business and his friends compress'd
Forget their labours, and yet find no rest;
But still 'tis rural—trees are to be seen
From ev'ry window, and the fields are green;
Ducks paddle in the pond before the door,
And what could a remoter scene show more?
A sense of elegance we rarely find
The portion of a mean or vulgar mind,
And ignorance of better things makes man,
Who cannot mend it, rejoice in what he can;
And he, that deems his leisure well bestow'd
In contemplation of a turnpike road,
Is occupied as well, employs his hours
As wisely, and as much improves his pow'rs,
As he, that slumbers in pavilions grac'd
With all the charms of an accomplish'd taste.
Yet hence, alas! insolvencies; and hence
Th' unpitied victim of ill-judg'd expense,
From all his wearisome engagements freed,
Shakes hands with business, and retires indeed.
Your prudent grand-mammas, ye modern belles,
Content with Bristol, Bath, and Tunbridge Wells,
When health required it would consent to roam,
Else more attach'd to pleasures found at home.
But now alike, gay widow, virgin, wife,
Ingenious to diversify dull life,
In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,
Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys,
And all, impatient of dry land, agree
With one consent to rush into the sea.—
Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,
Much of the pow'r and majesty of God.
He swathes about the swelling of the deep,
That shines and rests, as infants smile and sleep;
Vast as it is, it answers as it flows
The breathings of the lightest air that blows;
Curling and whit'ning over all the waste,
The rising waves obey th' increasing blast,
Abrupt and horrid as the tempest roars,
Thunder and flash upon the stedfast shores,
Till he, that rides the whirlwind, checks the rein,
Then all the world of waters sleeps again.—
Nereids or Dryads, as the fashion leads,
Now in the floods, now panting in the meads,
Vot'ries of Pleasure still, where'er she dwells,
Near barren rocks, in palaces, or cells,
O grant a poet leave to recommend
(A poet fond of Nature, and your friend)
Her slighted works to your admiring view;
Her works must needs excel, who fashion'd you.
Would ye, when rambling in your morning ride,
With some unmeaning coxcomb at your side,
Condemn the prattler for his idle pains,
To waste unheard the music of his strains,
And, deaf to all th' impertinence of tongue,
That, while it courts, affronts and does you wrong,
Mark well the finish'd plan without a fault,
The seas globose and huge, th' o'er-arching vault,
Earth's millions daily fed, a world employ'd
In gath'ring plenty yet to be enjoy'd,
Till gratitude grew vocal in the praise
Of God, beneficent in all his ways;
Grac'd with such wisdom, how would beauty shine
Ye want but that to seem indeed divine.

Anticipated rents, and bills unpaid,
Force many a shining youth into the shade,
Not to redeem his time, but his estate,
And play the fool, but at a cheaper rate.
There, hid in loath'd obscurity, remov'd
From pleasures left, but never more belov'd,
He just endures, and with a sickly spleen
Sighs o'er the beauties of the charming scene.
Nature indeed looks prettily in rhyme;
Streams tinkle sweetly in poetic chime:
The warblings of the blackbird, clear and strong,
Are musical enough in Thomson's song;
And Cobham's groves, and Windsor's green retreats,
When Pope describes them, have a thousand sweets;
He likes the country, but in truth must own,
Most likes it, when he studies it in town.

Poor Jack—no matter who—for when I blame,
I pity, and must therefore sink the name,
Liv'd in his saddle, lov'd the chase, the course,
And always, ere he mounted, kiss'd his horse.
The estate, his sires had own'd in ancient years,
Was quickly distanc'd, match'd against a peer's.
Jack vanish'd, was regretted and forgot;
'Tis wild good-nature's never-failing lot.
At length, when all had long suppos'd him dead,
By cold submersion, razor, rope, or lead,
My lord, alighting at his usual place,
The Crown, took notice of an ostler's face.
Jack knew his friend, but hop'd in that disguise
He might escape the most observing eyes,
And whistling, as if unconcern'd and gay,
Curried his nag, and look'd another way.
Convinc'd at last, upon a nearer view,
'Twas he, the same, the very Jack he knew,
O'erwhelm'd at once with wonder, grief, and joy,
He press'd him much to quit his base employ;
His countenance, his purse, his heart, his hand,
Influence and pow'r, were all at his command:
Peers are not always gen'rous as well bred,
But Granby was, meant truly what he said.
Jack bow'd, and was oblig'd—confess'd 'twas strange,
That so retir'd he should not wish a change,
But knew no medium between guzzling beer,
And his old stint—three thousand pounds a year.

Thus some retire to nourish hopeless wo;
Some seeking happiness not found below;
Some to comply with humour, and a mind
To social scenes by nature disinclin'd;
Some sway'd by fashion, some by deep disgust;
Some self-impov'rish'd, and because they must;
But few, that court Retirement, are aware
Of half the toils they must encounter there.

Lucrative offices are seldom lost
For want of pow'rs proportion'd to the post:
Give ev'n a dunce th' employment he desires,
And he soon finds the talents it requires;
A business with an income at it's heels
Furnishes always oil for its own wheels.
But in his arduous enterprise to close
His active years with indolent repose,
He finds the labours of that state exceed
His utmost faculties, severe indeed.
'Tis easy to resign a toilsome place,
But not to manage leisure with a grace;
Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
The vet'ran steed, excus'd his task at length,
In kind compassion of his failing strength,
And turn'd into the park or mead to graze,
Exempt from future service all his days,
There feels a pleasure perfect in it's kind,
Ranges at liberty, and snuffs the wind:
But when his lord would quit the busy road,
To taste a joy like that he had bestow'd,
He proves, less happy than his favour'd brute,
A life of ease a difficult pursuit.
Thought, to the man that never thinks, may seem
As natural as when asleep to dream;
But reveries (for human minds will act)
Specious in show, impossible in fact,
Those flimsy webs, that break as soon as wrought,
Attain not to the dignity of thought:
Nor yet the swarms, that occupy the brain,
Where dreams of dress, intrigue, and pleasure reign;
Nor such as useless conversation breeds,
Or lust engenders, and indulgence feeds.
Whence, and what are we? to what end ordain'd?
What means the drama by the world sustain'd?
Business or vain amusement, care or mirth,
Divide the frail inhabitants of Earth.
Is duty a mere sport, or an employ?
Life an intrusted talent, or a toy?
Is there, as reason, conscience, Scripture, say,
Cause to provide for a great future day,
When, Earth's assign'd duration at an end,
Man shall be summon'd and the dead attend?
The trumpet—will it sound? the curtain rise?
And show th' august tribunal of the skies,
Where no prevarication shall avail,
Where eloquence and artifice shall fail,
The pride of arrogant distinctions fall,
And conscience and our conduct judge us all?
Pardon me, ye that give the midnight oil
To learned cares or philosophic toil,
Though I revere your honourable names,
Your useful labours and important aims,
And hold the world indebted to your aid,
Enrich'd with the discov'ries ye have made;
Yet let me stand excus'd, if I esteem
A mind employ'd on so sublime a theme,
Pushing her bold inquiry to the date
And outline of the present transient state,
And, after poising her advent'rous wings,
Settling at last upon eternal things,
Far more intelligent, and better taught
The strenuous use of profitable thought,
Than ye, when happiest and enlighten'd most,
And highest in renown, can justly boast.

A mind unnerv'd, or indispos'd to bear
The weight of subjects worthiest of her care,
Whatever hopes a change of scene inspires,
Must change her nature, or in vain retires.
An idler is a watch, that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes, as when it stands.
Books therefore, not the scandal of the shelves,
In which lewd sensualists print out themselves;
Nor those in which the stage gives vice a blow,
With what success let modern manners show;
Nor his, who, for the bane of thousands born,
Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn,
Skilful alike to seem devout and just,
And stab religion with a sly side-thrust;
Nor those of learn'd philologists, who chase
A panting syllable through time and space,
Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark
To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's ark;

But such as learning without false pretence,
The friend of truth, th' associate of sound sense,
And such as in the zeal of good design,
Strong judgment lab'ring in the Scripture mine,
All such as manly and great souls produce,
Worthy to live, and of eternal use:
Behold in these what leisure hours demand,
Amusement and true knowledge hand in hand.
Luxury gives the mind a childish cast,
And, while she polishes, perverts the taste;
Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
Till authors hear at length one gen'ral cry,
Tickle and entertain us, or we die.
The loud demand, from year to year the same,
Beggars Invention, and makes Fancy lame;
Till farce itself, most mournfully jejune,
Calls for the kind assistance of a tune;
And novels (witness ev'ry month's review)
Belie their name, and offer nothing new.
The mind, relaxing into needful sport,
Should turn to writers of an abler sort,
Whose wit well manag'd and whose classic style,
Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.
Friends (for I cannot stint, as some have done,
Too rigid in my view, that name to one;
Though one, I grant it, in the gen'rous breast
Will stand advanc'd a step above the rest:
Flow'rs by that name promiscuously we call,
But one, the rose, the regent of them all)—
Friends, not adopted with a schoolboy's haste,
But chosen with a nice discerning taste,
Well-born, well-disciplin'd, who, plac'd apart
From vulgar minds, have honour much at heart,
And, though the world may think th' ingredients odd,
The love of virtue, and the fear of God!
Such friends prevent what else would soon succeed,
A temper rustic as the life we lead,
And keep the polish of the manners clean,
As theirs who bustle in the busiest scene;
For solitude, however some may rave,
Seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave,
A sepulchre, in which the living lie,
Where all good qualities grow sick and die.
I praise the Frenchman [1], his remark was shrewd—
How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.
Yet neither these delights, nor aught beside,
That appetite can ask, or wealth provide,
Can save us always from a tedious day,
Or shine the dulness of still life away;
Divine communion, carefully enjoy'd,
Or sought with energy, must fill the void,
O sacred art, to which alone life owes
It's happiest seasons, and a peaceful close,
Scorn'd in a world, indebted to that scorn
For evils daily felt and hardly borne,
Not knowing thee, we reap with bleeding hands
Flow'rs of rank odour upon thorny lands,
And, while experience cautions us in vain,
Grasp seeming happiness, and find it pain.
Despondence, self-deserted in her grief,
Lost by abandoning her own relief,
Murmuring and ungrateful Discontent,
That scorns afflictions mercifully meant,
Those humours tart as wines upon the fret,
Which idleness and weariness beget;

[1] Bruyere.

These, and a thousand plagues, that haunt the breast,
Fond of the phantom of an earthly rest,
Divine communion chases, as the day
Drives to their dens th' obedient beasts of prey.
See Judah's promis'd king bereft of all,
Driv'n out an exile from the face of Saul,
To distant caves the lonely wand'rer flies,
To seek that peace a tyrant's frown denies.
Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice,
Hear him o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, yet rejoice;
No woman-sh or wailing grief has part,
No, not a moment, in his royal heart;
'Tis manly music, such as martyrs make,
Suffering with gladness for a Saviour's sake;
His soul exults, and animates his lays,
The sense of mercy kindles into praise,
And wilds, familiar with a lion's roar,
Ring with ecstatic sounds unheard before:
'Tis love like his, that can alone defeat
The foes of man, or make a desert sweet.
Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumber'd pleasures harmlessly pursued;
To study culture, and with artful toil
To meliorate and tame the stubborn soil;
To give dissimilar yet fruitful lands
The grain, or herb, or plant, that each demands;
To cherish virtue in an humble state,
And share the joys your bounty may create;
To mark the matchless workings of the pow'r,
That shuts within it's seed the future flow'r,
Bids these in elegance of form excel,
In colour these, and those delight the smell,
Sends Nature forth the daughter of the skies,
To dance on Earth, and charm all human eyes;
To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet—
These, these are arts pursu'd without a crime,
That leave no stain upon the wing of Time.
Me poetry (or rather notes that aim
Feebly and vainly at poetic fame)
Employs, shut out from more important views,
Fast by the banks of the slow winding Ouse;
Content if thus sequester'd I may raise
A monitor's, though not a poet's praise,
And while I teach an art too little known,
To close life wisely, may not waste my own.

THE YEARLY DISTRESS,

OR

TITHING TIME AT STOCK, IN ESSEX.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN COMPLAINING OF THE DISAGREEABLENESS OF THE DAY ANNUALLY APPOINTED FOR RECEIVING THE DUES AT THE PARSONAGE.

Come, ponder well, for 'tis no jest,
To laugh it would be wrong,
The troubles of a worthy priest,
The burden of my song.

This priest he merry is and blithe
Three quarters of a year,
But oh! it cuts him like a sithe,
When tithing time draws near.

He then is full of fright and fears,
As one at point to die,
And long before the day appears
He heaves up many a sigh.

For then the farmers come jog, jog,
Along the miry road,
Each heart as heavy as a log,
To make their payments good.

In sooth, the sorrow of such days
Is not to be express'd,
When he that takes and he that pays
Are both alike distress'd.

Now all unwelcome at his gates
The clumsy swains alight,
With rueful faces and bald pates—
He trembles at the sight.

And well he may, for well he knows
Each bumpkin of the clan,
Instead of paying what he owes,
Will cheat him if he can.

So in they come—each makes his leg,
And flings his head before,
And looks as if he came to beg,
And not to quit a score.

"And how does miss and madam do,
The little boy and all?"
"All tight and well. And how do you,
Good Mr. What-d'ye-call?"

The dinner comes, and down they sit:
Were e'er such hungry folk?
There's little talking, and no wit;
It is no time to joke.

One wipes his nose upon his sleeve,
One spits upon the floor,
Yet, not to give offence or grieve,
Holds up the cloth before.

The punch goes round, and they are dull
And lumpish still as ever;
Like barrels with their bellies full,
They only weigh the heavier.

At length the busy time begins.
"Come neighbours, we must wag—"
The money chinks, down drop their chins,
Each lugging out his bag.

One talks of mildew and of frost,
And one of storms of hail,
And one of pigs, that he has lost
By maggots at the tail.

Quoth one, "A rarer man than you
In pulpit none shall hear:
But yet methinks, to tell you true,
You sell it plaguy dear."

O why are farmers made so coarse,
Or clergy made so fine?
A kick, that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine.

Then let the boobies stay at home;
'Twould cost him, I dare say,
Less trouble taking twice the sum,
Without the clowns that pay.

SONNET

ADDRESSED TO HENRY COWPER, ESQ. ON HIS EMPHATICAL AND INTERESTING DELIVERY OF THE DEFENCE OF WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ. IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Cowper, whose silver voice, task'd sometimes hard,
Legends prolix delivers in the ears
(Attentive when thou read'st) of England's peers,
Let verse at length yield thee thy just reward.

Thou wast not heard with drowsy disregard,
Expending late on all that length of plea
Thy gen'rous pow'rs, but silence honour'd thee,
Mute as e'er gaz'd on orator or bard.

Thou art not voice alone, but hast beside [sweet
Both heart and head; and couldst with music
Of Attic phrase and senatorial tone,
Like thy renown'd forefathers, far and wide
Thy fame diffuse, prais'd not for utterance meet
Of other's speech, but magic of thy own.

LINES ADDRESSED TO DR. DARWIN,

AUTHOR OF THE BOTANIC GARDEN

Two Poets [1], (poets, by report,
Not oft so well agree)
Sweet Harmonist of Flora's court!
Conspire to honour Thee

They best can judge a poet's worth,
Who oft themselves have known
The pangs of a poetic birth
By labours of their own.

We therefore pleas'd extol thy song,
Though various yet complete,
Rich in embellishment as strong,
And learned as 'tis sweet.

No envy mingles with our praise,
Though, could our hearts repine
At any poet's happier lays,
They would—they must at thine.

But we, in mutual bondage knit
Of friendship's closest tie,
Can gaze on even Darwin's wit
With an unjaundiced eye;

And deem the bard, whoe'er he be,
And howsoever known,
Who would not twine a wreath for Thee,
Unworthy of his own.

ON

MRS. MONTAGU'S *FEATHER-HANGINGS.*

The birds put off their ev'ry hue,
To dress a room for Montagu.
The Peacock sends his heav'nly dyes,
His rainbows and his starry eyes;

[1] Alluding to the poem by Mr. Hayley, which accompanied these lines.

The Pheasant plumes, which round infold
His mantling neck with downy gold;
The Cock his arch'd tail azure show;
And, river-blanch'd, the Swan his snow.
All tribes beside of Indian name,
That glossy shine, or vivid flame,
Where rises, and where sets the day,
Whate'er they boast of rich and gay,
Contribute to the gorgeous plan,
Proud to advance it all they can.
This plumage neither dashing show'r,
Nor blasts, that shake the dripping bow'r,
Shall drench again or discompose,
But, screen'd from ev'ry storm that blows,
It boasts a splendour ever new,
Safe with protecting Montagu.
To the same patroness resort,
Secure of favour at her court,
Strong Genius, from whose forge of thought
Forms rise, to quick perfection wrought,
Which, though new-born, with vigour move,
Like Pallas springing arm'd from Jove—
Imagination scatt'ring round
Wild roses over furrow'd ground,
Which Labour of his frown beguile,
And teach Philosophy a smile—
Wit flashing on Religion's side,
Whose fires, to sacred Truth applied,
The gem, though luminous before,
Obtrude on human notice more,
Like sunbeams on the golden height
Of some tall temple playing bright—
Well-tutor'd Learning, from his books
Dismiss'd with grave, not haughty, looks,
Their order on his shelves exact,
Not more harmonious or compact
Than that, to which he keeps confin'd
The various treasures of his mind—
All these to Montagu's repair,
Ambitious of a shelter there.
There Genius, Learning, Fancy, Wit,
Their ruffled plumage calm refit,
(For stormy troubles loudest roar
Around their flight who highest soar)
And in her eye, and by her aid,
Shine safe without a fear to fade.
She thus maintains divided sway
With yon bright regent of the day;
The plume and poet both we know
Their lustre to his influence owe;
And she the works of Phœbus aiding,
Both poet saves and plume from fading.

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts, that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this Earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These vallies and rocks never heard,
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land, I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of it's flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

ON THE PROMOTION OF

EDWARD THURLOW, ESQ.

TO THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLORSHIP OF ENGLAND.

Round Thurlow's head in early youth,
And in his sportive days,
Fair Science pour'd the light of truth,
And Genius shed his rays.
"See!" with united wonder cried
Th' experienc'd and the sage,
"Ambition in a boy supplied
With all the skill of age!"

Discernment, eloquence, and grace
Proclaim him born to sway
The balance in the highest place,
And bear the palm away."

The praise bestow'd was just and wise;
He sprang impetuous forth
Secure of conquest, where the prize
Attends superior worth.

So the best courser on the plain
Ere yet he starts is known,
And does but at the goal obtain
What all had deem'd his own.

ODE TO PEACE.

Come, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart;
Nor riches I nor pow'r pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
From av'rice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets, that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The Heav'n that thou alone canst make?
And wilt thou quit the stream,
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shed,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly sacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before?
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
"Farewell! we meet no more?"

HUMAN FRAILTY.

Weak and irresolute is man
The purpose of to day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But Passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But Pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view;
And, while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail,
To reach the distant coast;
The breath of Heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

THE MODERN PATRIOT.

Rebellion is my theme all day;
I only wish 't would come
(As who knows but perhaps it may?)
A little nearer home.

Yon roaring boys, who rave and fight
On t'other side th' Atlantic,
I always hold them in the right,
But most so when most frantic.

When lawless mobs insult the court,
That man shall be my toast,
If breaking windows be the sport,
Who bravely breaks the most,

But O! for him my fancy culls
The choicest flow'rs she bears,
Who constitutionally pulls
Your house about your ears.

Such civil broils are my delight,
Though some folks can't endure them,
Who say the mob are mad outright,
And that a rope must cure them.

A rope! I wish we patriots had
Such strings for all who need 'em—
What! hang a man for going mad!
Then farewell British freedom.

ON OBSERVING SOME NAMES OF LITTLE NOTE RECORDED IN THE BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.

Oh, fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot!
In vain, recorded in historic page,
They court the notice of a future age:
Those twinkling tiny lustres of the land
Drop one by one from Fame's neglecting hand;
Lethean gulfs receive them as they fall,
And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.
So when a child, as playful children use,
Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,
The flame extinct, he views the roving fire—
"There goes my lady, and there goes the squire,
There goes the parson, oh illustrious spark!
And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk!"

REPORT

OF AN ADJUDGED CASE, NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OF THE BOOKS.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is! in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
With a reasoning, the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how)
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes:
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut!

ON THE

BURNING OF LORD MANSFIELD'S LIBRARY.

TOGETHER WITH HIS MSS.,

BY THE MOB, IN THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1780.

So then—the Vandals of our isle,
Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile,
Than ever Roman saw!

And Murray sighs o'er Pope and Swift,
And many a treasure more,
The well-judg'd purchase, and the gift,
That grac'd his letter'd store.

Their pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
The loss was *his alone*;
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of *his own*.

ON THE SAME.

When wit and genius meet their doom
In all devouring flame,
They tell us of the fate of Rome,
And bid us fear the same.

O'er Murray's loss the Muses wept,
They felt the rude alarm,
Yet bless'd the guardian care, that kept
His sacred head from harm.

There Mem'ry, like the bee, that's fed
From Flora's balmy store,
The quintessence of all he read
Had treasur'd up before.

The lawless herd, with fury blind,
Have done him cruel wrong;
The flow'rs are gone—but still we find
The honey on his tongue.

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED;

HYPOCRISY DETECTED [1].

Thus says the prophet of the Turk,
"Good mussulman, abstain from pork;
There is a part in ev'ry swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication."
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large,
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarr'd;
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose,
These choose the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head;
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh—'tis well—The tale applied
May make you laugh on t'other side.
"Renounce the world" the preacher cries.
"We do," a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert or a race;
And others shooting, and the chase.
Revil'd and low'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallow'd;
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he:
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

[1] It may be proper to inform the reader, that this piece has already appeared in print, having found it's way, though with some unnecessary additions by an unknown hand, into the Leeds Journal, without the author's privity.

ON THE DEATH OF

MRS. (NOW LADY) THROCKMORTON'S BULFINCH.

Ye nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red
With tears o'er hapless fav'rites shed,
O share Maria's grief!
Her fav'rite, even in his cage,
(What will not hunger's cruel rage?)
Assassin'd by a thief.

Where Rhenus strays his vines among,
The egg was laid from which he sprung;
And though by nature mute,
Or only with a whistle blest,
Well taught he all the sounds express'd
Of flageolet or flute.

The honours of his ebon poll
Were brighter than the sleekest mole,
His bosom of the hue,
With which Aurora decks the skies,
When piping winds shall soon arise,
To sweep away the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,
Dire foe alike of bird and mouse,
No cat had leave to dwell;
And Bully's cage supported stood
On props of smoothest-shaven wood,
Large-built and lattic'd well.

Well-lattic'd, but the grate, alas!
Not rough with wire of steel or brass,
For Bully's plumage sake,
But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,
With which, when neatly peel'd and dried,
The swains their baskets make.

Night veil'd the pole: all seem'd secure:
When led by instinct sharp and sure,
Subsistence to provide,
A beast forth sallied on the scout,
Long-back'd, long-tail'd, with whisker'd snout,
And badger-colour'd hide.

He, ent'ring at the study-door,
It's ample area 'gan explore;
And something in the wind
Conjectur'd, sniffing round and round,
Better than all the books he found,
Food chiefly for the mind.

Just then by adverse fate impress'd,
A dream disturb'd poor Bully's rest;
In sleep he seem'd to view
A rat fast clinging to the cage,
And, screaming at the sad presage,
Awoke and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent,
Right to his mark the monster went—
Ah Muse! forbear to speak
Minute the horrors that ensu'd;
His teeth were strong, the cage was wood—
He left poor Bully's beak.

O had he made that too his prey;
That beak, whence issu'd many a lay
Of such mellifluous tone,
Might have repaid him well, I wote.
For silencing so sweet a throat,
Fast stuck within his own.

Maria weeps—the Muses mourn—
So when by Bacchanalians torn,
On Thracian Hebrus' side
The tree-enchanter Orpheus fell,
His head alone remain'd to tell
The cruel death he died.

THE ROSE.

The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down it's beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

"And such," I exclaim'd, "is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

"This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with it's owner a while;
And the tear, that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile."

THE DOVES.

Reas'ning at ev'ry step he treads,
Man yet mistakes his way,
While meaner things, whom instinct leads,
Are rarely known to stray.

One silent eve I wander'd late,
And heard the voice of love;
The turtle thus address'd her mate,
And sooth'd the list'ning dove:

"Our mutual bond of faith and truth
No time shall disengage,
Those blessings of our early youth
Shall cheer our latest age:

"While innocence without disguise,
And constancy sincere,
Shall fill the circles of those eyes,
And mine can read them there;

"Those ills, that wait on all below,
Shall ne'er be felt by me,
Or gently felt, and only so,
As being shar'd with thee.

"When lightnings flash among the trees,
Or rites are hov'ring near,
I fear lest thee alone they seize,
And know no other fear.

"'Tis then I feel myself a wife,
And press thy wedded side,
Resolv'd a union form'd for life
Death never shall divide.

"But oh! if fickle and unchaste,
(Forgive a transient thought)
Thou could become unkind at last,
And scorn thy present lot,

"No need of lightnings from on high,
Or kites with cruel beak;
Denied th' endearments of thine eye,
This widow'd heart would break."

Thus sang the sweet sequester'd bird,
Soft as the passing wind,
And I recorded what I heard,
A lesson for mankind.

A FABLE.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And, on her wickerwork high mounted,
Her chickens prematurely counted,
(A fault philosophers might blame
If quite exempted from the same)
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day;
'Twas April, as the bumpkins say,
The legislature call'd it May.
But suddenly a wind as high,
As ever swept a winter sky,
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather,
And all her fears, were hush'd together:
"And now," quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
"'Tis over, and the brood is safe;"
(For ravens, though as birds of omen
They teach both conj'rers and old women,
To tell us what is to befall,
Can't prophesy themselves at all.)
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair,
Climb'd like a squirrel to his dray,
And bore the worthless prize away.

MORAL.

'Tis Providence alone secures
In ev'ry change both mine and yours:
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape;
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.
Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oft'nest in what least we dread,
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

A COMPARISON.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
Both speed their journey with a restless stream;
The silent pace, with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no pray'rs persuade to stay;
Alike irrevocable both when past,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
Though each resemble each in ev'ry part,
A diff'rence strikes at length the musing heart;
Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,
How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd!
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected leaves a dreary waste behind.

ANOTHER.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

SWEET stream, that wind through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng;
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destin'd course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
Pure-bosom'd as that wat'ry glass,
And Heav'n reflected in her face.

THE POET'S NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT.

TO MRS. (NOW LADY) THROCKMORTON.

MARIA! I have ev'ry good
For thee wish'd many a time,
Both sad, and in a cheerful mood,
But never yet in rhime.

To wish thee fairer is no need,
More prudent, or more sprightly,
Or more ingenious, or more freed
From temper-flaws unsightly.

What favour then not yet possess'd
Can I for thee require,
In wedded love already blest,
To thy whole heart's desire?

None here is happy but in part:
Full bliss is bliss divine;
There dwells some wish in ev'ry heart,
And doubtless one in thine.

That wish on some fair future day,
Which Fate shall brightly gild,
('Tis blameless, be it what it may)
I wish it all fulfill'd.

ODE TO APOLLO.

ON AN INK-GLASS ALMOST DRIED IN THE SUN.

PATRON of all those luckless brains,
That, to the wrong side leaning,
Indite much metre with much pains,
And little or no meaning.

Ah why, since oceans, rivers, streams,
That water all the nations,
Pay tribute to thy glorious beams,
In constant exhalations,

Why, stooping from the noon of day,
Too covetous of drink,
Apollo, hast thou stol'n away
A poet's drop of ink?

Upborne into the viewless air
It floats a vapour now,
Impell'd through regions dense and rare,
By all the winds that blow.

Ordain'd perhaps ere summer flies,
Combin'd with millions more,
To form an Iris in the skies,
Though black and foul before.

Illustrious drop! and happy then
Beyond the happiest lot,
Of all that ever pass'd my pen,
So soon to be forgot!

Phœbus, if such be thy design,
To place it in thy bow,
Give wit, that what is left may shine
With equal grace below.

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED:

A FABLE.

I SHALL not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau [1],
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear, that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;
And e'en the child who knows no better,
Than to interpret by the letter,
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.
It chanc'd then on a winter's day,
But warm, and bright, and calm as May,
The birds conceiving a design
To forestal sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a Bulfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, op'ning wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak;
And, silence publicly enjoin'd,
Deliver'd briefly thus his mind.
"My friends! be cautious how ye treat
The subject, upon which we meet;
I fear we shall have winter yet."
A Finch, whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wing, and sattin poll,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied:
"Methinks the gentleman," quoth she,
"Opposite in the apple tree,
By his good will would keep us single
Till yonder Heav'n and Earth shall mingle,
Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado,
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?"
Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turning short round, strutting and sideling,
Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments so well express'd
Influenc'd mightily the rest,
All pair'd, and each pair built a nest.
But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And Destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smil'd on theirs.
The wind, of late breath'd gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow,
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chill'd, their eggs were addled,
Soon ev'ry father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome, and peck'd each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learn'd in future to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser.

MORAL.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

[1] It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables, which ascribe reason and speech to animals, should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses?

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY:

NO FABLE.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When, 'scap'd from literary cares,
I wander'd on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs [1] adorn'd with ev'ry grace
That spaniel found for me.)

Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd
His lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent survey'd
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escap'd my eager hand.

Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains
With fix'd consid'rate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the stream.

[1] Sir Robert Gunning's daughters.

My ramble ended, I return'd;
Beau, trotting far before,
The floating wreath again discern'd,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, "The world," I cried,
"Shall hear of this thy deed:
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed:

"But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To shew a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all."

THE POET, THE OYSTER, AND SENSITIVE PLANT.

An Oyster, cast upon the shore,
Was heard, though never heard before,
Complaining in a speech well worded,
And worthy thus to be recorded—
"Ah, hapless wretch! condemn'd to dwell
For ever in my native shell;
Ordain'd to move when others please,
Not for my own content or ease;
But toss'd and buffetted about,
Now *in* the water and now *out*.
'Twere better to be born a stone,
Of ruder shape, and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And sensibilities so fine!
I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast rooted against ev'ry rub."
The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough;
Was hurt, disgusted, mortified,
And with asperity replied.
When, cry the botanists, and stare,
Did plants call'd sensitive grow there?
No matter when—a poet's muse is
To make them grow just where she chooses.
"You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion,
To wish myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you:
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay unletter'd spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can feel as well as he;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says—'Well, 'tis more than one would think!'
Thus life is spent (oh fie upon't!)
In being touch'd, and crying—'Don't!'"
A poet, in his ev'ning walk,
O'erheard and check'd this idle talk.
"And your fine sense," he said, "and yours,
Whatever evil it endures,
Deserves not, if so soon offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Disputes, though short, are far too long,
Where both alike are in the wrong;
Your feelings in their full amount,
Are all upon your own account.
"You, in your grotto-work enclos'd,
Complain of being thus expos'd;
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
Save when the knife is at your throat,
Wherever driv'n by wind or tide,
Exempt from ev'ry ill beside.
"And as for you, my lady Squeamish,
Who reckon ev'ry touch a blemish,
If all the plants, that can be found
Embellishing the scene around,
Should droop and wither where they grow,
You would not feel at all—not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love:
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine."
His censure reach'd them as he dealt it,
And each by shrinking shew'd he felt it.

THE SHRUBBERY.

WRITTEN IN A TIME OF AFFLICTION.

Oh, happy shades—to me unblest!
Friendly to peace, but not to me!
How ill the scene, that offers rest,
And heart, that cannot rest, agree!

This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might sooth a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if any thing could please.

But fix'd unalterable Care
Forgoes not what she feels within,
Shows the same sadness ev'ry where,
And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
While Peace possess'd these silent bow'rs,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Has lost it's beauties and it's pow'rs,

The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley musing, slow;
They seek like me the secret shade,
But not like me to nourish wo!

Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Alike admonish not to roam;
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

What Nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And Winter is deck'd with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flow'rs have the charms of the spring
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.

While Earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks are as fresh and as gay.
As the fairest and sweetest, that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely surviv'd
The frowns of a sky so severe;—
Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd
Through many a turbulent year.

The charms of the late blowing rose
Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shows
The truth of a friend such as you.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE

NECESSARY TO THE HAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED STATE.

The lady thus address'd her spouse—
"What a mere dungeon is this house!
By no means large enough; and was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
Those hangings with their worn-out graces,
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antiquated scene,
They overwhelm me with the spleen."
Sir Humphrey, shooting in the dark,
Makes answer quite beside the mark:
"No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,
Engag'd myself to be at home,
And shall expect him at the door,
Precisely when the clock strikes four."
"You are so deaf," the lady cried,
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside)
"You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
What shall I do to make you hear?"
"Dismiss poor Harry!" he replies;
"Some people are more nice than wise,
For one slight trespass all this stir?
What if he did ride whip and spur,
'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horse
Will never look one hair the worse."
"Well, I protest 'tis past all bearing—"
"Child! I am rather hard of hearing—"
"Yes, truly—one must scream and bawl:
I tell you, you can't hear at all!"
Then, with a voice exceeding low,
"No matter if you hear or no."
Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd,
To gratify a fretful passion,
On ev'ry trivial provocation?
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something ev'ry day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
But if infirmities, that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemish or a sense impair'd,
Are crimes so little to be spar'd,
Then farewell all, that must create
The comfort of the wedded state;
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.

The love, that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention;
But lives, when that exterior grace,
Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils, it would gladly cure:
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
Shows love to be a mere profession;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

THE

NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

Forc'd from home and all it's pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold;
But, though slave they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
Make the plant, for which we toil?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards;
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets, your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there one, who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from his throne the sky?
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means, that duty urges
Agents of his will to use?

Hark! he answers—wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which he speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fix'd their tyrants' habitations
Where his whirlwinds answer—No.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks receiv'd the chain;
By the mis'ries that we tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main;

By our suff'rings, since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart;
All sustain'd by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart;

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted pow'rs,
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question ours!

PITY FOR POOR AFRICANS.

Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.—

I own I am shock'd at the purchase of slaves,
And fear those, who buy them and sell them, are knaves;
What I hear of their hardships, their tortures, and groans,
Is almost enough to draw pity from stones.

I pity them greatly, but I must be mum,
For how could we do without sugar and rum?
Especially sugar, so needful we see?
What, give up our deserts, our coffee, and tea!

Besides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes,
Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains;
If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will,
And tortures and groans will be multiplied still.

If foreigners likewise would give up the trade,
Much more in behalf of your wish might be said!
But, while they get riches by purchasing blacks,
Pray tell me why we may not also go snacks?

Your scruples and arguments bring to my mind
A story so pat, you may think it is coin'd,
On purpose to answer you, out of my mint;
But I can assure you I saw it in print.

A youngster at school more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.

He was shock'd, sir, like you, and answer'd—"Oh no!
What! rob our good neighbour! I pray you don't go;
Besides the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom ponder'd—"I see they will go:
Poor man! what a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me, [tree;
His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the
But, since they will take them, I think I'll go too,
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenc'd, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blam'd and protested, but join'd in the plan:
He shar'd in the plunder, but pitied the man.

THE MORNING DREAM.

'Twas in the glad season of spring,
Asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dreamt what I cannot but sing,
So pleasant it seem'd as I lay.
I dream'd that, on ocean afloat,
Far hence to the westward I sail'd,
While the billows high-lifted the boat,
And the fresh-blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
Such at least was the form that she wore,
Whose beauty impress'd me with awe,
Ne'er taught me by woman before.
She sat, and a shield at her side
Shed light, like a sun on the waves,
And smiling divinely, she cried—
"I go to make freemen of slaves."—

Then raising her voice to a strain
The sweetest, that ear ever heard,
She sung of the slave's broken chain,
Wherever her glory appear'd.
Some clouds, which had over us hung,
Fled, chas'd by her melody clear,
And methought while she liberty sung,
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
To a slave-cultur'd island we came,
Where a demon, her enemy, stood—
Oppression his terrible name.
In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
A scourge hung with lashes he bore,
And stood looking out for his prey
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon as approaching the land,
That goddess-like woman he view'd,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With blood of his subjects imbru'd.
I saw him both sicken and die,
And the moment the monster expir'd,
Hear'd shouts, that ascended the sky,
From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse
At what such a dream should betide?
But soon my ear caught the glad news,
Which serv'd my weak thought for a guide—
That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves
For the hatred she ever has shown
To the black-sceptred rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheer'd the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;

So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangu'd him thus, right eloquent—
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the selfsame pow'r divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Releas'd him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.
Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real int'rest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.
Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

ON A GOLDFINCH

STARVED TO DEATH IN HIS CAGE.

Time was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For caught, and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of ev'ry ill!
More cruelty could none express;
And I, if you had shown me less,
Had been your pris'ner still.

THE PINE-APPLE AND THE BEE.

The pine-apples, in triple row,
Were basking hot, and all in blow;
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd,
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame,
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied;
But still in vain, the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light:
Thus having wasted half the day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.
"Methinks," I said, "in thee I find
The sin and madness of mankind.
To joys forbidden man aspires,
Consumes his soul with vain desires;
Folly the spring of his pursuit,
And disappointment all the fruit.
While Cynthio ogles, as she passes,
The nymph between two chariot glasses,
She is the pine-apple, and he
The silly unsuccessful bee.
The maid, who views with pensive air
The show-glass fraught with glitt'ring ware,
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
But sighs at thought of empty pockets;
Like thine, her appetite is keen,
But ah, the cruel glass between!"
Our dear delights are often such,
Expos'd to view, but not to touch;
The sight our foolish heart inflames,
We long for pine-apples in frames;
With hopeless wish one looks and lingers;
One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers;
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

HORACE, Book II. Ode X.

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
Of adverse Fortune's pow'r;
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
Along the treach'rous shore.

He, that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants, that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues, that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wint'ry blasts; the loftiest tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts, that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes, in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,
And Nature laughs again.

What if thine Heav'n be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last;
Expect a brighter sky.
The God, that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the Muses too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But Oh! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

A REFLECTION ON THE FOREGOING ODE.

And is this all? Can Reason do no more,
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee.
He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where Duty bids, he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

The nymph must lose her female friend,
If more admir'd than she—
But where will fierce contention end,
If flow'rs can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appear'd two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen,
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon redden'd into rage,
And, swelling with disdain,
Appeal'd to many a poet's page
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
A fair imperial flow'r;
She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her pow'r.

This civil bick'ring and debate
The goddess chanc'd to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre.

"Yours is," she said, "the nobler hue,
And yours the statelier mien;
And, till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deem'd a queen."

Thus, sooth'd and reconcil'd, each seeks
The fairest British fair,
The seat of empire is her cheeks,
They reign united there.

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Heu inimicitias quoties parit æmula forma,
Quam raro pulchræ pulchra placere potest?
Sed fines ultra solitos discordia tendit,
Cum flores ipsos bilis et ira movent.

Hortus ubi dulces præbet tacitosque recessus,
Se rapit in partes gens animosa duas;
Hic sibi regales Amaryllis candida cultus,
Illic purpureo vindicat ore Rosa.

Ira Rosam et meritis quæsita superbia tangunt,
Multaque ferventi vix cohibenda sinu,
Dum sibi fautorum ciet undique nomina vatum,
Jusque suum, multo carmine fulta, probat.

Altior emicat illa, et celso vertice nutat,
Ceu flores inter non habitura parem,
Fastiditque alios, et nata videtur in usus
Imperii, sceptrum, Flora, quod ipsa gerat.

Nec Dea non sensit civilis murmura rixæ,
Cui curæ est pictas pandere ruris opes.
Deliciasque suas nunquam non prompta tueri,
Dum licet et locus est, ut tueatur, adest.

"Et tibi forma datur procerior omnibus," inquit;
"Et tibi, principibus qui solet esse, color;
Et donec vincat quædam formosior ambas,
Et tibi reginæ nomen, et esto tibi."

His ubi sedatus furor est, petit utraque nympham,
Qualem inter Veneres Anglia sola parit;
Hanc penes imperium est, nihil optant amplius, hujus
Regnant in nitidis, et sine lite, genis.

THE POPLAR FIELD.

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool collonade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elaps'd, since I last took a view
Of my fav'rite field, and the bank where they grew;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
And the scene, where his melody charm'd me before,
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in it's stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he[1].

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Populeæ cecidit gratissima copia silvæ,
Conticuêre susurri, omnisque evanuit umbra.
Nullæ jam levibus se miscent frondibus auræ,
Et nulla in fluvio ramorum ludit imago.

Hei mihi! bis senos dum luctu torqueor annos,
His cogor silvis suetoque carere recessu,
Cum serò rediens, stratasque in gramine cernens,
Insedi arboribus, sub queis errare solebam.

Ah ubi nunc merulæ cantus? Felicior illum
Silva tegit, duræ nondum permissa bipenni;
Scilicet exustos colles camposque patentes
Odit, et indignans et non rediturus abivit.

Sed qui succisas doleo succidar et ipse,
Et priùs huic parilis quàm creverit altera silva
Flebor, et, exequiis parvis donatus, habebo
Defixum lapidem tumulique cubantis acervum.

[1] Mr. Cowper afterward altered this last stanza in the following manner:—

The change both my heart and my fancy employ
I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys;
Short-liv'd as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

Tam subitò periise videns tam digna manere,
Agnosco humanas sortes et tristia fata—
Sit licèt ipse brevis, volucrique similimus umbræ,
Est homini brevior citiùsque obitura voluptas.

VOTUM.

O MATUTINI rores, auræque salubres,
O nemora, et lætæ rivis felicibus herbæ,
Graminei colles, et amœnæ in vallibus umbræ!
Fata modò dederint quas olim in rure paterno
Delicias, procul arte, procul formidine novi,
Quam vellem ignotus, quod mens mea semper avebat,
Ante larem proprium placidam expectare senectam,
Tum demùm exactis non infeliciter annis,
Sortiri tacitum lapidem, aut sub cespite condi!

CICINDELA

BY VINCENT BOURNE.

Sub sepe exiguum est, nec rarò in margine ripæ
Reptile, quod lucet nocte, dieque latet.
Vermis habet speciem, sed habet de lumine nomen;
At priscâ à famâ non liquet, unde micet.
Plerique à caudâ credunt procedere lumen;
Nec desunt, credunt qui rutilare caput.
Nam superas stellas quæ nox accendit, et illi
Parcam eadem lucem dat, moduloque parem.
Forsitan hoc prudens voluit Natura caveri,
Ne pede quis duro reptile contereret.
Exiguam, in tenebris ne gressum offenderet ullus,
Prætendi voluit forsitan illa facem.
Sive usum hunc Natura parens, seu maluit illum,
Haud frustra accensa est lux, radiique dati.
Ponite vos fastus, humiles nec spernite, magni;
Quando habet et minimum reptile, quod niteat.

I. THE GLOW WORM

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

Beneath the hedge, or near the stream,
A worm is known to stray;
That shows by night a lucid beam,
Which disappears by day.

Disputes have been, and still prevail,
From whence his rays proceed;
Some give that honour to his tail,
And others to his head.

But this is sure—the hand of might,
That kindles up the skies,
Gives *him* a modicum of light
Proportion'd to his size.

Perhaps indulgent Nature meant,
By such a lamp bestow'd,
To bid the trav'ller as he went,
Be careful where he trod:

Nor crush a worm, whose useful light
Might serve, however small,
To show a stumbling stone by night,
And save him from a fall.

Whate'er she meant, this truth divine
Is legible and plain,
'Tis pow'r almighty bids him shine,
Nor bids him shine in vain,

Ye proud and wealthy, let this theme
Teach humbler thoughts to you,
Since such a reptile has it's gem,
And boasts it's splendour too.

CORNICULA.

BY VINCENT BOURNE.

Nigras inter aves avis est, quæ plurima turres,
Antiquas ædes, celsaque Fana colit.
Nil tam sublime est, quod non audace volatu,
Aeriis spernens inferiora, petit.
Quo nemo ascendat, cui non vertigo cerebrum
Corripiat, certè hunc seligit illa locum.
Quo vix à terrâ tu suspicis absque tremore,
Illa metûs expers incolumisque sedet.
Lamina delubri supra fastigia, ventus
Quâ cœli spiret de regione, docet;
Hanc ea præ reliquis mavult, secura pericli,
Nec curat, nedum cogitat, unde cadat.
Res inde humanas, sed summa per otia, spectat,
Et nihil ad sese, quas videt, esse videt.
Concursus spectat, plateâque negotia in omni,
Omnia pro nugis at sapienter habet.
Clamores, quas infra audit, si forsitan audit,
Pro rebus nihili negligit, et crocitat.
Ille tibi invideat, felix Cornicula, pennas,
Qui sic humanis rebus abesse velit.

II. THE JACKDAW.

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

There is a bird, who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be suppos'd a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up— your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show,
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.
No; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees, that this great round-about,
The World, with all it's motley rout,

Church, army, physic, law,
It's customs, and it's businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

AD GRILLUM.

ANACREONTICUM.

BY VINCENT BOURNE.

O QUI meæ culinæ
Argutulus choraules,
Et hospes es canorus,
Quacunque commoreris,
Felicitatis omen;
Jucundiore cantu
Siquando me salutes,
Et ipse te rependam,
Et ipse, quâ valebo,
Remunerabo musâ.

Dicêris innocensque
Et gratus inquilinus;
Nec victitans rapinis,
Ut sorices voraces,
Muresve curiosi,
Furumque delicatum
Vulgus domesticorum;
Sed tutus in camini
Recessibus, quiete
Contentus et calore.

Beatior Cicadâ.
Quæ te referre formâ,
Quæ voce te videtur;
Et saltitans per herbas,
Unius, haud secundæ,
Æstatis est chorista:
Tu carmen integratum
Reponis ad Decembrem,
Lætus per universum
Incontinenter annum.

Te nulla lux relinquit,
Te nulla nox revisit,
Non musicæ vacantem,
Curisve non solutum:
Quin amplies canendo,
Quin amplies fruendo,
Ætatulam, vel omni,
Quam nos hominiones
Absumimus querendo,
Ætate longiorem.

III. *THE CRICKET.*

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

LITTLE inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth,
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song more soft and sweet;
In return thou shalt receive
Such a strain as I can give.

Thus thy praise shall be express'd,
Inoffensive, welcome guest!
While the rat is on the scout,
And the mouse with curious snout,
With what vermin else infest
Ev'ry dish, and spoil the best;
Frisking thus before the fire,
Thou hast all thine heart's desire.

Though in voice and shape they be
Form'd as if akin to thee,
Thou surpassest, happier far
Happiest grass-hoppers that are;
Theirs is but a summer's song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpair'd, and shrill, and clear,
Melody throughout the year.

Neither night, nor dawn of day,
Puts a period to thy play:
Sing then—and extend thy span
Far beyond the date of man.
Wretched man, whose years are spent
In repining discontent,
Lives not, aged though he be,
Half a span, compar'd with thee.

SIMILE AGIT IN SIMILE.

BY VINCENT BOURNE.

CRISTATUS, pictisque ad Thaida Psittacus alis,
Missus ab Eoo munus amante venit.
Ancillis mandat primam formare loquelam,
Archididascaliæ dat sibi Thais opus.
Psittace, ait Thais, fingitque sonantia molle
Basia, quæ docilis molle refingit avis.
Jam captat, jam dimidiat tyrunculus; et jam
Integrat auditos artieulatque sonos.
Psittace mi pulcher pulchelle, hera dicit alumno;
Psittace mi pulcher, reddit alumnus heræ.
Jamque canit, ridet, deciesque ægrotat in horâ,
Et vocat ancillas nomine quamque suo.
Multaque scurratur mendax, et multa jocatur,
Et lepido populum detinet augurio.
Nunc tremulum illudet fratrem, qui suspicit, et Pol!
Carnalis, quisquis te docet, inquit, homo est;
Argutæ nunc stridet anûs argutulus instar;
Respicit, et nebulo es, quisquis es, inquit anus.
Quando fuit melior tyro, meliorve magistra!
Quando duo ingeniis tam coière pares!
Ardua discenti nulla est, res nulla docenti
Ardua; cum doceat fœmina, discat avis.

IV. *THE PARROT.*

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

IN painted plumes superbly dress'd,
A native of the gorgeous east,

By many a billow toss'd;
Poll gains at length the British shore,
Part of the captain's precious store,
A present to his toast.

Belinda's maids are soon preferr'd,
To teach him now and then a word,
As Poll can master it;
But 'tis her own important charge,
To qualify him more at large,
And make him quite a wit.

"Sweet Poll!" his doating mistress cries,
"Sweet Poll!" the mimic bird replies;
And calls aloud for sack.
She next instructs him in the kiss;
'Tis now a little one, like Miss,
And now a hearty smack.

At first he aims at what he hears;
And, list'ning close with both his ears,
Just catches at the sound;
But soon articulates aloud,
Much to th' amusement of the crowd,
And stuns the neighbours round.

A querulous old woman's voice
His hum'rous talent next employs,
He scolds, and gives the lie.
And now he sings, and now is sick,
"Here Sally, Susan, come, come quick,
Poor Poll is like to die!"

Belinda and her bird! 'tis rare,
To meet with such a well match'd pair,
The language and the tone,
Each character in ev'ry part
Sustain'd with so much grace and art,
And both in unison.

When children first begin to spell,
And stammer out a syllable,
We think them tedious creatures;
But difficulties soon abate,
When birds are to be taught to prate,
And women are the teachers.

TRANSLATION OF

PRIOR'S CHLOE AND EUPHELIA.

Mercator, vigiles oculos ut fallere possit,
Nomine sub ficto trans mare mittit opes;
Lenè sonat liquidumque meis Euphelia chordis,
Sed solam exoptant te, mea vota, Chlöe.

Ad speculum ornabat nitidos Euphelia crines,
Cum dixit mea lux, heus; cane, sume lyram.
Namque lyram juxtà positam cum carmine vidit,
Suave quidem carmen dulcisonamque lyram.

Fila lyræ vocemque paro, suspiria surgunt,
Et miscent numeris murmura mæsta meis,
Dumque tuæ memoro laudes, Euphelia, formæ,
Tota anima interceà pendet ab ore Chlöes.

Subrubet illa pudore, et contrahit altera frontem,
Me torquet mea mens conscia, psallo, tremo;
Atque Cupidineâ dixit Dea cincta coronâ,
Heu, fallendi artem quam didicere parum.

THE DIVERTING

HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN;

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED;
AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd,
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore;
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must,
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathorn girdle brac'd;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke!
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in!

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in it's kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit,
"My head his twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass,
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry:—

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live, the king,
And Gilpin long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

AN EPISTLE

TO AN AFFLICTED PROTESTANT LADY IN FRANCE.

MADAM,

A STRANGER'S purpose in these lays
Is to congratulate, and not to praise.
To give the creature the Creator's due
Were sin in me, and an offence to you.
From man to man, or ev'n to woman paid,
Praise is the medium of a knavish trade,
A coin by Craft for Folly's use design'd,
Spurious, and only current with the blind.
The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No trav'ller ever reach'd that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.
The World may dance along the flow'ry plain,
Cheer'd as they go by many a sprightly strain,
Where Nature has her mossy velvet spread,
With unshod feet they yet securely tread,
Admonish'd, scorn the caution and the friend,
Rent all on pleasure, heedless of it's end.
But he, who knew what human hearts would prove,
How slow to learn the dictates of his love,
That, hard by nature and of stubborn will,
A life of ease would make them harder still,
In pity to the souls his grace design'd
To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
Call'd for a cloud to darken all their years,
And said, "Go spend them in the vale of tears."
O balmy gales of soul reviving air!
O salutary streams, that murmur there!
These flowing from the fount of grace above,
Those breath'd from lips of everlasting love.
The flinty soil indeed their feet annoys;
Chill blasts of trouble nip their springing joys;
An envious World will interpose it's frown,
To mar delights superior to it's own;
And many a pang, experienc'd still within,
Reminds them of their hated inmate, Sin:
But ills of ev'ry shape and ev'ry name,
Transform'd to blessings, miss their cruel aim;
And ev'ry moment's calm, that soothes the breast,
Is giv'n in earnest of eternal rest.
Ah, be not sad, although thy lot be cast
Far from the flock, and in a boundless waste!
No shepherd's tents within thy view appear,
But the chief Shepherd even there is near;
Thy tender sorrows and thy plaintive strain
Flow in a foreign land, but not in vain;
Thy tears all issue from a source divine,
And ev'ry drop bespeaks a Saviour thine—
So once in Gideon's fleece the dews were found,
And drought on all the drooping herbs around.

TO THE

REV. W. CAWTHORNE UNWIN.

UNWIN, I should but ill repay
The kindness of a friend,
Whose worth deserves as 'warm a lay,
As ever Friendship penn'd,
Thy name omitted in a page,
That would reclaim a vicious age.

A union form'd, as mine with thee,
Not rashly, or in sport,
May be as fervent in degree,
And faithful in it's sort,
And may as rich in comfort prove,
As that of true paternal love.

The bud inserted in the rhind,
The bud of peach or rose,
Adorns, though diff'ring in it's kind,
The stock whereon it grows,
With flow'r as sweet, or fruit as fair,
As if produc'd by Nature there.

Not rich, I render what I may,
I seize thy name in haste,
And place it in this first essay,
Lest this should prove the last.
'Tis where it should be—in a plan,
That holds in view the good of man.

The poet's lyre, to fix his fame,
Should be the poet's heart;
Affection lights a brighter flame
Than ever blaz'd by art.
No Muses on these lines attend,
I sink the poet in the friend.

THE TASK.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE history of the following production is briefly this: A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the author, and gave him the SOFA for a subject. He obeyed; and having much leisure, connected another subject with it: and pursuing the train of thought, to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair—a volume.

In the poem on the subject of Education, he would be very sorry to stand suspected of having aimed his censure at any particular school. His objections are such, as naturally apply themselves to schools in general. If there were not, as for the most part there is, wilful neglect in those who manage them, and an omission even of such discipline as they are susceptible of, the objects are yet too numerous for minute attention; and the aching hearts of ten thousand parents, mourning under the bitterest of all disappointments, attest the truth of the allegation. His quarrel therefore is with the mischief at large, and not with any particular instance of it.

BOOK I.

THE SOFA.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

Historical deduction of seats, from the stool to the Sofa.—A schoolboy's ramble.—A walk in the country.—The scene described—Rural sounds as well as sights delightful.—Another walk.—Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected.—Colonnades commended.—Alcove, and the view from it.—The wilderness.—The grove.—The thresher.—The necessity and the benefits of exercise.—The works of nature superior to, and in some instances inimitable by, art.—The weariesomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure.—Change of scene sometimes expedient.—A common described, and the character of crazy Kate introduced.—Gipsies.—The blessings of civilized life.—That state most favourable to virtue.—The South Sea islanders compassionated, but chiefly Omai.—His present state of mind supposed.—Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities.—Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praises, but censured.—Fete champetre.—The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures.

I SING the Sofa. I, who lately sang
Truth, Hope, and Charity [1], and touch'd with awe
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Escap'd with pain from that advent'rous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme;
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
Th' occasion—for the Fair commands the song.

Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none.
As yet black breeches were not; satin smooth,
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile:
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Wash'd by the sea, or on the grav'lly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, repos'd his weary strength.
Those barb'rous ages past, succeeded next
The birth-day of Invention; weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint stools were then created; on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms:
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear
May still be seen; but perforated sore,
And drill'd in holes, the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eating through and through.

At length a generation more refin'd
Improv'd the simple plan; made three legs four
Gave them a twisted form vermicular,
And o'er the seat, with plenteous wadding stuff'd
Induc'd a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tap'stry richly wrought
And woven close, or needle-work sublime.
There might ye see the piony spread wide,
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
Lapdog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.

Now came the cane from India smooth and bright
With Nature's varnish; sever'd into stripes,
That interlac'd each other, these supplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that brac'd
The new machine, and it became a chair.

[1] See poems, pp. 615. 625. 671.

But restless was the chair; the back erect
Distress'd the weary loins, that felt no ease;
The slipp'ry seat betray'd the sliding part,
That press'd it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.
These for the rich; the rest, whom Fate had plac'd
In modest mediocrity, content
With base materials, sat on well-tann'd hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,
Or scarlet crewel, in the cushion fix'd,
If cushion might be call'd, what harder seem'd
Than the firm oak, of which the frame was form'd.
No want of timber then was felt or fear'd
In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood
Pond'rous and fix'd by it's own massy weight.
But elbows still were wanting; these, some say,
An alderman of Cripplegate contriv'd;
And some ascribe th' invention to a priest,
Burly, and big, and studious of his ease.
But rude at first, and not with easy slope
Receding wide, they press'd against the ribs,
And bruis'd the side; and, elevated high,
Taught the rais'd shoulders to invade the ears.
Long time elaps'd or e'er our rugged sires
Complain'd, though incommodiously pent in,
And ill at ease behind. The ladies first
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.
Ingenious Fancy, never better pleas'd,
Than when employ'd t' accommodate the fair,
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devis'd
The soft settee; one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow it received,
United yet divided, twain at once.
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne;
And so two citizens, who take the air,
Close pack'd, and smiling, in a chaise and one.
But relaxation of the languid frame,
By soft recumbency of outstretch'd limbs,
Was bliss reserv'd for happier days. So slow
The growth of what is excellent; so hard
T' attain perfection in this nether world.
Thus first Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And Luxury th' accomplish'd Sofa last.
The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick,
Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he,
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour,
To sleep within the carriage more secure,
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
The tedious rector drawling o'er his head;
And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep
Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead;
Nor his, who quits the box at midnight hour,
To slumber in the carriage more secure;
Nor sleep enjoy'd by curate in his desk;
Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, as sweet,
Compar'd with the repose the Sofa yields.
O may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe
Of libertine Excess. The Sofa suits
The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
Though on a Sofa, may I never feel:
For I have lov'd the rural walk through lanes,
Of grassy swarth, close cropp'd by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs; have lov'd the rural walk
O'er hills, through vallies, and by rivers' brink,
E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds,
T' enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames;
And still remember, nor without regret,
Of hours, that sorrow since has much endear'd,
How oft, my slice of pocket-store consum'd,
Still hung'ring, pennyless, and far from home,
I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
Or blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite
Disdains not; nor the palate, undeprav'd
By culinary arts, unsav'ry deems.
No Sofa then awaited my return!
Nor Sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue; and, though our years,
As life declines, speed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep;
A tooth, or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and colour from the locks they spare;
The elastic spring of an unwearied foot,
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfer'd yet; nor yet impair'd
My relish of fair prospect; scenes that sooth'd
Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing, and of pow'r to charm me still.
And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubted long.
Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjur'd up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on it's varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
Scenes must be beautiful, which daily view'd
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.
Praise justly due to those that I describe.
Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,

Exhilirate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To sooth and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live long night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought
Devis'd the weather-house, that useful toy!
Fearless of humid air and gath'ring rains,
Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself!
More delicate his tim'rous mate retires.
When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet,
Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,
The task of new discov'ries falls on me.
At such a season, and with such a charge,
Once went I forth; and found, till then unknown,
A cottage, whither oft we since repair:
'Tis perch'd upon the green hill top, but close
Environ'd with a ring of branching elms,
That overhang the thatch, itself unseen
Peeps at the vale below; so thick beset
With foilage of such dark redundant growth,
I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the Peasant's Nest.
And, hidden as it is, and far remote
From such unpleasing sounds, as haunt the ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs
Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clam'rous whether pleas'd or pain'd,
Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine.
"Here," I have said, "at least I should possess
The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure."
Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat
Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
It's elevated site forbids the wretch,
To drink sweet waters of the crystal well;
He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
And, heavy laden, brings his bev'rage home,
Far fetch'd and little worth; nor seldom waits,
Dependant on the baker's punctual call,
To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
Angry, and sad, and his last crust consum'd.
So farewell envy of the Peasant's Nest!
If solitude make scant the means of life,
Society for me!—thou seeming sweet,
Be still a pleasing object in my view;
My visit still, but never mine abode.

Not distant far a length of colonnade
Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns: and in their shaded walks
And long protracted bow'rs, enjoy'd at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.
We bear our shades about us; self depriv'd
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,
And range an Indian waste without a tree.
Thanks to Benevolus[2]—he spares me yet
These chesnuts rang'd in corresponding lines;
And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves
The obsolete prolixity of shade.

Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge,
We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
Hence, ascending deep in moss and flow'ry thyme
We mount again, and feel at ev'ry step
Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures Earth: and, plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done.

The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove,
That crowns it! yet not all it's pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impress'd
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The pannels; leaving an obscure, rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the zeal t' immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that ev'n a few,
Few transient years, won from th' abyss abhorr'd
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye;
And, posted on this speculative height,
Exults in it's command. The sheep-fold here
Pours out it's fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but, scatter'd by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sunburnt hayfield homeward creaks
The loaded wain; while, lighten'd of it's charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by;
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vocif'rous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of ev'ry growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunk
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to it's topmost bough.
No tree in all the grove but has it's charms,
Though each it's hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish gray; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash, far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy leav'd, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve

[2] John Courtney Throckmorton, esq. of Weston Underwood.

Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours bright.
O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interpos'd between),
The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.
Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
And such the re-ascent; between them sweeps
A little maid her impov'rish'd urn
All summer long, which winter fills again.
The folded gates would bar my progress now,
But that the lord [3] of this enclos'd demesne,
Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a share; the guiltless eye
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.
Refreshing change! where now the blazing Sun?
By short transition we have lost his glare,
And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.
Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice,
That yet a remnant of your race survives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The checker'd earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And dark'ning and enlight'ning, as the leaves
Play wanton, ev'ry moment, ev'ry spot.
And now, with nerves new brac'd and spirits cheer'd,
We tread the wilderness, whose well-roll'd walks,
With curvature of slow and easy sweep—
Deception innocent—give ample space
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next;
Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.
Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destin'd ear. Wide flies the chaff,
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist
Of atoms, sparkling in the noonday beam.
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not; see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.
By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the World.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleans'd
By restless undulation: ev'n the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm:
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
Th' impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder: but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fix'd below, the more disturb'd above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No meaner advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When Custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of it's bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he forfeits ev'n the rest he loves.
Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By it's true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, it's associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The pow'rs of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
Ev'n age itself seems privileg'd in them
With clear exemption from it's own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The vet'ran shows, and, gracing a gray beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.
Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
Who oft'nest sacrifice are favour'd least.
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
Is Nature's dictate. Strange! there should be found,
Who, self-imprison'd in their proud salons,
Renounce the odours of the open field
For the unscented fictions of the loom;
Who, satisfied with only pencill'd scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God
Th' inferior wonders of an artist's hand!
Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art;
But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
Who shows me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls:
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye—sweet Nature's, ev'ry sense.
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods—no works of man
May rival these, these all bespeak a pow'r
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast;
'Tis free to all—'tis ev'ry day renew'd;
Who scorns it starves deservedly at home.
He does not scorn it, who, imprison'd long
In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Escapes at last to liberty and light:
His cheek recovers soon it's healthful hue;
His eye relumines it's extinguish'd fires;
He walks, he leaps, he runs—is wing'd with joy,
And riots in the sweets of ev'ry breeze.
He does not scorn it, who has long endur'd
A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.
Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflam'd
With acrid salts; his very heart athirst,
To gaze at Nature in her green array,
Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd
With visions prompted by intense desire:
Fair fields appear below, such as he left

[3] See the foregoing note.

Far distant, such as he would die to find—
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.
The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
And mar, the face of Beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable wo appears,
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb, the heart
Recoils from it's own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest; and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand,
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences; and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet ev'n these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he,
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes, for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits, all forbid.
Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring over-shoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gayety of those,
Whose headachs nail them to a noonday bed;
And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gayety, that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with wo.
The Earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, might be indulg'd.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smile, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug enclosures in the shelter'd vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us; happy to renounce awhile,
Not senseless of it's charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock may please,
That hides the seamew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man. His hoary head,
Conspicious many a league, the mariner,
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-wither'd shrubs he shows,
And, at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform'd,
And dang'rous to the touch, has yet it's bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
Smells fresh, and, rich in odorif'rous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.
There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd
With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
A serving maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves
To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
And never smil'd again! and now she roams
The dreary waste; there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier cloth,
Though pinch'd with cold, asks never.—Kate is craz'd.
I see a column of slow rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood, that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin'd
From his accustom'd perch. Hard-faring race!
They pick their fuel out of ev'ry hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saw unquench'd
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their flutt'ring rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into it's place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
Strange! that a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature; and, though capable of arts,
By which the world might profit, and himself,
Self banish'd from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honourable toil!
Yet even these, though feigning sickness oft
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When safe occasion offers; and with dance,
And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
Such health and gayety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;

And, breathing wholesome air, and wand'ring much,
Need other physic none to heal th' effects
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.
Blest he, though undistinguish'd from the crowd
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,
The manners and the arts of civil life.
His wants indeed are many; but supply
Is obvious, plac'd within the easy reach
Of temp'rate wishes and industrious hands.
Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil;
Not rude and surly, and beset with thorns,
And terrible to sight, as when she springs
(If e'er she spring spontaneous) in remote
And barb'rous climes, where violence prevails,
And strength is lord of all; but gentle, kind,
By culture tam'd, by liberty refresh'd,
And all her fruits by radiant truth matur'd.
War and the chase engross the savage whole;
War follow'd for revenge, or to supplant
The envied tenants of some happier spot:
The chase for sustenance, precarious trust!
His hard condition with severe constraint
Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth
Of wisdom, proves a school, in which he learns
Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate,
Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside.
Thus fare the shiv'ring natives of the north,
And thus the rangers of the western world,
Where it advances far into the deep,
Tow'rds the antarctic. Ev'n the favour'd isles
So lately found, although the constant Sun
Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,
Can boast but little virtue; and, inert
Through plenty, lose in morals, what they gain
In manners—victims of luxurious ease.
These therefore I can pity, plac'd remote
From all that science traces, art invents,
Or inspiration teaches; and enclos'd
In boundless oceans never to be pass'd
By navigators uniform'd as they,
Or plough'd perhaps by British bark again:
But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,
Thee, gentle savage[1]! whom no love of thee
Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,
Or else vain-glory, prompted us to draw
Forth from thy native bow'rs, to show thee here
With what superior skill we can abuse
The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
The dream is past; and thou hast found again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But hast thou found
Their former charms? And, having seen our state,
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
And heard our music; are thy simple friends,
Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,
As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
Lost nothing by comparison with ours?
Rude as thou art, (for we return'd thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward show)
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
And spiritless, as never to regret
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,
And asking of the surge, that bathes thy foot,
If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.
I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
A patriot's for his country: thou art sad
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
From which no pow'r of thine can raise her up.
Thus Fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,
Perhaps errs little, when she paints thee thus.
She tells me too, that duly ev'ry morn
Thou climb'st the mountain top, with eager eye
Exploring far and wide the wat'ry waste
For sight of ship from England. Ev'ry speck
Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
With conflict of contending hopes and fears.
But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
And sends thee to thy cabin, well-prepar'd
To dream all night of what the day denied.
Alas! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade.
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought;
And must be brib'd to compass Earth again
By other hopes and richer fruits than yours.
But though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft: in proud, and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of ev'ry land.
In cities foul example on most minds
Begets it's likeness. Rank abundance breeds,
In gross and pamper'd cities, sloth, and lust,
And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.
In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond th' atchievement of successful flight.
I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
In which they flourish most; where in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd,
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst.
There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms soe'er she will,
The richest scen'ry and the loveliest forms.
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
In London: where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,
As London—opulent, enlarg'd, and still
Increasing, London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the Earth than she,

[1] Omai.

A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.
She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two,
That so much beauty would do well to purge;
And show this queen of cities, that so fair
May yet be foul; so witty, yet not wise.
It is not seemly, nor of good report,
That she is slack in dicipline; more prompt
T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law:
That she is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oft-times honour too,
To peculators of the public gold;
That thieves at home must hang; but he, that puts
Into his overgorg'd and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of holy writ, she has presum'd t' annul
And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing fashion to the post of Truth,
And centring all authority in modes
And customs of her own, till sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
And knees and hassocks are well nigh divorc'd.
God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts,
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught,
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only can ye shine;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes; the thrush departs
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made what enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, stedfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

THE TASK.

BOOK II.

THE TIME-PIECE.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Reflections suggested by the conclusion of the former book.—Peace among the nations recommended on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow.—Prodigies enumerated—Sicilian earthquakes.—Man rendered obnoxious to these calamities by sin.—God the agent in them.—The philosophy that stops at secondary causes reproved.—Our own late miscarriages accounted for.—Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fontainebleau.—But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation.—The reverend advertiser of engraved sermons.—Petit-maitre parson.—The good preacher.—Picture of a theatrical clerical coxcomb.—Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reproved.—Apostrophe to popular applause.—Retailers of ancient philosophy expostulated with.—Sum of the whole matter.—Effects of sacerdotal mismanagement on the laity.—Their folly and extravagance.—The mischiefs of profusion.—Profusion itself, with all it's consequent evils, ascribed, as to it's principal cause, to the want of discipline in the universities.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. *My ear is pain'd,*
My soul is sick, with ev'ry day's *report*
Of wrong and outrage, with which *Earth is fill'd.*
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own; and having pow'r
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplor'd
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth,
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—Then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire; that, where Britain's pow'r
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.
Sure there is need of social intercourse,
Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations in a world, that seems
To toll the deathbell of it's own decease,
And by the voice of all it's elements

To preach the gen'ral doom [1]. When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
Fires from beneath, and meteors [2] from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; and th' old
And crazy Earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.
Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
And Nature [3] with a dim and sickly eye
To wait the close of all? But grant her end
More distant, and that prophecy demands
A longer respite, unaccomplish'd yet;
Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak
Displeasure in His breast, who smites the Earth
Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice.
And 'tis but seemly, that, where all deserve
And stand expos'd by common peccancy
To what no few have felt, there should be peace,
And brethren in calamity should love.
Alas for Sicily! rude fragments now
Lie scatter'd, where the shapely column stood.
Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing and the sprightly chord
Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause;
While God performs upon the trembling stage
Of his own works his dreadful part alone.
How does the Earth receive him?—with what signs
Of gratulation and delight her king?
Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad,
Her sweetest flow'rs, her aromatic gums,
Disclosing Paradise where'er he treads?
She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders through a thousand deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot.
The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,
For he has touch'd them. From th' extremest point
Of elevation down into the abyss
His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong, and the vallies rise,
The rivers die into offensive pools,
And charg'd with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
And mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid was, by transformation strange,
Grows fluid; and the fix'd and rooted earth,
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down it's prey insatiable. Immense
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on ev'ry side,
And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
Migrates uplifted; and, with all it's soil
Alighting in far distant fields, finds out
A new possessor, and survives the change.
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought
To an enormous and o'erbearing height,
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice,
Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore
Resistless. Never such a sudden flood,
Upridg'd so high, and sent on such a charge,
Possess'd an inland scene. Where now the throng,
That press'd the beach, and, hasty to depart,
Look'd to the sea for safety? They are gone,
Gone with the refluent wave into the deep.
A prince with half his people! Ancient tow'rs,
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes,
Where beauty oft and letter'd worth consume
Life in the unproductive shades of death,
Fall prone: the pale inhabitants come forth,
And, happy in their unforeseen release
From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy
The terrours of the day, that sets them free.
Who then, that has thee, would not hold thee fast,
Freedom! whom they that lose thee so regret,
That ev'n a judgment, making way for thee,
Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy sake?
Such evil Sin hath wrought; and such a flame
Kindled in Heav'n, that it burns down to Earth,
And in the furious inquest, that it makes
On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works.
The very elements, though each be meant
The minister of man, to serve his wants,
Conspire against him. With his breath he draws
A plague into his blood; and cannot use
Life's necessary means, but he must die.
Storms rise t' o'erwhelm him: or if stormy winds
Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,
And, needing none assistance of the storm,
Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there.
The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,
Or make his house his grave: nor so content,
Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
And drown him in her dry and dusty gulfs.
What then! were they the wicked above all,
And we the righteous, whose fast-anchor'd isle
Mov'd not, while theirs was rock'd, like a light skiff,
The sport of ev'ry wave? No: none are clear,
And none than we more guilty. But, where all
Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts
Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark:
May punish, if he please, the less, to warn
The more malignant. If he spar'd not them,
Tremble and be amaz'd at thine escape,
Far guiltier England, lest he spare not thee!
Happy the man, who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill, that checker life!
Resolving all events with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-ey'd
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the pow'r, that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men,
That live an atheist life: involves the Heav'ns
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming Health.
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend

[1] Alluding to the calamities in Jamaica.
[2] August 18, 1783.
[3] Alluding to the fog, that covered both Europe and Asia during the whole summer of 1783.

Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects;
Of action and reaction: he has found
The source of the disease, that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discov'ry of the cause
Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means,
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.
England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flow'r, for warmer France
With all her vines: nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thund'rer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenc'd o'er
With odours, and as profligate as sweet;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In ev'ry clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill th' ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother's tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell those honours, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter! they have fall'n
Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame!
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secur'd it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all lov'd.
Those suns are set. O rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements and despair of new.
Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savour maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility! Breathe soft,
Ye clarionets; and softer still, ye flutes;
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore!
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
True; we may thank the perfidy of France,
That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
With all the cunning of an envious shrew.
And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state!
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.
And, sham'd as we have been, to th' very beard
Brav'd and defied, and in our own sea prov'd
Too weak for those decisive blows, that once
Ensur'd us mast'ry there, we yet retain
Some small pre-eminence; we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the turf as all our own!
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And shot the shame, ye might conceal at home,
In foreign eyes!—be grooms and win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!—
'Tis gen'rous to communicate your skill
To those that need it. Folly is soon learn'd:
And under such preceptors who can fail!
There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
Th' expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
T' arrest the fleeting images, that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit, till he has pencil'd off
A faithful likeness of the forms he views;
Then to dispose his copies with such art,
That each may find it's most propitious light,
And shine by situation, hardly less
Than by the labour and the skill it cost;
Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
With such address from themes of sad import,
That, lost in his own musings, happy man!
He feels th' anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
Such joys has he that sings. But ah! not such,
Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.
Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps
Aware of nothing arduous in a task
They never undertook, they little note
His dangers or escapes, and hardly find
Their least amusement where he found the max
But is amusement all? Studious of song,
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not trifle merely, though the world
Be loudest in their praise, who do no more.
Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay?
It may correct a foible, may chastise
The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,
Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch;
But where are it's sublimer trophies found?
What vice has it subdued? whose heart reclaim
By rigour, or whom laugh'd into reform?
Alas! Leviathan is not so tam'd:

Laugh'd at he laughs again; and stricken hard
Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,
That fear no discipline of human hands.
The pulpit, therefore (and I name it fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing)—
The pulpit (when the sat'rist has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte)—
I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of it's legitimate, peculiar pow'rs)
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
It's thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heav'nly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by ev'ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war
The sacramental host of God's elect!
Are all such teachers?—Would to Heav'n all were?
But hark—the doctor's voice! fast wedg'd between
Two empirics he stands, and with swoln cheeks
Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
Than all invective is his bold harangue,
While through that public organ of report
He hails the clergy; and, defying shame,
Announces to the world his own and theirs!
He teaches those to read, whom schools dismiss'd,
And colleges, untaught; sells accent, tone,
And emphasis in score, and gives to pray'r
Th' *adagio* and *andante* it demands.
He grinds divinity of other days
Down into modern use; transforms old print
To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gall'ry critics by a thousand arts.
Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware?
O name it not in Gath!—it cannot be,
That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.
He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
Assuming thus a rank unknown before—
Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church!
I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof,
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say, that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for it's gold,
And well prepar'd, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride.
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls, that cannot teach, and will not learn.
Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on Earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry—Hem; and reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well bred whisper close the scene!
In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loath
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn!
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practis'd at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him,
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learn'd with labour, and though much admir'd
By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bestrid.
Some decent in demeanour while they preach,
That task perform'd, relapse into themselves;
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye,
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not!
Forth comes the pocket mirror.—First we stroke
An eyebrow; next compose a straggling lock;
Then with an air most gracefully perform'd
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at it's ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low:
The better hand more busy gives the nose
It's bergamot, or aids th' indebted eye
With op'ra glass, to watch the moving scene,
And recognize the slow retiring fair.—
Now this is fulsome; and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. A heav'nly mind
May be indiff'rent to her house of clay,

And slight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint, in it's deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heav'nly mind—demands a doubt.
He, that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and t' address,
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart!
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No: he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms,
That he had tak'n in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.
O Popular Applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;
But swell'd into a gust—who then alas!
With all his canvass set, and inexpert,
And [illegible]less, can withstand thy pow'r?
[illegible]e rivell'd lips of toothless bald
Dec[illegible]e, and in the looks of lean
And craving Poverty, and in the bow
Respectful of the smutch'd artificer,
Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
The bias of the purpose. How much more,
Pour'd forth by beauty splendid and polite,
In language soft as Adoration breathes?
Ah spare your idol! think him human still.
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too!
Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.
All truth is from the sempiternal source
Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome,
Drew from the stream below. More favour'd we
Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain head.
To them it flow'd much mingled and defil'd
With hurtful errour, prejudice, and dreams
Illusive of philosophy, so call'd,
But falsely. Sages after sages strove
In vain to filter off a crystal draught
Pure from the lees, which often more enhanc'd
The thirst then slak'd it, and not seldom bred
Intoxication and delirium wild.
In vain they push'd inquiry to the birth [man?
And springtime of the world; ask'd, Whence is
Why form'd at all? and wherefore as he is?
Where must he find his maker? with what rites
Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless?
Or does he sit regardless of his works?
Has man within him an immortal seed?
Or does the tomb take all? If he survive
His ashes, where? and in what weal or wo?
Knots worthy of solution, which alone
A Deity could solve. Their answers, vague
And all at random, fabulous and dark,
Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,
Defective and unsanction'd, prov'd too weak,
To bind the roving appetite and lead
Blind nature to a God not yet reveal'd.
'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,
Explains all mysteries, except her own,
And so illuminates the path of life,
That fools discover it, and stray no more.
Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,
My man of morals, nurtur'd in the shades
Of Academus—is this false or true?
Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools?
If Christ, then why resort at ev'ry turn
To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short
Of man's occasions, when in him reside
Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathom'd store
How oft, when Paul has serv'd us with a text,
Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preach'd!
Men that, if now alive, would sit content
And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,
Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,
Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too!
And thus it is—The pastor, either vain
By nature, or by flatt'ry made so, taught
To gaze at his own splendour, and t' exalt
Absurdly, not his office, but himself;
Or unenlighten'd, and too proud to learn;
Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach;
Perverting often by the stress of lewd
And loose example, whom he should instruct;
Exposes, and holds up to broad disgrace,
The noblest function, and discredits much
The brightest truths, that man has ever seen.
For ghostly counsel; if it either fail
Below the exigence, or be not back'd
With show of love, at least with hopeful proof
Of some sincerity on the giver's part;
Or be dishonour'd in th' exterior form
And mode of it's conveyance by such tricks,
As move derision, or by foppish airs
And histrionic mumm'ry, that let down
The pulpit to the level of the stage;
Drops from the lips a disregarded thing.
The weak perhaps are mov'd, but are not taught
While prejudice in men of stronger minds
Takes deeper root, confirm'd by what they see.
A relaxation of religion's hold
Upon the roving and untutor'd heart
Soon follows, and, the curb of conscience snapp'd,
The laity run wild.—But do they now?
Note their extravagance, and be convinc'd.
As nations, ignorant of God, contrive
A wooden one; so we, no longer taught
By monitors, that mother church supplies,
Now make our own. Posterity will ask
(If e'er posterity see verse of mine)
Some fifty or a hundred lustrums hence,
What was a monitor in George's days?
My very gentle reader, yet unborn,
Of whom I needs must augur better things,
Since Heav'n would sure grow weary of a world
Productive only of a race like ours,
A monitor is wood—plank shaven thin.
We wear it at our backs. There, closely brac'd
And neatly fitted, it compresses hard
The prominent and most unsightly bones,
And binds the shoulders flat. We prove it's use
Sov'reign and most effectual to secure
A form, not now gymnastic as of yore,
From rickets and distortion, else our lot.
But thus admonish'd, we can walk erect—
One proof at least of manhood! while the fries
Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge.
Our habits, costlier than Lucullus wore,

And by caprice as multiplied as his,
Just please us while the fashion is at full,
But change with ev'ry moon. The sycophant,
Who waits to dress us, arbitrates their date;
Surveys his fair reversion with keen eye;
Finds one *ill* made, another obsolete,
This fits not nicely, that is ill conceiv'd;
And, making prize of all that he condemns,
With our expenditure defrays his own.
Variety 's the very spice of life,
That gives it all it's flavour. We have run
Through ev'ry change, that Fancy, at the loom
Exhausted, has had genius to supply;
And, studious of mutation still, discard
A real elegance, a little us'd,
For monstrous novelty and strange disguise.
We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires;
And introduces *hunger*, *frost*, and *wo*,
Where peace and *hospitality* might reign.
What *man* that *lives*, and that knows how to live,
Would fail t' exhibit at the public shows
A form as splendid as the proudest there,
Though appetite raise outcries at the cost?
A man o' the town dines late, but soon enough,
With reasonable forecast and dispatch,
T' ensure a side-box station at half price.
You think perhaps, so delicate his dress,
His daily fare as delicate. Alas!
He picks clean teeth, and, busy as he seems
With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet!
The rout is Folly's circle, which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none, decoy'd into that fatal ring,
Unless by Heav'n's peculiar grace, escape.
There we grow early gray, but never wise;
There form connexions, but acquire no friend;
Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success;
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second childhood, and devote old age
To sports, which only childhood could excuse.
There they are happiest, who dissemble best
Their weariness; and they the most polite,
Who squander time and treasure with a smile,
Though at their own destruction. She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,
And hates their coming. They (what can they less?)
Make just reprisals; and with cringe and shrug,
And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.
All catch the frenzy, downward from her grace,
Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,
And gild our chamber ceilings as they pass,
To her, who, frugal only that her thrift
May feed excesses she can ill afford,
Is hackney'd home unlackey'd; who, in haste
Alighting, turns the key in her own door,
And, at the watchman's lantern borr'wing light,
Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.
Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives,
On Fortune's velvet altar off'ring up
Their last poor pittance—Fortune, most severe
Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far
Than all, that held their routs in Juno's Heav'n.—
So fare we in this prison-house the World;
And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see
So many maniacs dancing in their chains.
They gaze upon the links, that hold them fast,
With eyes of anguish, execrate their lot,
Then shake them in despair, and dance again!
Now basket up the family of plagues,
That waste our vitals, peculation, sale
Of honour, perjury, corruption, frauds
By forgery, by subterfuge of law,
By tricks and lies as num'rous and as keen
As the necessities their authors feel;
Then cast them, closely bundled, ev'ry brat
At the right door. Profusion is the sire.
Profusion, unrestrain'd with all that's base
In character, has litter'd all the land,
And bred, within the mem'ry of no few,
A priesthood, such as Baal's was of old,
A people, such as never was till now.
It is a hungry vice: it eats up all,
That gives society it's beauty, strength,
Convenience, and security, and use:
Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapp'd
And gibbeted, as fast as catchpole claws
Can seize the slipp'ry prey: unties the knot
Of union, and converts the sacred band,
That holds mankind together, to a scourge.
Profusion, deluging a state with lusts
Of grossest nature and of worst effects,
Prepares it for it's ruin: hardens, blinds,
And warps, the consciences of public men,
Till they can laugh at Virtue; mock the fools,
That trust them; and in th' end disclose a face,
That would have shock'd Credulity herself,
Unmask'd, vouchsafing this their sole excuse—
Since all alike are selfish, why not they?
This does Profusion, and th' accursed cause
Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.

In colleges and halls in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips; and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
That blush'd at it's own praise; and press the youth
Close to his side, that pleas'd him. Learning grew
Beneath his care a thriving vig'rous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many overleap'd
The limits of controul, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke:
His frown was full of terrour, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favour back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years:
A palsy struck his arm; his sparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice, unstrung,
Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more
Than rev'rence in perverse rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.
Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept;

And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny
Became stone blind; Precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued;
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse; and massy gates
Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade,
The tassel'd cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mock'ry of the world! What need of these
For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oft'ner seen
With belted waist and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot;
And such expense, as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name,
That sits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him, that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world, that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition, thus acquir'd,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly, but to spoil him is a task,
That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
Now blame we most the nurslings or the nurse?
The children crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd,
Through want of care; or her, whose winking eye
And slumb'ring ocsitancy mars the brood?
The nurse no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
She needs herself correction; needs to learn,
That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.
All are not such. I had a brother once—
Peace to the mem'ry of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too!
Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,
When gay Good-nature dresses her in smiles.
He grac'd a college [1], in which order yet
Was sacred; and was honour'd, lov'd, and wept,
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.
Some minds are temper'd happily, and mix'd
With such ingredients of good sense, and taste
Of what is excellent in man, they thirst
With such a zeal to be what they approve,
That no restraints can circumscribe them more
Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake.
Nor can example hurt them: what they see
Of vice in others but enhancing more
The charms of virtue in their just esteem.
If such escape contagion, and emerge
Pure from so foul a pool to shine abroad,
And give the world their talents and themselves,
Small thanks to those, whose negligence or sloth
Expos'd their inexperience to the snare,
And left them to an undirected choice.
See then the quiver broken and decay'd,
In which are kept our arrows! Rusting there
In wild disorder, and unfit for use,
What wonder, if, discharg'd into the world,
They shame their shooters with a random flight,
Their points obtuse, and feathers drunk with wine!
Well may the church wage unsuccessful war
With such artill'ry arm'd. Vice parries wide
Th' undreaded volley with a sword of straw,
And stands an impudent and fearless mark.
Have we not track'd the felon home, and found
His birthplace and his dam? The country mourns,
Mourns because ev'ry plague, that can infest
Society, and that saps and worms the base
Of th' edifice, that policy has rais'd,
Swarms in all quarters: meets the eye, the ear,
And suffocates the breath at ev'ry turn.
Profusion breeds them; and the cause itself
Of that calamitous mischief has been found:
Found too where most offensive, in the skirts
Of the robb'd pedagogue! Else let th' arraign'd
Stand up unconscious, and refute the charge.
So when the Jewish leader stretch'd his arm,
And wav'd his rod divine, a race obscene,
Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Egypt's gardens, fields, and plains,
Were cover'd with the pest; the streets were fill'd;
The croaking nuisance lurk'd in every nook;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, scap'd;
And the land stank—so num'rous was the fry.

[1] Bene't Coll. Cambridge.

THE TASK.

BOOK III.

THE GARDEN.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Self-recollection and reproof.—Address to domestic happiness.—Some account of myself.—The vanity of many of their pursuits, who are reputed wise.—Justification of my censures.—Divine illumination necessary to the most expert philosopher.—The question, What is truth? answered by other questions.—Domestic happiness addressed again.—Few lovers of the country.—My tame hare.—Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden.—Pruning.—Framing.—Greenhouse.—Sowing of flower seeds.—The country preferable to the town even in the winter.—Reasons why it is deserted at that season.—Ruinous effects of gaming, and of expensive improvement.—Book concludes with an apostrophe to the metropolis.

As one, who long in thickets and in brakes
Entangled winds now this way and now that
His devious course uncertain, seeking home;
Or, having long in miry ways been foil'd
And sore discomfited, from slough to slough
Plunging and half despairing of escape;
If chance at length he find a greensward smooth
And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
He chirups brisk his ear-erecting steed,
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease;
So I, designing other themes, and call'd

T' adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,
To tell it's slumbers, and to paint it's dreams,
Have rambled wide. In country, city, seat
Of academic fame (howe'er deserv'd),
Long held, and scarcely disengag'd at last.
But now with pleasant pace a cleanlier road
I mean to tread. I feel myself at large,
Courageous, and refresh'd for future toil,
If toil await me, or if dangers new.
Since pulpits fail, and sounding boards reflect
Most part an empty ineffectual sound,
What chance that I, to fame so little known,
Nor conversant with men or manners much,
Should speak to purpose, or with better hope
Crack the satiric thong? 'Twere wiser far
For me, enamour'd of sequester'd scenes,
And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose,
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,
My languid limbs, when summer sears the plains;
Or, when rough winter rages, on the soft
And shelter'd Sofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth;
There, undisturb'd by Folly, and appris'
How great the danger of disturbing her,
To muse in silence, or at least confine
Remarks, that gall so many, to the few
My partners in retreat. Disgust conceal'd
Is oftimes proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.
Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that hast surviv'd the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee! too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
Thou art the nurse of Virtue, in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heav'n-born, and destin'd to the skies again.
Thou art not known where Pleasure is ador'd,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys, that her stormy raptures never yield:
Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown!
Till prostitution elbows us aside
In all our crowded streets; and senates seem
Convened for purposes of empire less,
Than to release th' adultress from her bond.
Th' adultress! what a theme for angry verse!
What provocation to th' indignant heart,
That feels for injur'd love! but I disdain
The nauseous task, to paint her as she is,
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame!
No:—let her pass, and, chariotted along
In guilty splendour, shake the public ways;
The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white,
And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,
Whom matrons now of character unsmirch'd,
And chaste themselves, are not ashamed to own.
Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time,
Not to be pass'd: and she, that had renounc'd
Her sex's honour, was renounc'd herself
By all that priz'd it; not for prud'ry's sake,
But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard perhaps on here and there a waif,
Desirous to return, and not receiv'd:
But wns a wholesome rigour in the main,
And taught th' unblemish'd to preserve with care
That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
Men too were nice in honour in those days,
And judg'd offenders well. Then he that sharp'd,
And pocketted a prize by fraud obtain'd,
Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious. He that sold
His country, or was slack when she requir'd
His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch,
Paid with the blood, that he had basely spar'd,
The price of his default. But now—yes, now
We are become so candid and so fair,
So lib'ral in construction, and so rich
In christian charity, (good natur'd age!)
That they are safe, sinners of either sex,
Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd, well
Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough,
To pass us readily through ev'ry door.
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)
May claim this merit still—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause;
But she has burnt her mask not needed here,
Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.
I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew,
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one, who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wand'rers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions; they are lost
In chase of fancied happiness, still woo'd
And never won. Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream, that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
And add two thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay,
As if created only like the fly,
That spreads his motley wings in th' eye of noon,
To sport their season, and be seen no more.
The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise,
And pregnant with discov'ries new and rare.
Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes little known; and call the rant
A history: describe the man, of whom
His own coevals took but little note,
And paints his person, character, and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.
They disentangle from the puzzled skein,
In which obscurity has wrapp'd them up,
The threads of politic and shrewd design,
That ran through all his purposes, and charge
His mind with meanings that he never had,

Or, having, kept conceal'd. Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn,
That he who made it, and reveal'd it's date
To Moses, was mistaken in it's age.
Some, more acute, and more industrious still,
Contrive creation; travel nature up
To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
And tell us whence the stars; why some are fix'd,
And planetary some; what gave them first
Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light.
Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.
Is't not a pity now, that tickling rheums
Should ever tease the lungs, and blear the sight
Of oracles like these? Great pity too,
That having wielded th' elements, and built
A thousand systems, each in his own way,
They should go out in fume, and be forgot?
Ah! what is life thus spent? and what are they
But frantic, who thus spend it? all for smoke—
Eternity for bubbles proves at last
A senseless bargain. When I see such games
Play'd by the creatures of a pow'r, who swears
That he will judge the Earth, and call the fool
To a sharp reck'ning, that has liv'd in vain;
And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well,
And prove it in th' infallible result
So hollow and so false—I feel my heart
Dissolve in pity, and account the learn'd,
If this be learning, most of all deceiv'd.
Great crimes alarm the conscience, but it sleeps,
While thoughtful man is plausibly amus'd.
Defend me therefore common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!
"'Twere well," says one sage erudite, profound,
Terribly arch'd, and aquiline his nose,
And overbuilt with most impending brows,
"'Twere well, could you permit the World to live
As the World pleases: what 's the World to you!"
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then should I and any man that live
Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meand'ring there,
And catechise it well; apply thy glass,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
Congenial with thine own: and, if it be,
What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound me to the kind?
True; I am no proficient, I confess,
In arts like yours. I cannot call the swift
And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath;
I cannot analyse the air, nor catch
The parallax of yonder lum'nous point,
That seems half quench'd in the immense abyss:
Such pow'rs I boast not—neither can I rest
A silent witness of the headlong rage,
Or heedless folly, by which thousands die,
Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine.
God never meant, that man should scale the Heav'ns
By strides of human wisdom, in his works,
Though wondrous: he commands us in his word
To seek him rather, where his mercy shines.
The mind indeed, enlighten'd from above,
Views him in all; ascribes to the grand cause
The grand effect; acknowledges with joy
His manner, and with rapture tastes his style.
But never yet did philosophic tube,
That brings the planets home into the eye
Of Observation, and discovers, else
Not visible, his family of worlds,
Discover him, that rules them; such a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine. Full often too
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her author more;
From instrumental causes proud to draw
Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.
But if his word once teach us, shoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptiz'd
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives *him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches: piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true pray'r
Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word sagacious. Such too thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
And fed on manna! And such thine, in whom
Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
Immortal Hale! for deep discernment prais'd,
And sound integrity, not more than fam'd
For sanctity of manners undefil'd.
All flesh is grass, and all it's glory fades
Like the fair flow'r dishevell'd in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him ignoble graves.
Nothing is proof against the gen'ral curse
Of vanity, that seizes all below.
The only amaranthine flow'r on Earth
Is virtue; th' only lasting treasure, truth.
But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put
To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.
And wherefore? will not God impart his light
To them that ask it?—Freely—'tis his joy,
His glory, and his nature to impart.
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.
What's that, which brings contempt upon a book,
And him who writes it, though the style be neat,
The method clear, and argument exact?
That makes a minister in holy things
The joy of many, and the dread of more,
His name a theme for praise and for reproach?—
That, while it gives us worth in God's account,
Depreciates and undoes us in our own?
What pearl is it, that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up;

But which the poor, and the despis'd of all,
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?
Tell me—and I will tell thee what is truth.
O friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasure pass'd!
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets;
Though many boast thy favours, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.
But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,
Ev'n as his first progenitor, and quits,
Though plac'd in Paradise, (for Earth has still
Some traces of her youthful beauty left)
Substantial happiness for transient joy.
Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse
The growing seeds of wisdom; that suggest,
By ev'ry pleasing image they present,
Reflections such as meliorate the heart,
Compose the passions, and exalt the mind;
Scenes such as these 'tis his supreme delight
To fill with riot, and defile with blood.
Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes
We persecute, annihilate the tribes,
That draw the sportsman over hill and dale
Fearless and rapt away from all his cares;
Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,
Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye:
Could pageantry and dance, and feast and song,
Be quell'd in all our summer-months' retreats;
How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,
Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,
Would find them hideous nurs'ries of the spleen,
And crowd the roads, impatient for the town!
They love the country, and none else, who seek
For their own sake it's silence, and it's shade.
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultur'd and capable of sober thought,
For all the savage din of the swift pack,
And clamours of the field?—Detested sport,
That owes it's pleasures to another's pain;
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless nature, dumb but yet endued
With eloquence, that agonies inspire,
Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs?
Vain tears, alas, and sighs that never find
A corresponding tone in jovial souls!
Well—one at least is safe. One shelter'd hare
Has never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home,
Whom ten long years' experience of my care
Has made at last familiar; she has lost
Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes—thou mayst eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou mayst frolic on the floor
At ev'ning, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd;
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledg'd
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love,
If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
And, when I place thee in it, sighing say,
I knew at least one hare that had a friend [1].
How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
And Nature in her cultivated trim
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation, who has these?
Will he be idle, who has much t' enjoy?
Me therefore studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful, happy to deceive the time,
Not waste it, and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When He shall call his debtors to account,
From whom are all our blessings, business finds
Ev'n here: while sedulous I seek t' improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd,
The mind he gave me; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in it's work
By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,
To it's just point—the service of mankind.
He, that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has business; feels himself engag'd t' achieve
No unimportant, though a silent, task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem
To him that leads it wise, and to be prais'd;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
He that is ever occupied in storms,
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.
The morning finds the self-sequester'd man
Fresh for his task, intend what task he may.
Whether inclement seasons recommend
His warm but simple home, where he enjoys
With her, who shares his pleasures and his heart,
Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph,
Which neatly she prepares; then to his book
Well chosen, and not sullenly perus'd
In selfish silence, but imparted oft,
As ought occurs, that she may smile to hear,
Or turn to nourishment, digested well.
Or if the garden with it's many cares,
All well repaid, demand him, he attends
The welcome call, conscious how much the hand
Of lubbard Labour needs his watchful eye,
Oft loit'ring lazily, if not o'erseen,
Or misapplying his unskilful strength.
Nor does he govern only or direct,
But much performs himself. No works indeed,
That ask robust, tough sinews, bred to toil,
Servile employ; but such as may amuse,
Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.
Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees,
That meet, no barren interval between,
With pleasure more than ev'n their fruits afford;
Which, save himself who trains them, none can feel.
These therefore are his own peculiar charge;
No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,
None but his steel approach them. What is weak,
Distemper'd, or has lost prolific pow'rs,
Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand
Dooms to the knife: nor does he spare the soft
And succulent, that feeds it's giant growth,
But barren, at th' expense of neighb'ring twigs
Less ostentatious, and yet studded thick
With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion left
That may disgrace his art, or disappoint

[1] See the note at the end of this poem.

Large expectation, he disposes neat
At measur'd distances, that air and sun,
Admitted freely may afford their aid,
And ventilate and warm the swelling buds.
Hence Summer has her riches, Autumn hence,
And hence ev'n Winter fills his wither'd hand
With blushing fruits, and plenty not his own[2].
Fair recompense of labour well bestow'd,
And wise precaution; which a clime so rude
Makes needful still, whose Spring is but the child
Of churlish Winter, in her froward moods
Discov'ring much the temper of her sire.
For oft, as if in her the stream of mild
Maternal nature had revers'd it's course,
She brings her infants forth with many smiles;
But once deliver'd kills them with a frown.
He therefore timely warn'd himself supplies
Her want of care, screening and keeping warm
The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast may sweep
His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft
As the Sun peeps and vernal airs breathe mild,
The fence withdrawn, he gives them ev'ry beam,
And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day.

To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd,
So grateful to the palate, and when rare
So coveted, else base and disesteem'd—
Food for the vulgar merely—is an art
That toiling ages have but just matur'd,
And at this moment unassay'd in song.
Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long since,
Their eulogy; those sang the Mantuan bard,
And these the Grecian, in ennobling strains;
And in thy numbers, Phillips, shines for aye
The solitary shilling. Pardon then,
Ye sage dispensers of poetic fame,
Th' ambition of one meaner far, whose pow'rs
Presuming an attempt not less sublime,
Pant for the praise of dressing to the taste
Of critic appetite, no sordid fare,
A cucumber, while costly yet and scarce.

The stable yields a stercoraceous heap,
Impregnated with quick fermenting salts,
And potent to resist the freezing blast:
For, ere the beech and elm have cast their leaf
Deciduous, when now November dark
Checks vegetation in the torpid plant
Expos'd to his cold breath, the task begins.
Warily therefore, and with prudent heed,
He seeks a favour'd spot; that where he builds
Th' agglomerated pile his frame may front
The Sun's meridian disk, and at the back
Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge
Impervious to the wind. First he bids spread
Dry fern or litter'd hay, that may imbibe
Th' ascending damps; then leisurely impose,
And lightly, shaking it with agile hand
From the full fork, the saturated straw.
What longest binds the closest forms secure
The shapely side, that as it rises takes,
By just degrees, an overhanging breadth,
Shelt'ring the base with it's projected eaves;
Th' uplifted frame compact at ev'ry joint,
And overlaid with clear translucent glass,
He settles next upon the sloping mount,
Whose sharp declivity shoots off secure
From the dash'd pane the deluge as it falls.

He shuts it close, and the first labour ends.
Thrice must the voluble and restless Earth
Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth,
Slow gath'ring in the midst, through the square mass
Diffus'd, attain the surface: when, behold!
A pestilent and most corrosive steam,
Like a gross fog Bœotian, rising fast,
And fast condens'd upon the dewy sash,
Asks egress; which obtain'd, the overcharg'd
And drench'd conservatory breathes abroad,
In volumes wheeling slow, the vapour dank;
And, purified, rejoices to have lost
It's foul inhabitant. But to assuage
Th' impatient fervour, which it first conceives
Within it's reeking bosom, threat'ning death
To his young hopes, requires discreet delay.
Experience, slow preceptress, teaching oft
The way to glory by miscarriage foul,
Must prompt him, and admonish how to catch
Th' auspicious moment, when the temper'd heat,
Friendly to vital motion, may afford
Soft fomentation, and invite the seed.
The seed, select wisely, plump, and smooth,
And glossy, he commits to pots of size
Diminutive, well fill'd with well prepar'd
And fruitful soil, that has been treasur'd long,
And drank no moisture from the dripping clouds.
These on the warm and genial earth, that hides
The smoaking manure, and o'erspreads it all,
He places lightly, and, as time subdues
The rage of fermentation, plunges deep
In the soft medium, till they stand immers'd.
Then rise the tender germes, upstarting quick,
And spreading wide their spongy lobes; at first
Pale, wan, and livid; but assuming soon,
If fann'd by balmy and nutritious air,
Strain'd through the friendly mats, a vivid green.
Two leaves produc'd, two rough indented leaves,
Cautious he pinches from the second stalk
A pimple, that portends a future sprout,
And interdicts it's growth. Thence straight succeed
The branches; sturdy to his utmost wish;
Prolific all, and harbingers of more.
The crowded roots demand enlargement now,
And transplantation in an ampler space.
Indulg'd in what they wish, they soon supply
Large foliage, overshad'wing golden flow'rs,
Blown on the summit of th' apparent fruit.
These have their sexes! and, when summer shines,
The bee transports the fertilizing meal
From flow'r to flow'r, and ev'n the breathing air
Wafts the rich prize to it's appointed use.
Not so when winter scowls. Assistant Art
Then acts in Nature's office, brings to pass
The glad espousals, and ensures the crop.

Grudge not, ye rich, (since Luxury must have
His dainties, and the World's more num'rous half
Lives by contriving delicates for you)
Grudge not the cost. Ye little know the cares,
The vigilance, the labour, and the skill
That day and night are exercis'd, and hang
Upon the tickl'sh balance of suspense,
That ye may garnish your profuse regales
With summer fruits brought forth by winter's art.
Ten thousand dangers lie in wait to thwart
The process. Heat and cold, and wind, and steam
Moisture and drought, mice, worms, and swarming flies,

[2] Miraturque novos fructus et non sua poma. Virg.

Minute as dust, and numberless, oft work
Dire disappointment, that admits no cure,
And which no care can obviate. It were long,
Too long, to tell th' expedients and the shifts,
Which he that fights a season so severe
Devises, while he guards his tender trust;
And oft at last in vain. The learn'd and wise
Sarcastic would exclaim, and judge the song
Cold as it's theme, and like it's theme the fruit
Of too much labour, worthless when produc'd.
Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too.
Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
While the winds whistle, and the snows descend.
The spiry myrtle with unwith'ring leaf
Shines there, and flourishes. The golden boast
Of Portugal and western India there,
The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,
Peep through their polish'd foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear.
Th' amomum there with intermingling flow'rs
And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts
Her crimson honours; and the spangled bean,
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
All plants, of ev'ry leaf, that can endure
The winter's frown, if screen'd from his shrew'd bite,
Live there, and prosper. Those Ausonia claims,
Levantine regions these; th' Azores send
Their jessamine; her jessamine remote
Caffraia: foreigners from many lands,
They form one social shade, as if conven'd
By magic summons of th' Orphean lyre.
Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass
But by a master's hand disposing well
The gay diversities of leaf and flow'r,
Must lend it's aid t' illustrate all their charms,
And dress the regular yet various scene.
Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van
The dwarfish, in the rear retir'd, but still
Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand.
So once were rang'd the sons of ancient Rome,
A noble show! while Roscius trod the stage;
And so, while Garrick, as renown'd as he,
The sons of Albion; fearing each to lose
Some note of Nature's music from his lips,
And covetous of Shakspeare's beauty, seen
In ev'ry flash of his far-beaming eye.
Nor taste alone and well contriv'd display
Suffice to give the marshall'd ranks the grace
Of their complete effect. Much yet remains
Unsung, and many cares are yet behind,
And more laborious; cares on which depends
Their vigour, injur'd soon, not soon restor'd.
The soil must be renew'd, which often wash'd
Loses it's treasure of salubrious salts,
And disappoints the roots; the slender roots
Close interwoven, where they meet the vase
Must smooth be shorn away; the sapless branch
Must fly before the knife; the wither'd leaf
Must be detach'd, and where it strews the floor
Swept with a woman's neatness, breeding else
Contagion, and disseminating death.
Discharge but these kind offices, (and who
Would spare, that loves them, offices like these?)
Well they reward the toil. The sight is pleas'd,
The scent regal'd, each odorif'rous leaf,
Each op'ning blossom, freely breathes abroad
It's gratitude, and thanks him with it's sweets.
So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,
All healthful, are th' employs of rural life,
Reiterated as the wheel of time
Runs round; still ending, and beginning still.
Nor are these all. To deck the shapely knoll,
That softly swell'd and gaily dress'd appears
A flow'ry island, from the dark green lawn
Emerging, must be deem'd a labour due
To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.
Here also grateful mixture of well-match'd
And sorted hues (each giving each relief,
And by contrasted beauty shining more)
Is needful. Strength may wield the pond'rous spade
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home;
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows
And most attractive, is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind.
Without it all is gothic as the scene,
To which th' insipid citizen resorts
Near yonder heath; where Industry mispent,
But proud of his uncouth ill-chosen task,
Has made a Heav'n on Earth, with suns and moons
Of close-ramm'd stones has charg'd th' encumber'd soil,
And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust.
He therefore, who would see his flow'rs dispos'd
Sightly and in just order, ere he gives
The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,
Forecasts the future whole; that when the scene
Shall break into it's preconceiv'd display,
Each for itself, and all as with one voice
Conspiring, may attest his bright design.
Nor even then, dismissing as perform'd
His pleasant work, may he suppose it done.
Few self-supported flow'rs endure the wind
Uninjur'd, but expect th' upholding aid
Of the smooth-shaven prop, and, neatly tied,
Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age,
For int'rest sake, the living to the dead.
Some clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffus'd
And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,
Like Virtue, thriving most where little seen:
Some more aspiring catch the neighbour shrub
With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,
Else unadorn'd, with many a gay festoon
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.
All hate the rank society of weeds,
Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust
Th' impov'rish'd earth; an overbearing race,
That, like the multitude made faction-mad,
Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.
O blest seclusion from a jarring world,
Which he, thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat
Cannot indeed to guilty man restore
Lost innocence, or cancel follies past;
But it has peace, and much secures the mind
From all assaults of evil; proving still
A faithful barrier, not o'erleap'd with ease
By vicious Custom, raging uncontroll'd
Abroad, and desolating public life.
When fierce Temptation, seconded within
By traitor Appetite, and arm'd with darts
Temper'd in Hell, invades the throbbing breast,
To combat may be glorious, and success
Perhaps may crown us; but to fly is safe.
Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish, that I possess not here?
Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship, peace,

No loose or wanton, though a wand'ring, Muse,
And constant occupation without care.
Thus blest, I draw a picture of that bliss;
Hopeless indeed, that dissipated minds
And profligate abusers of a world
Created fair so much in vain for them,
Should seek the guiltless joys, that I describe,
Allur'd by my report: but sure no less,
That self condemn'd they must neglect the prize,
And what they will not taste must yet approve.
What we admire we praise; and, when we praise,
Advance it into notice, that, it's worth
Acknowledg'd, others may admire it too.
I therefore recommend, though at the risk
Of popular disgust, yet boldly still
The cause of piety, and sacred truth,
And virtue, and those scenes, which God ordain'd
Should best secure them, and promote them most;
Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive
Forsaken, or through folly not enjoy'd.
Dear is the nymph, though lib'ral of her smiles,
And chaste, though unconfin'd, whom I extol.
Not as the prince in Shushan, when he call'd,
Vainglorious of her charms, his Vashti forth,
To grace the full pavilion. His design
Was but to boast his own peculiar good,
Which all might view with envy, none partake.
My charmer is not mine alone; my sweets,
And she, that sweetens all my bitters too,
Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form
And lineaments divine I trace a hand,
That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd,
Is free to all men—universal prize.
Strange that so fair a creature should yet want
Admirers, and be destin'd to divide
With meaner objects ev'n the few she finds!
Strip'd of her ornaments, her leaves and flowers,
She loses all her influence. Cities then
Attract us, and neglected Nature pines
Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love.
But are not wholesome airs, though unperfum'd
By roses; and clear suns, though scarcely felt;
And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure
From clamour, and whose very silence charms;
To be preferr'd to smoke, to the eclipse,
That metropolitan volcanoes make,
Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long;
And to the stir of Commerce, driving slow,
And thund'ring loud, with his ten thousand wheels?
They would be, were not madness in the head,
And folly in the heart; were England now,
What England was, plain, hospitable, kind,
And undebauch'd. But we have bid farewell
To all the virtues of those better days,
And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once
Knew their own masters; and laborious hinds,
Who had suviv'd the father, serv'd the son.
Now the legitimate and rightful lord
Is but a transient guest, newly arriv'd,
And soon to be supplanted. He, that saw
His patrimonial timber cast it's leaf,
Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price
To some shrewd sharper, ere it buds again.
Estates are landscapes, gaz'd upon awhile,
Then advertis'd and auctioneer'd away.
The country starves, and they, that feed th' o'ercharg'd
And surfeited lewd town with her fair dues,
By a just judgment strip and starve themselves.
The wings, that waft our riches out of sight,
Grow on the gamester's elbows, and th' alert
And nimble motion of those restless joints,
That never tire, soon fans them all away.
Improvement too, the idol of the age,
Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes!
Th' omnipotent magician, Brown, appears!
Down falls the venerable pile, the abode
Of our forefathers—a grave whisker'd race,
But tasteless. Springs a palace in it's stead,
But in a distant spot; where more expos'd
It may enjoy the advantage of the north,
And aguish east, till time shall have transform'd
Those naked acres to a shelt'ring grove.
He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn;
Woods vanish, hills subside, and vallies rise;
And streams, as if created for his use,
Pursue the track of his directing wand,
Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,
Now murm'ring soft, now roaring in cascades—
Ev'n as he bids! Th' enraptur'd owner smiles.
'Tis finish'd, and yet, finish'd as it seems,
Still wants a grace, the loveliest it could show,
A mine to satisfy th' enormous cost.
Drain'd to the last poor item of his wealth,
He sighs, departs, and leaves th' accomplish'd plan,
That he has touch'd, retouch'd, many a long day
Labour'd, and many a night pursu'd in dreams,
Just when it meets his hopes, and proves the Heav'n
He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy;
And now perhaps the glorious hour is come,
When, having no stake left, no pledge t' endear
Her int'rests, or that gives her sacred cause
A moment's operation on his love,
He burns with most intense and flagrant zeal,
To serve his country. Ministerial grace
Deals him out money from the public chest;
Or if that mine be shut, some private purse
Supplies his need with a usurious loan,
To be refunded duly, when his vote
Well manag'd shall have earn'd it's worthy price.
O innocent, compar'd with arts like these,
Crape, and cock'd pistol, and the whistling ball
Sent through the trav'ller's temples! He that finds
One drop of Heav'n's sweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content;
So he may wrap himself in honest rags
At his last gasp; but could not for a world
Fish up his dirty and dependent bread
From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,
Sordid and sick'ning at his own success.
Ambition, av'rice, penury incurr'd
By endless riot, vanity, the lust
Of pleasure and variety, dispatch,
As duly as the swallows disappear,
The world of wand'ring knights and squires to town.
London ingulfs them all! The shark is there,
And the shark's prey; the spendthrift, and the leech
That sucks him; there the sycophant, and he
Who, with bare-headed and obsequious bows,
Begs a warm office, doom'd to a cold jail
And groat per diem, if his patron frown.
The levee swarms as if in golden pomp
Were character'd on ev'ry statesman's door,
"BANKRUPT AND BANKRUPT FORTUNES MENDED HERE."
These are the charms, that sully and eclipse
The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe,

That lean, hard-handed Poverty inflicts,
The hope of better things, the chance to win,
The wish to shine, the thirst to be amus'd,
That at the sound of Winter's hoary wing
Unpeople all our counties of such herds
Of flutt'ring, loit'ring, cringing, begging, loose,
And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast
And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.
O thou, resort and mart of all the Earth,
Checker'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
That pleasest and yet shock'st me, I can laugh,
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!
Ten righteous would have sav'd a city once,
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee—
That salt preserves thee; more corrupted else,
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had pow'r to be,
For whom God heard his Abr'ham plead in vain.

THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

The post comes in.—The newspaper is read.—The World contemplated at a distance.—Address to Winter.—The rural amusements of a winter evening compared with the fashionable ones.—Address to evening.—A brown study.—Fall of snow in the evening.—The waggoner.—A poor family piece.—The rural thief.—Public houses.—The multitude of them censured.—The farmer's daughter: what she was...what she is.—The simplicity of country manners almost lost.—Causes of the change.—Desertion of the country by the rich.—Neglect of magistrates.—The militia principally in fault.—The new recruit and his transformation.—Reflection on bodies corporate.—The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with it's wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the Moon
Sees her unwrink'led face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are it's tidings? have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utt'rance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning, who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd
And bor'd with elbow-points through both his sides,
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive Attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
It's fluctuations, and it's vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd
T' engross a moment's notice; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise;
The dearth of information and good sense,
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cat'racts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journies, submarine exploits,

And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.
'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and it's concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all it's generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost it's terrours ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice, that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along it's slipp'ry way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the Sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by daylight and it's cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterruped ev'ning, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies it's busy task,
The pattern grows, the well depicted flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds it's bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Mem'ry's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
" O ev'nings worthy of the gods!" exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. O ev'nings, I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.
Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,
The pent-up breath of an unsav'ry throng,
To thaw him into feeling; or the smart
And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits,
Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?
The self-complacent actor, when he views
(Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)
The slope of faces, from the floor to th' roof
(As if one master-spring controll'd them all)
Relax'd into a universal grin,
Sees not a count'nance there, that speaks of joy
Half so refin'd or so sincere as ours.
Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks,
That idleness has ever yet contriv'd
To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,
To palliate dulness, and give Time a shove.
Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound;
But the World's Time is Time in masquerade!
Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledg'd
With motley plumes; and, where the peacock's pride
His azure eyes, is tinctur'd black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.
What should be, and what was an hour-glass once,
Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mace
Well does the work of his destructive sithe.
Thus deck'd, he charms a world whom fashion blinds

To his true worth, most pleas'd when idle most;
Whose only happy are their wasted hours.
Ev'n misses, at whose age their mothers wore
The backstring and the bib, assume the dress
Of womanhood, fit pupils in the school
Of card-devoted Time, and night by night
Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board,
Learn ev'ry trick, and soon play all the game.
But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,
Where shall I find an end, or how proceed?
As he that travels far oft turns aside,
To view some rugged rock or mould'ring tow'r,
Which seen delights him not; then coming home
Describes and prints it, that the world may know
How far he went for what was nothing worth;
So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread,
With colours mix'd for a far diff'rent use,
Paint cards and dolls, and ev'ry idle thing,
That Fancy finds in her excursive flights.
Come Ev'ning once again, season of peace;
Return sweet Ev'ning, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charg'd for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorn'd, not needing aid,
Like homely-featur'd Night, of clust'ring gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the Moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votry calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift:
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round iv'ry reels,
When they command whom man was born to please;
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.
Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliah, might have seen his giant bulk
Whole without stooping, tow'ring crest and all,
My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quiv'ring flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme
Pregnant, or indispos'd alike to all.
Laugh, ye who boast your more mercurial pow'rs,
That never felt a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess
Fearless a soul, that does not always think.
Me oft has Fancy ludicrous and wild
Sooth'd with a waking dream of hosts, tow'rs,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, express'd
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gaz'd, myself creating what I saw.
Nor less amus'd have I quiescent watch'd
The sooty films, that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still,
Though still deceiv'd, some stranger's near approach.
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps and is refresh'd. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were task'd to his full strength, absorb'd and lost.
Thus oft reclin'd at ease, I lose an hour
At ev'ning, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The recollected pow'rs, and snapping short
The glassy threads, with which the Fancy weaves
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess; and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within!
I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately wav'd
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturn'd so lately by the forceful share.
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, graz'd
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His fav'rite herb; while all the leafless groves,
That skirt th' horizon, wore a sable hue,
Scarce notic'd in the kindred dusk of eve.
To morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently perform'd,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy show'r: the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thick'ning mantle; and the green
And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.
In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at it's side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills,
And sympathise with others suff'ring more.
Ill fares the trav'ller now, and he that stalks
In pond'rous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels; and in it's sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While ev'ry breath, by respiration strong
Forc'd downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O happy; and in my account denied
That sensibility of pain, with which
Refinement is endu'd, thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.

The learned finger never need explore
Thy vig'rous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches ev'ry bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
Thy waggon is thy wife; and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah treat them kindly! rude as thou appear'st,
Yet show that thour hast mercy! which the great,
With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.
Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in ev'ry feeling heart.
Warm'd, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad, and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands,
And crowded knees, sit cow'ring o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.
The man feels least, as more inur'd than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly mov'd by his severer toil;
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declin'd; and the brown loaf
Lodg'd on the shelf, half eaten without sauce
Of sav'ry cheese, or butter, costlier still;
Sleep seems their only refuge: for alas,
Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few!
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care,
Ingenious Parsimony takes, but just
Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,
Skillet, and old carv'd chest, from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands; but other boast have none,
To sooth their honest pride, that scorns to beg,
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earn'd,
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution; lib'ral of their aid
To clam'rous Importunity in rags,
But ofttimes deaf to suppliants, who would blush
To wear a tatter'd garb however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:
These ask with painful shyness, and, refus'd
Because deserving, silently retire!
But be ye of good courage! Time itself
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase;
And all your num'rous progeny, well-train'd
But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want
What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare,
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send.
I mean the man, who, when the distant poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his name.
But poverty with most, who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted wo;
The effect of laziness or sottish waste.
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder; much solicitous how best
He may compensate for a day of sloth
By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.
Wo to the gard'ner's pale, the farmer's hedge,
Plash'd neatly, and secur'd with driven stakes
Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,
Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil,
An ass's burden, and, when laden most
And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away.
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
The well-stack'd pile of riven logs and roots
From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave
Unwrench'd the door, however well secur'd,
Where Chanticleer amidst his harem sleeps
In unsuspecting pomp. 'Twitch'd from the perch,
He gives the princely bird, with all his wires,
To his voracious bag, struggling in vain,
And loudly wond'ring at the sudden change.
Nor this to feed his own. 'Twere some excuse,
Did pity of their suff'rings warp aside
His principle, and tempt him into sin
For their support, so destitute. But they
Neglected pine at home; themselves, as more
Expos'd than others, with less scruple made
His victims, robb'd of their defenceless all.
Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst
Of ruinous ebriety, that prompts
His ev'ry action, and inbrutes the man.
O for a law to noose the villain's neck,
Who starves his own; who persecutes the blood
He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love!
Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggar'd, ev'ry twentieth pace
Conducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the styes,
That law has licenc'd, as makes Temp'rance reel.
There sit, involv'd and lost in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey, and the groom: the craftsman there
Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil;
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
All learned and all drunk! the fiddle screams
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd
It's wasted tones and harmony unheard:
Fierce the dispute whate'er the theme; while she,
Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
Perch'd on the sign-post, holds with even hand
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride;
And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.
Dire is the frequent curse, and it's twin sound,
The cheek-distending oath, not to be prais'd
As ornamental, musical, polite,
Like those which modern senators employ,
Whose oath is rhetoric, and who swear for fame!
Behold the school, in which plebeian minds
Once simple are initiated in arts,
Which some may practice with politer grace,
But none with readier skill!—'tis here they learn
The road, that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her incumber'd lap, and casts them out.

But censure profits little: vain th' attempt
To advertise in verse a public pest,
That, like the filth with which the peasant feeds
His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.
Th' excise is fatten'd with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink, and be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk obey th' important call!
Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats;—
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.
Would I had fall'n upon those happier days,
That poets celebrate; those golden times,
And those Arcadian scenes, that Maro sings,
And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.
Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts,
That felt their virtues: Innocence, it seems,
From courts dismiss'd, found shelter in the groves;
The footsteps of Simplicity, impress'd
Upon the yielding herbage, (so they sing)
Then were not all effac'd: then speech profane,
And manners profligate, were rarely found,
Observ'd as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd.
Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams
Sat for the picture: and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Impos'd a gay delirium for a truth.
Grant it: I still must envy them an age,
That favour'd such a dream; in days like these
Impossible, when Virtue is so scarce,
That to suppose a scene where she presides,
Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.
No: we are polish'd now. The rural lass,
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,
Her artless manners, and her neat attire,
So dignified, that she was hardly less
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,
Is seen no more. The character is lost!
Her head, adorn'd with lappets pinn'd aloft,
And ribbands streaming gay, superbly rais'd,
And magnified beyond all human size,
Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the tresses it sustains;
Her elbows ruffled, and her tott'ring form
Ill propp'd upon French heels; she might be deem'd
(But that the basket dangling on her arm
Interprets her more truly) of a rank
Too proud for dairy work, or sale of eggs.
Expect her soon with footboy at her heels,
No longer blushing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her care!
The town has ting'd the country; and the stain
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
The worse for what it soils. The fashion runs
Down into scenes still rural; but alas,
Scenes rarely grac'd with rural manners now!
Time was when in the pastoral retreat
Th' unguarded door was safe; men did not watch
T' invade another's right, or guard their own.
Then sleep was undisturb'd by fear, unscar'd
By drunken howlings; and the chilling tale
Of midnight murder was a wonder heard
With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.
But farewell now to unsuspicious nights,
And slumbers unalarm'd! Now, ere you sleep,
See that your polish'd arms be prim'd with care,
And drop the nightbolt;—ruffians are abroad;

And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat
May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear
To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.
Ev'n daylight has it's dangers; and the walk
Through pathless wastes and woods, unconscious once
Of other tenants than melodious birds,
Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold.
Lamented change! to which full many a cause
Invet'rate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.
The course of human things from good to ill,
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.
Increase of pow'r begets increase of wealth;
Wealth luxury, and luxury excess;
Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague,
That seizes first the opulent, descends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downwards all the graduated scale
Of order, from the chariot to the plough.
The rich, and they, that have an arm to check
The licence of the lowest in degree,
Desert their office; and themselves, intent
On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus
To all the violence of lawless hands
Resign the scenes, their presence might protect.
Authority herself not seldom sleeps,
Though resident, and witness of the wrong.
The plump convivial parson often bears
The magisterial sword in vain, and lays
His rev'rence and his worship both to rest
On the same cushion of habitual sloth.
Perhaps timidity restrains his arm;
When he should strike he trembles, and sets free,
Himself enslav'd by terrour of the band,
Th' audacious convict, whom he dares not bind.
Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,
He too may have his vice, and sometimes prove
Less dainty than becomes his grave outside
In lucrative concerns. Examine well
His milk-white hand; the palm is hardly clean—
But here and there an ugly smutch appears.
Foh! 'twas a bribe that left it: he has touch'd
Corruption. Whoso seeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,
Wild-fowl or ven'son; and his errand speeds.
But faster far, and more than all the rest,
A noble cause, which none, who bears a spark
Of public virtue, ever wish'd removed,
Works the deplor'd and mischievous effect.
'Tis universal soldiership has stabb'd
The heart of merit in the meaner class.
Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage
Of those that bear them, in whatever cause,
Seem most at variance with all moral good,
And incompatible with serious thought.
The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
Blest with an infant's ignorance of all
But his own simple pleasures; now and then
A wrestling match, a foot race, or a fair;
Is ballotted, and trembles at the news:
Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears
A bible-oath to be whate'er they please,
To do he knows not what. The task perform'd,
That instant he becomes the sergeant's care,
His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,
Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees,
Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,

Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well:
He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk;
He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form, and movement; is as smart above
As meal and larded locks can make him; wears
His hat, or his plum'd helmet, with a grace;
And, his three years of heroship expir'd,
Returns indignant to the slighted plough.
He hates the field, in which no fife or drum
Attends him; drives his cattle to a march;
And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.
'Twere well if his exterior change were all—
But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost
His ignorance and harmless manners too.
To swear, to game, to drink; to show at home
By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad;
T' astonish and to grieve his gazing friends;
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart;
To be a pest where he was useful once;
Are his sole aim, and all his glory, now.
Man in society is like a flow'r
Blown in it's native bed: 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.
But man, associated and leagu'd with man
By regal warrant, or self-join'd by bond
For int'rest-sake, or swarming into claus
Beneath one head for purposes of war,
Like flow'rs selected from the rest, and bound
And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,
Fades rapidly, and, by compression marr'd,
Contracts defilement not to be endur'd.
Hence charter'd boroughs are such public plagues;
And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combin'd,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main.
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated seem at once to lose
Their nature; and, disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man,
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe
Of innocent commercial Justice red.
Hence too the field of glory, as the world
Misdeems it, dazzled by it's bright array,
With all it's majesty of thund'ring pomp,
Enchanting music and immortal wreaths;
Is but a school, where thoughtlessness is taught
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for ev'ry vice.
But slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes,
It knew not once, the country wins me still.
I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene. There early stray'd
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too
The first-born efforts of my youthful Muse,
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their pow'rs.
No bard could please me but whose lyre was tun'd
To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats
Fatigu'd me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
The rustic throng beneath his fav'rite beech.
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taste his Paradise surpass'd
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak it's excellence. I danc'd for joy.
I marvell'd much that at so ripe an age
As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
Engag'd my wonder; and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret suppos'd
The joy half lost, because not sooner found.
There too enamour'd of the life I lov'd,
Pathetic in it's praise, in it's pursuit
Determin'd, and possessing it at last
With transports, such as favour'd lovers feel,
I studied, priz'd, and wish'd that I had known,
Ingenious Cowley! and, though now reclaim'd
By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.
I still revere thee, courtly though retir'd;
Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bow'r
Not unemploy'd; and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse.
'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infus'd at the creation of the kind.
And, though th' Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each; by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works, [form
And all can taste them: minds, that have no
And tutor'd, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmov'd.
It is a flame, that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
The villas, with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadult'rate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Ev'n in the stifling bosom of the town
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms,
That sooth the rich possessor; much consol'd,
That here and there some sprigs of mournful eye
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint,
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the liv'ry she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of th' exub'rant whole.
What are the casements lin'd with creeping herbs
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling[1]? are they not all proofs
That man, in nur'd in cities, still retains
His inborn unextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnish'd with the means of life,
And they, that never pass their brick-wall bounds
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air
Yet feel the burning instinct: over head

[1] Mignonnette.

Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And water'd duly. There the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there;
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at Nature, when he can no more.
Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease,
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys,
And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd abode
Of multitudes unknown; hail, rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honours, or emolument, or fame;
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to ev'ry man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche, he was ordain'd to fill.
To the deliv'rer of an injur'd land
He gives a tongue t' enlarge upon; a heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs;
To monarchs dignity; to judges sense;
To artists ingenuity and skill;
To me an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long
Found here that leisure and that ease I wish'd.

THE TASK.

BOOK V.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

A frosty morning.—The foddering of cattle.—The woodman and his dog.—The poultry.—Whimsical effects of frost at a waterfall.—The Empress of Russia's palace of ice.—Amusements of monarchs.—War, one of them.—Wars, whence.—And whence monarchy.—The evils of it.—English and French loyalty contrasted.—The Bastille, and a prisoner there.—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country.—Modern patriotism questionable, and why.—The perishable nature of the best human institutions.—Spiritual liberty not perishable.—The slavish state of man by nature.—Deliver him, Deist, if you can.—Grace must do it.—The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated.—Their different treatment.—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free.—His relish of the works of God.—Address to the Creator.

'Tis morning; and the Sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires th' horizon; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From ev'ry herb and ev'ry spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spike of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
I view the muscular proportion'd limb
Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
As they design'd to mock me, at my side
Take step for step; and, as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,
Prepost'rous sight! the legs without the man.
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And, fledg'd with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder; not like hung'ring man,
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow pac'd swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out th' accustom'd load,
Deep plunging, and again deep-plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass:
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no heedless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or it's own unbalanc'd weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the axe,
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
Wide-scamp'ring, snatches up the drifted snow
With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighb'ring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the shelt'ring eaves,
To seize the fair occasion; well they eye
The scatter'd grain, and thievishly resolv'd
T' escape th' impending famine, often scar'd
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut; and, wading at their head
With well-consider'd steps, seems to resent
His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd.
How find the myriads, that in summer cheer
The hills and vallies with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now? [safe
Earth yields them nought; th' imprison'd worm is
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs

Lie cover'd close; and berry-bearing thorns,
That feed the thrushy (whatever some suppose)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted rigour of the year,
Thins all their num'rous flocks. In chinks and holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts; self-buried ere they die.
The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,
Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now
Repays their labour more; and perch'd aloft
By the wayside, or stalking in the path,
Lean pensioners upon the trav'ller's track,
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,
Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.
The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,
O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,
Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight
Lies undissolv'd; while silently beneath,
And unperceiv'd, the current steals away.
Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps
The milldam, dashes on the restless wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below:
No frost can bind it there; it's utmost force
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist,
That in it's fall the liquid sheet throws wide.
And see where it has hung th' embroider'd banks
With forms so various, that no pow'rs of art,
The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene!
Here glitt'ring turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops,
That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile, they but adorn'd before.
Here grotto within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam; there, emboss'd and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before.
Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,
And in defiance of her rival pow'rs;
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats,
As she with all her rules can never reach.
Less worthy of applause, though more admir'd,
Because a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the North. No forest fell,
When thou would'st build; no quarry sent it's stores
T' enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear:
In such a palace Poetry might place
The armory of Winter; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
And snow, that often blinds the trav'ller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there:
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd
Than water interfus'd to make them one.
Lamps gracefully dispos'd, and of all hues,
Illumin'd ev'ry side: a wat'ry light
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd
Another moon new ris'n, or meteor fall'n
From Heav'n to Earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy; though smooth
And slipp'ry the materials, yet frost-bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal residence might well befit,
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flow'rs, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed none
Where all was vitreous; but in order due
Convivial table and commodious seat
(What seem'd at least commodious seat) were there;
Sofa, and couch, and high built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.
Alas! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
Of undesign'd severity, that glanc'd
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
Of human grandeur and the courts of kings.
'Twas transient in it's nature, as in show
'Twas durable; as worthless, as it seem'd
Intrinsically precious; to the foot
Treach'rous and false; it smil'd, and it was cold.
Great princes have great playthings. Some have play'd
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain-high.
Some have amus'd the dull, sad years of life,
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad)
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Shortliv'd themselves, t' immortalize their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the World.
When Babel was confounded, and the great
Confed'racy of projectors wild and vain
Was split into diversity of tongues,
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,
These to the upland, to the valley those,
God drave asunder, and assign'd their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in it's distribution fair
And equal; and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was awhile their care: they plough'd and sow'd,
And reap'd their plenty without grudge or strife.
But violence can never long sleep
Than human passions please. In ev'ry heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already shed a brother's blood:
The deluge wash'd it out; but left unquench'd
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.
Soon by a righteous judgment in the line
Of his descending progeny was found
The first artificer of death; the shrewd
Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,
And forc'd the blunt and yet unbloodied steel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him, Tubal nam'd, the Vulcan of old times,

The sword and falchion their inventor claim;
And the first smith was the first murd'rer's son.
His art surviv'd the waters; and ere long,
When man was multiplied and spread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
These meadows and that range of hills his own,
The tasted sweets of property begat
Desire of more; and industry in some,
T' improve and cultivate their just demesne,
Made others covet what they saw so fair.
Thus war began on Earth: these fought for spoil,
And those in self-defence. Savage at first
The onset, and irregular. At length
One eminent above the rest for strength,
For stratagem, or courage, or for all,
Was chosen leader; him they serv'd in war,
And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds
Rev'renc'd no less. Who could with him compare?
Or who so worthy to control themselves,
As he, whose prowess had subdu'd their foes?
Thus war, affording field for the display
Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
Which have their exigences too, and call
For skill in government, at length made king.
King was a name too proud for man to wear
With modesty and meekness; and the crown,
So dazzling in their eyes, who set it on,
Was sure t' intoxicate the brows it bound.
It is the abject property of most,
That, being parcel of the common mass,
And destitute of means to raise themselves,
They sink, and settle lower than they need.
They know not what it is to feel within
A comprehensive faculty, that grasps
Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,
Almost without an effort, plans too vast
For their conception, which they cannot move.
Conscious of impotence they soon grow drunk
With gazing, when they see an able man
Step forth to notice; and, besotted thus,
Build him a pedestal, and say, "Stand there,
"And be our admiration and our praise."
They roll themselves before him in the dust,
Then most deserving in their own account,
When most extravagant in his applause,
As if exalting him they rais'd themselves.
Thus by degrees, self-cheated of their sound
And sober judgment, that he is but man,
They demi-deify and fume him so,
That in due season he forgets it too.
Inflated and astrut with self-conceit,
He gulps the windy diet; and ere long,
Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks
The World was made in vain, if not for him.
Thenceforth they are his cattle: drudges, born
To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears,
And sweating in his service, his caprice
Becomes the soul, that animates them all.
He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,
Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
An easy reck'ning; and they think the same.
Thus kings were first invented, that kings
Were burnish'd into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp;
Storks among frogs, that have but croak'd and died.
Strange, that such folly, as lifts bloated man
To eminence fit only for a god,
Should ever drivel out of human lips,
Ev'n in the cradled weakness of the World!
Still stranger much, that when at length mankind
Had reach'd the sinewy firmness of their youth,
And could discriminate and argue well
On subjects more mysterious, they were yet
Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear
And quake before the gods themselves had made:
But above measure strange, that neither proof
Of sad experience, nor example set
By some, whose patriot virtue has prevail'd,
Can even now, when they are grown mature
In wisdom, and with philosophic deeds
Familiar, serve t' emancipate the rest!
Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead,
A course of long observance for it's use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.
But is it fit, or can it bear the shock
Of rational discussion, that a man,
Compounded and made up like other men
Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust
And folly in as ample measure meet,
As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules,
Should be a despot absolute, and boast
Himself the only freeman of his land?
Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will,
Wage war, with any or with no pretence
Of provocation giv'n, or wrong sustain'd,
And force the beggarly last doit, by means
That his own humour dictates, from the clutch
Of Poverty, that thus he may procure
His thousands, weary of penurious life,
A splendid opportunity to die?
Say ye, who (with less prudence than of old
Jotham asserib'd to his assembled trees
In politic convention) put your trust
I' th' shadow of a bramble, and reclin'd
In fancied peace beneath his dang'rous branch,
Rejoice in him, and celebrate his sway,
Where find ye passive fortitude? Whence springs
Your self-denying zeal, that holds it good,
To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang
His thorns with streamers of continual praise?
We too are friends to loyalty. We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting still, that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper pow'rs,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,
T' administer, to guard, t' adorn, the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the diff'rence, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you:
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of it's woes:
We for the sake of liberty a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake.
Our love is principle, and has it's root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,

And licks the foot, that treads it in the dust.
Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be belov'd
Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne
Not to the man, who fills it as he ought.
Whose freedom is by suff'rance, and at will
Of a superior, he is never free,
Who lives, and is not weary of a life
Expos'd to manacles, deserves them well.
The state, that strives for liberty, though foil'd,
And forc'd to abandon what she bravely sought,
Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
And pity for her loss. But that's a cause
Not often unsuccessful: pow'r usurp'd
Is weakness when oppos'd; conscious of wrong,
'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts;
The surest presage of the good they seek [1].
Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more
To France than all her losses and defeats,
Old or of later date, by sea or land,
Her house of bondage, worse than that of old
Which God aveng'd on Pharaoh—the Bastille.
Ye horrid tow'rs, th' abode of broken hearts;
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied from age to age
With music, such as suits their sov'reign ears,
The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There's not an English heart, that would not leap,
To hear that ye were fall'n at last; to know
That ev'n our enemies, so oft employ'd
In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
For he, who values Liberty, confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
There dwell the most forlorn of humankind,
Immur'd though unaccus'd, condemn'd untried,
Cruelly spar'd, and hopeless of escape,
There, like the visionary emblem seen
By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
And, filletted about with hoops of brass,
Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs are gone.
To count the hour-bell and expect no change;
And ever, as the sullen sound is heard,
Still to reflect, that, though a joyless note
To him, whose moments all have one dull pace,
Ten thousand rovers in the World at large
Account it music; that it summons some
To theatre, or jocund feast, or ball:
The wearied hireling finds it a release
From labour; and the lover, who has chid
It's long delay, feels ev'ry welcome stroke
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight—
To fly for refuge from distracting thought
To such amusements, as ingenious wo
Contrives, hard-shifting, and without her tools—

[1] The author hopes, that he shall not be censured for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware, that it is become almost fashionable, to stigmatize such sentiments, as no better than empty declamation; but it is an ill symptom, and peculiar to modern times.

To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
In stagg'ring types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
To turn purveyor to an overgorg'd
And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend—
To wear out time in numb'ring to and fro
The studs, that thick emboss his iron door;
Then downward and then upward, then aslant
And then alternate; with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish; till the sum, exactly found
In all directions, he begins again—
Oh comfortless existence! hemm'd around
With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
That man should thus encroach on fellow man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon th' endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him for perhaps a heedless word
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
Moves indignation, makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative can please)
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Ador'd through fear, strong only to destroy.
'Tis liberty alone, that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life it's lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil: hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of Discov'ry; and begets,
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free,
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine:
Thine unadult'rate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art,
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
Yet being free I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslav'd, farewell! I could endure
Chains no where patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting it's excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys fought,

I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere;
In scenes, which having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.
Do I forbode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heav'n grant I may!
But th' age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
Design'd by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
Incurs derision for his easy faith,
And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
For when was public virtue to be found,
Where private was not? Can he love the whole,
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be belov'd?
'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad
For England's glory, seeing it wax pale
And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts
So loose to private duty, that no brain,
Healthful and undisturb'd by factious fumes,
Can dream them trusty to the gen'ral weal.
Such were they not of old, whose temper'd blades
Dispers'd the shackles of usurp'd control,
And hew'd them link from link; then Albion's sons
Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart
Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs;
And, shining each in his domestic sphere,
Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view.
'Tis therefore many, whose sequester'd lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perforce some dire event;
And, seeing the old castle of the state,
That promis'd once more firmness, so assail'd,
That all it's tempest-beaten turrets shake,
Stand motionless expectants of it's fall.
All has it's date below; the fatal hour
Was register'd in Heav'n ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
We build with what we deem eternal rock:
A distant age asks where the fabric stood;
And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.
But there is yet a liberty, unsung
By poets, and by senators unprais'd,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the pow'rs
Of Earth and Hell confed'rate take away:
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no pow'r to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslav'd no more.
'Tis liberty of heart deriv'd from Heav'n,
Bought with his blood, who gave it to mankind,
And seal'd with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanctified sure
By th' unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp, that speaks them his,
And are august; but this transcends them all.
His other works, the visible display
Of all-creating energy and might,
Are grand no doubt, and worthy of the word,
That, finding an interminable space
Unoccupied, has fill'd the void so well,
And made so sparkling what was dark before.
But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene,
Might well suppose, th' artificer divine
Meant it eternal, had he not himself
Pronounc'd it transient, glorious as it is,
And, still designing a more glorious far,
Doom'd it as insufficient for his praise.
These therefore are occasional, and pass;
Form'd for the confutation of the fool,
Whose lying heart disputes against a God;
That office serv'd, they must be swept away.
Not so the labours of his love: they shine
In other heav'ns than these that we behold,
And fade not. There is Paradise that fears
No forfeiture, and of it's fruits he sends
Large prelibation oft to saints below.
Of these the first in order, and the pledge,
And confident assurance of the rest,
Is liberty; a flight into his arms,
Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,
A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,
And full immunity from penal woe.
Chains are the portion of revolted man,
Stripes, and a dungeon; and his body serves
The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
Opprobrious residence he finds them all.
Propense his heart to idols, he is held
In silly dotage on created things,
Careless of their Creator. And that low
And sordid gravitation of his pow'rs
To a vile clod so draws him, with such force
Resistless from the centre he should seek,
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward; his ambition is to sink,
To reach a depth profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.
But ere he gain the comfortless repose
He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul
In Heav'n-renouncing exile, he endures—
What does he not, from lusts oppos'd in vain,
And self-reproaching conscience? He foresees
The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune, and dignity; the loss of all,
That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,
Far worse than all the plagues, with which his sins
Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes
Ages of hopeless mis'ry. Future death,
And death still future. Not a hasty stroke,
Like that which sends him to the dusty grave;
But unrepealable enduring death.
Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears:
What none can prove a forg'ry may be true;
What none but bad men wish exploded must,
That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud
Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst
Of laughter his compunctions are sincere;
And he abhors the jest, by which he shines.
Remorse begets reform. His master-lust
Falls first before his resolute rebuke,
And seems dethron'd and vanquish'd. Peace ensues,
But spurious and short-liv'd; the puny child
Of self-congratulating Pride, begot
On fancied Innocence. Again he falls,
And fights again; but finds his best essay

A presage ominous, portending still
It's own dishonour by a worse relapse.
Till Nature, unavailing Nature, foil'd
So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now
Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause
Perversely, which of late she so condemn'd;
With shallow shifts and old devices, worn,
And tatter'd in the service of debauch,
Cov'ring his shame from his offended sight
"Hath God indeed giv'n appetites to man,
And stor'd the Earth so plenteously with means,
To gratify the hunger of his wish;
And doth he reprobate, and will he damn
The use of his own bounty? making first
So frail a kind, and then enacting laws
So strict, that less than perfect must despair?
Falsehood! which whoso but suspects of truth
Dishonours God, and makes a slave of man.
Do they themselves, who undertake for hire
The teacher's office, and dispense at large
Their weekly dole of edifying strains,
Attend to their own music? have they faith
In what with such solemnity of tone
And gesture they propound to our belief?
Nay—conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice
Is but an instrument, on which the priest
May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,
The unequivocal, authentic deed,
We find sound argument, we read the heart."
Such reas'nings (if that name must needs belong
T' excuses in which reason has no part)
Serve to compose a spirit well inclin'd,
To live on terms of amity with vice,
And sin without disturbance. Often urg'd,
(As often as libidinous discourse
Exhausted, he resorts to solemn themes
Of theological and grave import)
They gain at last his unreserv'd assent;
Till, harden'd his heart's temper in the forge
Of lust, and on the anvil of despair,
He slights the strokes of conscience. Nothing moves,
Or nothing much, his constancy in ill;
Vain tamp'ring has but foster'd his disease;
'Tis desp'rate, and he sleeps the sleep of death.
Haste now, philosopher, and set him free.
Charm the deaf serpent wisely. Make him hear
Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth
How lovely, and the moral sense how sure,
Consulted and obey'd, to guide his steps
Directly to the FIRST AND ONLY FAIR.
Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the pow'rs
Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise:
Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,
And with poetic trappings grace thy prose,
Till it outmantle all the pride of verse.—
Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high sounding brass,
Smitten in vain! such music cannot charm
The eclipse, that intercepts truth's heav'nly beam,
And chills and darkens a wide-wand'ring soul.
The STILL SMALL VOICE is wanted. He must speak,
Whose word leaps forth at once to it's effect;
Who calls for things that are not, and they come.
Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change,
That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
And stately tone of moralists, who boast,
As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had indeed ability to smooth
The shag of savage nature, and were each
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song:
But transformation of apostate man
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
Is work for Him that made him. He alone,
And he by means in philosophic eyes
Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves
The wonder; humanizing what is brute
In the lost kind, extracting from the lips
Of asps their venom, overpow'ring strength
By weakness, and hostility by love.
Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic Muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust:
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those, who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time ensure, to his lov'd land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown,
Till Persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chas'd them up to Heav'n. Their ashes flew
—No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:
And History, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny, that doom'd them to the fire,
But gives the glorious suff'rers little praise.[2]
He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free.
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off,
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world
So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garments, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,

[2] See Hume.

Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings it's own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart
Made pure shall relish with divine delight
'Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain top, with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them; or, recumbent on it's brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not it's author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And, such well pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind, that has been touch'd from Heav'n,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught,
To read his wonders, in whose thought the World,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for it's own sake merely, but for his
Much more, who fashion'd it, he gives it praise;
Praise that from Earth resulting, as it ought,
To Earth's acknowledg'd sov'reign finds at once
It's only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees him or receives sublim'd
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,
A ray of heav'nly light, gilding all forms
Terestrial in the vast and the minute;
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives it's lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heav'n, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they
With which Heav'n rang, when ev'ry star in haste
To gratulate the new created Earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy.—"Tell me, ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
Favour'd as ours; transgressors from the womb
And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
And to possess a brighter Heav'n than yours?
As one, who, long detain'd on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks,
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires,
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infus'd from Heav'n, must thither tend."
So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious Word!
Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,
With intellects bemaz'd in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built
With means, that were not till by thee employ'd,
Worlds, that had never been hadst thou in strength
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears,
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures testify of thee,
Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for it's use.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as Hell;
Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death
The uninform'd and heedless souls of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind,
The glory of thy work; which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd
Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.
But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st:
Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r
(If pow'r she be, that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
Gods such as guilt makes welcome; gods that sleep,
Or disregard our follies, or that sit
Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause,
For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heav'n
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not,
Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of song,
A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works;
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.
In that blest moment Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
The author of her beauties, who, retir'd
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, eternal Word!
From thee departing they are lost, and rove

At random without honour, hope, or peace.
From thee is all, that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But O thou bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

THE TASK.

BOOK VI.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

Bells at a distance.—Their effect.—A fine noon in winter.—A sheltered walk.—Meditation better than books.—Our familiarity with the course of nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is.—The transformation that spring effects in a shrubbery described.—A mistake concerning the course of nature corrected.—God maintains it by an unremitted act.—The amusements fashionable at this hour of the day reproved.—Animals happy, a delightful sight.—Origin of cruelty to animals.—That it is a great crime proved from Scripture.—That proof illustrated by a tale.—A line drawn between the lawful and unlawful destruction of them.—Their good and useful properties insisted on.—Apology for the encomiums bestowed by the author on animals.—Instances of man's extravagant praise of man.—The groans of the creation shall have an end.—A view taken of the restoration of all things.—An invocation and an invitation of Him, who shall bring it to pass.—The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness.—Conclusion.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where Mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all it's pleasures and it's pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seem'd not always short; the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Mov'd many a sigh at it's disheart'ning length.
Yet feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revok'd,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and must'ring all it's force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might low'r,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in it's darkest frown,
Threat'ning at once and nourishing the plant.
We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand,
That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allur'd
By ev'ry gilded folly, we renounc'd
His shelt'ring side, and wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, since they went, subdu'd and tam'd
The playful humour; he could now endure,
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And, seeking grace t' improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.
The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all it's rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view th' embattled tow'r,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though movable through all it's length
As the wind sways it, has yet well suffic'd,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The red-breast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd:
Pleas'd with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd, and squar'd, and fitted to it's place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;

Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthrall'd.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hood-wink'd. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of errour leads them, by a tune entranc'd.
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought?
And swallowing therefore without pause or choice
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes, in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss, that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.
What prodigies can pow'r divine perform
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man?
Familiar with the effect we slight the cause,
And in the constancy of nature's course,
And regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See nought to wonder at. Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the world admire! but speaks it less
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course?
All we behold is miracle; but, seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy, that mov'd,
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
Through th' imperceptible meand'ring veins
Of leaf and flow'r? It sleeps; and th' icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impress'd
A cold stagnation on th' intestine tide.
But let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restor'd. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
Then each, in it's peculiar honours clad,
Shall publish even to the distant eye
It's family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In streaming gold; syringa, iv'ry pure;
The scentless and the scented rose; this red,
And of an humbler growth, the other [1] tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neighb'ring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf,
That the wind severs from the broken wave;
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolv'd
Which hue she most approv'd, she chose them all;
Copious of flow'rs the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours, early and late;
Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flow'rs, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears; mezereon too,
Though leafless, well attir'd, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing ev'ry spray;
Althæa with the purple eye; the broom,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
Her blossoms; and luxuriant above all
The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.—
These have been, and these shall be in their day;
And all this uniform uncolour'd scene
Shall be dismantled of it's fleecy load,
And flush into variety again.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress when she lectures man
In heav'nly truth; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are his,
That makes so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He sets the bright procession on it's way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds, which Winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in it's case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germe,
Uninjur'd, with inimitable art;
And ere one flow'ry season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.
Some say, that in the origin of things,
When all creation started into birth,
The infant elements receiv'd a law,
From which they swerve not since. That under force
Of that controlling ordinance they move,
And need not his immediate hand, who first
Prescrib'd their course, to regulate it now.
Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God
Th' incumbrance of his own concerns, and spare
The great artificer of all that moves
The stress of a continual act, the pain
Of unremitted vigilance and care,
As too laborious and severe a task.
So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,
To span omnipotence, and measure might,
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
And standard of his own, that is to day,
And is not ere to morrow's sun go down.
But how should matter occupy a charge,
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law
So vast in it's demands, unless impell'd
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,
And under pressure of some conscious cause?
The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire
By which the mighty process is maintain'd,
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour; whose design
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts:
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.

[1] The Guelder-rose.

Him-blind antiquity profan'd, not serv'd,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling Earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods,
That were not; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flow'r
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the seaside sands,
The forms, with which he sprinkles all the Earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flow'r,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade, that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceiv'd
Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please.
Though winter had been none, had man been true,
And Earth be punish'd for it's tenant's sake,
Yet not in vengeance; as this smiling sky,
So soon succeeding such an angry night,
And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream
Recov'ring fast it's liquid music, prove.
Who then, that has a mind well strung and tun'd
To contemplation, and within his reach
A scene so friendly to his fav'rite task,
Would waste attention at the checker'd board,
His host of wooden warriors to and fro
Marching and countermarching, with an eye
As fix'd as marble, with a forehead ridg'd
And furrow'd into storms, and with a hand
Trembling, as if eternity were hung
In ballance on his conduct of a pin?
Nor envies he aught more their idle sport,
Who pant with application misapplied
To trivial toys, and, pushing iv'ry balls
Across a velvet level, feel a joy
Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds
It's destin'd goal, of difficult access.
Nor deems he wiser him, who gives his noon
To miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
Wand'ring and litt'ring with unfolded silks
The polish'd counter, and approving none,
Or promising with smiles to call again.
Nor him, who by his vanity seduc'd,
And sooth'd into a dream that he discerns
The diff'rence of a Guido from a daub,
Frequents the crowded auction: station'd there
As duly as the Langford of the show,
With glass at eye, and catalogue in hand,
And tongue accomplish'd in the fulsome cant
And pedantry, that coxcombs learn with ease;
Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls,
He notes it in his book, then raps his box
Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate,
That he has let it pass—but never bids.
Here unmolested, through whatever sign
The Sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.
Ev'n in the spring and playtime of the year,
That calls th' unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
And pink their hair with daisies, or to pick
A cheap but wholesome sallad from the brook,
These shades are all my own. The tim'rous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stockdove unalarm'd
Sits cooing in the pine tree, nor suspends
His long love ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,
That age or injury has hollow'd deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth,
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play:
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighb'ring beech; there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud,
With all the pretfness of feign'd alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.
The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade
When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,
And spirits buoyant with excess of glee;
The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
Then stops, and snorts, and, throwing high his heels,
Starts to the voluntary race again;
The very kine, that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving first from one,
That leads the dance, a summons to be gay,
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet resolv'd with one consent,
To give such act and utt'rance as they may
To ecstasy, too big to be suppress'd—
These, and a thousand images of bliss,
With which kind Nature graces ev'ry scene,
Where cruel man defeats not her design,
Impart to the benevolent, who wish
All that are capable of pleasure pleas'd,
A far superior happiness to theirs,
The comfort of a reasonable joy.
Man scarce had ris'n, obedient to his call,
Who form'd him from the dust, his future grave,
When he was crown'd as never king was since.
God set the diadem upon his head,
And angel choirs attended. Wond'ring stood
The new-made monarch, while before him pass'd,
All happy, and all perfect in their kind,
The creatures, summon'd from their various haunt,
To see their sov'reign, and confess his sway.
Vast was his empire, absolute his pow'r,
Or bounded only by a law, whose force
'Twas his sublimest privilege to feel
And own, the law of universal love.
He rul'd with meekness, they obey'd with joy;
No cruel purpose lurk'd within his heart,
And no distrust of his intent in theirs.
So Eden was a scene of harmless sport,
Where kindness on his part, who rul'd the whole,
Begat a tranquil confidence in all,
And fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear.

And give the day to a musician's praise.
Remember Handel? Who, that was not born
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
Or can, the more than Homer of his age?
Yes—we remember him; and while we praise
A talent so divine, remember too
That His most holy book, from whence it came,
Was never meant, was never us'd before,
To buckram out the mem'ry of a man.
But hush! the Muse perhaps is too severe;
And with a gravity beyond the size
And measure of th' offence, rebukes a deed
Less impious than absurd, and owing more
To want of judgment than to wrong design.
So in the chapel of old Ely House,
When wand'ring Charles, who meant to be the third,
Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,
And eke did rear right merrily, two staves,
Sung to the praise and glory of king George!
—Man praises man; and Garrick's mem'ry next,
When time hath somewhat mellow'd it, and made
The idol of our worship while he liv'd
The God of our idolatry once more,
Shall have it's altar; and the World shall go
In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine.
The theatre too small shall suffocate
It's squeez'd contents, and more than it admits
Shall sigh at their exclusion, and return
Ungratified: for there some noble lord
Shall stuff his shoulders with king Richard's bunch,
Or weep himself in Hamlet's inky cloak,
And strut and storm, and straddle, stamp and stare,
To show the world how Garrick did not act.
For Garrick was a worshipper himself;
He drew the liturgy, and fram'd the rites
And solemn ceremonial of the day,
And call'd the world to worship on the banks
Of Avon, fam'd in song. Ah, pleasant proof
That piety has still in human hearts
Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct.
The mulb'rry-tree was hung with blooming wreaths;
The mulb'rry-tree stood centre of the dance;
The mulb'rry tree was hymn'd with dulcet airs;
And from his touchwood trunk the mulb'rry tree
Supplied such relics as devotion holds
Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.
So 'twas a hallow'd time: decorum reign'd,
And mirth without offence. No few return'd,
Doubtless much edified, and all refresh'd.
—Man praises man. The rabble all alive
From tipling benches, cellars, stalls, and styes,
Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,
A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.
Some shout him, and some hang upon his car,
To gaze in's eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave
Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy:
While others, not so satisfied, unhorse
The gilded equipage, and turning loose
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.
Why? what has charm'd them? Hath he sav'd
the state?
No. Doth he purpose it's salvation? No.
Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,
That finds out ev'ry crevice of the head,
That is not sound and perfect, hath in theirs
Wrought this disturbance. But the wane is near,
And his own cattle must suffice him soon.
Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,
And dedicate a tribute, in it's use
And just direction sacred, to a thing
Doom'd to the dust, or lodg'd already there.
Encomium in old time was poet's work;
But poets, having lavishly long since
Exhausted all materials of the art,
The task now falls into the public hand;
And I, contented with an humble theme,
Have pour'd my stream of panegyric down
The vale of Nature, where it creeps, and winds
Among her lovely works with a secure
And unambitious course, reflecting clear,
If not the virtues, yet the worth, of brutes.
And I am recompens'd, and deem the toils
Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine
May stand between an animal and wo,
And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.
The groans of Nature in this nether world,
Which Heav'n has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
The time of rest, the promis'd sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust, that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath mov'd him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit Earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot pav'd with love;
And what his storms have blasted and defac'd
For man's revolt shall with a smile repair.
Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too sweet
Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch:
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flow'rs,
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels,
To give it praise proportion'd to it's worth,
That not t' attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labour, were a task more arduous still.
O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplish'd bliss! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the Earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty: the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in it's own disgrace,
Exults to see it's thistly curse repeal'd.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon,
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now: the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,

To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Errour has no place:
That creeping pestilence is driv'n away:
The breath of Heav'n has chas'd it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not: the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds it's due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations; and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise fill'd;
See Salem built, the labour of a God!
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;
All kingdoms and all princes of the Earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there [2]:
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates: upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the farthest west;
And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travell'd forth
Into all lands. From ev'ry clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
O Sion! an assembly such as Earth
Saw never, such as Heav'n stoops down to see.
Thus Heav'nward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restor'd.
So God has greatly purpos'd; who would else
In his dishonour'd works himself endure
Dishonour, and be wrong'd without redress.
Haste then, and wheel away a shatter'd world,
Ye slow-revolving seasons! we would see
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
A world, that does not dread and hate his laws,
And suffer for it's crime; would learn how fair
The creature is, that God pronounces good,
How pleasant in itself what pleases him.
Here ev'ry drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flow'rs;
And ev'n the joy, that haply some poor heart
Derives from Heav'n, pure as the fountain is,
Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure.
O for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish! over which
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
That govern all things here, shouldering aside
The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her,
To seek a refuge from the tongue of Strife
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men;
Where Violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor Cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears:
Where he, that fills an office, shall esteem
Th' occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite: where Law shall speak
Seldom, and never but as Wisdom prompts
And Equity; not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide aright.
Where Fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor smooth Good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of Love!
Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the Earth,
Thou who alone art worthy! It was thine
By ancient covenant, ere Nature's birth;
And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,
And overpaid it's value with thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim thee king; and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipp'd in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy saints proclaim thee king; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see
The dawn of thy last advent, long desir'd,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
The very spirit of the world is tir'd
Of it's own taunting question, ask'd so long,
"Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?"
The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till, his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted shafts, that have recoil'd,
And aims them at the shield of Truth again.
The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands
That hides divinity from mortal eyes,
And all the mysteries to faith proposed,
Insulted and traduc'd, are cast aside,
As useless, to the moles and to the bats.
They now are deem'd the faithful, and are prais'd,
Who, constant only in rejecting thee,
Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
And quit their office for their errour's sake.
Blind, and in love with darkness! yet ev'n these
Worthy, compar'd with sycophants, who kneel
Thy name adoring, and then preach thee man!
So fares thy church. But how thy church may fare,
The world takes little thought. Who will may preach,
And what they will. All pastors are alike
To wand'ring sheep, resolv'd to follow none.
Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain:
For these they live, they sacrifice to these,
And in their service wage perpetual war
With Conscience and with thee. Lust in their hearts,
And mischief in their hands, they roam the Earth,
To prey upon each other: stubborn, fierce,
High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace.
Thy prophets speak of such; and, noting down
The features of the last degen'rate times,
Exhibit ev'ry lineament of these.
Come then, and added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,
Due to thy last and most effectual work,
Thy word fulfill'd, the conquest of a world!
He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit

[2] Nebaioth and Kedar, the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Arabs, in the prophetic scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.

But sin marr'd all; and the revolt of man,
That source of evils not exhausted yet,
Was punish'd with revolt of his from him.
Garden of God, how terrible the change
Thy groves and lawns then witness'd! Ev'ry heart,
Each animal, of ev'ry name, conceiv'd
A jealousy and an instinctive fear,
And, conscious of some danger, either fled
Precipitate the loath'd abode of man,
Or growl'd defiance in such angry sort,
As taught him too to tremble in his turn.
Thus harmony and family accord
Were driv'n from Paradise; and in that hour
The seeds of cruelty, that since have swell'd
To such gigantic and enormous growth,
Were sown in human nature's fruitful soil.
Hence date the persecution and the pain,
That man inflicts on all inferior kinds,
Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport,
To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
Or his base gluttony, are causes good
And just in *his* account, why bird and beast
Should suffer torture, and the streams be died
With blood of their inhabitants impal'd.
Earth groans beneath the burden of a war
Wag'd with defenceless innocence, while he,
Not satisfied to prey on all around,
Adds tenfold bitterness of death by pangs
Needless, and first torments ere he devours.
Now happiest they, that occupy the scenes
The most remote from his abhorr'd resort,
Whom once, as delegate of God on Earth,
They fear'd, and as his perfect image lov'd.
The wilderness is theirs, with all it's caves,
It's hollow glens, it's thickets, and it's plains,
Unvisited by man. There they are free,
And howl and roar as likes them, uncontroll'd;
Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play.
Wo to the tyrant, if he dare intrude
Within the confines of their wild domain:
The lion tells him—"I am monarch here"—
And, if he spare him, spares him on the terms
Of royal mercy, and through gen'rous scorn,
To rend a victim trembling at his foot.
In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,
Or by necessity constrain'd, they live
Dependent upon man; those in his fields,
These at his crib, and some beneath his roof.
They prove too often at how dear a rate
He sells protection.—Witness at his foot
The spaniel, dying for some venial fault
Under dissection of the knotted scourge;
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells
Driv'n to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,
To madness; while the savage at his heels
Laughs at the frantic suff'rer's fury, spent
Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.
He too is witness, noblest of the train
That wait on man, the flight-performing horse;
With unsuspecting readiness he takes
His murd'rer on his back, and, push'd all day
With bleeding sides and flanks, that heave for life,
To the far distant goal, arrives and dies.
So little mercy shows who needs so much!
Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,
Denounce no doom on the delinquent? None.
He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts
(As if barbarity were high desert)
Th' inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose
The honours of his matchless horse his own.
But many a crime, deem'd innocent on Earth,
Is register'd in Heav'n; and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never. When he charg'd the Jew
T' assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise;
And when the bush-exploring boy, that seiz'd
The young, to let the parent bird go free;
Prov'd he not plainly, that his meaner works
Are yet his care, and have an int'rest all,
All, in the universal Father's love?
On Noah, and in him on all mankind,
The charter was confer'd, by which we hold
The flesh of animals in fee, and claim
O'er all we feed on pow'r of life and death.
But read the instrument, and mark it well:
Th' oppression of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through sin,
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute!

The Governor of all, himself to all
So bountiful, in whose attentive ear
The unfledg'd raven and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs
Of hunger unassuag'd, has interpos'd,
Not seldom, his avenging arm, to smite
Th' injurious trampler upon Nature's law,
That claims forbearance even for a brute.
He hates the hardness of a Balaam's heart;
And, prophet as he was, he might not strike
The blameless animal, without rebuke,
On which he rode. Her opportune offence
Sav'd him, or th' unrelenting seer had died.
He sees that human equity is slack
To interfere, though in so just a cause;
And makes the task his own. Inspiring dumb
And helpless victims with a sense so keen
Of inj'ry, with such knowledge of their strength
And such sagacity to take revenge,
That oft the beast has seem'd to judge the man.
An ancient, not a legendary tale,
By one of sound intelligence rehears'd,
(If such who plead for Providence may seem
In modern eyes) shall make the doctrine clear.

Where England, stretch'd towards the setting Sun,
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,
Dwelt young Misagathus; a scorner he
Of God and goodness, atheist in ostent,
Vicious in act, in temper savage-fierce.
He journey'd; and his chance was as he went
To join a trav'ller, of far different note,
Evander, fam'd for piety, for years
Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.
Fame had not left the venerable man
A stranger to the manners of the youth,
Whose face too was familiar to his view.
Their way was on the margin of the land,
O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base
Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high.
The charity, that warm'd his heart, was mov'd
At sight of the man-monster. With a smile
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,
As fearful of offending whom he wish'd
Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths
Not harshly thunder'd forth, or rudely press'd,
But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet.
"And dost thou dream," th' impenetrable man

Exclaim'd, "that me the lullabies of age,
And fantasies of dotards such as thou,
Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
Need no such aids, as superstition lends,
To steel their hearts against the dread of death,"
He spoke, and to the precipice at hand
Push'd with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks,
And the blood thrills and curdles, at the thought
Of such a gulf as he design'd his grave.
But, though the felon on his back could dare
The dreadful leap, more rational, his steed
Declin'd the death, and wheeling swiftly round,
Or e'er his hoof had press'd the crumbling verge,
Baffled his rider, sav'd against his will.
The frenzy of the brain may be redress'd
By med'cine well applied, but without grace
The heart's insanity admits no cure.
Enrag'd the more, by what might have reform'd
His horrible intent, again he sought
Destruction, with a zeal to be destroy'd,
With sounding whip, and rowels died in blood.
But still in vain. The Providence, that meant
A longer date to the far nobler beast,
Spar'd yet again th' ignoble for his sake.
And now, his prowess prov'd, and his sincere
Incurable obduracy evinc'd, [earn'd
His rage grew cool; and pleas'd perhaps t'have
So cheaply the renown of that attempt,
With looks of some complacence he resum'd
His road, deriding much the blank amaze
Of good Evander, still where he was left
Fix'd motionless, and petrified with dread.
So on they far'd Discourse on other themes
Ensuing seem'd t' obliterate the past;
And tamer far for so much fury shown,
(As is the course of rash and fiery men)
The rude companion smil'd, as if transform'd.
But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near,
An unsuspected storm. His hour was come.
The impious challenger of Pow'r divine [wrath,
Was now to learn, that Heav'n, though slow to
Is never with impunity defied.
His horse, as he had caught his master's mood,
Snorting, and starting into sudden rage,
Unbidden, and not now to be controll'd,
Rush'd to the cliff, and, having reach'd it, stood.
At once the shock unseated him: he flew
Sheer'd o'er the craggy barrier; and immers'd
Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it not,
The death he had deserv'd, and died alone.
So God wrought double justice; made the fool
The victim of his own tremendous choice,
And taught a brute the way to safe revenge.

I would not enter on my list of friends [sense,
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine
Yet wanting sensibility) the man,
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileg'd; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this. If man's convenience, health
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sov'reign wisdom made them all.
Ye therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons,
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand,
To check them. But alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.
Mercy to him, that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of it's act,
By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.

Distinguish'd much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of Grace divine,
From creatures, that exist but for our sake,
Which, having serv'd us, perish, we are held
Accountable; and God some future day
Will reckon with us roundly for th' abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust,
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help than we on theirs.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were giv'n
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Match'd with th' expertness of the brutes in theirs,
Are ofttimes vanquish'd and thrown far behind.
Some show that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
Attachment, never to be wean'd, or chang'd
By any change of fortune, proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp; and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,
And glist'ning even in the dying eye.

Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms
Wins public honour; and ten thousand sit
Patiently present at a sacred song,
Commemoration mad; content to hear
(O wonderful effect of music's power!)
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake.
But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—
(For was it less? what heathen would have dar'd
To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath,
And hang it up in honour of a man?)
Much less might serve, when all that we design
Is but to gratify an itching ear,

[illegible] virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
[illegible] prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
[illegible] indeed to sojourn while he must
[illegible] the skies, but having there his home.
[illegible] World o'erlooks him in her busy search
[illegible] ects, more illustrious in her view;
[illegible] occupied as earnestly as she,
[illegible] h more sublimely, he o'erlooks the World.
[illegible] ms his pleasures, for she knows them not;
[illegible] ks not hers, for he has prov'd them vain.
[illegible] nnot skim the ground like summer birds
[illegible] ing gilded flies; and such he deems
[illegible] honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from Earth
She makes familiar with a Heav'n unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy'd,
And censur'd oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird,
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has rais'd,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigu'd
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never with'ring wreaths, compar'd with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving haughty World,
That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of what she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the pray'r he makes,
When, Isaac like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.
Forgive him then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seek his proper happiness by means,
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an encumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits, and rend'ring none.
His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere
Shine with his fair example, and though small
His influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrow, and in quenching strife,
In aiding helpless indigence, in works,
From which at least a grateful few derive
Some taste of comfort in a world of wo;
Then let the supercilious great confess
He serves his country, recompenses well
The state; beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a slighted, place.
The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
But, he may boast, what few that win it can,
That, if his country stand not by his skill,
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite Refinement offers him in vain
Her golden tube, through which a sensual World
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,
The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode,
Because that World adopts it. If it bear
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
And be not costly more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum sake
Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.
She judges of refinement by the eye,
He by the test of conscience, and a heart
Not soon deceiv'd; aware, that what is base
No polish can make sterling; and that vice,
Though well perfum'd and elegantly dress'd,
Like an unburied carcase trick'd with flow'rs,
Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance, than for fair attire.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renown'd in ancient song; not vex'd with care
Or stain'd with guilt, beneficent, approv'd
Of God and man, and peaceful in it's end.
So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfill'd,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
It's destin'd office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf, that I have often trod.
It shall not grieve me then, that once when call'd
To dress a Sofa with the flow'rs of verse,
I play'd awhile, obedient to the fair,
With that light task; but soon, to please her more,
Whom flow'rs alone I knew would little please,
Let fall th' unfinish'd wreath, and rov'd for fruit;
Rov'd far, and gather'd much: some harsh 'tis true,
Pick'd from the thorns and briars of reproof,
But wholesome, well-digested; grateful some
To palates, that can taste immortal truth;
Insipid else, and sure to be despis'd.
But all is in his hand, whose praise I seek.
In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,
If he regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper ev'n mine.

AN EPISTLE

TO

JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

Dear Joseph—five and twenty years ago—
Alas how time escapes!—'tis even so—
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour—and now we never meet!
As some grave gentleman in Terence says,
('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days)
Good lack, we know not what to morrow brings—
Strange fluctuation of all human things!
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart:
And, were I call'd to prove th' assertion true,
One proof should serve—a reference to you.
Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurr'd to kindle strife,
We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though num'rous once, reduc'd to few or none?
Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch?
No; gold they seem'd, but they were never such.
Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,
Swinging the parlour-door upon it's hinge,
Dreading a negative, and overaw'd
Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad.
"Go, fellow!—whither?"—turning short about—
"Nay. Stay at home—you're always going out."
"'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end."—
"For what?"—"An please you, sir, to see a friend."
"A friend!" Horatio cried, and seem'd to start—
"Yea marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.—
And fetch my cloak; for, though the night be raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw."
I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child;
But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.
Perhaps his confidence just then betray'd,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made;
Perhaps 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language in my mind,
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.
But not to moralize too much, and strain,
To prove an evil, of which all complain,
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun)
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.
Once on a time an emp'ror, a wise man,
No matter where, in China, or Japan,
Decreed, that whosoever should offend
Against the well-known duties of a friend,
Convicted once should ever after wear
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out.
O happy Britain! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measure here;
Else, could a law, like that which I relate,
Once have the sanction of our triple state,
Some few, that I have known in days of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.

TIROCINIUM;

OR,

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

Κεφαλαιον δη παιδειας ορθη τροφη.—Plato.
Αρχη παιδειας απασης νουθετησις.—Diog. L.

TO THE

REV. WILLIAM CAWTHORNE UNWIN,

RECTOR OF STOCK IN ESSEX,

THE TUTOR OF HIS TWO SONS,

THE FOLLOWING

POEM,

RECOMMENDING PRIVATE TUITION,

IN PREFERENCE TO

AN EDUCATION AT SCHOOL,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

WILLIAM COWPER.

Olney, Nov. 6, 1784.

TIROCINIUM.

It is not from his form, in which we trace
Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,
That man, the master of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives.
That form indeed, th' associate of a mind
Vast in it's powers, ethereal in it's kind,
That form, the labour of Almighty skill,
Fram'd for the service of a freeborn will,
Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,
But borrows all it's grandeur from the soul.
Hers is the state, the splendour, and the throne
An intellectual kingdom, all her own.
For her the Mem'ry fills her ample page
With truths pour'd down from ev'ry distant age;
For her amasses an unbounded store,
The wisdom of great nations, now no more;
Though laden, not encumber'd with her spoil;
Laborious, yet unconscious of her toil;
When copiously supplied, then most enlarg'd;
Still to be fed, and not to be discharg'd.
For her the Fancy, roving unconfin'd,
The present muse of ev'ry pensive mind,
Works magic wonders, adds a brighter hue
To Nature's scenes than Nature ever knew.
At her command winds rise, and waters roar,
Again she lays them slumb'ring on the shore;
With flow'rs and fruit the wilderness supplies,
Or bids the rocks in ruder pomp arise.
For her the Judgment, umpire in the strife,
That Grace and Nature have to wage through life,
Quick-sighted arbiter of good and ill,
Appointed sage preceptor to the Will,

Condemns, approves, and with a faithful voice
Guides the decision of a doubtful choice.
Why did the fiat of a God give birth
To yon fair Sun, and his attendant Earth?
And, when descending he resigns the skies,
Why takes the gentler Moon her turn to rise,
Whom Ocean feels through all his countless waves,
And owns her power on ev'ry shore he laves?
Why do the seasons still enrich the year,
Fruitful and young as in their first career?
Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze;
Summer in haste the thriving charge receives
Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves,
Till Autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
Dye them at last in all their glowing hues.—
'Twere wild profusion all, and bootless waste,
Pow'r misemploy'd, munificence misplac'd,
Had not it's author dignified the plan,
And crown'd it with the majesty of man.
Thus form'd, thus plac'd, intelligent, and taught,
Look where he will, the wonders God has wrought,
The wildest scorner of his Maker's laws
Finds in a sober moment time to pause,
To press th' important question on his heart,
"Why form'd at all, and wherefore as thou art?"
If man be what he seems, this hour a slave,
The next mere dust and ashes in the grave;
Endu'd with reason only to descry
His crimes and follies with an aching eye;
With passions, just that he may prove, with pain,
The force he spends against their fury vain;
And if, soon after having burnt, by turns,
With ev'ry lust with which frail Nature burns,
His being end, where death dissolves the bond,
The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond;
Then he, of all that Nature has brought forth,
Stands self-impeach'd the creature of least worth,
And useless while he lives and when he dies,
Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies.
Truths, that the learn'd pursue with eager thought,
Are not important always as dear bought,
Proving at last, though told in pompous strains,
A childish waste of philosophic pains;
But truths; on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and mis'ry not to learn,
Shine by the side of ev'ry path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.
'Tis true that, if to trifle life away
Down to the sunset of their latest day,
Then perish on futurity's wide shore
Like fleeting exhalations, found no more,
Were all that Heav'n requir'd of humankind,
And all the plan their destiny design'd,
What none could reverence all might justly blame,
And man would breathe but for his Maker's shame.
But reason heard, and nature well perus'd,
At once the dreaming mind is disabus'd.
If all we find possessing earth, sea, air,
Reflect his attributes, who plac'd them there,
Fulfil the purpose, and appear design'd
Proofs of the wisdom of th' all-seeing mind,
'Tis plain the creature, whom he chose t'invest
With kingship and dominion o'er the rest,
Receiv'd his nobler nature, and was made
Fit for the pow'r, in which he stands array'd;
That first, or last, hereafter, if not here,
He too might make his author's wisdom clear,
Praise him on Earth, or, obstinately dumb,
Suffer his justice in a world to come.
This once believ'd, 'twere logic misapplied,
To prove a consequence by none denied,
That we are bound to cast the minds of youth
Betimes into the mould of heav'nly truth,
That taught of God they may indeed be wise,
Nor ignorantly wand'ring miss the skies.
In early days the conscience has in most
A quickness, which in later life is lost:
Preserv'd from guilt by salutary fears,
Or guilty soon relenting into tears.
Too careless often, as our years proceed,
What friends we sort with, or what books we read,
Our parents yet exert a prudent care,
To feed our infant minds with proper fare;
And wisely store the nurs'ry by degrees
With wholesome learning, yet acquir'd with ease.
Neatly secur'd from being soil'd or torn
Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,
A book (to please us at a tender age
'Tis called a book, though but a single page)
Presents the pray'r the Saviour deign'd to teach,
Which children use, and parsons—when they preach.
Lisping our syllables, we scramble next
Through moral narrative, or sacred text;
And learn with wonder how this world began,
Who made, who marr'd, and who has ransom'd, man.
Points, which, unless the Scripture made them plain,
The wisest heads might agitate in vain.
O thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I pleas'd remember, and, while Mem'ry yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget;
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest; make the gravest smile;
Witty, and well employ'd, and, like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slighted word;
I name thee not, lest so despis'd a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame;
Yet ev'n in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober gray,
Revere the man, whose PILGRIM marks the road,
And guides the PROGRESS of the soul to God.
'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleas'd them at a riper age;
The man, approving what had charm'd the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;
And not with curses on his heart, who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.
The stamp of artless piety impress'd
By kind tuition on his yielding breast,
The youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw,
Regards with scorn, though once receiv'd with awe;
And, whirl'd into the labyrinth of lies,
That babblers, call'd philosophers, devise,
Blasphemes his creed, as founded on a plan
Replete with dreams, unworthy of a man.
Touch but his nature in it's ailing part,
Assert the native evil of his heart,
His pride resents the charge, although the proof [1]
Rise in his forehead, and seem rank enough:
Point to the cure, describe a Saviour's cross
As God's expedient to retrieve his loss,

[1] See 2 Chron. ch. xxvi. ver. 19.

The young apostate sickens at the view,
And hates it with the malice of a Jew.
How weak the barrier of mere Nature proves,
Oppos'd against the pleasures Nature loves!
While self-betray'd, and wilfully undone,
She longs to yield, no sooner woo'd than won.
Try now the merits of this blest exchange
Of modest truth for wit's eccentric range.
Time was, he clos'd as he began the day
With decent duty, not asham'd to pray:
The practice was a bond upon his heart,
A pledge he gave for a consistent part;
Nor could he dare presumptuously displease
A pow'r, confess'd so lately on his knees.
But now, farewell all legendary tales,
The shadows fly, philosophy prevails;
Pray'r to the winds, and caution to the waves;
Religion makes the free by nature slaves.
Priests have invented, and the World admir'd
What knavish priests promulgate as inspir'd;
Till Reason, now no longer overaw'd,
Resumes her pow'rs, and spurns the clumsy fraud;
And, common sense diffusing real day,
The meteor of the Gospel dies away.
Such rhapsodies our shrewd discerning youth
Learn from expert inquirers after truth;
Whose only care, might truth presume to speak,
Is not to find what they profess to seek.
And thus, well-tutor'd only while we share
A mother's lectures and a nurse's care;
And taught at schools much mythologic stuff [2]
But sound religion sparingly enough;
Our early notices of truth, disgrac'd,
Soon lose their credit, and are all effac'd.
Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once;
That in good time the stripling's finish'd taste
For loose expense, and fashionable waste,
Should prove your ruin, and his own at last;
Train him in public with a mob of boys,
Childish in mischief only and in noise,
Else of a manish growth, and five in ten
In infidelity and lewdness men.
There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old,
That authors are most useful pawn'd or sold;
That pedantry is all that schools impart,
But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart;
There waiter Dick, with Bacchanalian lays,
Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praise,
His counsellor and bosom-friend, shall prove,
And some street-pacing harlot his first love.
Schools, unless discipline were doubly strong,
Detain their adolescent charge too long;
The management of tiroes of eighteen
Is difficult, their punishment obscene.
The stout tall captain, whose superior size
The minor heroes view with envious eyes,
Becomes their pattern, not upon whom they fix
Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks.

[2] The author begs leave to explain.—Sensible that, without such knowledge, neither the ancient poets nor historians can be tasted, or indeed understood, he does not mean to censure the pains, that are taken to instruct a schoolboy in the religion of the Heathen, but merely that neglect of Christian culture which leaves him shamefully ignorant of his own.

His pride, that scorns t' obey or to submit,
With them is courage; his effront'ry wit.
His wild excursions, window-breaking feats,
Robb'ry of gardens, quarrels in the streets,
His hairbreadth 'scapes, and all his daring scheme
Transport them, and are made their fav'rite theme.
In little bosoms such achievements strike
A kindred spark: they burn to do the like.
Thus, half-accomplish'd ere he yet begin
To show the peeping down upon his chin;
And, as maturity of years comes on,
Made just th' adept that you design'd your son.
T' ensure the perseverance of his course,
And give your monstrous project all it's force,
Send him to college. If he there be tam'd,
Or in one article of vice reclaim'd,
Where no regard of ord'nances is shown
Or look'd for now, the fault must be his own.
Some sneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,
Where neither strumpets' charms, nor drinking bout,
Nor gambling practices, can find it out.
Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too,
Ye nurs'ries of our boys, we owe to you:
Though from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,
For public schools 'tis public folly feeds.
The slaves of custom and establish'd mode,
With packhorse constancy we keep the road,
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think:
And such an age as ours banishes expense
Except of caution, and of common-sense,
Else, sure, notorious fact, and proof palpable,
Would turn our steps into a wiser path.
I blame not those, who with what care they can
O'erwatch the num'rous and unruly clan;
Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they dare
Promise a work, of which they must despair.
Have ye, ye sage intendants of the whole,
A ubiquarian presence and control,
Elisha's eye, that, when Gehazi stray'd,
Went with him, and saw all the game he play'd?
Yes—ye are conscious; and on all the shelves
Your pupils strike upon, have struck yourselves.
Or if, by nature sober, ye had been,
Boys as ye were, the gravity of men;
Ye knew at least, by constant proofs address'd
To ears and eyes, the vices of the rest.
But ye connive at what ye cannot cure,
And evils, not to be endur'd, endure,
Lest pow'r exerted, but without success,
Should make the little ye retain still less.
Ye once were justly fam'd for bringing forth
Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth;
And in the firmament of fame still shines
A glory, bright as that of all the signs,
Of poets rais'd by you, and statesmen, and divines.
Peace to them all! those brilliant times are fled,
And no such lights are kindling in their stead,
Our striplings shine indeed, but with such rays
As set the midnight riot in a blaze;
And seem, if judg'd by their expressive looks,
Deeper in noise than in their surgeons' books.
Say, Muse, (for education made the song,
No Muse can hesitate, or linger long)
What causes move us, knowing as we must,
That these *menageries* all fail their trust,

To send our sons to scout and scamper there,
While colts and puppies cost us so much care?
Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the playplace of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carv'd subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,
Tho' mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd;
The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost t' obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains it's hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it ev'n in age, and at our latest day.
Hark! how the sire of chits, whose future share
Of classic food begins to be his care,
With his own likeness plac'd on either knee,
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee;
And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,
That they must soon learn Latin, and to box;
Then turning he regales his list'ning wife
With all th' adventures of his early life;
His skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise,
In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays;
What shifts he us'd, detected in a scrape,
How he was flogg'd, or had the luck t' escape;
What sums he lost at play, and how he sold
Watch, seals, and all—till all his pranks are told.
Retracing thus his *frolics*, ('tis a name
That palliates deeds of folly and of shame)
He gives the local bias all it's sway;
Resolves that where he play'd his sons shall play,
And destines their bright genius to be shown
Just in the scene, where he display'd his own.
The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught,
To be as bold and forward as he ought;
The rude will scuffle through with ease enough,
Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.
Ah happy designation, prudent choice,
Th' event is sure; expect it; and rejoice!
Soon see your wish fulfill'd in either child,
The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.
The great indeed, by titles, riches, birth,
Excus'd th' encumbrance of more solid worth,
Are best dispos'd of where with most success
They may acquire that confident address,
Those habits of profuse and lewd expense,
That scorn of all delights but those of sense,
Which, though in plain plebeians we condemn,
With so much reason all expect from them.
But families of less illustrious fame,
Whose chief distinction is their spotless name,
Whose heirs, their honours none, their income small,
Must shine by true desert, or not at all,
What dream they of, that with so little care
They risk their hopes, their dearest treasure, there?
They dream of little Charles or William grac'd
With wig prolix, down flowing to his waist;
They see th' attentive crowds his talents draw,
They hear him speak—the oracle of law.
The father, who designs his babe a priest,
Dreams him episcopally such at least;
And, while the playful jockey scours the room
Briskly, astride upon the parlour broom,
In fancy sees him more superbly ride
In coach with purple lin'd, and mitres on it's side.
Events improbable and strange as these,
Which only a parental eye foresees,
A public school shall bring to pass with ease.
But how! resides such virtue in that air,
As must create an appetite for pray'r?
And will it breathe into him all the zeal,
That candidates for such a prize should feel,
To take the lead and be the foremost still
In all true worth and literary skill?
"Ah blind to bright futurity, untaught
The knowledge of the world, and dull of thought!
Church-ladders are not always mounted best
By learned clerks, and Latinists profess'd.
Th' exalted prize demands an upward look,
Not to be found by poring on a book.
Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,
Is more than adequate to all I seek.
Let erudition grace him, or not grace,
I give the bauble but the second place;
His wealth, fame, honours, all that I intend,
Subsist and centre in one point—a friend.
A friend, whate'er he studies or neglects,
Shall give him consequence, heal all defects.
His intercourse with peers and sons of peers—
There dawns the splendour of his future years:
In that bright quarter his propitious skies
Shall blush betimes, and there his glory rise.
Your Lordship, and *Your Grace!* what school can teach
A rhet'ric equal to those parts of speech?
What need of Homer's verse, or Tully's prose,
Sweet interjections! if he learn but those?
Let rev'rend churls his ignorance rebuke,
Who starve upon a dog's-ear'd Pentateuch,
The parson knows enough, who knows a duke."
Egregious purpose! worthily begun
In barb'rous prostitution of your son;
Press'd on *his* part by means, that would disgrace
A scriv'ner's clerk, or footman out of place,
And ending, if at last it's end be gain'd,
In sacrilege, in God's own house profan'd:
It may succeed; and, if his sins should call
For more than common punishment, it shall;
The wretch shall rise, and be the thing on Earth
Least qualified in honour, learning, worth,
To occupy a sacred, awful post,
In which the best and worthiest tremble most.
The *royal letters* are a thing of course,
A king, that would, might recommend his horse;
And deans, no doubt, and chapters, with one voice,
As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.
Behold your bishop! well he plays his part,
Christian, in name, and infidel in heart,
Ghostly in office, earthly in his plan,
A slave at court, elsewhere a lady's man.
Dumb as a senator, and as a priest
A piece of mere church-furniture at best;
To live estrang'd from God his total scope,
And his end sure, without one glimpse of hope.
But fair although and feasible it seem,
Depend not much upon your golden dream;

For Providence, that seems concern'd t' exempt
The hallow'd bench from absolute contempt,
In spite of all the wrigglers into place,
Still keeps a seat or two for worth and grace;
And therefore 'tis, that, though the sight be rare,
We sometimes see a Lowth or Bagot there.
Besides, school-friendships are not always found,
Though fair in promise, permanent and sound;
The most disint'rested and virtuous minds,
In early years connected, time unbinds;
New situations give a diff'rent cast
Of habit, inclination, temper, taste;
And he, that seem'd our counterpart at first,
Soon shows the strong similitude revers'd.
Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scent and hues are rather guess'd than known;
Each dreams that each is just what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When disposition, like a sail unfurl'd,
Shows all it's rents and patches to the world.
If, therefore, ev'n when honest in design,
A boyish friendship may so soon decline,
'Twere wiser, sure, t' inspire a little heart
With just abhorrence of so mean a part,
Than set your son to work at a vile trade,
For wages so unlikely to be paid.
Our public hives of puerile resort,
That are of chief and most approv'd report,
To such base hopes, in many a sordid soul,
Owe their repute in part but not the whole.
A principle, whose proud pretensions pass
Unquestion'd, though the jewel be but glass—
That with a world, not often overnice,
Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice;
Or rather a gross compound, justly tried,
Of envy, hatred, jealousy, and pride—
Contributes most perhaps t' enhance their fame;
And emulation is it's specious name.
Boys, once on fire with that contentious zeal,
Feel all the rage, that female rivals feel;
The prize of beauty in a woman's eyes
Not brighter than in theirs the scholar's prize.
The spirit of that competition burns
With all varieties of ill by turns;
Each vainly magnifies his own success,
Resents his fellow's, wishes it were less,
Exults in his miscarriage, if he fail,
Deems his reward too great, if he prevail,
And labours to surpass him day and night,
Less for improvement than to tickle spite.
The spur is pow'rful, and I grant it's force;
It pricks the genius forward in it's course,
Allows short time for play, and none for sloth;
And, felt alike by each, advances both:
But judge, where so much evil intervenes,
The end, though plausible, not worth the means.
Weigh, for a moment, classical desert
Against a heart deprav'd and temper hurt;
Hurt too perhaps for life; for early wrong,
Done to the nobler part, affects it long;
And you are staunch indeed in learning's cause,
If you can crown a discipline, that draws
Such mischiefs after it, with much applause.
Connexion form'd for int'rest, and endear'd
By selfish views, thus censur'd and cashier'd;
And emulation, as engend'ring hate,
Doom'd to a no less ignominious fate:
The props of such proud seminaries fall,
The Jachin and the Boaz of them all.
Great schools rejected then, as those that swell
Beyond a size that can be manag'd well,
Shall royal institutions miss the bays,
And small academies win all the praise?
Force not my drift beyond it's just intent,
I praise a school as Pope a government;
So take my judgment in his language dress'd,
"Whate'er is best administer'd is best."
Few boys are born with talents that excel,
But all are capable of living well;
Then ask not, Whether limited or large;
But, Watch they strictly, or neglect their charge!
If anxious only, that their boys may *learn*,
While *morals* languish, a despis'd concern,
The great and small deserve one common blame,
Diff'rent in size, but in effect the same.
Much zeal in virtue's cause all teachers boast,
Though motives of mere lucre sway the most;
Therefore in towns and cities they abound,
For there the game they seek is easiest found;
Though there, in spite of all that care can do,
Traps to catch youth are most abundant too.
If shrewd, and of a well constructed brain,
Keen in pursuit, and vig'rous to retain,
Your son come forth a prodigy of skill;
As, wheresoever taught, so form'd, he will;
The pedagogue, with self-complacent air,
Claims more than half the praise as his due share.
But if, with all his genius, he betray,
Not more intelligent than loose and gay,
Such vicious habits, as disgrace his name,
Threaten his health, his fortune, and his fame;
Though want of due restraint alone have bred
The symptoms, that you see with so much dread;
Unenvied there, he may sustain alone
The whole reproach, the fault was all his own.
O 'tis a sight to be with joy perus'd,
By all whom sentiment has not abus'd;
New-fangled sentiment, the boasted grace
Of those, who never feel in the right place;
A sight surpass'd by none that we can show,
Though Vestris on one leg still shine below;
A father blest with an ingenuous son,
Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one.
How!—turn again to tales long since forgot,
Æsop, and Phædrus, and the rest?—Why not?
He will not blush, that has a father's heart,
To take in childish plays a childish part;
But bends his sturdy back to any toy,
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy;
Then why resign into a stranger's hand
A task as much within your own command,
That God and nature, and your int'rest too,
Seem with one voice to delegate to you?
Why hire a lodging in a house unknown
For one, whose tend'rest thoughts all hover round your own?
This second weaning, needless as it is,
How does it lac'rate both your heart and his!
Th' indented stick, that loses day by day
Notch after notch, till all are smooth'd away,
Bears witness, long ere his dismission come,
With what intense desire he wants his home.
But though the joys he hopes beneath your roof
Bid fair enough to answer in the proof,
Harmless, and safe, and nat'ral as they are,
A disappointment waits him even there:

Arriv'd, he feels an unexpected change,
He blushes, hangs his head, is shy and strange,
No longer takes, as once, with fearless ease,
His fav'rite stand between his father's knees,
But seeks the corner of some distant seat,
And eyes the door, and watches a retreat,
And, least familiar where he should be most,
Feels all his happiest privileges lost.
Alas, poor boy! the natural effect
Of love by absence chill'd into respect.
Say, what accomplishments, at school acquir'd,
Brings he, to sweeten fruits so undesir'd?
Thou well deserv'st an alienated son,
Unless thy conscious heart acknowledge—none;
None that, in thy domestic snug recess,
He had not made his own with more address,
Though some perhaps, that shock thy feeling mind,
And better never learn'd, or left behind.
Add too, that, thus estrang'd, thou canst obtain
By no kind arts his confidence again;
That here begins with most that long complaint
Of filial frankness lost, and love grown faint,
Which, oft neglected, in life's waning years
A parent pours into regardless ears.
Like caterpillars, dangling under trees
By slender threads, and swinging in the breeze,
Which filthily bewray and sore disgrace
The boughs, in which are bred th' unseemly race;
While ev'ry worm industriously weaves,
And winds his web about the rivell'd leaves;
So num'rous are the follies, that annoy
The mind and heart of ev'ry sprightly boy;
Imaginations noxious and perverse,
Which admonition can alone disperse.
Th' encroaching nuisance asks a faithful hand,
Patient, affectionate, of high command,
To check the procreation of a breed
Sure to exhaust the plant, on which they feed.
'Tis not enough, that Greek or Roman page,
At stated hours, his freakish thoughts engage;
Ev'n in his pastimes he requires a friend,
To warn, and teach him safely to unbend;
O'er all his pleasures gently to preside,
Watch his emotions, and control their tide;
And levying thus, and with an easy sway,
A tax of profit from his very play,
T' impress a value, not to be eras'd, [waste.
On moments squander'd else, and running all to
And seems it nothing in a father's eye,
That unimprov'd those many moments fly?
And is he well content his son should find
No nourishment to feed his growing mind,
But conjugated verbs, and nouns declin'd?
For such is all the mental food purvey'd
By public hacknies in the schooling trade;
Who feed a pupil's intellect with store
Of syntax, truly, but with little more;
Dismiss their cares, when they dismiss their flock,
Machines themselves, and govern'd by a clock.
Perhaps a father, blest with any brains,
Would deem it no abuse, or waste of pains,
T' improve this diet, at no great expense,
With sav'ry truth and wholesome common sense;
To lead his son, for prospects of delight,
To some not steep, though philosophic, height,
Thence to exhibit to his wond'ring eyes
Yon circling worlds, their distance, and their size,
The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball,
And the harmonious order of them all;
To show him in an insect or a flow'r
Such microscopic proof of skill and pow'r,
As, hid from ages past, God now displays,
To combat atheists with in modern days;
To spread the Earth before him, and commend,
With designation of the finger's end,
It's various parts to his attentive note,
Thus bringing home to him the most remote;
To teach his heart to glow with gen'rous flame,
Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame:
And, more than all, with commendation due,
To set some living worthy in his view,
Whose fair example may at once inspire
A wish to copy, what he must admire.
Such knowledge gain'd betimes, and which appears
Though solid, not too weighty for his years,
Sweet in itself, and not forbidding sport,
When health demands it, of athletic sort,
Would make him—what some lovely boys have been,
And more than one perhaps that I have seen—
An evidence and reprehension both
Of the mere schoolboy's lean and tardy growth.
Art thou a man professionally tied,
With all thy faculties elsewhere applied,
Too busy to intend a meaner care,
Than how t' enrich thyself, and next thine heir;
Or art thou (as though rich, perhaps thou art)
But poor in knowledge, having none t' impart:—
Behold that figure, neat, though plainly clad;
His sprightly mingled with a shade of sad;
Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then
Heard to articulate like other men;
No jester, and yet lively in discourse,
His phrase well chosen, clear, and full of force;
And his address, if not quite French in ease,
Not English stiff, but frank, and form'd to please;
Low in the world, because he scorns it's arts;
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts;
Unpatroniz'd, and therefore little known;
Wise for himself and his few friends alone—
In him thy well-appointed proxy see,
Arm'd for a work too difficult for thee;
Prepar'd by taste, by learning, and true worth,
To form thy son, to strike his genius forth;
Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove
The force of discipline, when back'd by love;
To double all thy pleasure in thy child,
His mind inform'd, his morals undefil'd.
Safe under such a wing, the boy shall show
No spots contracted among grooms below,
Nor taint his speech with meanness, design'd
By footman Tom for witty and refin'd.
There, in his commerce with the liv'ried herd,
Lurks the contagion chiefly to be fear'd;
For since (so fashion dictates) all, who claim
A higher than a mere plebeian fame,
Find it expedient, come what mischief may,
To entertain a thief or two in pay,
(And they that can afford th' expense of more,
Some half a dozen, and some half a score)
Great cause occurs, to save him from a band
So sure to spoil him, and so near at hand;
A point secur'd, if once he be supplied
With some such Mentor always at his side.
Are such men rare? perhaps they would abound,
Were occupation easier to be found,
Were education, else so sure to fail,
Conducted on a manageable scale,

And schools, that have outliv'd all just esteem,
Exchang'd for the secure domestic scheme.—
But, having found him, be thou duke or earl,
Show thou hast sense enough to prize the pearl,
And, as thou wouldst th' advancement of thine heir
In all good faculties beneath his care,
Respect, as is but rational and just,
A man deem'd worthy of so dear a trust.
Despis'd by thee, what more can he expect
From youthful folly than the same neglect?
A flat and fatal negative obtains
That instant upon all his future pains;
His lessons tire, his mild rebukes offend,
And all th' instructions of thy son's best friend
Are a stream chok'd, or trickling to no end.
Doom him not then to solitary meals;
But recollect, that he has senses and feels;
And that, possessor of a soul refin'd,
An upright heart, and cultivated mind,
His post not mean, his talents not unknown,
He deems it hard to vegetate alone.
And, if admitted at thy board he sit,
Account him no just mark for idle wit;
Offend not him, whom modesty restrains
From repartee, with jokes that he disdains;
Much less transfix his feelings with an oath;
Nor frown, unless he vanish with the cloth.—
And, trust me, his utility may reach
To more than he is hir'd or bound to teach;
Much trash unutter'd, and some ills undone,
Through rev'rence of the censor of thy son.
But, if thy table be indeed unclean,
Foul with excess, and with discourse obscene,
And thou a wretch, whom, foll'wing her old plan
The World accounts an honourable man,
Because forsooth thy courage has been tried
And stood the test perhaps on the wrong side!
Though thou hadst never grace enough to prove,
That any thing but vice could win thy love;—
Or hast thou a polite, card-playing wife,
Chain'd to the routs that she frequents for life;
Who just when industry begins to snore,
Flies, wing'd with joy, to some coach-crowded door;
And thrice in ev'ry winter throngs thine own
With half the chariots and sedans in town,
Thyself meanwhile e'en shifting as thou mayst;
Not very sober though, nor very chaste:
Or is thine house, though less superb thy rank,
If not a scene of pleasure, a mere blank,
And thou at best, and in thy sob'rest mood,
A trifler vain, and empty of all good;
Though mercy for thyself thou canst have none,
Hear Nature plead, show mercy to thy son.
Sav'd from his home, where ev'ry day brings forth
Some mischief fatal to his future worth,
Find him a better in a distant spot,
Within some pious pastor's humble cot,
Where vile example (yours I chiefly mean,
The most seducing, and the oft'nest seen)
May never more be stamp'd upon his breast,
Not yet perhaps incurably impress'd.
Where early rest makes early rising sure,
Disease or comes not, or finds easy cure,
Prevented much by diet neat and plain;
Or, if it enter, soon starv'd out again:
Where all th' attention of his faithful host,
Discreetly limited to two at most,
May raise such fruits, as shall reward his care
And not at last evaporate in air:
Where, stillness aiding study, and his mind
Serene, and to his duties much inclin'd,
Not occupied in day-dreams, as at home,
Of pleasures past, or follies yet to come,
His virtuous toil may terminate at last
In settled habit and decided taste.—
But whom do I advise? the fashion-led,
Th' incorrigibly wrong, the deaf, and dead,
Whom care and cool deliberation suit,
Not better much than spectacles a brute;
Who, if their sons some slight tuition share,
Deem it of no great moment whose, or where;
Too proud t' adopt the thoughts of one unknown,
And much too gay t' have any of their own.
"But courage, man!" methought the Muse replied,
"Mankind are various, and the world is wide:
The ostrich, silliest of the feather'd kind,
And form'd of God without a parent's mind,
Commits her eggs, incautious, to the dust,
Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust;
And, while on public nurs'ries they rely,
Not knowing, and too oft not caring, why,
Irrational in what they thus prefer,
No few, that would seem wise, resemble her.
But all are not alike. Thy warning voice
May here and there prevent erroneous choice;
And some perhaps, who, busy as they are
Yet make their progeny their dearest care, [reach
(Whose hearts will ache, once told what ills may
Their offspring, left upon so wild a beach)
Will need no stress of argument t' enforce
Th' expedience of a less advent'rous course;
The rest will slight thy counsel, or condemn;
But they have human feelings—turn to them."
To you then, tenants of life's middle state,
Securely plac'd between the small and great,
Whose character, yet undebauch'd, retains
Two thirds of all the virtue that remains,
Who, wise yourselves, desire your son should learn
Your wisdom and your ways—to you I turn.
Look round you on a world perversely blind;
See what contempt is fall'n on humankind;
See wealth abus'd, and dignities misplac'd,
Great titles, offices and trusts disgrac'd,
Long lines of ancestry, renown'd of old,
Their noble qualities all quench'd and cold;
See Bedlam's closetted and hand-cuff'd charge
Surpass'd in frenzy by the mad at large;
See great commanders making war a trade,
Great lawyers, lawyers without study made;
Churchmen, in whose esteem their blest employ
Is odious, and their wages all their joy,
Who, far enough from furnishing their shelves
With Gospel lore, turn infidels themselves;
See womanhood despis'd, and manhood sham'd
With infamy too nauseous to be nam'd,
Fops at all corners, ladylike in mien,
Civetted fellows, smelt ere they are seen,
Else coarse and rude in manners, and their tongue
On fire with curses, and with nonsense hung,
Now flush'd with drunk'nness, now with whoredom pale,
Their breath a sample of last night's regale;
See volunteers in all the vilest arts,
Men well endow'd, of honourable parts,
Design'd by Nature wise, but self made fools;
All these, and more like these, were bred at schools.
And if it chance, as sometimes chance it will,
That, though school-bred, the boy be virtuous still;

Such rare exceptions, shining in the dark,
Prove, rather than impeach, the just remark:
As here and there a twinkling star descried
Serves but to show how black is all beside.
Now look on him, whose very voice in tone
Just echoes thine, whose features are thine own,
And stroke his polish'd cheek of purest red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
And say, "My boy, th' unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
And trust for safety to a stranger's care;
What character, what turn thou wilt assume
From constant converse with I know not whom;
Who there will court thy friendship, with what views,
And, artless as thou art, whom thou wilt choose;
Though much depends on what thy choice shall be,
Is all chance-medly, and unknown to me."
Canst thou, the tear just trembling on thy lids,
And while the dreadful risk foreseen forbids;
Free too, and under no constraining force,
Unless the sway of custom warp thy course;
Lay such a stake upon the losing side,
Merely to gratify so blind a guide?
Thou canst not! Nature, pulling at thine heart,
Condemns th' unfatherly, th' imprudent part.
Thou wouldst not, deaf to Nature's tend'rest plea,
Turn him adrift upon a rolling sea,
Nor say, *Go thither*, conscious that there lay
A brood of asps, or quicksands in his way:
Then, only govern'd by the selfsame rule
Of nat'ral pity, send him not to school.
No—guard him better. Is he not thine own,
Thyself in miniature, thy flesh, thy bone?
And hop'st thou not ('tis ev'ry father's hope)
That, since thy strength must with thy years elope,
And thou wilt need some comfort, to assuage
Health's last farewell, a staff of thine old age,
That then, in recompense of all thy cares,
Thy child shall show respect to thy gray hairs,
Befriend thee, of all other friends bereft,
And give thy life it's only cordial left?
Aware then how much danger intervenes,
To compass that good end, forecast the means.
His heart, now passive, yields to thy command;
Secure it thine, it's key is in thine hand.
If thou desert thy charge, and throw it wide,
Nor heed what guests there enter and abide,
Complain not if attachments lewd and base
Supplant thee in it, and usurp thy place.
But, if thou guard it's sacred chambers sure
From vicious inmates and delights impure,
Either his gratitude shall hold him fast,
And keep him warm and filial to the last;
Or, if he prove unkind (as who can say
But, being man, and therefore frail, he may?)
One comfort yet shall cheer thine aged heart,
Howe'er he slight thee, thou hast done thy part.
Oh barb'rous! wouldst thou with a Gothic hand
Pull down the schools—what!—all the schools i' th' land;
Or throw them up to liv'ry-nags and grooms,
Or turn them into shops and auction rooms?
A captious question, sir, (and your's is one)
Deserves an answer similar, or none.
Wouldst thou, possessor of a flock, employ
(Appris'd that he is such a careless boy,
And feed him well, and give him handsome pay,
Merely to sleep, and let them run astray?
Survey our schools and colleges, and see
A sight not much unlike my simile.
From education, as the leading cause,
The public character it's colour draws;
Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste.
And, though I would not advertise them yet,
Nor write on each—*This building to be let*,
Unless the world were all prepar'd t' embrace
A plan well worthy to supply their place;
Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,
To cultivate and keep the MORALS clean,
(Forgive the crime) I wish them, I confess,
Or better manag'd, or encourag'd less.

TO THE

REVEREND MR. NEWTON.

AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY.

THE swallows in their torpid state
Compose their useless wing,
And bees in hives as idly wait
The call of early Spring.

The keenest frost that binds the stream,
The wildest wind that blows,
Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
Secure of their repose.

Not man, all feeling and awake,
The gloomy scene surveys;
With present ills his heart must ake,
And pant for brighter days.

Old Winter, halting o'er the mead,
Bids me and Mary mourn;
But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
And whispers your return.

Then April, with her sister May,
Shall chase him from the bow'rs,
And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day,
To crown the smiling hours.

And, if a tear, that speaks regret
Of happier times, appear,
A glimpse of joy, that we have met,
Shall shine and dry the tear.

CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON, (NOW MRS. COURTNEY.)

SHE came—she is gone—we have met—
And meet perhaps never again;
The sun of that moment is set,
And seems to have risen in vain.
Catharina has fled like a dream—
(So vanishes pleasure, alas!
But has left a regret and esteem,
That will not so suddenly pass.

The last ev'ning ramble we made,
Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progress was often delay'd
By the nightingale warbling nigh.

We paus'd under many a tree,
And much she was charm'd with a tone
Less sweet to Maria and me,
Who so lately had witness'd her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue
Could infuse into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I esteem'd
The work of my fancy the more,
And ev'n to myself never seem'd
So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed
In number the days of the year,
Catharina, did nothing impede,
Would feel herself happier here;
For the close woven arches of limes
On the banks of our river, I know,
Are sweeter to her many times
Than aught that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endu'd
With a well judging taste from above,
Then, whether embellish'd or rude,
'Tis nature alone that we love.
The achievements of art may amuse,
May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and vallies, diffuse
A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess
Catharina alone can rejoice,
May it still be her lot to possess
The scene of her sensible choice!
To inhabit a mansion remote
From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
And by Philomel's annual note
To measure the life that she leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
To wing all her moments at home;
And with scenes that new rapture inspire,
As oft as it suits her to roam;
She will have just the life she prefers,
With little to hope or to fear,
And ours would be pleasant as hers,
Might we view her enjoying it here.

THE MORALIZER CORRECTED.

A TALE.

A HERMIT, (or if 'chance you hold
That title now too trite and old)
A man, once young, who liv'd retir'd
As hermit could have well desir'd,
His hours of study clos'd at last,
And finish'd his concise repast,
Stoppled his cruise, replac'd his book
Within it's customary nook,
And, staff in hand, set forth to share
The sober cordial of sweet air,
Like Isaac, with a mind applied
To serious thought at ev'ning-tide.
Autumnal rains had made it chill,
And from the trees, that fring'd his hill,
Shades slanting at the close of day
Chill'd more his else delightful way.
Distant a little mile he spied
A western bank's still sunny side,
And right toward the favour'd place
Proceeding with his nimblest pace,
In hope to bask a little yet,
Just reach'd it when the Sun was set.
Your hermit, young and jovial sirs!
Learns something from whate'er occurs—
And "Hence," he said, "my mind computes
The real worth of man's pursuits.
His object chosen, wealth or fame,
Or other sublunary game,
Imagination to his view
Presents it deck'd with ev'ry hue,
That can seduce him not to spare
His pow'rs of best exertion there,
But youth, health, vigour to expend
On so desirable an end.
Ere long approach life's ev'ning shades,
The glow, that fancy gave it, fades;
And, earn'd too late, it wants the grace,
That first engag'd him in the chase."
"True," answer'd an angelic guide,
Attendant at the senior's side—
"But whether all the time it cost,
To urge the fruitless chase be lost,
Must be decided by the worth
Of that, which call'd his ardour forth.
Trifles pursu'd, whate'er th' event,
Must cause him shame or discontent;
A vicious object still is worse,
Successful there, he wins a curse;
But he, whom ev'n in life's last stage
Endeavours laudable engage,
Is paid, at least in peace of mind,
And sense of having well design'd;
And if, ere he attain his end,
His sun precipitate descend,
A brighter prize than that he meant
Shall recompense his mere intent.
No virtuous wish can bear a date
Either too early or too late."

THE FAITHFUL BIRD.

THE greenhouse is my summer seat;
My shrubs displac'd from that retreat
Enjoy'd the open air;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Liv'd happy pris'ners there.

They sang, as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore never miss'd.

But nature works in ev'ry breast,
With force not easily suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,
That, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd t' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
But Tom was still confin'd;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too gen'rous and sincere,
To leave his friend behind.

So, settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seem'd to say,
You must not live alone—
Nor would he quit that chosen stand,
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
Return'd him to his own.

Oh ye, who never taste the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush, when I tell you how a bird,
A prison with a friend preferr'd
To liberty without.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM:

A TALE.

There is a field, through which I often pass,
Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
Where oft the bitch fox hides her hapless brood,
Reserv'd to solace many a neighb'ring squire,
That he may follow them through brake and brier,
Contusion hazarding of neck, or spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.
A narrow brook, by rushy banks conceal'd
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field;
Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven-wood instead;
And where the land slopes to it's wat'ry bourn,
Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn;
Bricks line the sides, but shiver'd long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below;
A hollow scoop'd, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.
Not yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed;
Nor Autumn yet had brush'd from ev'ry spray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away;
But corn was hous'd, and beans were in the stack,
Now therefore issu'd forth the spotted pack,
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats,
With a whole gamut fill'd of heav'nly notes,
For which, alas! my destiny severe,
Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.
The Sun, accomplishing his early march,
His lamp now planted on Heav'n's topmost arch,
When, exercise and air my only aim,
And heedless whither, to that field I came,
Ere yet with ruthless joy the happy hound
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,
Or with the high-rais'd horn's melodious clang
All Kilwick [1] and all Dinglederry [1] rang. [press'd
Sheep graz'd the field; some with soft bosom
The herb as soft, while nibbling stray'd the rest:
Nor noise was heard but of the hasty brook,
Struggling, detain'd in many a petty nook.
All seem'd so peaceful, that, from them convey'd,
To me their peace by kind contagion spread.
But when the huntsman, with distended cheek,
'Gan make his instrument of music speak,
And from within the wood that crash was heard,
Though not a hound from whom it burst appear'd,
The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that graz'd,
All huddling into phalanx, stood and gaz'd,
Admiring, terrified, the novel strain, [again;
Then cours'd the field around, and cours'd it round
But recollecting with a sudden thought,
That flight in circles urg'd advanc'd them nought,
They gather'd close around the old pit's brink,
And thought again—but knew not what to think.
The man to solitude accustom'd long,
Perceives in ev'ry thing that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees,
Have speech for him, and understood with ease;
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flow'rs rejoicing all;
Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largess of the skies;
But, with precision nicer still, the mind
He scans of ev'ry locomotive kind;
Birds of all feather, beasts of ev'ry name,
That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame;
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears;
He spells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no glossary to set him right.
This truth premis'd was needful as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next.
Awhile they mus'd; surveying ev'ry face,
Thou hadst suppos'd them of superior race;
Their periwigs of wool, and fears combin'd,
Stamp'd on each countenance such marks of mind,
That sage they seem'd, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out;
Or academic tutors, teaching youths,
Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths;
When thus a mutton, statelier than the rest,
A ram, the ewes and wethers sad, address'd.
"Friends! we have liv'd too long. I never heard
Sounds such as these, so worthy to be fear'd.
Could I believe, that winds for ages pent
In Earth's dark womb have found at last a vent,
And from their prison-house below arise,
With all these hideous howlings to the skies,
I could be much compos'd, nor should appear
For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear.
Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders roll'd
All night, me resting quiet in the fold.
Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
I could expound the melancholy tone;
Should deem it by our old companion made,
The ass; for he, we know, has lately stray'd,
And being lost perhaps, and wand'ring wide,
Might be suppos'd to clamour for a guide.
But ah! those dreadful yells what soul can hear
That owns a carcase, and not quake for fear;
Demons produce them doubtless, brazen-claw'd
And fang'd with brass the demons are abroad;
I hold it therefore wisest and most fit,
That, life to save, we leap into the pit."
Him answer'd then his loving mate and true,
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.
"How! leap into the pit our life to save?
To save our life leap all into the grave?
For can we find it less? Contemplate first
The depth how awful! falling there, we burst:
Or should the brambles, interpos'd, our fall
In part abate, that happiness were small;
For with a race like theirs no chance I see
Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.
Meantime, noise kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,
Or be it not, or be it whose it may,
And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues
Of demons utter'd, from whatever lungs,

[1] Two woods belonging to John Throckmorton, esq.

Sounds are but sounds, and, till the cause appear,
We have at least commodious standing here.
Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast
From Earth or Hell, we can but plunge at last."
While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,
For Reynard, close attended at his heels
By panting dog, tir'd man, and spatter'd horse,
Through mere good fortune, took a diff'rent course.
The flock grew calm again, and I, the road
Foll'wing, that led me to my own abode,
Much wonder'd that the silly sheep had found
Such cause of terrour in an empty sound,
So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

MORAL.

Beware of desp'rate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to morrow, will have pass'd away.

BOADICEA:

AN ODE.

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrours of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

HEROISM.

There was a time when Ætna's silent fire
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire;
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves, that girdled her around.
Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
When on a day, like that of the last doom,
A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,
She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
And hang their horrours in the neighb'ring skies,
While through the stygian veil, that blots the day,
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.
But oh! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song,
Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
Havoc and devastation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man,
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.
Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
See it an uniform'd and idle mass;
Without a soil t' invite the tiller's care,
Or blade, that might redeem it from despair.
Yet time at length (what will not time achieve?)
Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.
Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,
O charming Paradise of short-liv'd sweets!
The selfsame gale, that wafts the fragrance round,
Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound:
Again the mountain feels th' imprison'd foe,
Again pours ruin on the vale below.
Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
That only future ages can restore.
Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
Who write in blood the merits of your cause,
Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,
Glory your aim, but justice your pretence;
Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires!
Fast by the stream, that bounds your just domain,
And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
Studious of peace, their neighbours', and their own.
Ill-fated race! how deeply must they rue
Their only crime, vicinity to you!
The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road;
At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread
The life of multitudes, a nation's bread!
Earth seems a garden in it's loveliest dress
Before them, and behind a wilderness.
Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,
Attend to finish what the sword begun;
And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,
And Folly pays, resound at your return.
A calm succeeds—but Plenty, with her train
Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again.
And years of pining indigence must show
What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees,
(Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)
Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
Gleans up the refuse of the gen'ral spoil,
Rebuilds the tow'rs, that smok'd upon the plain,
And the Sun gilds the shining spires again.
Increasing commerce and reviving art
Renew the quarrel on the conqu'rors part;
And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,
That wealth within is ruin at the door.
What are ye, monarchs, laurell'd heroes, say,
But Ætnas of the suff'ring world ye sway?
Sweet Nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
Deplores the wasted regions of her globe;
And stands a witness at Truth's awful bar,
To prove you there destroyers as ye are.
O place me in some Heav'n-protected isle,
Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood;
Where Pow'r secures what Industry has won;
Where to succeed is not to be undone;
A land, that distant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign!

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANN BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorr'wing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a fear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a hist'ry little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar[1]"
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.

[1] Garth.

Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the Earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course; yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me left.

FRIENDSHIP.

What virtue, or what mental grace,
But men unqualified and base
Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dullness of discretion.

If every polish'd gem we find
Illuminating heart or mind,
Provoke to imitation;
No wonder friendship does the same
That jewel of the purest flame,
Or rather constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a friend,
A real and a sound one;
Nor any fool, he would deceive,
But prove as ready to believe,
And dream that he had found one.

Candid, and generous, and just,
Boys care but little whom they trust,
An errour soon corrected—
For who but learns in riper years,
That man, when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected?

But here again a danger lies,
Lest, having misapplied our eyes,
And taken trash for treasure,
We should unwarily conclude
Friendship a false ideal good,
A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
Is yet no subject of despair;
Nor is it wise complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on sordid interest,
Or mean self-love erected;
Nor such as may awhile subsist,
Between the sot and sensualist,
For vicious ends connected.

Who seek a friend should come dispos'd,
T' exhibit in full bloom disclos'd
The graces and the beauties,
That form the character he seeks,
For 'tis a union, that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
And constantly supported;
'Tis senseless arrogance t' accuse,
Another of sinister views,
Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice?
It is indeed above all price,
And must be made the basis;
But ev'ry virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight—
The secret just committed,
Forgetting it's important weight,
They drop through mere desire to prate,
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,
So jealousy looks forth distress'd
On good, that seems approaching;
And, if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
Are sadly prone to quarrel,
To deem the wit a friend displays
A tax upon their own just praise,
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling.
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tattlers will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention;
Aspersion is the babbler's trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
And rush into dissension.

A friendship, that in frequent fits
Of controversial rage emits
The sparks of disputation,
Like Hand in Hand insurance plates,
Most unavoidably creates
The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as a needle to the pole,
Their humour yet so various—
They manifest their whole life through
The needle's deviations too,
Their love is so procarious.

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete,
Plebeians must surrender
And yield so much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with smoke,
Obscurity with splendour.

Some are so placid and serene
(As Irish bogs are always green)
They sleep secure from waking;
And are indeed a bog, that bears
Your unparticipated cares
Unmov'd and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their het'rogeneous politics
Without an effervescence,
Like that of salts with lemon juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life;
But friends that chance to differ
On points, which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge!
No combatants are stiffer.

To prove at last my main intent
Needs no expense of argument,
No cutting and contriving—
Seeking a real friend we seem
T' adopt the chymists' golden dream,
With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemish in due time made known
By trespass or omission;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,
And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
And, having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
That constancy befits them,
Are observations on the case,
That savour much of common place,
And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone,
To finish a fine building—
The palace were but half complete,
If he could possibly forget
The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
To pardon or to bear it.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defin'd,
First fixes our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practis'd at first sight,
Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
"Say little, and hear all you can."
Safe policy, but hateful—
So barren sands imbibe the show'r,
But render neither fruit nor flow'r,
Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,
Shall find me as reserv'd as he,
No subterfuge or pleading
Shall win my confidence again,
I will by no means entertain
A spy on my proceeding.

These samples—for alas! at last
These are but samples, and a taste
Of evils yet unmention'd—
May prove the task a task indeed,
In which 'tis much if we succeed,
However well-intention'd.

Pursue the search, and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind
To be at least expedient,
And, after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
A principal ingredient.

The noblest friendship ever shown
The Saviour's history makes known,
Though some have turn'd and turn'd it;
And, whether being craz'd or blind,
Or seeking with a biass'd mind,
Have not, it seems, discern'd it.

O Friendship! if my soul forego
Thy dear delights while here below;
To mortify and grieve me,
May I myself at last appear
Unworthy, base, and insincere,
Or may my friend deceive me!

ON A MISCHIEVOUS BULL, WHICH THE OWNER OF HIM SOLD AT THE AUTHOR'S INSTANCE.

Go—Thou art all unfit to share
The pleasures of this place
With such as it's old tenants are,
Creatures of gentler race.

The squirrel here his hoard provides,
Aware of wintry storms,
And wood-peckers explore the sides
Of rugged oaks for worms.

The sheep here smooths the knotted thorn
With frictions of her fleece;
And here I wander eve and morn,
Like her, a friend to peace.

Ah!—I could pity thee exil'd
From this secure retreat—
I would not lose it to be styl'd
The happiest of the great.

But thou canst taste no calm delight;
Thy pleasure is to show
Thy magnanimity in fight,
Thy prowess—therefore go.

I care not whether east or north,
So I no more may find thee;
The angry Muse thus sings thee forth,
And claps the gate behind thee.

ANNUS MEMORABILIS, 1789.

WRITTEN IN COMMEMORATION OF HIS MAJESTY'S HAPPY RECOVERY.

I RANSACK'D, for a theme of song,
Much ancient chronicle, and long;
I read of bright embattled fields,
Of trophied helmets, spears, and shields,
Of chiefs, whose single arm could boast
Prowess to dissipate a host;
Through tomes of fable and of dream
I sought an eligible theme,
But none I found, or found them shar'd
Already by some happier bard.
To modern times, with Truth to guide
My busy search, I next applied;
Here cities won, and fleets dispers'd,
Urg'd loud a claim to be rehears'd,
Deeds of unperishing renown,
Our father's triumphs and our own.
Thus, as the bee, from bank to bow'r,
Assiduous sips at ev'ry flow'r,
But rests on none, till that be found,
Where most nectareous sweets abound:
So I, from theme to theme display'd
In many a page historic stray'd,
Siege after siege, fight after fight,
Contemplating with small delight,
(For feats of sanguinary hue
Not always glitter in my view;)
Till, settling on the current year,
I found the far-sought treasure near.
A theme for poetry divine,
A theme t' ennoble even mine,
In memorable eighty nine.
The spring of eighty nine shall be
An era cherish'd long by me,
Which joyful I will oft record,
And thankful at my frugal board;
For then the clouds of eighty eight,
That threaten'd England's trembling state
With loss of what she least could spare,
Her sov'reign's tutelary care,
One breath of Heav'n, that cried—Restore!
Chas'd, never to assemble more:
And for the richest crown on Earth,
If valu'd by it's wearer's worth,
The symbol of a righteous reign
Sat fast on George's brows again.
Then peace and joy again possess'd
Our queen's long-agitated breast;
Such joy and peace as can be known
By suff'rers like herself alone,
Who losing, or supposing lost,
The good on earth they valu'd most,
For that dear sorrow's sake forego
All hope of happiness below,
Then suddenly regain the prize,
And flash thanksgivings to the skies!
O queen of Albion, queen of isles!
Since all thy tears were chang'd to smiles,
The eyes, that never saw thee, shine
With joy not unallied to thine,
Transports not chargeable with art
Illume the land's remotest part,
And strangers to the air of courts,
Both in their toils and at their sports,
The happiness of answer'd pray'rs,
That gilds thy features, show in theirs.
If they, who on thy state attend,
Awe-struck, before thy presence bend,
'Tis but the natural effect
Of grandeur that ensures respect;
But she is something more than queen,
Who is belov'd where never seen.

HYMN,

FOR THE USE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT OLNEY.

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and pray'r,
In Heav'n thy dwelling place,
From infants made the public care,
And taught to seek thy face.

Thanks for thy word, and for thy day,
And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
Thy holy sabbaths more.

Thanks that we hear,—but O! impart
To each desires sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
And learn as well as hear.

For if vain thoughts the minds engage
Of older far than we,
What hope, that, at our heedless age,
Our minds should e'er be free?

Much hope, if thou our spirits take
Under thy gracious sway,
Who canst the wisest wiser make,
And babes as wise as they.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
A sun that ne'er declines,
And be thy mercies show'r'd on *those*,
Who plac'd us where it shines.

STANZAS

SUBJOINED TO THE YEARLY BILL OF MORTALITY OF THE PARISH OF ALL-SAINTS, NORTHAMPTON, ANNO DOMINI 1787 [1].

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. Hor.

Pale Death with equal foot strikes wide the door
Of royal halls, and hovels of the poor.

WHILE thirteen moons saw smoothly run
The Nen's barge-laden wave,
All these, life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home, the grave.

[1] Composed for *John Cox*, parish clerk of Northampton.

Was man (frail always) made more frail
Than in foregoing years?
Did famine or did plague prevail,
That so much death appears?

No; these were rig'rous as their sires,
Nor plague nor famine came;
This annual tribute Death requires,
And never waves his claim.

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
With it's new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen,
I pass'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth,
With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

No present health can health insure
For yet an hour to come;
No medicine, though it oft can cure,
Can always baulk the tomb.

And O! that humble as my lot,
And scorn'd as is my strain,
These truths, though known, too much forgot,
I may not teach in vain.

So prays your clerk with all his heart,
And ere he quits the pen,
Begs you for once to take *his* part,
And answer all—Amen!

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1788.

Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus. Cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur. Horace.

Improve the present hour, for all beside
Is a mere feather on a torrent's tide.

Could I, from Heav'n inspir'd, as sure presage
To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
As I can number in my punctual page,
And item down the victims of the past;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet,
On which the press might stamp him next to die;
And, reading here his sentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, Heav'nward turn his eye!

Time then would seem more precious than the joys,
In which he sports away the treasure now;
And pray'r more seasonable than the noise
Of drunkards, or the music-drawing bow.

Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
Forc'd to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceiv'd! Could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileg'd to play;
But, naming *none*, the Voice now speaks to ALL.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light
They bound and airy o'er the sunny glade—
One falls—the rest, wide-scatter'd with affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warn'd,
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,
Die self-accus'd of life run all to waste?

Sad waste! for which no after-thrift atones.
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin;
Dew-drops may deck the turf, that hides the bones,
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn thou, ye living! by the mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
That, soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next op'ning grave may yawn for you.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1789.

—Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit. Virg.

There calm at length he breath'd his soul away.

"O most delightful hour by man
Experience'd here below,
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly, and his wo!

"Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

"My home henceforth is in the skies,
Earth, seas, and sun adieu!
All Heav'n unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you."

So spake Aspasio, firm possess'd
Of faith's supporting rod,
Then breathed his soul into it's rest,
The bosom of his God.

He was a man among the few
Sincere on virtue's side;
And all his strength from Scripture drew,
To hourly use applied.

That rule he priz'd, by that he fear'd,
He hated, hop'd, and lov'd;
Nor ever frown'd, or sad appear'd,
But when his heart had rov'd.

For he was frail, as thou or I,
And evil felt within:
But, when he felt it, heav'd a sigh,
And loath'd the thought of sin.

Such liv'd Aspasio; and at last
Call'd up from Earth to Heav'n,
The gulf of death triumphant pass'd,
By gales of blessing driv'n.

"*His* joys be *mine*," each Reader cries,
"When my last hour arrives."
"They shall be yours," my Verse replies,
"Such only be your lives."

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1790.

Ne commonentem recta sperne. Buchanan.

Despise not my good counsel.

He who sits from day to day,
Where the prison'd lark is hung,
Heedless of his loudest lay,
Hardly knows that he has sung.

Where the watchman in his round
Nightly lifts his voice on high,
None accustom'd to the sound,
Wakes the sooner for his cry.

So your verse-man I, and clerk,
Yearly in my song proclaim
Death at hand—yourselves his mark—
And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,
Publishing to all aloud—
"Soon the grave must be your home,
And your only suit, a shroud."

But the monitory strain,
Oft repeated in your ears,
Seems to sound too much in vain,
Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confess'd
Of such magnitude and weight,
Grow, by being oft impress'd,
Trivial as a parrot's prate?

Pleasure's call attention wins,
Hear it often as we may;
New as ever seem our sins,
Though committed ev'ry day.

Death and Judgment, Heav'n and Hell—
These alone, so often heard,
No more move us than the bell,
When some stranger is interr'd.

O then, ere the turf or tomb
Cover us from ev'ry eye,
Spirit of instruction come,
Make us learn, that we must die.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1792.

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!
Virg.

Happy the mortal, who has trac'd effects
To their first cause, cast fear beneath his feet,
And Death, and fearful Hell's voracious fires!

Thankless for favours from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon;
Though 'tis his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan
His blest concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch life's little span
To ages, if he might.

To ages in a world of pain,
To ages, where he goes
Gall'd by affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeless of repose.

Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamour'd of it's harm!
Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
And still has pow'r to charm.

Whence, has the world her magic pow'r?
Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
And covet longer wo?

The cause is Conscience—Conscience oft
Her tale of guilt renews:
Her voice is terrible though soft,
And dread of death ensues.

Then, anxious to be longer spar'd,
Man mourns his fleeting breath:
All evils then seem light, compar'd
With the approach of Death.

'Tis judgment shakes him; there's the fear,
That prompts the wish to stay:
He has incurr'd a long arrear,
And must despair to pay.

Pay!—follow Christ, and all is paid;
His death your peace ensures;
Think on the grave where *he* was laid,
And calm descend to *yours*.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1793.

De sacris autem hæc sit una sententia, serventur. Cic.

But let us all concur in this one sentiment, that things sacred be inviolate.

He lives, who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside;
For other source than God is none
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
His love as best we may:
To make his precepts our delight,
His promises our stay,

But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys compris'd,
Is falsely nam'd, and no such thing,
But rather death disguis'd.

Can life in them deserve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can disclaim
An endless life above?

Who, much diseas'd, yet nothing feel;
Much menac'd, nothing dread;
Have wounds, which only God can heal,
Yet never ask his aid?

Who deem his house a useless place,
Faith, want of common sense;
And ardour in the Christian race,
A hypocrite's pretence?

Who trample order; and the day,
Which God asserts his own,
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,
And worship chance alone?

If scorn of God's commands, impress'd
On word and deed, imply
The better part of man unbless'd—
With life that cannot die;

Such want it, and that want, uncur'd
Till man resigns his breath,
Speaks him a criminal, assur'd
Of everlasting death.

Sad period to a pleasant course!
Yet so will God repay
Sabbaths profan'd without remorse,
And mercy cast away.

INSCRIPTION;

FOR THE TOMB OF MR. HAMILTON.

Pause hear and think: a monitory rhime
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.
Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein;
Seems it to say—"Health here has long to reign?"
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
That beams delight? a heart untaught to sigh?
Yet fear. Youth, oftimes healthful and at ease,
Anticipates a day it never sees;
And many a tomb, like Hamilton's, aloud
Exclaims, "Prepare thee for an early shroud."

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo'.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nurs'd with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confin'd,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though daily from my hand he took
His pittance ev'ry night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regal'd,
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads fail'd,
Slic'd carrot pleas'd him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he lov'd to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at ev'ning hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching show'
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And ev'ry night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts, that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks,
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

EPITAPHIUM ALTERUM.

Hic etiam jacet,
Qui totum novennium vixit,
Puss.
Siste paulisper,
Qui præteriturus es,
Et tecum sic reputa—
Hunc neque canis venaticus,
Nec plumbum missile,
Nec laqueus,
Nec imbres nimii,
Confecêre:
Tamen mortuus est—
Et moriar ego.

The following Account of the Treatment of his Hares, was inserted by Mr. Cowper in the Gentleman's Magazine, whence it is transcribed.

In the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of any thing, that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment, which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours, that I was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me, as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you, that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses

to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived, that their ordure would pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the day-time they had the range of a hall, and at night retir'd each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression, as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society, than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He too was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was however very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence, that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when, the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior. rest, and prov'd himself the Vestris of the pa

One evening the cat, being in the room, h hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an which he resented by drumming upon her back such violence, that the cat was happy to from under his paws and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fac their countenances were so expressive of th character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It said, that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, becomes so familiar with their features, that can, by that indication only, distinguish each all the rest; and yet, to a common observ difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not th same discrimination in the cast of countr would be discoverable in hares, and am pe that among a thousand of them no two can be exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected those, who have not had opportunity to it. These creatures have a singular sagac discovering the minutest alteration that in the place to which they are accustom instantly apply their nose to the examination a new object. A small hole being burnt in their pe it was mended with a patch, and that pat moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. seem too to be very much directed by the in the choice of their favourites: to some though they saw them daily, they could n reconciled, and would even scream when tempted to touch them; but a miller co engaged their affections at once; his powder had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder, that my intimate acquaintance with thes mens of the kind has taught me to hold the man's amusement in abhorrence; he little kn what amiable creatures he persecutes, of gratitude they are capable, how cheerful in their spirits, what enjoyment they have and that, impressed as they seem with a dread of man, it is only because man gi peculiar cause for it.

That I may not be too tedious, I will just give short summary of those articles of diet that them best.

I take it to be a general opinion, that th but it is an erroneous one, at least gra their staple; they seem rather to use it ly, soon quitting it for leaves of almost Sowthistle, dandelion, and lettuce, are vourite vegetables, especially the last. ed by accident, that fine white sand is estimation with them; I suppose as a di happened that I was cleaning a bird-cage hares were with me; I placed a pot such sand upon the floor, which being rected to by a strong instinct, they devou ciously; since that time I have gener care, to see them well supplied with account green corn a delicacy, both bla stalk, but the ear they seldom eat: straw kind, especially wheat-straw, is another of dainties; they will feed greedily upon oat furnished with clean straw, never want that serves them also for a bed, and, if shaken

will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not indeed require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk; they seem to resemble sheep in this, that, if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot; to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and, filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening and in the night: during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin; for, though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These however not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed, that they cannot overset it in their beds. I must not omit, that occasionally they are much pleas'd with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common brier, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall; Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it; they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject, did I not add, that they have no ill scent belonging to them, that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infested by any vermin.

May 28, 1784.

MEMORANDUM FOUND AMONG MR. COWPER'S PAPERS.

Tuesday, March 3, [illegible]

This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain.

END OF VOL. XVIII.

T. C. Hansard, Printer,
Peterborough-Court,
Fleet-Street,
London.

00043432

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015